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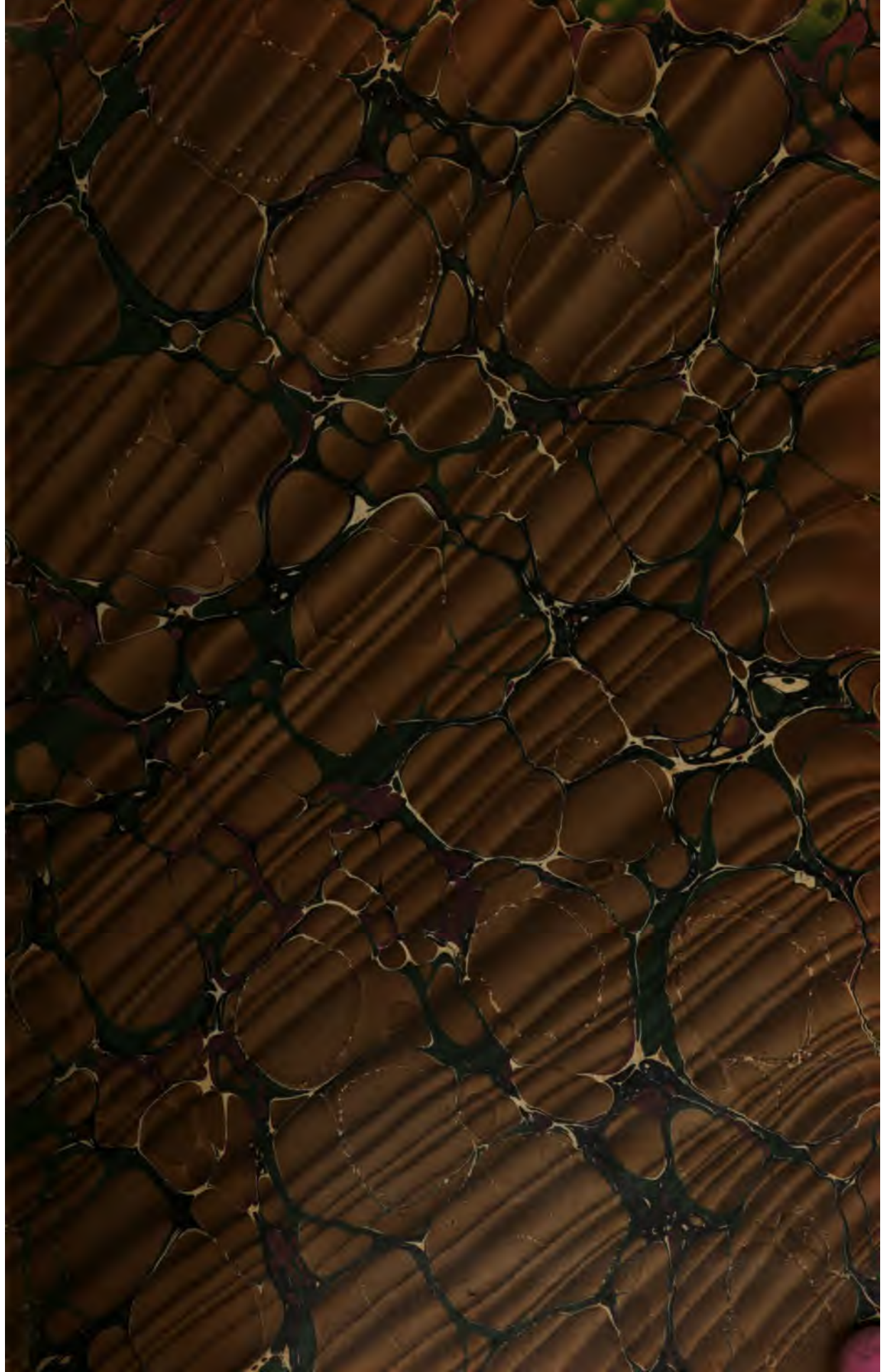


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THE GREAT BRIDGE.

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THE S.S. MICHIGAN.

By Wm. H. Smith.

1854



THE





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LADIES' REPOSITORY,

AND

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EDITED BY THE REV. B. F. TEFFT, A. M.

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# INDEX.

	Page.		Page.
Amiability, Wiley, . . . . .	106	Gleanings in Astronomy, Waterman, . . . . .	117
Awards of Editorship, . . . . .	138	Houghton, Dr., Thomson, . . . . .	7
Acquisition of Knowledge, Larrabee, . . . . .	258	Halleck, . . . . .	40
Antiquity of the Bible, Allen, . . . . .	300	Hans Beudix, . . . . .	90
Braddock's Grave, . . . . .	6	Health, . . . . .	104
Body and the Soul, the, . . . . .	15	Hope in Sadness, . . . . .	115
Blind Mourner, the, . . . . .	56	How Shall I Know Thee? Mrs. Howe, . . . . .	136
Be Kind to Each Other, . . . . .	60	Home-Bound Greek, the, Mrs. Dumont, . . . . .	152
Bible, Study of the, Merrick, . . . . .	73, 104	Hope Ever, Mrs. Dumont, . . . . .	189
Boa-Constrictor, the, . . . . .	97	Holiness, Tefft, . . . . .	201
Bible, the, Bishop Morris, . . . . .	98	Hidden Beauty of the Bible, Strickland, . . . . .	376
Books, Daily, . . . . .	109	Independence of Christian Character, Allen, 103, 167	
Be Kind to thy Mother, . . . . .	141	Irene, . . . . .	136
Book for the Centre-Table, . . . . .	212	Infidel, the, Wombaugh, . . . . .	201
Baptism in the Country, Miss Wentworth, . . . . .	283	Ingenious Irony, Tefft, . . . . .	282
Books, Stevens, . . . . .	335		
Blessed be Thy Name For Ever, Harrison, . . . . .	336	Jerusalem, . . . . .	81
Bereavement, Mrs. Cowdery, . . . . .	360	Jephthah's Daughter, Mrs. Morgan, . . . . .	124
Christian Homeward Bound, the, Miss De Forest, . . . . .	12	Judgment, the, Harrison, . . . . .	218
Childhood, . . . . .	33	Jesus a Manifestation of the Father, Sapp, . . . . .	244
Cruelty to Brutes, . . . . .	46	John Milton, Tefft, . . . . .	245
Comfort in Sickness, . . . . .	59	Knowing Doctor, the, Tefft, . . . . .	337
Chemistry for Girls, Thomson, . . . . .	92		
Consolation at the Grave of a Child, . . . . .	114	Lady, to a, . . . . .	84
Christian Literature, Wilson, . . . . .	200	Life, tree of, . . . . .	107
Consecration of Children, Miss Wentworth, . . . . .	219	Light and Love, . . . . .	112
Christian's Hope, the, . . . . .	219	Lake Pepin, . . . . .	161
Christian and Creation, the, . . . . .	250	Last Words of Julia, . . . . .	229
Criticism, a Short, Tefft, . . . . .	308	Literary Curiosities, Disoway, . . . . .	233
Candor of Infidelity, . . . . .	348	Laws and Order of Creation, Taylor, . . . . .	248
Christian's Resting-Place, the, Miss De Forest, . . . . .	349	Lines to a Parent, Tefft, . . . . .	252
Contemplation, . . . . .	350	Lone Dove, the, Waterman, . . . . .	284
Character of Aspasia, Tefft, . . . . .	354	Letter to my Friend Mary, Trueman, . . . . .	296
City Coquet and the Country Pastor, the, Miss Wentworth, . . . . .	365	Lines to Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. Walker, . . . . .	317
		Labor Conquers All Things, Tefft, . . . . .	341
Dreamer, the, Cushing, . . . . .	12	Little Visitor, the, . . . . .	353
Death in Childhood, . . . . .	28	Land of Beauty, Harrison, . . . . .	368
Dedication of Samuel, the, . . . . .	45		
Dangerous Difference, the, M'Cabe, . . . . .	86	Maid, Old, . . . . .	14
Duty, . . . . .	174	Maniac, the Deformed, Thomson, . . . . .	25
Dignity of Progress, the, Tuttle, . . . . .	194	M'Clintick, Sarah S., Trimble, . . . . .	44
David, Character of, Miss Burrough, . . . . .	207	Memory of Dr. Fishback, Mrs. Lawson, . . . . .	59
Deception, Tefft, . . . . .	271	My First Class-Leader, . . . . .	72
Doing Good, Allen, . . . . .	272, 327	My Step-Mother, . . . . .	99
Day in the Ministry, a, Sapp, . . . . .	298	Mill, the, . . . . .	129
Domestic Library, the, Stevens, . . . . .	371	May Song, . . . . .	140
		Mary's Choice, Young, . . . . .	153
Esteem, Capacity of, . . . . .	13	Mont St. Michael, . . . . .	193
Eden, Earth, and Heaven, Baxter, . . . . .	20	Mignon, . . . . .	209
Exile, the, . . . . .	146	Memories of the Past, Greenwood, . . . . .	217
Expedient, an, Tefft, . . . . .	250	Mind, the, Tefft, . . . . .	261
Emma's Grave, Callender, . . . . .	350	Minor Morals, Miss Burrough, . . . . .	280
Excursion to the Lake Country, an, Larrabee, . . . . .	374	Monomaniacs, the, Tefft, . . . . .	309
		Meditation, . . . . .	321
Female Influence, Strickland, . . . . .	15	Miniature Sketches, Nixon, . . . . .	336, 376
Fathers, Who are the, . . . . .	17, 37, 76	Mind and Science, Merrill, . . . . .	345
Freeness of Spiritual Blessings, the, Thomson, . . . . .	34	Mars—Asteroids, Waterman, . . . . .	361
Future, the, Hill, . . . . .	59	My Father's Grave, Julian, . . . . .	378
Fashionable Ornaments, Crow, . . . . .	137		
Father's Reward, the, Johnson, . . . . .	181	Narcissa, Elliott, . . . . .	141
Fault-Finder, the, . . . . .	281	Nativity, the, Harrison, . . . . .	252
Friendship, Allen, . . . . .	369	Nonpareil, Tefft, . . . . .	269
		New England, Tefft, . . . . .	283
Galilee, Lake of, Baxter, . . . . .	93	Nature, . . . . .	284



	Page.		Page.
Nature of Quinine, Tefft, . . . . .	360	Sweet Home, Tefft, . . . . .	241
Oratory and Truth, . . . . .	232	Short Ride, a, Tefft, . . . . .	246
Oliver Cromwell, . . . . .	233	Study of the Classics, Griffith, . . . . .	277
Protection, Divine, . . . . .	10	Superannuated Minister, Tefft, . . . . .	290
Pleasures of Knowledge, . . . . .	11	Sacred Music, Fox, . . . . .	305
Patience in Suffering, &c., Bruce, . . . . .	18	Sabbath Bells, Miss Wentworth, . . . . .	317
Practical Christianity, . . . . .	19	Song of the Fountain, Tefft, . . . . .	349
Progress, . . . . .	27	Saturday Pencilings, Miss Wentworth, . . . . .	359
Philosophy of Scripture, . . . . .	43, 119	Sceneries of an Evening, Roberts, . . . . .	367
Passing Moment, the, . . . . .	51	Tongue, the, Bishop Morris, . . . . .	80
Paul Before Agrippa, Baxter, . . . . .	107	To One who has Lost a Friend, Waterman, . . . . .	125
Protestantism and Romanism Contrasted, Dis- osway, . . . . .	108	To the Evening Star, . . . . .	142
Peace, Value of, . . . . .	121	Truth and Eloquence, . . . . .	142
Parental Duties, Mathews, . . . . .	132	The Broken-Hearted, . . . . .	177
Past, the, Cushing, . . . . .	142	The Happy Home, . . . . .	178
Persecuted Pastor, the, . . . . .	149	Traveling Journal, . . . . .	179
Pilgrim's Thanksgiving, . . . . .	150	The Old Picture, . . . . .	189
Planetary System—Mercury, Waterman, . . . . .	214	'Twere Sweet to Die, Miss Bicknell, . . . . .	252
Protestant Burying-Ground at Rome, . . . . .	257	Twilight, Louisa, . . . . .	283
Pioneers, the, Tefft, . . . . .	262	The Earth as a Planet, Waterman, . . . . .	342
Praise to the Sovereign Ruler, Harrison, . . . . .	317	To the Lost Pleiad, Curry, . . . . .	349
Poetry of the Samaritans, Vail, . . . . .	322	To a Bride, Mrs. Lawson, . . . . .	350
Piety with Cheerfulness, Smith, . . . . .	364	The Candle, Tefft, . . . . .	377
		To My Mother, . . . . .	378
Retributive Justice, . . . . .	24	Unconscious Sleeper, the, Morgan, . . . . .	23
Radford Folly, . . . . .	65	Unwatchfulness, Cooper, . . . . .	46
Reminiscences of Early Life, Finley, . . . . .	165	Unanimity, Thomson, . . . . .	154
Retrospection, . . . . .	178	View on the Susquehannah, . . . . .	1
Response, a, Tefft, . . . . .	250	Voltaire in History, . . . . .	85
Religious Fairs, . . . . .	251	Venus—Transits, Waterman, . . . . .	270
Repentance, Tefft, . . . . .	276	Viaduct on Baltimore and Washington Rail- road, . . . . .	289
Restoration of Israel, Tefft, . . . . .	328	Valedictory, Wentworth, . . . . .	295
Recollections of the Past, Larrabee, . . . . .	329	Winter, . . . . .	19
Random Thoughts, . . . . .	347	Wisdom in Early Life, . . . . .	36
Robert Hall as a Preacher and Writer, Tefft, . . . . .	226	War Spirit, . . . . .	51
Spiritual Enjoyment, Thomson, . . . . .	2	War Anti-Christian and Unnatural, Elliott, . . . . .	57
Sympathy, . . . . .	9	Witchcraft, Thomson, . . . . .	69
Sun, the, . . . . .	26	We are Going Home, Mrs. Howe, . . . . .	102
Sketches, Miscellaneous, Larrabee, 41, 66, 100, 143 210, 230, 274, 313, 331	41, 66, 100, 143 210, 230, 274, 313, 331	What Can I Do? Mrs. Cross, . . . . .	111
Simile, a, . . . . .	43	Winter and Spring, . . . . .	116
Shakspeare, Hoyt, . . . . .	52	Western Style of Living, Bishop Morris, . . . . .	130
Spiritual Birth, the, Lowrey, . . . . .	78	Widow of Nain, Mrs. Baker, . . . . .	151
Smith, Hon. J. Cotton, Disosway, . . . . .	81	Woman in Society, Tuttle, . . . . .	169
Shoes, the, . . . . .	82	When I Die, M'Laughlin, . . . . .	302
Solar System, &c., Waterman, . . . . .	134	Woman, Tefft, . . . . .	304
Samson's Mother, Mrs. Morgan, . . . . .	140	Willie, my Child, Mrs. Lawson, . . . . .	316
Slanderer, the, Hill, . . . . .	189	Xavier's Ode, Callender, . . . . .	308
Snow Bird, . . . . .	213	Young Mother's Album, for a, Baxter, . . . . .	110
Superstition, . . . . .	225	Young Soldier, the, Miss Nichols, . . . . .	276
Scenes in Capernaum, Miss Mercien, . . . . .	234		
Supernatural World, the, Tefft, . . . . .	237		

THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JANUARY, 1846.

VIEW ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

THE river Susquehanna belongs to Pennsylvania, and runs almost its whole course in that state; but has its rise (the eastern rather than the western branch may be so considered) in the state of New York, in Otsego Lake, in the county of the same name, and runs its course between some of the richest counties in the state—Delaware, Chenango, Broome, and Tioga, and passes, at latitude 42°, into Pennsylvania.

This river, though large, is not considerable, in its proper sense. We are told that it is navigable only five and a half miles, at its mouth, before it enters the Chesapeake. It is generally shallow, and much broken and narrowed by rocks, and ripples, and banks. It was stated by a board of commissioners who examined it, that every obstruction to its navigation could be removed, up to the mouth of each branch, for the sum of twenty thousand dollars, which was never awarded to the object.

But it is quite refreshing, in these days, when the whole world is cut up into railroads, turnpikes, canals, and "viaducts" of one sort and another, to find one sequestered spot, one quiet nook, where, indeed, is the possibility of retreat, and of rustication for a season—of enjoying at ease, under the heats of summer, a remission from crowds, gossiping, and dress! Yet not for selfishness, indolence, or churlishness' sake would we come here; but for sake of rationality, health, mental acquirement, and equanimity! One can be heartily thankful and devout amidst the scenes and breathings of nature—simplicity, innocence, the riches of the field, the orchard, the harvest, with health and self-possession—immunity from hurry, and worry, and dust, and mosquitoes! Amidst these things, what can one do but think of one's self? Emancipated from them, what can we not endeavor to do in thankfulness?

Yet it is no ascetic devotion—no hermit's cell, that the reader would desire; but a familiar household, with early hours, and early walks, simple repasts, and work, and housekeeping performances, with noonday lounging, and "looking on the Book,"

and "napping," perchance, and sunset drives, and calls, and moonlight strolls; or, within doors, reading, talk, friendship, and all the rights and *rites* of good neighborhood, with interludes of *music*, vocal, instrumental, and *sympathy*—a "busy idlesse;" and now to *prayers* and *praise*, and so to bed.

The scene before us, though varied in its features, is one of peculiar harmony and repose—the very landscape looks contented! The windings (we will not have them either "tortuous" or "serpentine") of the river are pleasing and picturesque; and how snugly is that little "delta" of an island enscenced in its watery bed! Here are habitations enough for succor and civilization; for the rest, have we not the wooded hills, the lawns, the vales, the pensile shores of the island.

We know not the projectile scale of this delineation; but something about it gives the impression that the real view (apart from its *life*) is far more beautiful than the draught. No landscape is as attractive at *noonday* as at any other time; not because our own ideas are not so lively as in the morning, nor so pensive as at evening; but in itself the aspect of the sun is not as good. The size of this "fairy isle" it is rather difficult to guess by the eye alone; but as this river measures, at its widest, near the mouth, but one and three-fourths of a mile, and this is situated pretty near its rise, "above Owego," (in the state of New York,) we may conclude that its three angles may be each from three-fourths of a mile to a mile in extent. But we see it is just the "right size."

Yet somewhere on this very stream, at the "eastern branch," is a retreat—a watering-place, we suppose—that enormity of gregariousness. However, the whole innocent river must not come under ban for that—for the sins of its idolaters. They come not here for bathing, or for health, but for its *opposite*. And when arrived, mark the hurrying, no-thought, silly, simpering process of the hours and days. It is an abomination to reason. At this season the city droops for want of air; but here, in the breath of heaven, do they plume their wings, and dedicate a temple to folly in the bosom of nature!

## SPIRITUAL ENJOYMENT.

BY THE EDITOR.

WHAT is meant by it? That delight which springs from communion with God. There are many who scout at the idea of such an intercourse, regarding it as a dishonest pretension, or the illusion of a disordered fancy. But the doctrine is based in philosophy no less than in Revelation. Nor is it new: it did not spring up with the Wesleys of modern times, nor with the Mystics (of earlier ages.) It was taught by the ancient philosophers, the most distinguished of whom maintained that no man could do any good thing without God's (*afflatus*) breath. Indeed, it seems to have descended from Paradise, and spread over all the abodes and generations of the human race. It is upon this universally prevalent doctrine that every temple is erected, every censor kindled, every altar crimsoned, and every prayer uttered to the heavens. And here let us ask, Whence this general belief? To one of three sources must it be ascribed: either to a principle interwoven with our moral nature, or to a conviction of the necessity of such intercourse, founded upon the weakness and wickedness of man, or to a tradition originating with the parent families of the earth and regularly transmitted to all future generations—a tradition so important and impressive, that centuries of accumulated guilt, and folly, and ignorance could not efface or weaken it. Whichever of the above hypotheses the objector may select, he will find himself imprisoned within the doctrine: he will be no less a captive if he attempt to devise any other explanation.

But the pseudo-philosopher may say, how absurd to suppose that He who "weighs the mountains in scales," "taketh up the isles as a very little thing," and "hangeh the earth upon nothing"—he who maketh darkness his pavilion, the clouds his chariot, and who walketh upon the wings of the wind—that he who created and garnished this vast, if not boundless universe, whose dimension no mathematics can compute, no human imagination conceive, should concern himself with the petty cares and anxieties of a mortal man? Similar was the question of a narrow Pagan philosophy, "Will the gods descend to the petty fields and vines of individuals? or if blight and hail has done injury doth this require the notice of Jupiter?" A question, though apparently founded in humility, in reason, and in religion, at once false to nature, to philosophy, and to God. What is the Almighty? A blind Deity, who having created the universe retires into his distant heaven—absorbed in the contemplation of his own attributes—careless of the work of his hands; or a universal father, no less concerned for the welfare of his creatures than the glory of his name, and whose presence is coextensive with his works? The heathen poet, quoted with approbation by Paul on Mars' Hill, expressed a true

philosophy when he said, "In him we live, and move, and have our being." The inspired psalmist has the same sublime thought: "Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me." Less poetically, but not less clearly, the apostle Paul utters the same truth. "For of him, and through him, and to him, are all things."\* A modern Deist has, perhaps, unwittingly produced a beautiful though partial paraphrase of the last passage:

"He warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,  
Glows in the stars, blossoms in the trees;  
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,  
Spreads undivided, operates unspent."

To some, these expressions may savor of Pantheism; but their authors were not Pantheists. They *separated*, in their notions, the great original Cause from other existencies—regarding Him, though present and active everywhere, as, nevertheless, distinct from the creatures which he animates and preserves.

Look where you will—at things upon a small scale, or things upon a large scale, whether animate or inanimate, vegetable or animal—you see not only matter, evincing God's existence; skillfully wrought, evincing God's intelligence; but moving, evincing God's presence. Do you survey the orbs which swim in space, you see them wheeling their appointed courses. Aided by the microscope, do you examine the world whose minuteness evades the natural eye, you see a multitude of restless atoms. Do you explore the vegetable kingdom, you see the juices circulating, the buds expanding, or the fruit maturing. So in the animal kingdom, the heart perpetually pulsates, the lungs continually move. But one may say, these operations can all be explained without reference to God's omnipresence: attraction and impulse explain the phenomena of the heavens; the various forms of affinity account for the wonders of the laboratory, while sensibility and contractility utter their explanations over all the phenomena of vitality. But to what does the explanation amount? What are attraction, chemical affinity, sensibility, contractility? They are the laws of the universe. True; and what is a law? Primarily, and in a moral sense, a rule of action; secondarily, and in a philosophical, a generalization, that is, a certain fact or a certain relation, or, as one expresses it, a mode of existence, or an order of sequence. Taking law in the first sense, can it account for any result? Does law produce effects? Who ever saw a law leap from the statute book, and arrest, try, condemn, execute the criminal? It is the officer, acting under the law as his authority, and by the

\* ROMANS xi, 36.

law as his guide, who does all this. Taking law in the philosophical sense, it is equally inadequate to explain effects. Is the description of a mode of existence an explanation of that existence? Is a statement of a certain order of sequence an account of the cause of such order? It is power that produces effects. The laws of the universe are merely the appointed modes in which the divine Agent moves; and as they are seen everywhere, and as no agent can act where he does not exist, God is everywhere. Now, if God is around, and about, and within us, is it absurd to suppose that he can commune with us? Our own spirits, enveloped in their prison-houses of clay, can hold intercourse with each other. If thought, sentiment, feeling, can be exchanged and commingled by distant, though kindred, finite, trammelled spirits, shall not the universal, infinite, unembarrassed, all-pervading Spirit, the father of all spirits, be able to hold intercourse with the souls of his creatures. But though it be granted that he may, and that it is reasonable to expect he will, the question arises, have we any evidence that he does? The Christian has.

1. It is implied in the Christian graces. Look at *faith*. I presume every Christian admits that this may be carried to "*assurance*." Isaiah tells us, assurance is the "effect of righteousness;"\* and the apostle exhorts us to draw near to the throne of grace in "full assurance of faith."† How is this assurance to be obtained? The evidences of the truth of holy Scripture are probable only—not demonstrative. True, the probability is a high one, verging toward the point where doubts vanish, but it can never bear the mind up to intellectual certainty. Incipient faith is always accompanied with doubts. Though the beam turns and faith preponderates, yet the other dish of the balance is heavy, and the language of the heart is, "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief." Now, from this nascent faith, the Christian may advance until all doubt vanishes, and his heart rests as firmly as the everlasting hills. But what can produce this state? Demonstration only. How is this wrought? God works it in the heart, according to the Savior's promise: "If any man will do his will he shall *know* of the doctrine." Hence, Paul says, "For our Gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in *power*, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much *assurance*."‡

Turn we to *love*. I suppose I may take for granted that Christian love may wax into perfect love, and the apostle says, this "casteth out fear."§ Think for a moment of that affection for God which dispels all apprehension of danger with reference to the past, the present, and the future. Love, in any degree, implies vision. God is seen, so far as his natural attributes, in creation: he displays his moral attributes in the revelations of his word and his

providence; but in all these mirrors we see "as in a glass, darkly." Hence, when we have no further knowledge of God than they afford, our love is subject to fluctuations, and our hearts to the disturbance of fear. It is only when we *acquaint* ourselves with God, *through his Spirit*, that we may attain perfect love, and its consequent, perfect confidence. And what is Christian hope? It is founded upon the promises; but the promises are conditional, and how can we *know* that those conditions have been complied with? By an examination of our lives and hearts in the light of God's law, we can approximate an assurance on this subject; but an approximation would be all that we could thus obtain. Hence, were this the only means of ascertaining whether we may look for the fulfillment of the promises in ourselves, our hope would be uncertain, and would be very likely to fail in seasons of disappointment and distress, or at our approach to the billows of Jordan. But what is the nature of the Christian's hope? It rises and triumphs in the darkest seasons. It is called an anchor: when the sea is smooth and the winds are calm the anchor may lie upon the bow; but when the storm rises it is cast out, and the ship rides in safety. Now I say not that we should abandon the examination of heart and life in the Scriptural light, in order to know whether the promises are ours; but I aver that in addition to the proof thus arising, we may have a concurrent assurance directly from God's Spirit.

2. We found an argument in analogy. God often communicated with the ancients, not only by prophet, but by Urim and Thummim, and by dreams. These modes of communication, we have reason to believe, are now laid aside; but they afford an argument from analogy for intercourse between the Divine and human natures. Holy Scripture teaches us, explicitly, that we cannot become holy without regeneration through the Spirit; and this truth is demonstrated daily by all unrenewed men. Why should they who believe in regeneration by the Spirit, object to communion with the Spirit in all stages of the spiritual life? Indeed, where is the Church that does not acknowledge such intercourse in all its assemblies, by dismissing them with the apostolic benediction, in which are the words, "communion with the Holy Ghost?"

3. The experience of saints in all ages, is proof positive and ample. Much Christian experience is embodied in inspired pages. What means the psalmist when he exclaims, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee."\* He regards God as his sole and sufficient joy; in comparison with which, the present blessings of earth, and the anticipated raptures of the skies are as nothing. The destruction of the universe, the failing of his flesh, the sinking of his

\* Isaiah xxxii, 17. † Hebrews x, 22. ‡ 1 Thessalonians i, 5. § 1 John iv, 18.

\* Psalms lxxiii, 25.

heart, all are matters of little concern, if God be the strength of his heart and his portion for ever. "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?"\* Here is thirsting of the soul, intense thirsting, similar to what the hunted hart feels for the water brooks, and this thirsting of soul is for God.

"O Lord, I will praise thee: though thou wast angry with me thine anger is turned away and thou comfortedst me."† Here is a synopsis of Christian experience: "thou wast angry"—conviction; "thine anger is turned away"—conversion; "thou comfortedst me"—spiritual joy.

The apostle says, "For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God."‡ Mark, there are two witnesses to the fact of the Christian's sonship, concurrent but separate, namely, God's Spirit, and our own.

Such passages as this, written by the pen of inspiration, not in poetical but in didactic composition, and from a mind remarkably exact and argumentative, are not only inexplicable, but nugatory, nay, absurd, upon any other hypothesis than that of an immediate intercourse between God and the human soul. Perhaps some may say, we do not deny that such an intercourse is the privilege of distinguished believers; but we deny that it is general. But the words of the apostle John, in his first Epistle, v, 10, ought to occasion instant retraction of such denial: "He that believeth on the Son of God, hath the witness in himself." This witness, then, is the privilege of every *believer*. The passages already quoted are not rare ones—they are specimens of a numerous class in the word of God—so numerous, that they glitter in the pages of revelation as the stars in the firmament—all over. Nor is the interpretation we have given to them new. The doctrine of an intimate communion, or fellowship, between saints and angels and God, was held by both the Latin and Greek fathers—was revived, from time to time, by those lights which shot, meteor-like, through the gloom of dark ages—Barnard, Huss, Jerome of Prague, &c. It was maintained by the *reformers*—Knox, Wickliffe, Melancthon, Luther, Calvin, &c. Notice the creeds which grew out of their controversies with mother Church. As a familiar specimen, we quote the Presbyterian Confession of Faith. Speaking of assurance, it says: "This, certainly, is not a bare conjectural and probable persuasion, grounded upon an infallible hope; but an infallible assurance of faith founded upon the truth of the promises of salvation, the inward evidence of those graces unto

which these promises are made, the testimony of the Spirit of adoption witnessing with our spirits that we are the children of God," &c. [See Confession of Faith in the Church of Scotland, Edinburg, 1793.] Need I say that this was the doctrine of those holy men who have been raised up in later times to reform the Church, such as Wesley, Whitfield, Baxter, Edwards? Need I say that it is the doctrine of pious men of all denominations of all ages? In their testimony there is strange but entrancing harmony. Travel along the prime meridian, and halt at each line of latitude, to take the Christian experience—walk round the equator, gathering the prayers and praises of converted souls in your march—descend the stream of ages, and pause as each tributary disembogues, to catch the feelings of the disciples of Jesus—gather experience from the sons of the forest, or the children of philosophy—from prattling infancy, or hoary age—from accepted royalty, or weeping beggary—you shall find the same story, uttered without concert or collusion, often in the same figures and words. The poor negro who, in the moment of conversion, pressing to his soul's lips some sweet promise of God's word, exclaimed, "Sugar! sugar!" had probably never read of the royal poet who, in reference, may-be, to the same promise, cried out, "Sweeter than honey or the honey-comb." These individuals are generally such whose testimony would be taken in any court of justice. Among them we know there are some poor in this world's goods, though "rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom"—some ignorant in human philosophy, though wise unto salvation. But the children of the heavenly King are not all in the walks of humble life. He who was cradled amid the praises of the wise, and entombed in the sepulchre of the rich, has never been without homage from the noble of the earth. The voices of lawyers the most acute, philosophers the most profound, metaphysicians the most distinguished, and rulers the most renowned, have swelled the chorus of that blessed testimony which fills the valleys and echoes through the skies. This testimony is often given under the most affecting and solemn circumstances. It is in the temple of God, while invoking the Divine presence and scrutiny, that the Christian is generally called on to detail his experience. An oath is considered adequate to bind a *bad* man to the truth; and what does an oath do, but impose a religious obligation? and what greater religious obligation can be imposed than that under which the Christian solemnly utters the feelings of his soul? We have heard it uttered under circumstances of the severest affliction. When poverty, and disease, and bereavement, and reproach combined to sink the soul, and when the faithless cried in the ear of the sufferer, "Curse God and die," yes, then has the soul risen high, and exclaimed, in firm tones, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Go, ye who doubt the power of God's grace to aus-

\* Psalms xlii, 1, 2. † Isaiah xii, 1. ‡ Romans viii, 15, 16.



tain the soul, to the cottage of some poor, suffering Christian. What motive can man have, under such circumstances, to deceive his fellow-man? We have heard it in the near view of death, yea, even in death itself. The martyr has uttered it on his way to the stake—he hath spoken it from the red flames that were consuming his body. Ye may hear it from almost every Christian death-bed. The dying Payson said, “I can lie here and see these convulsions rise higher and higher; but my soul is happy, unspeakably happy. I seem to swim in a flood of glory, which God pours down upon me.” Sometimes the soul, at the gate of heaven, is not permitted, through disease, or the influence of narcotics, to give its dying testimony; but when a lucid interval precedes his transit to the skies, the dying saint leaves his testimony in such language as this:

“Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are;  
While on his breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there.”

Now who doubts the truth of statements of fact made by dying men? Who can imagine that a rational mortal will rush into the presence of God with a lie upon his lips!

But one may say we must consider the contrary testimony. There is none: in the nature of the case there can be none. If I testify to feeling, certified by my consciousness, who can testify to the contrary, save the “Searcher of hearts?” “But there are thousands of the race who declare that they have never felt the influence of God’s Spirit.” Granted. Their testimony is negative, while the Christian’s is affirmative; and one affirmative, well established, outweighs a million negatives, aye, is unaffected by them. Suppose a company of men testify that, on the night of the ninth of November last, while gazing at the heavens from a certain eminence, they saw a shower of meteoric stones descend; and suppose, further, that these men have character for veracity, and reputation for philosophy—would their testimony be the least affected, if all the rest of the world should testify that they did not see the shower? But perhaps the objector may respond, “Christians are not always philosophers.” True; nor is the matter of their testimony one of philosophy, but of consciousness. “But are they not still liable to be deceived, seeing that we know but little of the laws of mind or of the spiritual world; for how shall we distinguish between an impression of our own spirit, or of some created spirit, and an influence from God?” By the following tests:

1. The *Holy Spirit’s influences* have reference only to the redemption of the soul, not to the establishment of communities, the building of cities, the marching of armies, or any other worldly operations. It was by overlooking this fact that Jemima Wilkinson, when she led colonists to the “garden of the new world” to establish a New Jerusalem, and

the Mormons, when they emigrated to the banks of the Mississippi to build Nauvoo, were deluded.

2. They are in conformity with Scripture. The Holy Spirit’s office is to call to remembrance and apply whatsoever Christ hath said; and although he will “guide into all truth,” and “show things to come,” yet “he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak.” “He shall glorify me,” says the Savior; “for he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you.” By overlooking this fact, the visionaries of the school of Swedenborg have fallen into strange fancies.

3. Their fruits are as follows: “Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness,” &c. Now, in reference to these emotions there can be no deception. The senses may sometimes deceive—consciousness, never. Say that it can, and you must turn universal skeptic, since to consciousness we owe our first truths—the basis of all reasoning. But who is in danger of being persuaded that he cannot tell whether he loves God or not? Do we doubt in regard to our feelings relative to any other being? “Peter,” said the Savior, “lovest thou me?” We should think that such a question, from such a source, might beget a doubt, if any thing could; but the answer is, “Yea, Lord.” A second time the interrogatory is put by the same authority. Does not this create hesitancy? His answer again is, “Yea, Lord.” A third time is the question propounded; and Peter appeals to God’s omniscience for the correctness of his former answers: “*Thou knowest all things*: thou knowest that I love thee.” Had the Pietists of Germany borne this test in mind, they would not have fallen into their fanatical proceedings.

4. They secure Scriptural obedience. No man who habitually violates any known duty can be in communion with the Holy Spirit. Multitudes of false prophets have overlooked this test in determining the question of their inspiration. Taken separately, some of these tests may be fallible; but collectively, they are irresistibly conclusive.

But it may be objected that this doctrine is mysterious. Not more so than natural phenomena. Tell me whence cometh the wind, and whither goeth it—tell me how it is that the union of two gases, oxygen and hydrogen, constitute water: or that the same elements, oxygen and nitrogen, in certain proportions, constitute the air we breathe, and in different proportions, nitric acid, a material so corrosive as to have received the denomination, *aqua-fortis*; or why it is that a magnetic needle has a tendency to revolve around a wire, transmitting an electric current when brought in contact with it—in short, tell me what induction or electricity is, and I will attempt to remove your difficulty, founded upon the mysteriousness of communion with God.

But it is said, “Is not this Mysticism?” Nay,

may. Mysticism was the result of an infusion of the Platonic philosophy with Christianity. This philosophy taught that human reason was an emanation from God, and comprehended all the elements of truth; and that, by closing the avenues of sense, turning away from human affairs, and exhausting the body, the spirit returns to God, and, in inexpressible raptures, contemplates undisguised and uncorrupted truth. These enchanting notions were somewhat modified through the views of the Mystics, who ingrafted upon them the notions of entire, disinterested devotion to God, and freedom from all selfish considerations.

Reader, do you enjoy comforts springing from communion with God? O, how dreadful the condition of a soul "without God in the world." Better be without food, without raiment, without shelter, without an immortal soul. How fearful that voluntary blindness which can meet God at all points for twenty, thirty, forty years, without ever seeing him! How wonderful that hellish chemistry which can keep the soul perpetually insulated amid incessant currents of holy influence! How amazing that diving-bell of depravity which enables a sinner to live, and move, and breathe in God for a long lifetime, without ever feeling the transforming influence of his Spirit! In such a state, how could a soul enjoy heaven? But I address some to whom spiritual enjoyments are not strange. Blessed are ye; for "the Spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you."

#### BRADDOCK'S GRAVE.

In crossing the Alleghany mountains, during the past autumn, it was my privilege to have daylight a large portion of the way. This gave me a fine opportunity of witnessing "autumn's home amid the mountain passes." Nothing can exceed the beauty of the mountain scenery at this season of the year. The evergreen hemlock, pine, and cedar, blend their hues with the crimson-colored leaves of the dogwood and gum; while the russet-brown of the oak, and the delicately varied shades of the maple, fading from a scarlet to a lemon, combine their power to increase the beauty: and a thousand other shrubs and trees, of various shade and hue, commingle their efforts to throw a kind of enchantment over the whole. I was engaged in contemplating in silence a scene like this, when a fellow-passenger in the stage made some remark about *Braddock's grave*. The sound arrested my attention; and on looking up I saw, near the roadside, a finger-board nailed to a tree, bearing those significant words. Following with my eye the direction indicated, I saw, at a short distance, a small inclosure made with pales. And here, in this lone spot, amid the mountains, without monument or tablet, to record his history or exploits, lies all that remains of General Braddock. I had

just before been contemplating the loveliness of the dying year; and my feelings were deeply impressed with the evanescence of every thing terrestrial. I had thought of death. But it was death among friends. My own mortality had passed before me; but my dying couch was surrounded by weeping survivors: a sister, a brother, a parent, stood at my head to wipe the dew of death from my brow, and close my eyes when the soul had ceased to shine through them. I was at *home*, and amid friends. But here was a sudden change made in the course of my thoughts; for I had the evidence before my eyes that a man might die *alone*, and far from home and Friends, with none to weep at his departure, and no lament made at his grave, save the mournful note of the whip-poor-will, and the melancholy sighing of the evening breeze!

The history and the fate of Braddock, are full of mournful interest. He was an English general, sent to this country for its protection against the savages of the wilderness. He was unaccustomed to Indian warfare, and rigidly adhered to European tactics. With young Washington, as a lieutenant, he made his last fatal engagement with the red men of the forest. The scene of this engagement was near the banks of the Monongahela, several miles above the present city of Pittsburg. The history of "Braddock's defeat," is too well known to every one who has read the life of the father of his country, to need a repetition here. Suffice it to say, that his army fell like leaves in an autumnal storm, before the fire of a concealed enemy. General Braddock, wounded in the engagement, barely escaped with his life. Twelve of his soldiers were taken prisoners, and carried by the Indians to Fort Du Quesne. Here, after running the gauntlet, they were painted black, and miserably and inhumanly burnt to death by their savage conquerors. The General himself made an effort to reach the settlements in Virginia, but perished among the mountains on his way thither. For a number of years his final resting place was undiscovered. But tradition marks out the spot described above, as his place of sepulture; and, apparently, with sufficient reason.

What a lesson does the last scene of Braddock's life impart to the votary of ambition! He toiled hard for fame. He exposed himself to danger and to death to gain the soldier's wreath; and, doubtless, expected that when he fell, a weeping nation's sighs would be his requiem; while a chaplet of unfading laurel would encircle his memory. And yet, on the cold mountain's brow he found his tomb; and the only tablet which commemorates his departure is the granite cliff, chiseled by the finger of the mountain tempest! Truly, thus passes away this world and all its glory. Blessed are they, and only they, who seek an enduring renown, by enrolling their names, not upon the escutcheon of fame, but in the Lamb's book of life.

G. W.

## DR. HOUGHTON.

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BY THE EDITOR.  
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In the death of Dr. Houghton, geologist of the United States in the copper region of Lake Superior, the west, the whole nation, science, has suffered loss. \* \* \* \* \*

In personal appearance he was far from commanding. He was of short stature, slender form, light hair, and effeminate features; but his head was long physically as well as metaphysically, and his eye keen and animated. In nearly all these respects he resembled the Stagirite. Well educated, both academically and professionally, he found a welcome and a home in the west, where he entered upon the practice of medicine—an employment well suited to his talents. His mind was not contemplative, nor ideal, nor metaphysical, but eminently practical. His thoughts rested upon the outer world, rarely glancing at the upper or the inner. Largely endowed with the perceptive powers, he was not deficient in the reflective; but he used the latter chiefly to compare, to classify, to generalize; and when he reasoned, it was by induction rather than analogy. He was little inclined to the fine arts: he cared more for the quarry than the column; the song of the wind, than that of the muses. For *a priori* reasoning, and metaphysical investigations in general, he had a sort of contempt. Passing with me one day through the library of the University of Michigan, he pointed to Kant, when the following dialogue ensued:

Dr. H. "Do you know President M. of Ohio?"

T. "Partially."

Dr. H. "I once took him through my cabinet, showing all its beauties, and attracting his attention; but I could not elicit from him one expression of approbation or delight. After I had wearied myself in vain, we came to the library, when seizing upon Kant, as if he had found a gold mine, he cried with rapture, 'Ah! here is the thing—have you ever read it, Dr. Houghton?' 'Enough of it,' I replied, 'to know that the author did not understand what he was writing about.' Now, sir, any man who can prefer a volume of metaphysics to the beautiful works of God that we have collected in that cabinet; from the three kingdoms of nature, is a simpleton."

Dr. Houghton was distinguished rather for intensity than power of mental action. He differed from Franklin as the galvanic trough of many small plates differs from the calorimotor of two large ones. The one goes through obstacles with a shock, the other calmly consumes them. And then Dr. Houghton had an amazing celerity of movement in mind as well as muscle: he could form and execute a judgment at a moment's notice. His labors were unremitted. Inheriting a good constitution from nature, he strengthened it by industry and temperance; hence, his health and cheerfulness were rarely

disturbed. He had mechanical genius, which was of great service to him in dentistry, surgery, the laboratory, and the geological survey. He was one of the few favored chemists who excel both as lecturers and experimenters. Medical practice, it seems, did not afford him sufficient excitement, for he spent his summers, during the last fifteen years, in exploring expeditions in the northwest. Having an enthusiastic love of nature, an indomitable perseverance, a remarkable faculty for observation, and a good foundation of elementary knowledge, he soon became distinguished as a naturalist, and his talents were called into requisition both by the state and general governments. Before his death, he had acquired a knowledge of the regions of his investigation which no other man has, and which, may-be, ages of exploring will be necessary to recover.

In many respects, he was an exception among students. They are generally slovenly, he was remarkably neat; students are usually negligent in pecuniary interests, he was keen-sighted. I believe he passed safely, and more, through the speculating mania, which ruined so many of his neighbors; and if I am not greatly mistaken, he had been, for years, rapidly accumulating wealth. Meh distinguished for science rarely meddle with government: he, like Arago, often moved the capital by his political manœuvres. We blame him not for this, for he turned all his political power to the advancement of science. It would be well for the country if more of our scientific minds had influence at Washington.

He was remarkably courteous. Whatever were his engagements—whether drawing draughts, arranging his cabinet, poring over some new work, with animated eye and fervid mind, or making out a report for the government, he instantly suspended his labors to welcome his guest with cheerfulness and cordiality. How different from the ordinary student. If you happen to call upon him when his thinking-cap sits uncomfortably upon his brow, or when, having finished the labors of the day, he wishes to calm his mind for the repose of the night; or if you come to introduce to him a favorite author, or some means to facilitate his enchanting study, or some scientific news of deep interest to him, you may expect a smiling countenance. But, perchance, he has a systematic method—assigning one definite period of the day to Greek, another to natural science, another to composition, another to devotion, and the rest to domestic and worldly duties, and the enjoyment of society: now suppose you call upon him at one of his sacred periods, or drop in for foolish chit-chat just as he is in the midst of important and perplexing problems, or when under an inspiration he has never felt before, and may never feel again, he is driving his pen over pages of light, what sort of reception will he give you? He may not treat you rudely, for intelligence implies politeness; but he will treat you coolly; and the more you strive to talk him into a good humor

the darker will his brow become. And no wonder: would the miser be pleasant if you thrust your hand into his coffers to abstract his gold? Time is the student's gold, or rather his philosopher's stone, with which he transmutes every thing into gold. Dr. Houghton, however, was *always* lively, *always* cordial. If he wished to get rid of a troublesome guest, he would do it with a sweet ingenuity, which, while it increased your admiration of his genius, would not diminish your estimation of his friendship; but, generally, when oppressed with company in study hours, he preferred, after making a pleasant apology, to work and talk together: a twofold task which few men are able to perform. To ministers of the Gospel, he was peculiarly kind, respectful, and hospitable. Besides contributing his full share to the support of the Gospel in several Churches, I have known him occasionally to slip a ten dollar bill into the hands of a clergyman, in such a way as to illustrate the direction, "Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doth;" nor was this with any sinister intention, for his ambition was not for popular favor.

He was a man of dauntless courage. Though very small in person, he seemed to fear nothing when in the discharge of duty, or the pursuit of knowledge. He was at home in the wilderness, and knew how to control the wild beast and the wilder savage. He stood fearless with his hammer on the solitary sand beach, or the lonely reef, far away from the utmost verge of civilization. Foremost he walked in the hour of danger: firmly he held his helm, and raised the voice of encouragement amid the white caps when the hardy voyagers trembled. Nor mountain, nor rock, nor storm, nor stream, was a passless barrier to his adventurous footsteps.

We often apply the term courage to pusillanimity, ferocity, and even madness; but, surely, we use it properly when we apply it to the man who toils, at the risk of life, to discover and develop the resources of a country, and thus multiply the means of human support and human happiness.

Dr. Houghton's death was eminently characteristic. He was in pursuit of science—on a dangerous voyage. When the sailors said, "We had better go ashore," he replied, "We had better go on." The storm increases—the breakers dash—a sailor significantly hands him a life-preserver, but he lays it by his side: a heavy sea fills the vessel—it is baled out, and followed by another—the boat capsizes—a sailor ascends from the water and seizes the keel: on looking round, he sees the geologist and draws him up. Even under these circumstances, Dr. Houghton's courage and hope fail not. Mark, too, his nobility of spirit. Addressing the sailor, he says, "Never mind me, Peter, try to go ashore if you can. I will go ashore well enough."

Perhaps some may deem him to have been imprudent and rash; but we should beware how we

censure. In his fifteen years' experience in similar excursions, I have no doubt he often escaped under circumstances of even greater apparent peril.

Wilson, the ornithologist, died from the ardent pursuit of a rare bird, of which he had long been in search. But who would convict him of imprudence before considering his character, and the circumstances in which he was placed.

Of Dr. Houghton's religious character, although long acquainted with him, I can say but little.

He was no Atheist: he repudiated Atheism as the grossest absurdity. The pages of nature, which he was continually studying, were to him so many hymns of praise to God.

He was no Deist. He never expressed to me any doubts of the authenticity and divine authority of the holy Scriptures.

He was not heterodox in his views of religious doctrine. The last time I saw him, he said to me very earnestly, "I believe in the doctrine you preached last Sabbath." The sermon was on total depravity, and the necessity of regeneration. His mind was too philosophical to admit this doctrine and deny its dependent ones.

He was no stranger to religious thought or feeling. This he directly assured me in the conversation just alluded to. "But," he exclaimed, "how can I attend to religion in the whirlpool of business!" "Insufficient excuse," I replied. "David with his immense kingdom found time for devotion. Daniel, with the concerns of a hundred and twenty provinces upon his hands, could kneel down to pray, morning, noon, and night." Alas! how many professing Christians devote themselves, with a zeal no less ardent, and an effort no less constant, to much less dignified and useful pursuits, and with far less worthy motives. Let the reader see that she estimate more correctly the worth of an immortal soul, the pleasures of religion, and the treasures of the skies.

Men, such as Dr. Houghton, have often more religious feeling than they are willing to admit, or we are willing to allow them. For aught we know, there may have been moments of anguish when he bowed before the cross, and sent out an arm of faith, and felt something within him far better and holier than a sentimental or philosophical admiration of the Almighty. May we not hope that, when the fires of the final day shall shine, not only through the history of the world, but also through that of the hearts of all the rational beings who shall have been its inhabitants, we may see reason why the Divine Being may, under the plan of redemption, welcome the subject of this brief article to the world of light.

Our acquaintance with Dr. Houghton terminated sometime since. He may have become truly and publicly religious since that period, as he had a beautiful exemplification of the beauty and divinity of the Gospel in his own happy family.

## SYMPATHY.

How subtil and mysterious is this power; how difficult to analyze and comprehend! It is the electric chain, which binds, in one universal brotherhood, the whole family of man; it is the great power of cohesive attraction, which holds in one mighty mass the shifting elements of humanity. In union is strength: how insignificant and powerless is a single drop of water—bind together, by the principle of cohesive attraction, myriad of drops, and the broad ocean rolls its mountain waves, lifts up its voice of power, and tosses gallant fleets like playthings on its stormy bosom! And man, isolated man, how puny his efforts, how trifling his performances—link man with man, and pyramids and temples rise in lofty proportions, cities spring up in lonely places, the very elements become his slaves to do his bidding: he sails upon the bosom of the air, controls the forked lightning, and makes the great sea a highway for the nations. It is not merely sympathy, however, that thus binds man with man; other causes contribute to this effect, which it is foreign to our purpose now to examine.

Sympathy is displayed in one of its most striking manifestations in the vast assembly, when the mighty mass of human life is permeated by one and the same feeling—is swayed and controlled by the thrilling eloquence of the orator. He has struck the key-note of sympathy, and the great instrument of the human heart discourses most excellent music. He can tune to lightsome strains, or draw forth notes of the deepest pathos, as the varied tones of harmony burst forth at his bidding. As the trees of the forest bow their lofty heads, when the strong wind passes over them in its might, and as the rustling foliage dances and quivers in the summer breeze, so are the hearts of the people now bowed by the overwhelming power of eloquence, and now gently stirred and agitated by the less impassioned words of the orator.

Sympathy is the handmaid of benevolence, and many are the kindly offices of love performed by her promptings. Her gentle touch opens the heart, and the hand opens the purse, and pours forth its treasures to the destitute. Other treasures, too, are freely bestowed at the bidding of sympathy—sometimes of greater price than thousands of gold and silver. She unlocks the fountains of tears which fall like rain drops on a parched land; she has soothing, soul-calming words, as well as an eloquent silence, "more rich than words," for the grieved and stricken in spirit, while for the happy and hopeful, she has bright smiles even "when other quests are in her eyes," and words of gladness and joy. She has all things for all men, and none are sent empty away.

There are those among men who remain apart, it may be, in the solitude of their own greatness. They stand aside and let the great tide of human life rush past them, without seeking to color its waters, or to

change their current: no one draws near them in the intimacy of confiding affection; no long pent up sorrows gush forth in their presence, neither does the heart in its gladness expand in beauty before them. Good sense, judgment, intelligence, and virtue, they may possess, but none seek from them aid, counsel, or guidance: they are inclosed in the icy palace of their own greatness, and its crystal walls are not to be melted by the breeze of emotion, or the tears of sorrow. They cannot marry the hopes and fears of others, or "look into happiness through another's eyes," or realize the desolation of other hearts. They rejoice not with them who do rejoice, neither weep they with them who weep. They have not the "open sesame" of the human heart, which, with all its treasures of thought and feeling, remains closed in their presence.

Others there are, whose characters firm and cold as marble have here and there rich veinings of sympathy. I have seen the vault of heaven obscured by lowering clouds, when at some opening, the purest azure gleamed out from between the torn masses, and the bright sunlight dazzled us with its unexpected and momentary radiance. It is thus that some characters, generally cold and impenetrable, will, when we least expect it, reveal some kindling beam of sympathy, and open to us a glimpse of pure and healthful feeling, ere the character closes up as before, and the short-lived radiance disappears.

A constant reference to this principle, will solve many of the mysteries which perplex us in the varied intercourse of life. With some spirits we at once feel that the chord of sympathy is struck, and thoughts and words blend in a continuous strain of harmony. There is no fear, no restraint, but a beautiful "unwithholding trust"—the wave of thought breaks upon the shore, regardless whether it bestow grains of sand or seed pearl. Each mind receives a new impulse—its dormant energies awake—things hidden within the folding of the heart come forth in life and beauty, and the secret fountains of the soul, struck by the rod of sympathy, pour forth, in gushing streams, their limpid waters. One, but yesterday a stranger, already enjoys more of the "intimacy of the mind"—knows more of the wishes and aspirations of the soul—has obtained a clearer insight into the movements of the inner life than the known and the recognized of years. And why is this? The magic word will unfold the mystery. With those whom we have met again and again upon our daily paths, whose intelligence and moral worth command our esteem and admiration, we may not pass the threshold of an acquaintance: "Thus far canst thou go and no farther;" and the wave of thought may dash for years against that iron-girt coast without making any progress. There is no sympathy—thought springeth not to thought, neither does deep call unto deep. Our paths may lie side by side throughout life, but



they will continue parallel lines, never meeting or blending into one.

Perhaps sympathy and its full power is never understood till breezes from the far-off land sweep over its lyre of many strings. It is only when the flame of divine love burns bright, that wondrous characters, written in ink of sympathy, steal out, and are traced on lip, and brow, and heart by that inspiring warmth. In the summer evening walk, when

"Twilight lets her curtain down,  
And pins it with a star,"

how rapid may be the exchange of thought! how the book of the soul's history may be opened, and the light in darkness—the transition from the land of mists to the region bathed in the soft light of hope—the bright beams of promise may be dwelt upon with joyous recollection, till those hearts are united by the golden chain of sympathy, and they are made one! In the social meeting, too, how great is its influence! A band of Christians assemble at stated periods to set up their way-marks in their pilgrimage—to speak words of mutual encouragement—to tell one another how fast and how far they have traveled toward their heavenly inheritance, and what they think about their title to it, and what messages they have received from it, and what glimpses they have had, through the telescope of faith, of that blessed land. Or they meet to pray together, that they may agree as touching one thing—together to bow before the eternal throne—together to lift the voice of praise and thanksgiving to Him whose hand has "taken them out of the crowd of this world," and has "made them which were no people," mere atoms in existence, driven hither and thither, the sport of the winds of life, "to be the people of God"—to be carried forward in the great movement which is controlled by God's providence, and which aims at the most lofty and glorious results. The incense of prayer rises as a great cloud—the words of praise come forth rejoicingly from the lips—the great deep of the heart is broken up, and the mighty waters rush on in one full stream. Time was when

"Each in its hidden sphere of joy or woe,  
Their hermit spirits lived and ranged apart;"

but the soft voice of sympathy has called them forth, and there is now the free communion of thought and feeling.

There is a sympathy higher than that of earth, deeper than aught of which we have spoken—the feeling of one touched with our infirmities—one who knoweth the manifold burdens that rest upon the heart; for He dwelt amid the sight and sounds of human misery. He felt, in the lowly home of his childhood, the discomforts and the petty grievances of life—he had sorrow for his companion in that pilgrimage during which he was often seen to weep, but never to smile, and as he looked down the long vista of earthly woe, he saw and understood it all; so that no form of sadness need shrink from appeal-

ing to the glorified Savior amid the sanctities of heaven; for our great High Priest is as ready to heal and bless as when "the cry of the human" sounded in the ears of God manifest in the flesh.

SPERANZA.

### DIVINE PROTECTION.

At the suggestion of the then missionary to the Wyandotts, I send you an account of Divine protection at the Wyandott camp meeting, June 21, 1834.

The Wyandott Reservation not being under the jurisdiction of the state of Ohio, the inhabitants were not under the protection of its laws. The usual remedy against the aggressions of lawless disturbers, was application to the "Indian Agent," who had jurisdiction in such cases. At the time of the camp meeting, *it so happened* that the Agent was absent: consequently, the property and persons of all on the Reservation were unprotected by law. The encampment was situated in a grove on the east side of the prairie, some three miles south of the "battle ground," and southeast from where Crawford was burnt, after the Muskingum massacre.\*

In the early part of the meeting, information came that certain "rowdies" from Tiffin and Lower Sandusky had combined, and threatened to break up the camp meeting. The alarm of the peaceful worshippers increased as these reports became more and more confirmed, and much anxiety was apparent. On Saturday morning, the superintendent exhorted the Wyandotts, as their protector, the Agent, had left his post at a time when, of all others, they most needed his presence, to throw themselves completely under the Divine protection—relating some striking instances of answers to prayer, especially the providential manner in which disturbers were quelled at a camp meeting in 1828. This had the desired effect. The day was clear—the services went on. After dinner it became evident there was more truth than fiction in the report: the "rowdies" appeared. Individuals who would blush to see their names here strolled through the encampment in disguised clothing, and with huge walking sticks. As the woman one hundred and six years in the Philadelphia Almshouse, who, when asked if she loved the Lord Jesus, replied with warmth, "Be sure I do: I've nobody else to love!" so the Wyandott worshippers looked to the Lord; for they had "nobody else" to whom to look. "Rowdies" became insolent, as their numbers increased, and night drew near. Complaints of outrages multiplied, and the worshippers increased the fervor of their prayers for help. Just then the thunder murmured in the distance. All eyes were turned to that quarter. The sun, in

\* See Heckwelder's Narrative.

matchless splendor, was about to sink behind a grove on the farther side of the wide prairie. At the right, the top of a cloud began to loom up from the distant horizon. From it a voice was again heard. The Almighty was there. His chariot rolled in majesty. It blotted out the face of day. The whistling wind passed by, and a clap of thunder filled the heart with solemnity. The superintendent repeated from the stand, with much feeling,

"Hark! the ETERNAL rends the skies!

A mighty voice before him goes—

A voice of music to his friends,

But threatening terror to his foes," &c.

The angry tempest was now there. The thunder roared: at the same instant beamed the fire—flash upon flash—in terrific sublimity, until the heavens seemed in a blaze. The oaks, which had defied the whirlwind's power for centuries, now bent beneath the storm, threw their branching tops around, and, as if unable to hold up longer, seemed about to scatter death through the trembling, flying throng. One limb, torn from its strong-hold, came crashing down. The bottles of heaven were unstopped—the rain was poured out in torrents. The affrighted "rowdies" were glad to find a poor shelter with the Wyandotts in their almost prostrated tents. The preachers' tent, which was large, and built of substantial logs, was on the east or lowest side of the ground. It withstood the fury of the storm, and, being well covered, made a good refuge. By midnight the storm was over. In the morning, the Sabbath sun shone forth in loveliness. The "rowdies" retreated in shame.

The Gospel trumpet sounded—the Lord was worshipped in peace—sinners gave their hearts to Jesus. Among them was Young Peacock, till then of the heathen, who was at that time head chief of the nation. The next day, many were dedicated to God by baptism. It was learned that just north of us the forest was prostrated by the hurricane.

A day or two after the meeting broke up, when all was still, a large oak fell upon the tents of Major Long and others. "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!" S.

## THE PLEASURES OF KNOWLEDGE.

MAN, in every age, has loved to tread the labyrinths of science, and to bring forth from their mazes, the before unknown wonders of nature—to trace to their secret causes all phenomena—to draw aside the filmy veil which conceals the knowledge of past ages—to reveal the distant future to the curious eye; and even to peep into "the mystery of mysteries." The natural world has been the object of incessant examination. The boundless canopy, the viewless air, the fathomless deep, the smiling earth, *all* have undergone man's minute inspection, and each, in turn, has added to his happiness. The immortal mind was formed for knowledge. Not the untold wealth of

distant climes, or the unmeasured spoils of a thousand conquerors can satisfy it. As it gazes, the brightest gems of earth lose their lustre, like the dews of morning, and it turns from them to something purer, higher, nobler. It seeks the pearl of truth, and snatches, with eager hand, the wreath of fame. Riches, honor, power, have each poured their treasures at the feet of the student; but she, glorying in her intellectual wealth, and pointing inward, has said, "Here is *my* treasure. *Yours* is transient as the mist—*mine* fadeless as the throne of God."

Knowledge is one of the *few* things upon which no price can be set. It brightens happiness in prosperity—it cheers and supports in the hour of adversity. When clouds overspread the horizon of our hopes—when earthly joys have lost their power to please—when all without is threatening—when hope dies away within the heart, and the prospect of future years hangs like a pall over our destiny, then knowledge offers an unfailing solace.

The sciences have, in particular, enlisted, in *all* ages, the attention of the wise and good. That of astronomy, *especially*, has been studied with unceasing interest and pleasure. Philosophers and sages have gazed, with unwearied vision, far into the ethereal depths above, and forgotten, in their noble employment, the petty cares of life. They have looked, entranced, upon the glittering heavens, as star after star has darted, with unmeasured velocity, through the realms of space, and new luminaries have sprung into existence, and every year has afforded additional proof of the wisdom and power of the great Designer. This science has been consecrated by the genius of Newton, and the labors of Herschel, who stand in bold relief in the temple of history, clad in the garments of immortality.

From the beginning of time knowledge has been accumulating treasures. She has kept open her temple to pupils, without regard to age, fortune, or rank—she has kindly invited *all* to lend a listening ear to her instructions. In her right hand she holds the sceptre that has so often swayed the world—in her left a coronet of gems. Who can hesitate to join the throng that crowds her portals?

Youth is the most favorable time for obtaining her rewards. Then the mind is unclouded with sorrow, unoppressed with care—then impressions are easily and deeply stamped. Let this period be improved, and we shall be prepared for coming trials, fitted for important duties, and qualified to shine as bright and burning lights.

Let us not despair because the path of knowledge is endless. Let us rather press forward with *greater* zeal and *more* industry, hoping that, for new difficulties new strength will be given. So shall life be to us a joyous pilgrimage; and when the setting sun of our existence sinks beneath the horizon, we, looking back upon the past, shall hear a soothing whisper that we have not lived in vain. L.

## THE CHRISTIAN HOMEWARD BOUND.

BY MISS DE FOREST.

HOMEWARD bound! Homeward bound!  
 O'er a long and hostile ground,  
 With a weary step and slow,  
 Onward still I go—I go.  
 Gloomy pitfalls snare my way;  
 Quicksands lure but to betray;  
 Noontide heat, and midnight chill,  
 Storm and tempest work their will;  
 Yet one precious view of home  
 Cheers me on where'er I roam.

Oft my wand'ring feet have stray'd  
 From the path my Father made:  
 Oft some mirage passing fair  
 Prov'd as false as empty air,  
 While the bitter fruit of sin  
 Only poisons if I win:  
 Then with shame I sadly mourn  
 That I should so rashly turn;  
 And again, by blessed grace,  
 Once more homeward set my face.

Homeward bound! afar—afar  
 Gleams my precious guiding star,  
 Giving forth no borrow'd light,  
 Yet for ever pure and bright.  
 Night may throw her sable shroud;  
 Wintry winds may whistle loud;  
 But the Star of Bethlehem  
 Storm and tempest cannot dim.  
 Through this desert drear and wide,  
 Star of hope, be thou my guide.

From the spirit land a voice  
 Bids me evermore rejoice:  
 May not some of sister birth,  
 With sweet sympathy for earth,  
 Bend thus down their eye of love  
 From their angel home above?  
 Gentle guardians, though unknown,  
 Soon your song may be my own;  
 And my earth-born harp may be  
 Tuned to heavenly harmony.

Homeward bound! they call me on,  
 The loved ones who before have gone:  
 Once on earthly ground they toil'd,  
 Yet their garments kept unsoiled:  
 Once they meekly bore the cross,  
 Counting all things else but loss:  
 Now as witnesses they stand,  
 Beck'ning to the shining land,  
 While in robes of white they sing  
 Praises to their Savior, King.

Homeward bound! homeward bound!  
 Light from heaven beams around:  
 Brighter still that light shall be  
 'Till its blessed source I see.

Though I have not heard or seen,  
 By a mortal sense I ween;  
 Yet the Spirit doth reveal  
 To the hearts he comes to seal,  
 Things that worldlings never knew,  
 Gloriously sweet and true.

Lo! my elder brother waits  
 At the everlasting gates:  
 Will He murmur? Will he mourn  
 At the prodigal's return?  
 Will he frown upon me now,  
 When before his throne I bow?  
 No! He died that I might win  
 Freedom from the curse of sin:  
 Bowed his head that curse to share;  
 Died to name me fellow-heir.

Homeward bound! my motto be,  
 Weal and woe alike to me;  
 Knowing well I cannot fall  
 While I trust in Christ my all.  
 He will lighten every cross;  
 He will lessen every loss—  
 Guide me over Jordan's wave—  
 Save me from the gloomy grave,  
 And at last my soul receive,  
 Ever in his smile to live.

## THE DREAMER.

BY BENJAMIN T. CUSHING.

A boy sat by a streamlet,  
 Below an arching tree;  
 And he watched, beneath the beamlet,  
 The wave dance merrily.

The breeze came softly playing,  
 With his curls of golden hair;  
 And the flower perfume was straying  
 Through the sweet and cloudless air.

And as, in groves so pleasant,  
 The birds trilled, wild with glee,  
 His soul from out the present  
 To the future wandered free.

And he dreamed his dreams elysian—  
 Those soft and soul-like dreams,  
 Which rise up in derision  
 At the founts of youth's glad streams—

Which Fancy's hand discloses,  
 And the heart greets fast and free,  
 As the butterfly doth roses,  
 Or the honey-getting bee!

He thought, from life's shore roving,  
 He wooed the fresh'ning gale;  
 And Love and Hope, approving,  
 With their bright wings fanned his sail.

And he glided o'er time's waters  
 With a swift and sure career;  
 While the hours (Earth's laughing daughters)  
 With garlands hovered near.

Lo! he looked far out in ocean,  
 Where his bark was yet to be,  
 And he feared no wind's commotion  
 On that broad and sunny sea.

But he reached the space of battle—  
 Of the warfare stern of days;  
 And he 'scaped the cannon's rattle,  
 And he wore the glistening bays!

Then away from all retiring,  
 He illumed the sacred fire,  
 And, the artist's wreath desiring,  
 He attuned the golden wire:

Like the poets old and glorious,  
 Who, in by-gone ages, strung  
 A lyre o'er time victorious,  
 And grew godlike while they sung—

Who on the Grecian mountain,  
 Or in the Mantuan grove,  
 Or by sweet Avon's fountain,  
 In silence loved to rove,

Till the wild thoughts in their bosoms  
 Grew vigorous and strong,  
 And up sprung the beauteous blossoms  
 And undying buds of song!

Thus dreamed the boy desiring;  
 But the fateful future gave  
 Dark toil and vain aspiring,  
 And a lone and nameless grave!

#### "FEAR NOT THE BREAKERS."

"Fear not the breakers:" though they dash  
 Their mountain masses wide and high,  
 Their summits foaming as they lash,  
 Are welcome to the sailor's eye.

"Fear not the breakers:" he who guides  
 The ship has rode these waves before:  
 He heeds them not: the struggling tides  
 Bear him the swifter to the shore.

"Fear not the breakers," Christian: deep  
 Though sorrow's waves around thee roar,  
 And sins and fears, in mountains steep,  
 Seem passless barriers to the shore.

"Fear not the breakers:" Jesus still  
 Is with thee in the pathless way;  
 He bids thee trust; and know he will  
*Himself* command—*thou* must obey.

"Fear not the breakers:" safe at home  
 Rests many a happy spirit: lo!  
 The sins forgiven—the griefs they've known,  
 Give heaven's pure joys a richer glow.

#### CAPACITY OF ESTEEM.

—  
 AN ESSAY.  
 —

How satisfactory a portion of our perceptive life is the appreciation with which we contemplate the merits, respectability, order, and propriety of the relative characters which surround us!—in short, the capacity of esteem. And of all the regards, whether spontaneous or reflective, with which we view character, we shall find this test not only the most agreeable and satisfactory, but also the safest and the most enduring. The force of this truth is undeniable to the convictions of age and experience. The young, however, have not as yet witnessed that uniformity of action which is the crowning test of moral inferences. They have not as yet lived long enough to prefer this sentiment to others—others more vivid and more alluring, but neither so profound nor so rational as this. Whilst esteem is a sentiment deduced from the positive moral excellences of its object, it possesses in itself the uncommon property of eliciting, in exact measure, the correspondent homage and respect which suits it. By a sort of moral chemistry, its affinities of excellence are unerring, both in proportion and quality.

Whilst there are many points in the characters and manners of our associates which may mislead and bewilder our tastes, the "sober certainty" of approval by this test is never at fault. Do we find ourself swayed and attracted toward some person not intimately known to us in all the bearings of character—one who is, perhaps, devoid of those graces of manner, and that engaging apprehensiveness of mind, which attracts us at once; yet, as our acquaintance progresses, and our observation ripens, we find ourself better and better pleased with their course and management; and finally there comes to be established in us a respect, an indubitable regard, which has grown upon us by the regular action of certain merits of conduct, perceived by us, though unconsciously, whilst addressing itself to its proper *sense* within us, and which thus recognizes its proper object of esteem.

Let us, then, ever cherish these perceptions! Let us not, from any selfish anxieties, nor any churlishness of humor, stint our approval, nor deny the outgoing of our hearts to these sympathies. No doubt sympathetic encouragements to character are of great assistance in the progress of social morality. Neither should any, gifted with delicacy to perceive merit, deem themselves innocent in withholding its expression.

Comparing the sentiment of esteem with that of any other form of regard, we shall find it more pure as well as more constant than many other affections of the soul. Love, properly so called, is proverbially subject to deceptions of various sorts—to caprice, either in its entertainer or its object—to doubts, to declension, to jealousies, and many other harassing

emotions and conditions; being, from its very nature, eminently exposed to all the reverses to which a high enthusiasm subjects it. For friendship, it were nothing without esteem: it is its assurance—its bond of fealty—*itself*; for, virtually speaking, it is essential with it. Although esteem may exist without friendship, yet that were an imperfect friendship which is not based on esteem.

Again, we have a "fancy" for some persons. This is but a slight phantasm of regard, which is capriciously conceived, lightly entertained, and as easily gotten rid of. It is rather a whim than a sentiment; yet no doubt it has often been the subject of an honest heart-ache (more's the pity) in some third party, who has been pained and insulted that it should even *seem* to compete with a sentiment of true regard. Yet it is a thing of no worth, and we spend too many words about it.

And what is the homage of *admiration*? Fine and inspiring indeed; but it often expresses rather the elevation and ideality of him that conceives it, than the merit to which it is offered. All cases of enthusiasm, too, are subject to the "drawback" of common sense. Add to this a fair "discount" for partiality, and the "net" will probably be found a matter about which no extra expense of feeling were necessary. The admiration of great deeds is often conceived in honest minds. Here the innate sentiment is true, whilst its cause is unreal. This dilemma never occurs to the sentiment of esteem. Let us note who are the admired of the world. Is it the good? No! the good we venerate and esteem. Admiration is the meed of the warrior—the Cæsars, Alexanders, and Napoleons—names written in blood! The "Prince of peace" disclaims them and their deeds.

It is a notable fact that the quality of esteem subsists in a latent state, when there is no opportunity for a more positive development, for years in the mind, (and this, by analogy, proves its preciousness,) before it works its mission of approval or gratitude. Even the memory performs its office of regard to this "property" of "sterling worth," and restores long-forgotten merit to its proper station in the mind.

I well remember, amongst the acquaintances of early youth, (having been many years absent from my native town,) several individuals who were, perhaps, not gainly or pleasing in their address—not very social, perhaps—at least, not favorites, not "in vogue;" and that is always supposed to be cause enough, if not *reason*, why none should like them—at least, it was imperative in deciding the opinion of a junior like myself. After a lapse of years, long years, the good qualities of these proscribed persons have, as it were, spontaneously separated themselves from whatever was personally disagreeable, or so imputed, and stood out in their full proportions of worth and merit—evidences not of a reclaimed judgment alone, but as I believe, monuments of the

conservative power of esteem in the soul. Of such one is wont to say, "They have worn well in the memory." And it is a pleasing office to make this restitution of regard toward those whom we have, either designedly or wantonly, slighted. And thus the follies of youth may be, in part, atoned for by a conscientious and circumspect *age*.

Esteem is eminently of a generic character. It enters into and is allied with all the best qualities of the heart. And as the virtues mutually assist and strengthen each other, so we may infer that wherever we find a good capacity of esteem, that it is no isolated virtue.

Finally, it holds its "court of equity" in the soul, and is attended by the officials of justice, truth, candor, right-mindedness, impartiality, ministering aids; and, as it awards its decree, there is neither evasion, nor subterfuge, nor cross-questioning—the verdict is rendered without delay, or "let or hinderance," by the jury impaneled in the breast, in favor of the promoter of peace, of good order, and good will, and all those Christian graces which may be summed up in the one Scripture expression of, "Righteousness."

#### THE OLD MAID.

WE see here two sisters—choose! The one is twenty-eight years of age; the other, eighteen. Which has the most principle; the most intelligence, gleaned from life and books, as well as the most confirmed humanity, as disabused from the frivolities and selfishness of petted girlhood? Which has attained to the most equability of temper?—which, in short, is the most established and reliable in the whole character, whatever it be? (and there is safety in knowing.) The facts leave us no hesitancy of doubt. Which, also, has attained to the most cleverness and usefulness about the house—to the most amenity and elegance in the reception of friends—in the hospitalities of the table—in conversation? Which is most handy and efficient in the sick chamber, or in the management of servants? &c. Lastly, which, in her sense of duty, and affection, and reciprocal helping on, and soothing of life, toward her husband—if *she had one*? We do not, for a moment, doubt *which*; unless all her opportunities were no opportunities—unless she be so insensible and sluggish by nature that she have nullified every element which surrounds her—unless she is indeed a mere *nobody*. It is the *elder sister* who does all these things, and should, speaking at large, be preferred in all these instances. She is even, perhaps, prettier than the other: the roses in her cheeks, may-be, are not so bright; but it is allowed by all that she has more of a certain womanly gracefulness and ease about her. Many advantages, in short, has she. Is she becoming jealous of her younger sister? No! no! she loves her—wishes her all success and promotion—

will aid her all she can—do any thing for her. And they love each other. But the slight awkwardness—reluctance of approach which pervades her, and we fear is growing upon her, though it suits not the freeness of her disposition, and will, unconsciously, destroy the flow and spontaneity of her heart. But whence is it? It is of her natural sensitiveness, and the *unworthiness* of her present treatment and position: for, “is she not getting to be an ‘old maid!’” and “there’s much in a name”—especially with the gentlemen concerning this matter; and does not every one of them—albeit they are all the common acquaintances of both—bestow two-thirds of his regards upon the younger? for no other cause, that we can see, than that she is the younger. All the compliments, and ogling, and mere talk she is welcome to; but why should the *conversation* be addressed so much to her? That the young gentlemen, juniors to twenty-eight, should prefer her, is suitable and not marvelous. But why should gentlemen of her own age and set—many of them much her seniors—do the same thing—commit what in them is a real folly? “We find her changed,” say they, “she is not as accessible as formerly—not as good natured.” “She gets dull!” Yes! naturally she does: as all this goes on day after day, her spirits fail; the unworthiness strikes deep on her heart; but this must not be seen, and is *repressed*, and so produces its *gangrene*. Her self-love is indignant, of, at least, its measure of right; and the *injustice* continually practiced against her, together with her *maidenly pride*, piqued to the utmost, and her decaying hopes of ever engrossing the affections of a heart like her own, all these *do*, indeed, by mortal constraint, little by little, and, after awhile, render her the stiff, unbending, soured, and jealous “*old maid*,” by which she was too early stigmatized—which was far too soon imputed and *suborned* upon her. B.

#### THE BODY AND THE SOUL.

In old age—as its shadow grows longer, if the *physical* rejects its aliment, and droops, how opposite are the indices which *mind* presents! And by parity, how still progressive and continuous is its course! Whereas, the old man of the body has returned again to spoon-victuals, “the nurture of babes.” But the aged philosopher finds himself not only ready, but more apt, as well as better supplied for more excursive flights—for deeper and more arduous, as well as more thorough questioning of truth; and amidst the infirmities of his “incasement,” *himself properly*—time tenant in the flesh—should be consoled and rejoice (though here we see “but ~~as~~ through a glass, darkly”) that Nature and Providence are conducting him—within the vails—where the purity of his philosophy—his simple loving of order and of truth—shall pass beyond “the question,” and be resolved into *certainty*.

#### FEMALE INFLUENCE.

BY REV. W. P. STRICKLAND.

WERE it not that so much has been written upon the subject of female influence, I should not feel myself as perplexed as I am in deciding to adopt this theme. But because a subject is old, and has been frequently and ably discussed, shall it, therefore, be regarded as exhausted, and destitute of interest? Familiarity produces contempt. Familiar scenes and familiar subjects may be ever so beautiful and interesting in themselves; but their frequent occurrence abates the interest which they should create. The light which throws its beams on mountain and plain, and is reflected from ocean and river, is as pleasant and beautiful to the eye as when, at God’s command, it streamed out over the darkness and chaos of ancient night, and disclosed a world of order and beauty. The bland and gentle zephyr that fans the brow, and stirs into graceful motion the trees of the forest and the flowers of the field, bearing the freshness of the one and the fragrance of the other to the senses of man, is as agreeable as when, from the chambers of the east, the Almighty sent it forth to kiss the flowers of Eden, or to wander over the deserts of earth.

The great theme of salvation, which, for six thousand years, has occupied the most profound attention, and elicited the labors of the pen and the tongue of patriarch, prophet, evangelist, and preacher, still possesses an interest which time and change cannot affect, and which the wreck and ruin of nations and empires cannot destroy. I know that those objects which meet our gaze daily, and those subjects which have become as familiar to us as household words, fail to make that impression which new and striking scenes and subjects invariably produce. This is easily accounted for; and one has justly said—

“Various the mind of desultory man—  
Studious of change.”

Man is never content with the enjoyment of the present. He sighs for something beyond him. An object which eludes his grasp, yet lures him on, possesses, in his estimation, the highest heaven of happiness. The world is a vast inquisition, and every restless spirit is out in quest of some new thing. The mind is struggling for something *new*, and yet I hesitate not to say that, to the ladies, no subject is of greater moment than our theme, or should command greater study. The influence of woman is as great for weal or woe as erst it was to lead man from God, and bring gloom and darkness over Eden, or to win him back to God, and shed a light over his duty and destiny as holy as that which shone on the bowers of paradise.

To woman God has given a mysterious power, and taught her to exercise that power for the accom-



plishment of the most virtuous and benevolent purposes. From her very nature, and the sphere she is ordained to occupy in society, the power she possesses to mold our minds and hearts, and weave out our destiny, is untold. Madame de Stael once remarked, "Give me the first seven years of a child's life, and I care not who has the education of that child afterward." In this season an impression would be made that time and change could not obliterate. A direction would be given to its character—a course marked out; and fate could not make an event more necessary than its future career for good or ill, as the education was virtuous or vicious. The little bark is thus placed upon the waters, and its course is set for the voyaging of a stormy or peaceful sea. Our early years are all under the control and guidance of woman; and thus is the world's destiny placed in her hand; and whatever grace may do for those who have not been early trained to virtue, in nine cases out of ten, those who come from her hand not thus trained, will be of the incorrigible kind. Some females think their influence so limited that they cannot accomplish much good to society. The *cannot* of such ladies is much like the old Calvinian notion, which teaches, that we cannot obey the Divine commands because we *will* not; and then, if the reason be asked *why* we *will* not, the answer is, because we *cannot*.

Woman *has* influence, the power of which is immeasurably great; and if she exert ~~not~~ that influence it is not because she *cannot*, but, simply, because she *will* not; and, as I happen to belong to that class of theologians who believe and teach that the mind possesses the power of determining its own volitions and subsequent actions, the inference is perfectly clear, that if she do not wield that influence which the Author of her being designed her to exert in the moral and mental elevation of our race, and in improving it by diffusing social and domestic happiness through all the departments of life, her duty is neglected and her destiny unfulfilled. Nature's God has given her a heart filled with all the refined and generous sympathies of our nature, added to a dignified and noble bearing, a winning and attractive demeanor, adapted to develop in man's nature all that is elevated in thought, pure in feeling, and magnanimous in action; and, from what her influence has accomplished in thus forming our character, we may justly infer what it is adequate to produce in all who have not recklessly gone beyond the limits of her sway. The *elements* of this great power are found in the heart of every virtuous woman. In some, (for all are not alike,) they are feeble and inefficient, but still they *exist*, and are susceptible of the highest culture. That female who does not strive to her utmost to train to vigorous maturity these elements of her power, has either been strangely ignorant, or has forgotten the secret of her greatness. Feeble though they be, and insignificant as the little rill

which softly gurgles from the base of the mountain, yet unwearied activity will develop the resources of the exhaustless mind and open up channels for confluent streams of thought and emotion,

"Till every rill becomes a river  
To tell aloud her praise for ever."

Without alluding to religion, which gives purity, direction, and force, to these elements, and is the brightest gem that decks her brow and the sweetest charm that binds her heart, I shall simply refer to one element of woman's character, common to all, and which, when properly educated, invests her with a charm, and causes her to shine, in the galaxy of refined and virtuous society, a bright and beautiful object of universal attraction. The most prominent element of woman's influence is *gentleness*, or meekness. Not that gentleness, however, which is like the dull flow of a monotonous stream, winding its sluggish way through a marshy fen, but the bright, rippling brook, making music on its joyous way, reflecting the light of heaven from its surface, and catching the brilliant hues of the wild flowers that bloom upon its sunny shores. The gentleness that degenerates into dullness is as repulsive as the religion that degenerates into asceticism. Every thing lovely and joyous is spoken of religion; and he who professes to enjoy it and does not feel the thrill of a "joy unspeakable," is yet a stranger to its true nature. She is compared to a bright and beautiful queen full of benignity and love. In her right hand is length of days, and in her left riches and honor; her ways are pleasant and her paths peaceful. The gloom of the cloister darkens not her happy countenance. The light of heaven is reflected in her smiles.

"Soft peace she brings wherever she arrives;  
She builds our quiet while she forms our lives;  
Lays the rough path of peevish nature even,  
And opens in each breast a little heaven."

She watches over our destiny; and while she teaches us to live she tells us how to die. She strews with flowers the pathway of life, and throws over the dark cloud of adversity a bow of promise, betokening a better day and a happier state after clouds and storms have passed away. The apostle speaks of some who were won to the religion of the Savior by the deportment of such. Their adorning was not the mere external decoration of the person, by which many seek to captivate, but the adornment of a "*meek and quiet spirit*," which, in the sight of God, is of great price." The extent of the sway of the pearly sceptre of woman's all-pervading influence, is attributable solely to the might of her *meekness*—a non-resisting yet irresistible power.

Thus shall woman, endowed with this attribute of her greatness, go forth to bless our race; and by the exercise of a power thus attractive, and always irresistible, allure all, within the sphere of her influence, to brighter worlds, while, with smiles and sweetness, she leads the way.

## WHO ARE THE FATHERS?

PAPIAS.

PAPIAS, bishop of Hierapolis, a city of Phrygia, in Asia Minor, was the disciple of St. John, the evangelist, and the companion of Polycarp. Of his early history we know nothing. "He was a man," as Eusebius informs us, "of poor abilities, as his writings show." He wrote five books, entitled, "The Expositions of the Discourses of the Lord," of which only some fragments remain, preserved in other authors. He held the doctrine of the personal reign of Christ on earth for a thousand years immediately preceding the day of judgment; and that he would gather together the elect from all portions of the earth at Jerusalem, where they would enjoy unmingled pleasure. Eusebius says again, the cause of his falling into this error, "was his misunderstanding of the discourses and instructions of the apostles, as not thinking those sort of expressions ought to bear a mystical sense, and that the apostles had them only for illustrations; for he was a man of only mean genius, as his books manifest, which yet was the occasion that several of the ancients, and Irenæus among the rest, maintained this opinion by the authority of Papias."

JUSTIN MARTYR

Was born at Neapolis, the ancient Sichem in Palestine, and was educated in the philosophy of the Platonists. Upon his conversion to Christianity, he preached the Gospel in Italy, Asia Minor, and Egypt. During the persecution of the Christians at Rome, he was seized, and, after a false show of a trial, was beheaded in the year 165. His principal works are, "Two Apologies for the Christians," which bespeak the true disciple of Jesus Christ.

DIONYSIUS, OF CORINTH.

This father was ever distinguished for his meek, unaffected piety. He was appointed to the office of bishop of the Church at Corinth, a short time previous to the year 178. From some fragments in Eusebius, we learn that he was not only diligent in the pastoral care of his own flock, but extended his watchful care to those of others, exhorting them to continue in the faith and love of Jesus Christ. He wrote a letter to the Lacedæmonians on peace and agreement, one to the Athenians on purity and evangelical holiness, one to the Nicomedians on heresy, one to the Church at Crete, and one to each of the Churches at Pontus and Gnœsia. He also wrote a seventh to the Romans. But none of these letters have reached our time. He suffered martyrdom about the year 178.

TATIAN

Was born in Assyria, and educated in the Pagan philosophy and religion. He was, in philosophy, of the sect of the Sophists, and distinguished for his profound learning, and acquired great celebrity in teaching rhetoric. Upon his conversion to Christianity, he became the scholar of Justin Martyr, and accompanied him to Rome. As long as Justin lived

he continued orthodox; but after his death he made a schism, and became the author of a new sect. He condemned marriage as entirely wrong; he enjoined abstinence from wine and animal food, and allowed only water to be used at the Lord's supper. For this reason his followers were called Hydroparastatæ. He affirmed that Adam and our forefathers had all perished eternally, and that there were æones, or invisible beings. He also believed that the souls of all men are naturally mortal, but by a special act of Deity they were made immortal. After propagating his doctrines for sometime at Rome, he returned and opened a school in Mesopotamia.

We are informed by Eusebius that he wrote a prodigious number of books, of all of which only a single piece remains, entitled, "Oration to the Greeks." "He opens this discourse with proving that the Greeks are not the inventors of any of the sciences, as they boast themselves to be, but that they were all invented by those they call barbarians; and then adds that the Greeks corrupted the sciences they received from the barbarians, and more especially philosophy. Afterward he proceeds to explain and defend the Christian religion, and intermixes what he says with fanatical reflections on the ridiculous theology of the Pagans, and on the corrupt manners of their gods and philosophers."

MELITO.

This father flourished about the year 170. Of the time of his death we have no account. He is represented as a "holy man," and full of good fruits. Says<sup>a</sup> Polycrates, "What shall I say of Melito, whose actions were all guided by the operations of the Holy Spirit, and who was interred in Sardis, were he awaits the resurrection and the judgment?" Tertullian says that he was both a good orator and an elegant writer, and in his days passed for a man inspired by God. He presented a petition for the Christians to the Emperor Marcus Antoninus, of which the extract here given was, I think, preserved by Eusebius. He besought him "to examine the accusations brought against the Christians, and to stop the persecution by revoking the edict which he had published against them; that the Roman empire was so far from being injured or weakened by Christianity, that its foundation was more firmly established, and its bounds considerably enlarged since that religion had taken footing in it; that none but the worst emperors, such as Nero and Domitian, had persecuted it, and that Adrian and Antoninus had granted privileges in its favor;" he hoped, "from his clemency and goodness, to obtain for the Christians the same protection for their lives and properties from him."

IRENÆUS,

Bishop of Lyons, in Gaul, was one of the best writers of his age. He was by birth a Greek, and Mosheim says, in his Ecclesiastical History, probably born of Christian parents. He was, in early

life, a disciple of the venerable Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna, by whom he was sent to preach the Gospel among the inhabitants of Gaul, or France. He employed his pen against the errors fast creeping in among Christians, even in his days. He wrote five books in Greek against heresies, all of which are preserved through a barbarous Latin translation, only one remaining in the original tongue. He was ever remarkable for his great learning and happy illustrations, but above all for his simple, unaffected piety, which shines so brightly throughout all his productions. He died about the year 178.

## ATHENAGORAS.

This father, in the early part of his life, was an Athenian philosopher; but coming in contact with some Christians, he became a convert to the faith as it is in Jesus. He was distinguished for his zeal and great learning, and addressed an "Apology" to the Emperors Aurelius and Commodus, about the year 180. Some think that this petition was never presented. There also remains a piece on the "Resurrection:" both of which pieces are extant.

## THEOPHILUS.

Some suppose that this was the Theophilus to whom Luke addressed the Acts of the Apostles; but such was not the case; for, far from being cotemporary with that evangelist, he was not chosen Bishop of Antioch till the year 170, and governed the Church twelve or thirteen years. He was a vigorous opposer of certain heretics, and wrote a great number of works, all of which are lost, except three books to Antolycus, a learned heathen, and friend of Theophilus, who wrote in vindication of his own religion against the Christian faith. The first book is a discourse in answer to what had been said by the heathen against the Christians. The second is to convince Antolycus of the falsehood of his own faith and the truth of Christianity. In the third, having proved that the heathen writings are full of absurdities and contradictions, he vindicates the Christian doctrine from those false scandals which were brought against it. At the end of his work he adds a historical chronology, from the beginning of the world to his time, to prove that the history of Moses is the most ancient and truest. His style is elegant and pure, and the manner of expression is agreeable. His works are entitled, "The Books of Theophilus to Antolycus, concerning the Faith of the Christians, against the Malicious Detractors of their Religion." They were published in 1546, by Gesner, in Zurich, with a Latin translation. This father was the first who applied the name of Trinity to the three persons of the Godhead. D.

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EVERY good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.

## PATIENCE IN SUFFERING, AND PEACE IN DEATH.

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BY REV. J. G. BRUCE.  
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MRS. MARY ELIZABETH SAVAGE, eldest daughter of Thomas Small, Esq., of Mason, Ky., was born October 25th, 1821. Under the ministry of Rev. J. M. Trimble, she united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, June 6th, 1840. On the 31st of December following, she was married to the Rev. George S. Savage, of the Kentucky conference, and experienced the pardoning love of God the following February.

From the hour of her union with the Church, she sought for full conformity to the Divine will. It was her practice to read her Bible daily with fervent prayer to God for direction, that she might understand all the breadth of his commandments. Her attention to the public means of grace was strict. She loved "the courts of the Lord's house more than all the dwellings of Jacob;" and in communion with God's people she spent her days.

A short time after her marriage, her husband's health failed, and he engaged in the practice of medicine, locating himself in Mt. Carmel, Fleming county, Ky. Here Mrs. Savage went in and out before the people, clothed upon "with a meek and quiet spirit," which won for her the esteem of all who knew her, and the warm affections of her Christian associates. Her example lives, and her name is as precious ointment poured out.

In December last, Providence visited her with a great affliction. A most interesting child, ten months old, was torn from her embrace by death. When this heavy draught was made upon her affections she murmured not; but said with Job, "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord!"

Early in May last, her husband was called to see his brother, in Mason, who was extremely ill. Four days after his arrival he was attacked with the prevailing epidemic, and sent for his wife, and on the third day after her arrival the rod smote her. The fever was of a high inflammatory form, assuming in its course a *typhoid* character. She had the best medical skill the country afforded, the unremitting attentions of kind friends, and an affectionate husband; but, alas! all was vain, death triumphed, and she ended her sufferings, entering into rest, May 29th, 1845.

On Sabbath, the 18th of May, she was visited by Rev. R. Holding and Rev. J. Cromwell, who conversed and prayed with her. She was calm and resigned to the will of God. On the 20th, she was evidently worse—new symptoms presented themselves. She inquired of her husband if they were not unfavorable. When told they were, she expressed no surprise. Her suffering now increased greatly; but patience and resignation fully possessed

and ruled her mind. When asked by her husband, "*Do you think you will recover?*" she replied, "I think not," and added, "I think there is a work yet to be done in my heart, to prepare me for my change." She then asked him to kneel by her bed and engage in prayer with her for the great blessing of perfect love. She sought it with great fervency that night. Next day she appeared better, and conversed freely with her friends. Thursday night, she received the evidence of a clean heart, and said, "The Lord hath revealed all things to me. When I was converted the world was crucified to me; but now the Lord has *fully* revealed all his salvation: all is well!" "You know," said she to her mother, "my verse, 'Strength and honor are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come;' it was always a mystery to me, but now I understand it plainly—the time of my rejoicing has come, and I *do* rejoice."

Sometime after midnight she became unconscious, and was supposed to be dying. About eleven o'clock, Friday morning, she revived. Her fever had subsided, and hopes were entertained of her recovery; but it was a fond illusion. Saturday evening the fever returned; but her strength and comfort rose as her sufferings increased, and she possessed her soul in patience. Sunday morning, after calmly giving her husband directions about her affairs, and a solemn injunction to train her daughter in the fear of God, she said, "Bury me by the side of my sweet babe: what a blessed thing it was that the Lord took it to himself. Meet me in heaven, my husband." Her sufferings from this time until Wednesday night were very great. She conversed but little. This night was dark and terrific—the rain poured in torrents, the lightning flashed and glared, while the thunder pealed along the heavens with deafening roar. She listened awhile and then said, "What an awful night. Where shall I go? To heaven above—to heaven above! Glory!

"Jesus can make a—bed—"

Her strength failed, and she could no longer articulate. Her friends knelt around her bed, commending her soul to God. She revived a little and said, "*I must die*; but not a cloud intervenes between me and my God. My way is clear. I am sorry to leave my child and friends, but——" Her lips continued to move, but she could not be understood. The last words she was heard to utter were, "Glory! Jesus!" Thus, as her trembling, dying lips lisped the precious name of Jesus, her pure and happy spirit fled to his beloved embrace. Her sufferings are ended, and crowned with everlasting joys. She walks the plains of heaven.

A few months has wrought sad changes in the family of our beloved brother Savage: two have been taken and two left. The sweet babe and affectionate wife and devoted mother, sleep side by side in the house of the dead. But the time is

coming when "the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live."

"Then these new rising from the tomb,  
With lustre brighter far shall shine,  
Revive with ever-during bloom,  
Safe from diseases and decline."

#### WINTER.

It is winter. The earth is covered with her mantle of snow, pure and white, from the great magazine. Nature is dead; her body is cold, inert, and sterile. Yet is she sustained in the hand of her Maker: she shall slumber but for a while. Beneath, protected by frost and cold, lies a germ of being *which did not die*: like the soul of man it shall live again: it bides the time of nature, as appointed by God, to revive; and it shall reproduce again, as, for countless ages for ever and for ever, it has done.

Look on, O, man! and be instructed; and of all the good gifts which from the harvest have been evolved to thee—for nature is the teeming mother of all things—*give thou some to the poor!* So shalt thou obey the written law; so shalt thou honor thy own spirit! Thou art free; thou art not constrained of tithes as of old time; neither as of modern times in old cities; yet, as thou metest, so shall it be measured to thee again, and thy free-will offering shall be the sweet savor of obedience. When thou beholdest the children of poverty, gainsay not thy own heart to help and to give—the impulse is of *the Spirit*; it is the Holy Ghost of charity—quench not, stint not! Nature is in her shroud—charity is now deputed to the hand of man. *Dispense*, then, whilst thou art yet of the quick, and thou shalt arise from *thy* death; thou shalt be rewarded for the deeds done in the body: *thy* harvest shall be both abundant and glorious! C. M. B.

#### PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

ALL the doctrines of Christianity have a practical aspect, and it is not from the heights of speculation, but from the point of practice that they are most clearly discerned. Other systems are easiest in theory. The mind, in speculation, runs smoothly over the different parts; they fit each other elaborately, and the whole work appears highly finished. But bring them into practice and the charm is immediately dissolved. There all their difficulties begin, and there the difficulties of Christianity all end. Whatever difficulties have been suggested with regard to Christianity, they are entirely speculative; they were made by men who had no mind to practice the religion they opposed. But none who with intelligence have brought Christianity to bear in life have ever complained that they found any blank in its action, or any of their wants unfurnished. If acting, they were abundantly supplied with strength; and if suffering, with consolation.

## EDEN, EARTH, AND HEAVEN.

BY WILLIAM BAXTER.

FAR in the vista of the dreary past,  
 Man's story seems, amid the gath'ring gloom,  
 Like some fair spring of promise; but at last  
 Its flowers are gather'd to bedeck the tomb,  
 Changeful, amid this ever changing scene,  
 Form'd first for joys beyond what angels know;  
 Yet clouds between his hopes now intervene,  
 And staining guilt hath wrought him bitter woe.  
 In him are found thoughts lofty and sublime,  
 Worthy to stir within a seraph's breast;  
 And yet debased, a very thing of crime,  
 Racked by the terrors of despair's unrest.  
 Godlike in form, called by his Maker good,  
 Bearing his impress on his noble brow,  
 First-born of heaven when first on earth he stood—  
 Look at his crimes, and ask what is he now?  
 "Strange contradiction, child of God and sin,"  
 Seraph and demon here seem joined in one.  
 The wondrous story how shall I begin,  
 To sing heaven lost, and how it may be won!  
 How first creation from chaotic night  
 Sprang forth in all its pristine loveliness!  
 How haggard darkness first gave birth to light!  
 O, how can feeble mortal's tongue express!  
 Yet man, the top-stone of the mighty whole,  
 The angels' wonder, be it mine to sing,  
 Before he lost God's image from his brow,  
 And when in arms against his lawful King:  
 His loneliness, bereft of Eden's bliss,  
 And point the path by which he yet may rise,  
 Escape the sorrows of a world like this,  
 And find a dwelling far beyond the skies:  
 Show that a brighter Eden yet shall bloom,  
 And triumph mark his rising from the tomb.

\* \* \* \* \*

Deep darkness shrouded all things, and the night  
 Of chaos rul'd, unconscious of the light;  
 Life stirred not; all was dreadful silence there;  
 Not e'en a zephyr mov'd the sullen air;  
 No wavelets rippled o'er that awful deep,  
 But lay like slumb'ers in a charmed sleep,  
 By some magician's powerful hand subdued,  
 And all seem'd one eternal solitude:  
 No sun arose to chase the dreadful gloom  
 From the abyss which seemed a fearful tomb;  
 Night knew not then the sweet return of day;  
 No moon pour'd on the scene its placid ray;  
 No glimmering star its feeble fires had given,  
 Of all those hosts which deck the expanse of heaven;  
 Angels were mute round the eternal throne,  
 And silence seem'd to reign supreme—alone.

God spake! and at his awful word,  
 Which broke upon eternal night, \*  
 The depths of the abyss were stirr'd,  
 And from its gloom uprose the light:

Type of the pow'r which gave it birth,  
 To bless and gladden all the earth.

God spake! the glorious arch of heaven  
 Spread its blue canopy on high,  
 Ere stars, like pearly isles, were given  
 To float in that bright, sapphire sky;  
 Yet all that bright expanse above  
 Is not more boundless than his love.

God spake! earth sprang from out the deep,  
 Eager to seek the joyous light,  
 While ocean, waken'd from its sleep,  
 Flung high its waves which flash so bright;  
 And its hoarse murmurs on the strand  
 Proclaim'd its great Creator's hand.

God spake! the azure vault on high  
 Receiv'd the sun's first cheering light;  
 And, full orb'd, in the evening sky  
 Arose the moon, fair queen of night;  
 And twinkling stars then first were given,  
 To shed their chasten'd light in heaven.

God spake! the cheerless, lifeless deep  
 Then teemed with life in every wave;  
 Where'er the winds its waters sweep,  
 Life throng'd each secret coral cave;  
 While bright wing'd birds from ev'ry bough\*  
 Utter their sweetest carols now.

God spake! behold that form of clay!  
 He breathes! it rises: lo! it lives:  
 God's crowning work is done to-day;  
 For God to man his image gives:  
 Here centres all creation's plan,  
 Its great design made known in man.

The work is done; and, lo! the shining throng,  
 Which gazed in silence on the new-born earth,  
 Burst forth, admiring, in a rapt'rous song,  
 And join the starry choir to hail its birth.  
 Astonishment had seal'd their lips before,  
 As each new wonder rose beneath their eyes—  
 Man crowns the whole, and now the mingled roar  
 Of glad rejoicing swells along the skies.  
 Behold him now, amid those happy scenes,  
 Unstain'd by sin, his worship undefiled:  
 No cloud of guilt its dark form intervenes—  
 He rules earth's monarch, and its Maker's child.

\* \* \* \* \*

Behold him there, amid the flowers which bloomed,  
 With balmy sweets that nature knows perfumed:  
 His were the trees, the flowers, the earth he trod—  
 His only duty gratitude to God.  
 And while he in this blissful state remained,  
 No bleeding victim e'er his altar stained;  
 No clouds of incense floated through the air,  
 Nor e'en was heard the voice of humble prayer;  
 No deep contrition, and no solemn vow,  
 For still he wore God's image on his brow;

\* Birds were created from the water.

But like the angels who, adoring, stand  
 Around the throne, a bright and glorious band,  
 Who their glad voices oft delight to raise,  
 And swell the song of high, triumphant praise,  
 Thus man then worshiped Him whose awful word  
 Startled all chaos when his voice was heard,  
 Who formed the earth, and man, its priest, to bear  
 To God the praise which murmured ev'rywhere.  
 O, happy state! the angels knew no bliss,  
 Nor sung a purer, holier strain than his,  
 When, from fair Eden's uncorrupted sod,  
 With pure delight man saw the face of God,  
 Lived in his smiles, which beamed as bright on him  
 As those which bless the adoring seraphim,  
 And felt his love as freely, richly given  
 As when it feasts angelic souls in heaven.  
 Thoughts pure as theirs then dwelt within his breast:  
 He called God Father, and in him was blest.  
 But, ah! the tempter lurked amid those bowers,  
 And wove his wiles beneath its fairest flowers.  
 Each art in vain the wily flatterer tried,  
 Until he reached him through his beauteous bride:  
 They heard the tempter, did his will, and fell,  
 And changed the bloom of Eden to a hell.  
 Then turned, alas! all nature's smiles to gloom;  
 Then opened first the portals of the tomb:  
 Tears, sighs, and griefs, all in a moment born,  
 Sprang into being on that fearful morn;  
 For on that morn man first drew mortal breath,  
 And then began thy iron rule, O Death!  
 Behold him exiled from his blissful home,  
 A wanderer, o'er a cursed earth to roam,  
 Until the sentence he himself owns just  
 Consigns his form back to its kindred dust.  
 But, lo! the bow of promise meets his view,  
 To cheer his pathway by its radiant hue;  
 It speaks redemption—tells him he shall rise,  
 And gain a mansion far above the skies.  
 But ere the dawning of that promised light,  
 Man wandered long in error's gloomy night,  
 Made himself gods of ev'ry shape and name,  
 And, lost to feeling, gloried in his shame.  
 There stand the gods of ev'ry age and clime,  
 Some brute, some human, stained with ev'ry crime,  
 And yet to these man bent a suppliant knee—  
 The idols baser than the devotee:  
 Though born to rule, he yields his noble right,  
 And, madly blind, declares there is no light.  
 Behold the teachers of this gloomy age,  
 Who claimed the names, priest, oracle, and sage,  
 And led our race from heaven's unfailing springs  
 To trace the desert of their wanderings,  
 Their hearts o'erflowing with presumptuous pride,  
 With naught but human reason for their guide.  
 The crafty priest, with solemn pomp and show,  
 Seemed all heaven's wondrous mysteries to know,  
 And dared to call (with impious breath) divine  
 The lying wonders of the Delphian shrine;  
 Told all his foll'wers 'twas a god that spoke

In the hoarse murmurs of Dodona's oak;  
 And the wild visions of his fancy fired,  
 He taught some high divinity inspired.  
 To priests like these man humbly bent his knee,  
 And at such shrines paid his idolatry.  
 The Stoic, ruled by stern, unchanging fate,  
 Remained unmoved, alike in ev'ry state:  
 His only virtue, and his whole defense,  
 His guide through life, was cold indifference:  
 Slave of a creed which chills affection's fires—  
 Which no pure joy or heartfelt hope inspires—  
 Which blunts the noble feelings of the heart,  
 Where pure, unmingled love can claim no part;  
 A creed which bound its votaries to wear  
 A look unchanged by smile or hallowed tear—  
 To feel no pity move within the breast—  
 To lull life's sorrows to a peaceful rest.  
 Such was the teacher who aspired to bind  
 His chilling dogmas on the human mind,  
 Which never have, and never can impart  
 A single hope, to cheer the human heart.  
 The Epicurean next, dark passion's slave,  
 In dulcet tones his creed of pleasure gave:  
 He sought no purer, loftier scene of bliss  
 Than pleasure yields her devotees in this.  
 That faith embodied, all the world may see  
 Displayed by the proud, boastful Sadducee.  
 Ask both their creed, they have but one reply:  
 Enjoy to-day, to-morrow we may die.  
 But the long promised day is drawing near,  
 And in the east the star of hope appears:  
 The magi hail with joy the heav'nly sign  
 Which guides lost man to seek a holier shrine:  
 They follow on with joy the peaceful star,  
 Which led their wand'ring footsteps from afar,  
 With richest gifts to follow in its train,  
 To welcome peace and joy to earth again.  
 Their task is done! the Savior's born! behold,  
 The starry skies above are backward rolled,  
 And to the shepherds on Judea's plains  
 A seraph's voice his advent thus proclaims:  
 "Fear not, I bring you words of peace and love,  
 From Him who rules o'er all in heaven above.  
 Now is fulfilled his everlasting word,  
 To-day is born a Savior, Christ the Lord."  
 Amazed, the shepherds wond'ring stand to heed  
 The mighty angel's mission sounding near:  
 His robes of white, so dazzling to their eyes,  
 And tuneful voice fill them with glad surprise.  
 While thus they gaze a countless host appears,  
 And this glad anthem strikes upon their ears:  
 Glory to God in highest strains,  
 His Son descends to earth;  
 Though man be silent angel tongues  
 Shall sing his wondrous birth.  
 He comes to break the captive's chain,  
 And grant him sweet release—  
 To bid all war and strife to end,  
 And fill the world with peace.



Glory to God! the promised light  
 This day begins to shine,  
 Which soon shall beam on every land  
 With radiance all divine.  
 Mortals, receive this gift of love  
 To you so freely given,  
 Your sacred Prophet, Priest, and King,  
 The richest gift of heaven.

Glory to God! his Son comes down  
 To teach man how to rise,  
 From sin and sorrow here below  
 To glory in the skies.  
 Good will to man! the joyful note  
 Let angels sound again,  
 That all the tribes of earth may hear  
 And join the loud amen.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus heralded, the great Redeemer came,  
 To bless and gladden this dark world of ours,  
 To rescue man from all his guilt and shame,  
 And fit him for a brighter Eden's bowers;  
 Where, far beyond the confines of the tomb,  
 Life's crystal current flows for ever clear;  
 The tree of life retains its fadeless bloom,  
 For smiling summer reigns eternal there.  
 Yet man, the rebel, spurned the offered grace  
 Of Him who came a dying world to save,  
 And madly chose to run the downward race,  
 And make the goal of life the dreary grave;  
 But still God's chosen mildly bade him learn  
 To ground the weapons of unholy strife,  
 Back to the fountain of true bliss return,  
 To peace, to heaven, and to eternal life.  
 Few listen'd to that calm, entreating voice,  
 Which once to rest had hush'd the angry waves,  
 Which oftentimes made the mourner's heart rejoice,  
 And which shall wake earth's slumb'ers from  
 their graves;  
 That voice which once bade all the weary come,  
 And prove that love which burned within his heart—  
 Which voice at last shall fix man's final doom,  
 And bid to anguish all his foes depart.  
 Though God had own'd him at the Jordan's side,  
 And bade the nations hear him and obey;  
 Yet unbelief and Pharisaic pride  
 Caused all to turn in listlessness away—  
 Turn a deaf ear to Heaven's supreme command,  
 The call to life and purest joys on high;  
 Despise the honors placed at God's right hand,  
 The mansions fair reserved above the sky.  
 But not content with apathetic sleep,  
 Which caused the Savior once to turn and weep,  
 When musing over Salem's hapless fate,  
 Her harden'd sons and temple desolate,  
 The frenzied nation sought the precious blood  
 Of Him who came to lead men back to God.  
 First rose the priesthood, fired by deadly hate,  
 The Church, too, leagued for evil with the state—

The priest, and Pilate, Herod, all combine—  
 The powers of earth against the power Divine;  
 While the fierce rabble, with one voice, all cry,  
 Give him, you call the Nazarene, to die.  
 He styles himself the well-beloved of God,  
 For which proud boast the law demands his blood;  
 Yes, on the cross, for this presumptuous deed  
 Let this pretender for his folly bleed:  
 And should the blood of innocence be spilt,  
 On us and on our children be the guilt.  
 Then wildly raise this shout, which rends the sky,  
 "To Calvary's steep, and there to crucify."

\* \* \* \* \*

The scene is changed: the victim hangs on high,  
 On that curst wood, for rebel man to die,  
 To which all nations now may turn their eyes,  
 And there behold their bleeding sacrifice.  
 A thorny crown is pressed upon his brow,  
 Whence blood and tears in mingled currents flow;  
 Coarse soldiers jest, the priests now vent their hate  
 On that lone suff'rer, now so desolate,  
 Who meekly up to heaven directs his eyes,  
 And thus to God, in tender accents, cries,  
 "Father, forgive, though they their hands imbrue  
 In guiltless blood, they know not what they do."  
 And now a darkness, solemn and profound,  
 Spreads its dark pall that guilty land around;  
 An earthquake bursts beneath, with fearful shock,  
 And from its base upheaves each massy rock;  
 A hand unseen the temple's vail divides,  
 (The hand which form'd the earth and which still  
 guides,)

The token sure that Jewish rites are past,  
 And the great sacrifice now slain at last.  
 'Tis done! His last expiring sigh is given—  
 Finish'd the work for which he came from heaven.  
 That precious blood, for us so freely spilt,  
 Can so wash out our deepest stains of guilt,  
 That God can justly call vile man his own,  
 And bid him dwell for ever near his throne.  
 But, lo! they bear the body to the tomb,  
 To rest enshrouded by its fearful gloom,  
 While Roman guards with measur'd step advance—  
 All clad in mail and armed with sword and lance—  
 To keep their vigils round the peaceful dead  
 Until the third eventful morn had sped,  
 And every hope of rising should depart  
 Which linger'd in each drooping follower's heart.  
 But on that morn before bright day had shed  
 Its earliest glories on Mount Carmel's head,  
 The sleeper rose, a conqueror over death—  
 Pledge of our rising to immortal breath  
 To die no more: the grave is vanquished now,  
 And deathless laurels crown the victor's brow.

\* \* \* \* \*

But time sweeps on: the Gospel's glorious light  
 Dispels the darkness of surrounding night;  
 Its tones bid man cast off the tyrant's chain,  
 And seek his lost inheritance again;

Points out the way from this sin-stained abode  
To peace and heaven, to glory, and to God.  
A Pagan priesthood trembles with affright,  
Dark superstition flies the hated light;  
Earth's wisdom bends to hear the joyful sound,  
And glad hosannas ring the world around.

\* \* \* \* \*

The scene is chang'd: time's story now is told;  
The Christian army all have been enroll'd;  
A mighty angel down to earth now flies,  
Lifts high his hand toward the azure skies,  
And, with a voice that swells from shore to shore,  
Declares in thunder, "Time shall be no more."  
And now heaven's congregated thunders roll,  
Waking deep horror in each guilty soul:  
Swift lightnings gleam athwart the azure sky,  
Dark, direful portents flash before each eye,  
Proclaiming loud the final hour has come  
When all shall hear the Judge announce their doom.  
Behold! in clouds the Savior now comes down  
Redemption's mighty, glorious work to crown:  
High in the heavens the great white throne appears,  
Striking the guilty with dark, bodings fears:  
His saints behold his ensign in the sky,  
And raise, with joy, their songs of triumph high,  
While at his voice the dead awake, and see  
The grave subdued, so long their enemy:  
As up they spring from out its dark abode,  
Through all creation peals the trump of God:  
The final fires blaze round the trembling world,  
By one vast shock to flaming chaos hurl'd:  
Cities, and seas, and mountains catch the fire,  
And form one vast, tremendous fun'ral pyre.  
The scene has closed, the earth has pass'd away,  
Now dawns the morn of an eternal day:  
All earthly ties are now for ever riven,  
And man again beholds his God in heaven.

A city, glorious as the sun,  
Now bursts upon my sight;  
And all its blest inhabitants  
Are clad in spotless white.

A diadem is on each brow,  
Whose sparkling jewels shine  
Brighter than all that ever flash'd  
In India's richest mine.

Sign of the victory they have won,  
A palm waves in each hand;  
A song of praise swells on each tongue  
Of all that glorious band.

Behold! they tune their golden harps,  
And hark what strains they sing:  
"Glory and wide dominion now  
Belong unto our King!"

Are these the angels that look'd on  
And saw creation's birth;  
Who pealed their joyous anthems forth  
When first uprose the earth?

No; these can sing a nobler strain:  
Salvation is the song  
Which bursts in rapture from the lips  
Of that bright, happy throng.  
Redeemed, from ev'ry clime they came,  
Once man's lost, fallen race,  
To dwell for ever in the smile  
Of their Redeemer's face.  
And while eternal years roll on,  
Their harps they shall employ,  
To swell the high and lofty notes  
Of triumph and of joy.

## THE UNCONSCIOUS SLEEPER.

—  
BY MRS. L. F. MORGAN.  
—

"Our friend LAZARUS sleepeth."  
—

He sleeps in a sleep unbroken—  
What that slumber means, knowest thou?  
A dull, glassy eye is its token,  
And a cold and a changeless brow.  
He sleeps in a sleep undreaming,  
Though nature is vocal with life,  
Though sunlight around him is streaming,  
Though earth with commotion is rife.  
Ambition might proffer her treasures,  
And her voice could reach not his ear:  
The world seek to lure by its pleasures,  
He'd neither regard it, nor hear.  
His sisters in grief are weeping,  
And calling his name, but in vain:  
Still, still he is tranquilly sleeping,  
And senseless and deaf to their pain.  
He sleeps, and the cannon's firing  
Would fail to disturb his rest;  
The groans of creation expiring,  
Would awaken no throb in his breast.  
His connection with life is riven,  
It parted with parting breath;  
His heart its last flutter hath given,  
He sleeps in the long sleep of death.  
But yet there is One whose voice,  
Can dissolve with a touch that spell,  
And make that calm sleeper rejoice,  
Once more in this bright world to dwell.

~~~~~  
Around the sky a dusky veil is hung,  
Save where the moon, bright lamp of night is swung:  
There through a rift, with rays almost divine,  
Her silvery beams serene and glorious shine;  
So when the legion of obscuring clouds  
Around the Christian's pathway darkly crowds,  
Faith, like an angel, still reveals her form,  
And shines triumphant o'er the gathering storm.

B.

## RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.

It is asserted, and it is rational to believe, that, apart from "our great account," there is often manifested a sort of retributive justice to our deeds, good or bad, in the present life. And the code of ethics—in other words, God's providence—should more often exhibit this to us, if we could contemplate more than a point, as it were, at a glance. Another hindrance is, that singular and particular acts are so traversed and involved in all other incidents collateral with them, that we continually lose the direct clue. Like the veins in marble, the *larger* invariably attract the eye; so, in sentiments, the very multiplicity of our ideas may embarrass the attention; and at times we are completely diverted from the direct concatenation, by following out those subsidiaries which, apart from the subject, happen to be most interesting to ourselves.

In making judgment of the character of others, there is a great variety of causes why we should be deceived in our estimate, and balked in tracing causes, morally speaking, to their results. A grand one is the undue indulgence which society affords to many lapses of morality. There is much which, by the authority of custom, is looked upon as venial which is yet essentially *wicked*; such, for instance, is the vice of coquetry. And why is this so? It is because the aggression is never complained of—because the sufferer is pained, and oppressed, and humbled—because it is felt to be a deep sentiment which is fain to shroud itself from the rough handling of the world in the retreat of silence.

And now does the reader think I have degraded the dignity of my subject, and introduced a topic fit only for the drawing-room, and not for the closet? Nevertheless, every thing which militates against the *order* of life should be accounted of grave import. The gentlemen would fain impute coquetry to females alone; but, at a fair estimate, it is found to be pretty equally divided betwixt the weak and vain of both sexes.

But I would speak of retributions; and in forming our deductions, our greatest mistake is in supposing that the consequence is direct from the *deed*, when it is only direct from the *principle*—*lapsed in the deed*.

A gentleman in Pennsylvania was attached to a certain lady, a beautiful *brunette*, and carried on, for several years, that sort of intercourse of half courtship which is there, by custom, so injuriously permitted. The excuse held up to society for a more explicit proceeding, is, commonly, "the want of present means to marry"—the gentleman, in such case, leaving himself, by the non-engagement, a dishonorable outlet of escape, whenever it shall please his fancy, or convenience, to be off. Our hero, after having amused and absorbed the attention of the lady—just visiting her as a friend—for some four or six years of her marriageable life, has decided that he can marry a lady in a distant town, who is

immensely rich: this "will be best for all parties;" "being poor himself, he must not burden a poor lady with his poverty," &c. The lady he is to marry is named *Brown*. When the brunette again saw him, knowing his changed views, with maidenly pride she assumed a careless exterior, and presented him the following verses, quoted, with felicitous application, from an old epigram:

"When I was young and *debonnaire*,  
The *brownest* nymph to me was fair;  
But now I'm old and wiser grown,  
The fairest nymph to me is '*Brown*.'"

The gentleman acknowledged the point with a blush and a sigh; but his engagement here was positive, though his feelings still vacillated between the throbbing of his *heart* and the associations of his fancy for wealth and preferment.

The lady died young. *He*, as the husband of Miss *Brown*, survived her many years; yet this man was considered amiable. He was not devoid of good impulses; but what were they worth? There was no decision, no stability with him—at least none in opposition to a morbid craving after the world and its affectations—after what he called "life." He wanted energy too; and he *wanted principle*; and so it worked in all his affairs.

As for the one he wedded, she was his *dupe*—"more sinned against than sinning." It was one of the conditions of her marriage that she, an only child, should remain in her paternal home. And of the rumor of her husband's former unfaithfulness, none was so impertinent as to inform her of particulars; besides, lessened by the distance, and divested of collateral sympathies, it failed to mark its *order of sequence*—from *causes* to *results*. But still there *was* an order. The gentleman, after some years of unsuccessful speculations and involvements, was brought to a stand by some commercial disaster; and, having neither energy enough to rally, nor fortitude enough to suffer his misfortune, *shot himself*. The *retribution* was not to his early delinquency—not to the manes of his beautiful brunette; yet was the reaction direct—it *came home to his own bosom*! for violated faith—for long habits of defalcation—for the lust of wealth, and the vitiated taste of worldly preferments, over the sentiments of nature, and truth, and duty to God. C. M. B.

## CHRISTIAN FULLNESS.

It is not in Christ as water in a vessel, which, though large as the brazen sea, would, by constant drawing, be soon dry, but as water in a spring, which, though always flowing, is always full as ever. It is not in him like a lamp which, however luminous, consumes while it shines, and will soon go out in darkness; but like light in the sun, which, after shining for so many ages, is undiminished, and is as able as ever to bless the earth with his beams.

## THE DEFORMED MANIAC.

BY THE EDITOR.

WHEN I first entered the alms-house at —, after passing through the entrance-hall, I paused awhile on the platform, which commanded a full view of the court, whose *coup d'œil* was gloomy and repulsive, reminding me of descriptions of the feudal residences of middle ages. This court was surrounded on all sides by high, and dark, and dirty walls, affording a glimpse of the street only through the hall, from which I had emerged. A few blades of grass struggled here and there for a precarious subsistence: filth and gravel contended for the mastery all around the building; and a small mound, surmounted by an old sun-dial, looked in surly solitude upon the scene, telling the poor sufferers, who gazed upon it from the windows on all sides, that time was rapidly measuring out their days of sorrow. In this court were a few convalescent subjects and a number of harmless maniacs. One of the miserable group attracted my special notice. His countenance appeared a perfect blank, save when his attention was fixed by a sick man conveyed across to the clinical wards, or the groans and shrieks of some manacled lunatic, whose hideous countenance he saw through the iron grating of the cells that occupied the basement all around the court. Even then his gaze was but momentary. He had a violin, but its strings were broken: like his own mind, it could make no music. His spine was hideously curved. It would seem that the spiritual lightning which had riven his soul, had been unable to accomplish its errand without twisting his body into zigzag lines, to mark its course. Notwithstanding his repulsive appearance, there was an air about him which plainly told, that his manly features had once been fired by a noble soul. Sometimes I fancied I caught a glimpse of his returning reason, as he seated himself upon a stone, and looked up to the deep blue sky, and the glorious sun, which alone remained of all he saw, to remind him of former happiness. Sinful as I was, my rebel knees were ready to bend in thankfulness to God, that a like woful stroke had not fallen upon my own spirit, and my grateful heart earnestly besought Divine protection from the most dreadful of human maladies. Weeks passed by, and every time I crossed the court, in my way to the lecture-room, and the wards, the deformed maniac was before me. If I spoke to him, he turned aside with some incoherent expression, and a demeanor evidently importing his conviction that he was under some direful spell, which rendered him unfit for human intercourse.

It was not long ere I learned that he was a lone being. No father calls at the office, or stops the physician in the street, to make kindly inquiries after him; no mother sighs for him at her fireside, or weeps

for him on her pillow, or stealing to an upper window in the building, fondly watches his movements, to cheat her heart with some delusive hope, or retires to the silent closet to relieve her heavy heart from long pent up agony, by a rush of tears, and a prayer to the God of mercy for his restoration. No sister sends him unexpected delicacies, to show that one being upon earth cares for him. He has no brother to throw over him the shield of protection—to rescue him from the hand of neglect or unskillfulness, or to vary the methods of cure, or to change the gloomy and monotonous scenes which encompass him, and open to him as much of the loveliness of nature as he may, with safety, enjoy. It is said that the maniac hates the worst the objects whom, in his sane condition, he loved the most; and that any thing calculated to awaken ideas of home, is detrimental to his case; but, methinks, if any sound could disenchant the soul, that has long wandered stultified within the walls of an asylum, it would be the voice of that dearest earthly relative, whose attention no sickness can wear out—whose fondness no coldness can repel—whose affection no misfortune or poverty can diminish, no unkindness, or ingratitude, or folly, or even guilt, can alienate; that one who forgives when all others revenge, who extenuates when all others blame, and who remains when all others desert—whose love, like the ivy on the oak, flourishes in all its greenness after the wintry blasts have stripped off every leaf, and twines its tendrils around the branches in the bosom of the storm, nor releases its hold even when the roots are upturned: but this poor maniac had no wife.

In the course of a few months, the professor commences a course of lectures on mania and mental alienation, and sends for subjects, from the lunatic department, to illustrate, as he advances, the different forms of intellectual disease, interrogating each, until he has satisfied his class, and then dismissing him. In due time, the deformed one in the court was brought forward: urged into the area with difficulty, he moved from side to side, eagerly looking for a passage out. As he glanced upward around the amphitheatre, crowded with students taking notes, and heard the doctor speak of a particular case of insanity, which, he seemed to understand, was his own, he fired with indignation, and then rushed like a tiger to the passage; but two strong men pushed him back. He then looked intently, first at the lecturer, and next at the students, when the doctor paused and said, "Don't get your back up—it's high enough already." He could restrain his indignation no longer; but, turning to the pupils, exclaimed in a strong voice, "This doctor struts about the wards of this house, lecturing on mania and mental alienation. Gentlemen, it's a humbug—he can't analyze the sentiments of a flea." A loud laugh reverberated through the skylight as we completed his argument *a fortiori*.

The doctor having ordered him out, by way of recovering himself, or atoning for the inhumanity of the remark which called for the maniac's assault, gave us a sketch of the unfortunate man's history. I dropt my pencil, and resigned myself to the story, of which I can now only give an imperfect outline.

He was the son of a wealthy merchant, who had but two children, the maniac and an elder brother. The latter was a prodigal, and had, by ingratitude, extravagance, and intemperance, alienated the feelings of his father, his only surviving parent, who, at his decease, left his large estate entirely to the younger son, whose prudence, affection, and virtue, were above all praise. Shortly after the decease of the father, the favored son sends for his elder brother, and, after an affectionate embrace, explains to him the nature of the will, and assuring him that he knew nothing of its contents, until informed by the executor, says, "I have a proposition to make to you: If you will reform, I will relinquish to you one-half of the estate." I will not venture to describe the mutual embrace, and the tears of gratitude which coursed the cheeks of the one, or the tears of joy which flowed from the eyes of the other. Weeks rolled round, and the drunkard was a sober man. You have seen the unsightly worm weave its chrysalis, and lie motionless, apparently lost for ever: presently it emerges a beautiful butterfly; instinct with life and radiant with beauty, it skips from flower to flower, and is the brightest and happiest thing of a joyous and beautiful universe. Thus with the prodigal, "when the dead is alive and the lost is found." The estate is divided. The younger brother having no business—trained only to the enjoyment of fortune—concludes to visit foreign shores. Taking leave of his native land, and expecting to be gone for years, he places a power of attorney in the hands of his reformed and grateful brother, with directions concerning his part of the estate. He is soon borne upon the billow. I cannot follow him. Let the reader gaze with him, if she will, at the pavilions and gardens of the Tuilleries; stand with him upon the Alps, or the Appenines; look up by his side at the Pantheon, the column of Trajan, the pillar of Pompey, or the arch of Constantine; let her sail with him up the Nile, or listen to his flute on the summit of Sinai, or see him musing upon the walls of Jerusalem, or searching upon the banks of the Tigris for the remains of ancient Nineveh. Years revolve, while he pursues his wanderings, fondly dreaming of the pleasure which he is laying up for himself in distant years, when Providence shall give him a happy fireside, shared by her whom neither towering Alps, nor ruined cities, nor smitten Horeb, nor solemn Sinai, nor even the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, can induce him to forget, though he has never uttered his love. Month after month he hears pleasing accounts from his brother, by whom all his drafts are cashed. At length he

returns, with bounding heart, to his native city. Walking up the street, he meets a bloated sot—his brother! The tale may be finished by the reader's fancy. The reformed drunkard had relapsed; and in drunkenness, gambling, and debauchery, had spent not only his own living but the estate of his brother, whom he had all along deceived, by writing false accounts and paying drafts. What can the generous youth do? His fortune gone, his brother ruined and disgraced, his loved one the wife of another, his parents in the grave, and the friends of his better days frowning upon him lest he should appeal to them for help. He has no trade or profession; he cannot dig—to beg he is ashamed.

From an enemy we can bear almost any thing; but to be betrayed by a familiar, a brother, one with whom we have taken sweet counsel, and in whose company we have walked to the house of God—one who had grown rich on our bounty, and honorable on our influence—to be betrayed, too, with a kiss—O, Father of mercies, save the reader from such a fate! What became of the generous youth? Did he not sink? Nay, his manly spirit girded itself for the hour. He resolved upon the law for a profession, and, entering an office, studied so intently, that sickness invaded his feeble frame. One disease followed another, as he lay upon his cheerless and forsaken pallet, and was no longer permitted to divert his mind, by books, from the painful past, or the dreaded future; at length his noble frame became deformed. At this point his mind gave way. O, that, like Job, he could have said, from the depths of his afflictions, "Now I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."

#### THE SUN.

THE sun, of all the works of the creation, is the most lively image of the Creator himself; and nations, unacquainted with the light of Revelation—with the Sun of Righteousness—have been led, by their fallible reasoning, to worship it. The sun warms, cheers, invigorates, enlivens, and beautifies all terrestrial objects. It shines upon an angular mirror, and creates innumerable reflections of suns; it falls upon the waters, and converts them into a mass of spangles—a flood of molten silver—while from the stagnant pool, or putrid body, its rays exhale the gaseous fluids, and, lifting them to their appropriate sphere, enable them there to shine with richness and with glory.

What his image is to the mirror, the ocean, and the stagnant waters, the Original himself is to all existencies, spiritual and material. Being, animation, and happiness flow from his presence. The firmament, decorated with systems of worlds, and the earth clothed with variety and beauty, show his power, his goodness, and his glory. N.

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS is a law—not a circumstance. It has its origin in the nature and constitution of all that is. God, the author of law, gave this character and this law to created being. We see its impress upon every thing; and its results are as the sands. To history turn for a moment. Do you see that company, of a few scores or hundreds, turning away from the land of their fathers, to seek a home in some far-off country? Few, indeed, are they, and feeble; and a breath of opposition or discord might brush them from the world. But hope lights up each countenance—the hope of a country too fresh from nature's hand for oppression—where the soul may feast, in freedom's atmosphere, on liberty's provision. But a few years have past, and that little colony has found a home, and is assuming the name and character of a nation. Its influence goes forth as its boundaries are extended, and the powers around, with eye askance, look jealousy. Instead of bands, it now sends forth its legions, to join in battle in the dun war cloud. In its councils is found man's highest wisdom. His eloquence and his patriotism hold breathless a senate, and kindle into glowing life the fire of country's love. His words, the fatal talisman, point out the doom of nations, and it is fixed. His country, which but yesterday was not, placed high its star of hope in glory's firmament; and then, by rapid climax, claimed its home by valor and by virtue. From nothing up to universal power—how brief—how bold the conquest!

Mark, too, the mind's progression. When time was young, and man had just begun to live, all was dark, and all unknown. The bright sun kindled his early splendors as now—the moon "walked in beauty, as the queen of cloudless climes," and the stars "did wander forth," bright and beautiful—the earth careered away in her trackless course, bearing, in her strength, old Ocean's wide domain, and mountains, with their clouded peaks, and forests wild, and deserts unexplored, but by the eye of Heaven. But man untaught, with powers inherent, and inferior but to those of the sons of light, looked on with doubtful eye, or, quite uncomprehending, gave no thought to this display of grandeur and of glory. His body clothed, and nature's cravings gratified, he closed his eyes and slept, unconscious of the powers which, by development, should open nature's sunlight to the soul. But nature's self began the work of mind's expansion. She placed her vasty store-house before his dusky vision, and, by degrees, led on by that inherent principle which ever loves the novel and sublime, he sees new beauties rising fast from what his clouded sight before esteemed a chaos. Onward he rushed in passionate expectancy at that which almost seemed a fairy fancy's picture. True, he passed the bounds, by long experience subsequently fixed, of prudent thought, and dashed away into the field of wildest specula-

tion; but chide him not. Without this spur—this spirit which led to bold adventure—philosophy might still have in her cradle slept.

But man had now become conscious of himself, and of his powers, and see him wend his way from darkness up to day. First Thales, one of the seven called wise, evolves his world out of a simple substance, to it attributing the power of passing spontaneously through all the intermediate stages, until it fits itself for the ondwelling of man. And thus whatever is, became. Still all was vague and undefined, and none could tell the how of these mutations, but were content to speak of matter's expansions and contractions, without defining the cause or certainty of the fact. But next came Diogenes, prepared to take another step. He regards the universe as issuing from an intelligent principle, from which it at once received vitality and order, and is itself a soul. He gives it reason as well as sensibility, yet makes no distinction between mind and matter. After this, a hundred years, the theory sprung into life, that above all, and ruling all, and independent of all, a soul existed, Supreme and Eternal. Thus was the idea of a God evolved and embraced in Greece, the proud old home of philosophy.

Mind, thus struggling into life, grappled with the mighty fact of the universe, and with the effort felt its powers expanded, and fitted for higher action. The schools of philosophy opened the way to its advance, and the world felt that it had passed from the Zembla of doubt and darkness, to the bland bowers of Eden gales, under the bright beams of the sun of science. But let not the infidel boast of the proud advance of science, unattended by religion; for until they united, walked hand in hand, in the illumination of mind, all science was but a fable, its bases conjecture, and its results the food of superstition. Christianity dawned upon the world, and where it was received all was light. But again, as she declined, and yielded to the imperious force of circumstances, the ages of darkness, of a thousand years, wrote in characters of blood and tyranny, that religion is the only vital, conservative principle by which light and truth can exist in the world. Then came the Reformation, and with it science put forth her branches, fresh in emerald greenness, and mind again drank from the pure, perennial stream of life. Science had her Plato and her Cæsar; religion and science had their Newton and their Washington. What a eulogy upon religion! But let us pause, and, for a moment, contemplate the hope and destiny of mind. If it, while in the body, thus can rise to a conception of the great, the grand, and beautiful, what then shall be its range, when from its earthy shell released, to revel in its home of the universe? Perhaps the spirit, which now feebly guides my pen, may, in its future being, solve the wondrous problem of creation. Perhaps it may learn how our material, planetary system, in one vast

whole attenuated, was moved by hand Divine—how its rotation first began, and how to it were given forces centripetal and centrifugal—how Herschell, and how Mercury, and all between, received their form first from Omnipotence, and taking up their course sublime, moved on in silent majesty. This done, shall then the spirit rest? Shall it retire within itself, from having nothing more to learn of God and universal being? Shall not the myriad of systems, great and wonderful as ours, be opened to its swift research. And in its ample round, perhaps, a music of the spheres—not of Platonic fancy—may swell the exulting soul; and O! may it not strike some humble note responsive to a universe of harmony.

DELTA.

### DEATH IN CHILDHOOD.

"It must be sweet, in childhood, to give back the spirit to its Maker." So says an eloquent writer. And is it not true? To give it back ere sin has stained the bright gem's purity, or pleasure woven her garland round the heart, and bound it to earth with strong ties; before grief has laid her blighting hand upon the affections, and bowed the form; and ere Death has touched with his icy finger the loved ones of earth, and borne them for ever from our sight: ere all this has transpired, why should it not be sweet, to the infant mind, thus to yield up its spirit to its Maker and God?

"They die in Jesus and are blest."

Is it not well that such sweet buds should be taken from this bleak world, and transplanted to that genial clime, where no cold winds, or beating storms, will mar their bright hues; but where they will ever bloom in freshness and beauty? And yet it is hard to give up the youngest and fairest—the sweetest blossoms on the parent stem—and see them slowly sinking into the cold embrace of Death. It is trying "to watch the pangs that distort their features, and the ghastly white settling around the lip," that has breathed forth such love for us; and to feel it is the last time we shall see the play of those features, so soon to be fixed in the icy stillness of death. It is agony, bitter agony for a mother to stand by the couch of her dying child, and view life's taper burning more and more dimly, till it is quenched in the darkness of death; to see the cold dews gathering on the brow—to watch the labored respiration becoming fainter and fainter until the heaving breast at last becomes still, the pulse ceases to beat, and the heart, with all the wealth of its affections and sympathies, no longer throbs at the once well-known, and well-loved sound of a mother's voice.

I once stood by the coffin of one of earth's sweetest beings. She was too frail, too delicate for this rude world. Its first rough blast had withered and faded her glow of health and beauty, and, in mercy, God had taken her spirit home. There she lay in

her young loveliness; the bright curls falling in rich tresses over her marble brow and colorless cheek, imparting a still lifelike expression to her fixed features. The gentle eyelids were closed, and the heavy lashes lay, like penciling, on her transparent cheek. Her soft lips, from which the coral had yet scarcely fled, were just ready to part with a smile, so calm and peacefully did she sleep in death. A couple of rosebuds and a sprig of evergreen were inserted between the closed fingers as they lay folded upon the breast. The rosebuds were drooping—withered. Sweet emblems they of her who lay before me—faded—dead. But her spirit, like the evergreen, lives on in undecaying freshness and beauty.

I saw the anguish of the mother, as she came to take the last farewell of her little one. She seemed bowed down by the weight of sorrow laid upon her; for this was not the first link of the family chain that had been severed. Two others, sisters, of that household band, "had gone to God!"

The brothers bowed in silent grief to touch those lips that were now closed for ever; and the strong men wept! for memory brought back her gentle welcome at the close of day, and her smile which ever greeted their return home. And a voice whispered in their ears, which thrilled through every fibre of the heart, "Those loved tones—that silver laugh—that tender smile, will return no more for ever."

But her endeared form was not to remain, even where it was, long. O, it is heart-rending to see the last remains of all that was once lovely and dear, far removed from our sight, and covered with the green sods of the valley! And yet it *must* be so.

No Jesus of Nazareth was there to raise the prostrate body, and reanimate the pulseless form. And all that a mother's love or a father's fondness could do, was to commit that precious treasure to the safe keeping of the grave. Solemn and mournful was the scene, when the man of God, with subdued voice, uttered the thrilling words,

"Unvail thy bosom, faithful tomb;  
Take this new treasure to thy trust;  
And give these sacred relics room,  
To molder in the silent dust."

In a retired country church-yard, by the side of her sisters, is found her final resting place. There shall her body sleep, until that trump shall sound which "shall wake the dead."

LIZZIE.

If there is sometimes an advantage in delay, there is, also, a security in dispatch. Lucullus conquered two of the most potent of all the kings by two different expedients, celerity and delay: he broke the flourishing power of Mithridates by spinning out the time; and that of Tigranes by pushing on without allowing him leisure to look around him.

## NOTICES.

DR. DURBIN'S OBSERVATIONS IN THE EAST. *In Two Vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is a very readable book. The author is an acute observer, travels at his ease, and has a method of stamping himself upon his pages without any offensive egotism. He shows you scenes, and men, and manners, and history, with much vividness, and describes, without reserve, the feelings which arise in his mind as he passes. No one will accuse him of mock dignity: he shows himself on his donkey in the desert, armed with his pistols and his wine bottles: he shoots at a target with Bedouins in the fortress of Akabah: shouts for Washington at the tomb of Aaron; and debates like a politician with his companions in quarantine; but on Sinai he muses like a patriarch, and at Jerusalem he weeps as once did Jeremiah.

The country described in these volumes is one of intense interest to the Christian and the scholar, and must remain so, long as the cedar grows on Lebanon, the dew descends on Hermon, or the Scamander rolls its waves to the sea. The book opens with a description of the author's departure from Naples. He pauses to describe Malta (more celebrated than any land on earth of no greater extent) and its capital, Valetta, whose fortifications render it the most secure position in the world except Gibraltar. After describing Alexandria, he proceeds by canal to Atfeh, thence up the Nile to Memphis, the monuments of whose vicinity he describes in a very interesting manner. From Cairo he proceeds, as nearly as possible, by the route of the Israelites, across the Red Sea, through the desert to Palestine. He discusses many points relative to the route, and to the localities of remarkable sacred events, confirming the views of Dr. Robinson; dissenting, however, we believe, (for we ran over the pages rapidly,) from that eminent traveler in some particulars. From Cairo to Suez he pursued the route by Derb el Besatin through the Wady el Tih, which, since the days of Sicard and Shaw until lately, has been regarded as the route of the Exode.

The chapter on Mehemet Ali and his policy is, in our view, one of the most interesting in the book. It describes important events which have happened in our times, and which have not yet been matters of sober history: it delineates characters which filled a large space in the eye of Europe, indeed of the world, and contains speculations relative to an immense empire, whose approaching fall or dismemberment must have a great influence upon the fate of Europe, and the triumph of the Christian Church. We were interested with the chapter on the Jews and their restoration, notwithstanding the staleness of the subject.

But the intelligent reader will doubtless find less novelty in the first than the second volume, as in this the author presents us with descriptions of the Churches addressed in the Apocalypse, the site of ancient Troy, Constantinople, &c., much of which region was, for a long time, forbidden ground to the Christian traveler. Dr. Olin's work, so far as it describes the same country, is more instructive but less amusing than Dr. Durbin's. One of these gentlemen travels as a learned divine from America, studying sacred geography—the other as Dr. Durbin from Dickinson, on the *qui vive*.

We must not omit to mention that the work is embellished with numerous plates, and that the type is not (as is that of most of our modern publications) fitted to produce opthalmia.

POETICAL WORKS OF JAMES MONTGOMERY. *In Two Vols. Philadelphia: Sorin & Ball.*—This is a neat and elegant book. We rarely see any thing superior in execution to some of the works of taste which are issued by this enterprising house. It is generally fortunate, too, in the selection of works for republication. Of this fact the book before us is evidence. Montgomery is decidedly one of the best of living poets. Whilst neither deficient in genius or talent, he has been remarkably happy in the selection and treatment of his themes. He has himself happily described the secret of his success: "I followed no mighty leader, belonged to no school of the poets, pandered to no impure passion: I vailed no vice in delicate disguise, gratified no malignant propensity to personal satire, courted no powerful patronage, wrote neither to suit the manners, the taste, nor the temper of the age; but I appealed to universal principles, to imperishable affections, to primary elements of our common nature, found, wherever man is found, in civilized society." His first efforts were unsuccessful; and it is, perhaps, well that they were. His maturer efforts were bitterly assailed by the Edinburg Review; but they passed the ordeal unscathed. Montgomery has arisen through misfortune, severe opposition, the competition of Byron, Wordsworth, Campbell, Coleridge, &c. His fame is established.

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND. *By S. G. Goodrich. Philadelphia: Sorin & Ball.*—This is one of a neat, well written, and embellished series of historical books designed for families and schools. We believe they are decidedly better than similar works heretofore in use, and hope to see them generally adopted. Families should bear in mind that history requires no master, and, if it be written in a suitable way, is better adapted than almost any thing else to beguile the weary hours of the winter evening, and to inspire youth with a taste for reading and a love of literature. There is no country, except our own, whose history is more interesting to the American than England. Her rapid march to greatness, the present extent of her empire, the influence she exerts upon the fortunes of the world, her intimate connection with ourselves, and the fact that many of our institutions owe their origin to her society, ought to insure her history a general perusal by our youth. If such histories as the above are read, they will create a call for the larger ones.

THE TRUTH FINDER; or, the Story of Inquisitive Jack.

A HOME IN THE SEA; or, the Adventures of Philip Brusque.

DICK BOLDHERO; or, a Tale of Adventures in South America.

These are written by the author of Peter Parley's Tales, and published by Sorin & Ball, Philadelphia. We need hardly say that they are well written, and neatly printed. They would be acceptable presents in almost any family.

AN IMPROVED GRAMMAR OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. *By Rev. Bradford Frazee. Philadelphia: Sorin & Ball.*—We have noticed this work already, and merely refer to it now for the purpose of saying that it has met with remarkable favor. A very large number of copies have been sold.

THE ELEMENTS OF MORALITY, including Polity. *By W. Whewell, D. D. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—The author distinguishes between moral



philosophy and morality as he does between the philosophy of geometry and geometry: the one consisting in a series of metaphysical discussions, the other in a series of positive and definite propositions, resting upon certain definitions and axioms. To the consideration of morality, simply, does he restrict himself in the book before us. He divides the general trunk of morality into five different branches, namely, jurisprudence, the morality of reason, the morality of religion, polity, and international law. The subjects are systematically and ably treated. We hail the work with pleasure, not only for its intrinsic merits, but because it is the first fruits of a New Miscellany, (from the teeming press of the Harpers,) which, we are assured, will consist of a series of "new and attractive *sterling* books." The projected Miscellany is a good omen; for we have reason to hope that the watchful and enterprising publishers perceive a favorable change in the literary taste of the public.

POEMS BY LEWIS J. CIST.—A set of fugitive poems must possess extraordinary merit if they make an interesting and salable book. Hence, we have lately discouraged the publication of two volumes of this description of poetry, which were submitted to us in manuscript; and had our advice been asked, we should have given it against the publication of the volume of Mr. Cist. Some of our cotemporaries, in their notices, have treated this book rather cavalierly; partly, perhaps, because it is a Cincinnati production, ("a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country and among his own kindred,") and partly because it contains a likeness of the author, which is not only objectionable for its intrinsic demerits, but as indicative of a foolish vanity in the author. Very little, we believe, has been said about the poetry; and this silence leaves the public to infer that it is unworthy of notice. This is not, however, the case. The pieces are far from discreditable. We have noticed, in the volume, nothing offensive in sentiment, erroneous in opinion, or particularly faulty in composition; and, although there are no high excellences—though the poet does not stand

"With the lightning in his hand,  
And the Alps beneath his feet"—

though he does not utter wondrous thought,

"With ten thousand tongues of fire,"

yet has he some *positive* merits. Many of the pieces are very pretty and spirited, and perhaps each was esteemed good poetry when it first appeared. Two of the best were written for our own periodical, and were not without admirers among our judicious readers. We could take no pleasure in discouraging a youth overweeningly covetous of literary fame; and being warmly in favor of domestic manufactures, we confess to a proneness to look more at the excellences than the faults of a western writer. To the western public we would say, buy the work; and to the author, if your volume of fugitive poetry should be unsuccessful, it will be no proof that you are wanting in poetical talent. The best poets have sometimes been unfortunate in their maiden publications.

MORSE'S CEROGRAPHIC MAPS. *Harper & Brothers.* We have received the first three numbers. These maps are intended to constitute a universal Atlas. Each number contains four colored maps, fifteen inches by twelve. The first ten are to form a comprehensive North American Atlas. The work is elegant, cheap, and doubtless accurate.

BLAIR'S SERMONS. *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—These are on general subjects, chiefly practical. We are happy to see them republished. True, they are unadapted to the times—too frigid for an excited age; but for this very reason they should be read, to temper our theology, and to attract us for a moment to preceptive truth. Their style is faultless, their beauties numerous, and their doctrines unexceptionable, so far as they go. They have long been favorites with a certain portion of the public; and, since they appear in an elegant dress, and yet so cheap as to come within the reach of all readers, we may hope that they will be generally read and admired.

DR. WOLFE'S MISSION TO BOKHARA.—This work is deeply interesting, as affording an insight to the manners, and policy, and prominent characters of a country concerning which we know but little. It is the narrative of a journey undertaken to ascertain the fate of two gallant officers of the British army, Colonel Stoddard and Captain Conolly, who were cruelly slaughtered at Bokhara; but the work contains much collateral information.

PROFESSIONAL DISCONTENT; *an Introductory Lecture.* By J. P. Harrison, M. D., Professor of *Materia Medica and Therapeutics, in the Medical College of Ohio.*—This is a spirited production, well adapted to the occasion on which it was delivered. The orator treats his subject under three heads, namely, the sources, the consequences, and the correctives of professional discontent. We have space for a single extract only, which, however, will at once show the spirit, the taste, and the ability of the author.

"The high intellectual endowments of the gifted and accomplished physician, should never be sullied by the polluting admixture of infidel pride. Whilst we cannot too highly appreciate our profession, it is a very easy matter to esteem our own attainments and importance too highly. To chastise this foolish error of self-consequence, nothing will avail so much as a recognition of our own circumscribed intelligence, as compared to the boundless wisdom of God, and of our entire insufficiency to accomplish any good purpose without his divine sanction. Were there any direct bearing in medical inquiries to generate skepticism, the profession would stand a scoff and scorn to all pure and noble minds. It would have the brand of reprobation affixed to it, and the Divine anger would, ere this, have made it a blasted and desolate thing. But the science and practice of medicine are eminently conducive to the formation of correct conceptions of the wisdom, power, and goodness of God, of the helplessness and frailty of man, and of the glory and attractiveness of the Christian faith. Thanks to the goodness of the supreme Father, who has made us partakers of the intellectual and moral benefits which flow from this science! As men devoted to the highest ends of our earthly being, the promotion of human happiness, and the advancement of ourselves in knowledge and virtue, let us ever look upward for his smiles to irradiate the dark clouds that may, from time to time, frown upon our path, and to feed our fainting spirits with the hallowed joys of his blessed presence. Then may we go on from step to step with renewed vigor—trampling on, or plucking up the thorns which infest our way—rising from hill top to hill top, till, seated on the highest summit, we hear the harmless thunders roll beneath our feet, and lift up our brow to catch the beams of an everlasting day."

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

REV. NATHAN SWAIN.—A friend, whom it is hard to deny, requests us to insert an obituary notice of this venerable man; but our rule on the subject is inflexible; and the lady will at once perceive why it is so. If we should insert obituaries, we should have room for scarce any thing else; for every one of our four or five thousand subscribers would be pleased to see the obituary notices of her deceased relatives and friends in such a form as to be bound and preserved. When a valued and well-known *correspondent* dies, we insert an obituary without reluctance, because all the readers feel an interest in it; but this is the only exception. We proceed, however, in this instance, to atone for our denial, by giving our recollections of the venerable patriarch whose name is at the head of this article, and with whom we had a partial but very pleasant acquaintance. We first met him on the shore of Lake Erie, as he was returning from the east (whither he had been on a visit) to his new home in Ohio. On my being introduced to him as an itinerant preacher, he embraced me, not as a man does his brother, but as a father his child. The first religious exercises in which I heard him engage were at the family altar. I wish I could impart to my reader the emotion I felt, as I heard his melodious but tremulous voice utter (as he folded his hands and lifted up his eyes) the following impressive lines:

"The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only Thee."

His prayer was ardent, full of divinity; and when he adverted to our happy but guilty country, he spoke with a tone which we might imagine Moses to have used when the Lord said, "I will smite with the pestilence, and disinherit them."

Born June 27, 1767, in Cape May county, N. J., united with the Church in his fourteenth year, and entered as an itinerant in the Philadelphia conference in 1799, he was the cotemporary and collaborer of Asbury, Whatcoat, George, M'Kendree, &c., by all of whom, we have reason to believe, he was held in high estimation, and of whose excellences and peculiarities he was wont to converse with wonderful animation and interest. The first of these great and good men bequeathed to him a memento of his fraternal love, which the old gentleman preserved as Iulus did the presents he received from Andromache, often placing it upon his head with reverence in presence of the youthful Methodist antiquarian. Sixteen years of itinerant toil, in the days when a circuit was as large as a conference is now, impaired his health so as to induce him to take a superannuated relation, in which he continued to the close of life. His situation, on retiring from the itinerant ranks, was trying. He had spent the prime of his days toiling without compensation, and with scarce a support. He had no means, no profession—nothing but a dependent family and a divine promise. He was cheerful, however; and, being instructed and supplied with books by some eminent physicians of Philadelphia, he applied himself to the study of medicine with all the ardor of youth. He soon entered into practice, and, with the aid of a yearly pittance from conference, maintained his family in circumstances of comfort. After he removed to Ohio—in extreme old age—he rode through swamps and woods, by night and day, with the

cheerfulness and agility of a boy, to visit the cabins of the sick. Though thus devoted to his profession, he was not unmindful of the Church. In seasons of revival particularly, the pulpit and the altar rarely missed his voice. We have often heard him exhort with tremendous power, and pray with exceeding pathos. We heard him preach but once. His sermon was, as we suppose, a good specimen of the efforts of our earlier ministers—clear, strong, abounding in quaint but impressive illustration, and closed with a pungent appeal to the heart and conscience. He died, in his seventy-eighth year, (March 1, 1845,) at the home of an affectionate child, in Hamilton county, Ia. He expired, as he lived, in peace.

He was remarkable for one Christian grace at least—gentleness. Naturally meek and amiable, he seems to have been peculiarly attracted by "the meek and quiet spirit" of religion, which he cultivated as above all price. His tones, his countenance, his endearing words, his whole manner indicated sweetness of disposition. One could hardly think him capable of revenge or violence, and with good reason. When nature makes a tiger, she gives him claws. True, there are some men who, like the crocodile, assume delusive tones of tenderness, but they are very few, since deception is not so easily practiced upon men as upon birds and beasts. Father Swain was one of those men who, though we admit they are capable of committing faults like other men, require twice as much evidence for their conviction of intentional wrong as would secure the condemnation of an ordinary man. When I first saw him, I thought, if I should compare him to one of the apostles, it would be John, and if I should select a text for him, it would be, "Little children, love one another."

## ENCOURAGEMENT.

November 7, 1845.

Dear Sir,—It is to fulfill a promise made more than a year since, to a lady deeply interested in the welfare of your periodical, that I send you the inclosed. I know not whether you will deem it worthy a place in the Ladies' Repository; but it occurred to me this week, that if I wrote something, my conscience would feel easier; and I would have done what I could, if not what may, in any way, subserve the interests of your publication. It is at your service, to do with it what you please; only I must stipulate, that upon no consideration can my name appear in connection with it. One may write with some pleasure behind the veil of the anonymous; but with me there would be an end to all freedom if that were drawn aside.

Yours truly,

The foregoing note came to us when we were in a sick chamber, with a heavy heart, an empty drawer, and a stunning call for copy. It was to us like twelve wells of water, and threescore and ten palm trees, to a traveler in the desert. The authoress is a distinguished lady in the east; and the interesting paper which it inclosed can be easily discovered by its superior style, if the reader will go through the number. We need not say that we thank the fair contributor, and expect a continuance of her correspondence. We are doubly grateful to the unknown friend who troubled the waters of this lady's conscience. Will not she, too, favor us with aid? A lady who shows so much concern for literary enterprise, so good taste in the selection of correspondents, and who has access to female minds of the first order in our country, is surely capable of imparting

high interest to our pages. Let her go on troubling consciences. A few more such unexpected notes, and we should feel that our mountain stood strong.

**THE REFORMED GAMBLER.**—A few days since, Mr. Green invited us, in company with some clerical friends, to his room, in order to exhibit to us some of the tricks of that infamous class of men to which he formerly belonged, but whom he has forsaken and abjured, we trust, for ever. As we are entirely ignorant of cards, and even of the names of the more common games which are played with them, it would be as useless as unprofitable for us to attempt any description of Mr. Green's exhibitions. Suffice it to say, that he convinced us beyond all doubt that, in the hands of the professed gambler, games at cards are not games of chance, or even of mixed chance and skill, but purely games of skill, or rather of consummate rascality. By means of marks upon the cards, which the initiated can trace with the utmost facility, infernal machines concealed in the faro box, dexterity in shuffling, &c., the gambler can render it utterly impossible for his uninitiated associate to win without his permission.

For a revelation of curious and unfair devices in the gambling profession we were perfectly prepared; but by the sleight of hand which Mr. Green exhibited, we were taken by surprise. We have seen nothing in the exhibitions of mountebanks, jugglers, or Mesmerizers to excel his dexterity. Should he and Miss Martineau unite in proclaiming and illustrating the doctrines of Mesmer, we should think all opposition useless.

We are sorry to say that gamblers constitute no considerable class of men on the western waters. When we were walking, last winter, the streets of a village on the Ohio, in company with one of its citizens, we were pointed to several fine residences as the abodes of gamblers, who managed to live in a style of elegance, simply by cheating the credulous youth who, on their voyages of business or pleasure, were silly enough to become their dupes.

Mr. Green is lecturing to expose to the gaze of community this contemptible and diabolical craft, and to recall those who are engaged in it from their path of wickedness. We wish him success. Let mothers beware how they suffer their children to indulge in the fascinating and apparently innocent amusement of shuffling cards. Too often, alas! it is the prelude to temporal and eternal ruin.

**UNHAPPY HUSBANDS.**—A late number of the *Edinburgh Review* has an able article on De Foe. Speaking of the *Review* which that great man published between 1704 and 1713, the writer says, "Its machinery for matters non-political was a so called scandalous club, organized to hear complaints, and intrusted with the power of deciding them. Let us see how it acted. A gentleman appears before the club, and complains of his wife. She is a bad wife: he cannot tell why. There is a long examination, proving nothing, when suddenly a member of the club begs pardon for the question, and asks if his worship was a good husband. His worship, greatly surprised at such a question, is again at a loss to answer. Whereupon the club pass three resolutions: that most women that are bad wives are made so by bad husbands; that this society will hear no complaints against a virtuous bad wife from a vicious good husband; that he that has a bad wife, and can't find the reason of it in her, 'tis ten to one that he finds it in himself; and the decision finally is, that the gentleman is to go

home, and be a good husband for at least three months: afterward, if his wife is still uncured, they will proceed against her as they shall find cause."

We commend the above resolutions to the serious consideration of all unhappy husbands and scandalous clubs.

**FEMALE SPECULATORS.**—An exchange, in speaking of the terrible railway revulsion in England, has the following paragraph:

"The female friends and relatives of those who pulled the wires of certain imposing puppet schemes, were in the daily habit of haunting the purloins and offices of the share-brokers of the metropolis, to watch the markets, in order to turn their letters of allotments to the best account! One of the railway papers mentions a batch of female speculators, who contrived to realize, by this kind of chicanery, during the height of the mania, the astounding sum of £500,000."

We have sometimes been obliged to blush at the scalding criticisms of transatlantic writers on that state of society which can tolerate female infidel lecturers, and gather troops of fine ladies to hold banners, and raise shouts at political harangues; but, surely, criticisms of this kind will at present come with an ill grace from the fast-anchored isle.

**NEW ARRANGEMENT.**—Our periodical will hereafter be published simultaneously at Cincinnati and New York. We are very happy that this arrangement has been made, not only because thereby our subscription list may be increased, and the heart of many a widow and orphan be cheered by the increased profits of the publication, but because it will strengthen the bonds which unite our Eastern and Western Book Concerns, whose aims and whose interests are one. Heretofore we have feared that a very natural and pardonable prejudice existed among our eastern brethren against western productions; but the arrangement to which we allude is proof of a different feeling—a disposition on the part of those occupying the seaboard to cheer the west, to be merciful to her defects, to encourage her success, and to aid her in creating a literature of her own.

**TO READERS.**—As our work is now entirely original, we have laid aside the use of the caption which heretofore headed our articles and those of our correspondents. We wish it understood, however, that we reserve the liberty of selecting a scrap of three or four lines, when necessary, to fill up a corner. As the present number went to press much earlier than was expected, the editor was obliged to write more for it than common. The reader will excuse him when he knows it was a matter of necessity. There is much poetry in this number; but we think it is all better than usual. "Fear not the Breakers," (by a young lady,) is pretty; "The Dreamer" is musical; and the verses, "Homeward Bound," are sweet as mothers' kisses. We have often inserted verses of whose merits we were very doubtful; but we think we have some contributors who have real poetic genius, and none more so than a recent contributor, Rev. E. McClure, several of whose pieces we inserted in the November and December numbers.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—The new arrangement to which we have alluded above, will not require the removal of the Editor. Our correspondents will therefore please continue to address us at Cincinnati. We have a large number of articles filed for insertion, but they cannot all appear in the next number.





*Childhood*

# S I T O R Y .

ntly rewarding, and delightful.  
 that she is now educated; she  
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 sweet affections. Who will be like her? C.

We see her in the very outset of life; the least agreeable part of her education is got through with; the rudimental, long, tedious, memorizing tasks of faculty are completed; what follows is of mind and intelligence, of acquisition to thought and intellect;



# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

FEBRUARY, 1846.

## CHILDHOOD.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

"CHILDHOOD!" no, it is rather adolescence—early youth that is here presented? The variety from the long series of landscapes is agreeable; and one human face, we know, possesses more moral interest than all the landscapes that meet the eye. In this phase, then, let us consider our subject—a fair "subject" we have!

This young lady is well-conditioned in natural character, and has, also, been well-nurtured. We attempt not the phrenological or the physiological traits separately—that indeed leads us into a labyrinth of speculation and conjecture; but taking the *tout ensemble*—the whole together—we see mildness, steadiness, docility; we see thought prolonged into contemplativeness, and its attendant seriousness. The mouth, without the least touch of affectation, is still not simply left to its natural state, but has the superinduced expression of propriety and order; the conventionalities in which the young lady exists are salutary and refined; her mother is discreet, her father is orderly, honorable, and dignified.

This young lady is about sixteen years; yet she is not impatient of her school or her pets; and she still finds the affection of her parents, brothers, and sisters sufficient for her heart; and the habit of loving them with much dearness shall, when the time comes, impart its tone of confidence and equability to a more exclusive regard.

She is now sitting for her picture, and she is not quite used to be so fully gazed upon; when she is chasing over the hills, her salubrious morning walk to school, we have her in more buoyant aspect and livelier animation.

She has the look of an elder sister. Too much fondness has not enervated her character; although consistently indulged, yet she has never been *petted*. There is a womanliness in her young face which assures us of this: she is more used to bestow than to receive caresses.

We see her in the very outset of life; the least agreeable part of her education is got through with; the rudimental, long, tedious, memorizing tasks of faculty are completed; what follows is of mind and intelligence, of acquisition to thought and intellect;

it is interesting, instantly rewarding, and delightful. She does not suppose that she is now educated; she is just on the threshold of education, but bears along certain *keys* which will unlock stores of mind, more or less precious according to the diligence and duration of her search. But should she now undertake to converse upon what she has acquired, all she says would be awkward, pedantic, and constrained, consisting of bald facts, cold citations, and scholastic rules—for why? She has only studied; she has not yet *read*, compared, deduced, and enjoyed; her *taste* is not yet formed—a capacity of the soul—but yet undeveloped. When this takes place, and its advent is never instantaneous, it is of no mountebank teaching, no "twelve lessons" erudition, of no "royal method," but a matter of worth and pains, and may be likened in purity and beauty, not in excellence, to that spiritual teaching, which, by grace, is "line upon line, precept upon precept; here a little, and there a little;" until the manner, but not the matter of the whole is acquired; leaving a life-long enjoyment to complete its scope and range of beauty. And let no cavalier say that *taste* is an "especial gift." The gift (which the pious also assert of their attainment) is to those, and all of those, who desire and pursue it. And here the parallel still grows upon us; for, as the children of the pious are still set in the right way, so are the children of book-people led intuitively to the love of books—a life-long pleasure, we repeat, to those who are, perhaps, debarred all other sources of elevated luxury.

Of our steelplate young lady—and many others, our readers—one more look at her—we promised not to be phrenological; yet for *head* she might be Daniel Webster's daughter; but with all proprieties imposed there shall be no undue preponderance in this matter. We hope she is *industrious*, and take the guerdon of her rearing for the fact. Is she pious? Undoubtedly, and consistently she comes on to be so. She is well guarded by her care-takers, is obedient and happy. Meanwhile she "dwells in beauty"—not of "chiseled lips, or Grecian front"—but in the beauty of lowliness, dignity, order, and sweet affections. Who will be like her? C.



## THE FREENESS OF SPIRITUAL BLESSINGS.

BY THE EDITOR.

In the last number, we endeavored to show that religious blessings could be enjoyed. We purpose now to prove that they may be enjoyed by all.

1. An argument is derived from the nature of God. But the reader may inquire, "Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?" And well may he start this inquiry. The question, what is God? is one of surpassing magnitude and complexity. Of this fact the following story of the ancients is a beautiful illustration. When Simonides was questioned concerning the nature of God, by that distinguished king of Syracuse, whose morals, and manners, and reign he had softened by his literature, his genius, and his wit, he asked a day to consider the subject: at the expiration of this period he asked two: at the termination of the second limit he demanded four. Thus he proceeded increasing his demand in the same ratio, until being called on for an explanation of his course, he replied, "The more I consider the subject, the more abstruse it becomes." No wonder. Could any other mortal, destitute of revelation, be started upon the inquiry, he, also, would find his path rapidly broaden before his advancing footsteps, and soon would he become overwhelmed with impending and surrounding immensity. True, in this day and country, men talk flippantly of God, of their independence of revelation, and of the direct ladder that leads from the creature to the Creator. But modern Deism has no truth which it did not borrow from the Scriptures—it has thrown no new light, by its researches, upon a single attribute of God; and it must trace its superiority over its forms in the days of Hiero, solely to the fact that it lives in a land whose whole atmosphere is so surcharged with revelation, that one cannot take a mental inspiration without inhaling a supernatural stimulus.

But to return from the digression. What man could never, by searching, find out, God himself has revealed, and so clearly that he who runs may read—so plainly, that a child may understand. "God is love." Lo, what a warrant for the happiness of the universe! What is love? Ask the darling dandled on his father's knees—ask the babe pressed to her mother's bosom—ask the youth conscious of the glow of an ardent and reciprocated affection—all will answer, love is happiness. Happiness is expansive. As it is the nature of Satan—infinately miserable, so far as a creature can be—to diffuse misery, so it is the nature of God—infinately happy—to diffuse happiness. And God's ability is commensurate with his willingness. Can such a being, for his own gratification, doom a being to misery, perpetual and remediless, or even temporary and remediable? Do not misunderstand. God

may, does, will doom rational beings to misery, present and endless; but not for *his gratification*, or for the display of his sovereignty, but because he is unwilling that his laws should be violated with impunity; that disorder should overspread the universe; that the blasphemies of hell should mingle with the praises of the blest; or that souls made rational, moral, and immortal, should have their high organization violated by being made automata, or struck out of existence. When God damns, it is from a principle of benevolence, pure as that which sends the sunlight or the zephyr, or causes the dew to distill upon the grass, or the cross to be uplifted before the eye of a dying sinner.

The difficulties in reconciling the nature of God with his government, are presented by Providence and the Bible; and they will all be removed, if not before, at least in that day which is not only to be one of wrath, but of the "revelation of God's righteous judgment." Better, safer, that the unconverted reader, while the Bible is in her hand, the Spirit in her heart, the Savior in her eye, the portals of Zion at her feet, the prayers of the Church ascending in her behalf, and the voice of God in her ear, inquiring, "Why will ye die?" should secure present enjoyment and salvation, by a compliance with appointed terms, than, by turning away from the altar of mercy and the throne of grace, spend a life of inquietude in anticipation of an ultimate unconditional salvation. So far as God can, consistently with the exercise of all his attributes, render his creatures happy, so far he does; and the very justice which turns aside from the sinner's heart the stream of happiness flowing from God's throne to the rational universe, is itself but a modification of love.

2. From the nature of our own souls. God has implanted in man a desire for happiness, which nothing earthly can satiate. A king who said, "Whatsoever mine eyes desired, I kept not from them: I withheld not my heart from any joy," said, also, "Of laughter, it is mad; and of mirth, what doeth it?" The same monarch, after he had "made silver to be in Jerusalem as stones," and attracted the whole earth to hear the wisdom which God had put in his heart, sums up his earthly possessions and attainments in the following sentence: "All is vanity and vexation of spirit." One gathers silver as the sand, another makes his name a perfume in all regions, a third sways the sceptre of universal dominion; yet the first has a canker in the heart, the second has a deep void within, and the third weeps upon the shore because he has no more worlds to conquer. Now look over creation, and see if there is not a perfect adaptation of one thing to another—of light to the eye—of sound to the ear, &c. Is there a bird in the air, a fish in the deep, a beast in the desert or the forest, possessed of an appetite, for which creation does not afford appropriate food?

Will God feed his eagles, and sharks, and hyenas, and yet forget his children? Nay, the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Will he implant in man an appetite to torture? Nay, that intense desire for the spiritual, the infinite, the eternal, has a corresponding attainable object. God imparts himself to the soul that seeks him. "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." If men are not happy, it is because they seek their happiness in iniquity, not in righteousness.

3. From God's promises. Holy Scripture saith to Christians, "Ye are the temple of the living God, as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them, and I will be their God, and they shall be my people." And why such exceeding great and precious promises? That we might be exhorted to "cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God," and "that by these (same promises) ye might be *partakers of the Divine nature*, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust."

4. From the gifts of God. Who wheels the earth in her orbit, bringing summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, spring and autumn? Who turns the earth upon her axis, bringing regularly alternate seasons of light and darkness, of labor and repose? Who hath broken the earth into valleys and hills, which contribute at once to purposes of beauty and utility? Who spreads at our feet the green carpet variegated with richest tints? "Who covereth the heavens with clouds? who prepareth rain for the earth? who giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry?" "Who giveth snow like wool, and scattereth the hear frost like ashes? Who sendeth his word and melteth them, and causeth the wind to blow, and the waters flow?" Though while the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib, Israel doth not consider, and rational men do not know, yet it is God "from whom all blessings flow." O, how many are the mercies of every moment! Nor is God content to give "every food of life to nourish man;" he maketh "all nature beauty to the eye and music to the ear." Now will God, so careful of the body, be careless of the soul? Mindful of the material, the corrupt, the temporal, will he be negligent of the spiritual, the moral, the immortal?

But there is a greater gift. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but should have everlasting life." Mark this love, its measure, its purpose, both negative and positive, and then say if you cannot feel the force of St. Paul's argument, "If God spared not his own Son, but freely delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him freely give us all good things?" After such a demonstration of his love, is there a blessing on this or the other side Jordan, proper for us to enjoy, which

we dare not ask? What cluster on the vine of Canaan, what crown in heaven, what mansion in glory to compare with the gift of God's Son? And dare we doubt to ask God's spiritual blessings? He who does, knows but little of the Divine character. When Aristotle drew upon Alexander's treasury for an immense sum, and the treasurer, startled at the amount, refused to cancel the draft, "Pay it instantly," said Alexander; "I am honored that the man who knows me better than any other mortal should have such unbounded confidence in my liberality." Is there no reason why we should have confidence in God's goodness? Hear his inquiry, Luke xi, 13, "How much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?"

II. Why do not all men enjoy spiritual blessings?

1. Sinners do not seek them. Many laud the Gospel feast who make no effort to partake its delicacies. They exclaim, "O, that we were Christians, and had the 'wisdom from above, pure, peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits,' and 'the charity which vaunteth not itself, is not puffed, becometh itself not unseemly,' " &c. "O, that we had the spirit of Jesus Christ, and could imitate, in all things, his bright example! How charming to live above the world, hold fellowship with saints and angels, and share the joys of heaven on this side its portals! Religious joys excel all others as eternity does time, as God does man, as heaven does earth;" but these persons deny not themselves, *strive* not to enter in at the strait gate, *contend* not for the faith; and refuse to "*work* out their salvation," or to "*wrestle*" with principalities and powers. For riches men will rise early, sit up late, eat the bread of carefulness, deny themselves pleasure, honor, ease, and trench even upon the necessities of existence. For honor men will impoverish themselves, incur disease, brook danger, encounter death. What ascent too high, what depth too low, what ocean too broad, what continent too dangerous, what climate too inhospitable, what atmosphere too deadly for the adventures of literary or military ambition! Yet to serve, and please, and glorify God, and enjoy him for ever, many count any comfort too great to be sacrificed, every difficulty too high to be surmounted, and the least effort too expensive to be made. "And what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" What else should you do with your body or your soul but to consecrate them to their Maker?

2. Sinners imagine they have adequate sources of enjoyment, independent of religious joys. Reader, is this the case with you? Then pause a moment to analyze the springs of your happiness. What are they? Honors, pleasures, riches, friends, children? No matter. Examine whether they will answer in all the exigencies you must meet. They may

do tolerably well now that you are in the days of youth, and your "eyes stand out with fatness"—now whilst you wash your "feet in butter," and the rock pours you out "rivers of oil"—now that your "houses are safe from fear, neither is the rod of God upon you"—while you send forth your "little ones like a flock, and your children dance, and you take the timbrel and harp, and rejoice at the sound of the organ," "spending your days in wealth, and becoming mighty in power." But will they do when sickness comes? Young man, have you any elixir of happiness that will answer when fever racks thy frame, and thou, tossing on thy burning bed, sayest, "at midnight, would God it were morning, and at morning, O that it were night!" Young lady, have you a secret panacea for thy heart when consumption seizes, and the church-yard cough admonishes thee that thou art going to thy long home? And how will thy fountains of bliss answer if adversity drive thee to the cabin, and send scorn and sorrow to be the inmates of thy dwelling? How will they serve "in the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened," "and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail?" How will they answer when human help faileth, and thou sinkest in the waters of Jordan, or when the judgment is set, and the books are opened, or when thy doom is fixed for ever? Hast thou some secret forceps to extract the fang of an awakened, guilty, and immortal conscience? Hast thou a secret cord to bind inflamed and loosened passion? or an unknown, eternal stream, whose waters shall quench the parched spirit, when remorse kindles, in the soul banished from the presence of God and the glory of his power, its furnace of everlasting flame? If not, thou knowest what to do.

3. Christians often indulge dispositions, passions, and tempers that grieve away the Spirit of God. "The lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, the pride of life," banish spiritual joys. God's Spirit dwells with the self-denying and the lowly. Envy, jealousy, anger, malice, &c., are inconsistent with happiness. The Spirit of God brings love and peace: it melts hearts into one. Every evil passion indulged is repulsive of it, and presses it to a sightless, not to say returnless distance. Unholy tempers are no less inconsistent with religious blessings. Whoever indulges fretfulness or repining, offends God and destroys his own peace. Enthusiasm may be subject to mental spasm, and superstition to inquietude and gloom; but religion, like its author, is characterized by tranquility and cheerfulness. Wherever the Spirit of God is, there is joy.

4. Saints do not sufficiently prize these blessings. First, when a diminution or total loss of them occasions no distress. When the scholar loses his reputation, the miser his treasures, the warrior his glory,

what is the consequence? Distress, followed by redoubled efforts to regain what has been lost. If the Christian's heart were on his religion, he could not stand for months at the grave of his spiritual joys, without dropping a tear, or making an effort to bring Christ to the sepulchre that they might have a resurrection. Second, when there is a want of satisfaction in them. It is easy to be satisfied when all things concur to render us so. On an unruffled stream of events, with serene sky, and soft and balmy breezes, with a pleasant company, diverting amusements, and hope of heaven, it were easy to be happy. It is proper to inquire whether our joys spring from such a source that, if the stream become a cataract, the sky a cloud, the air a tempest, and all around a scene of confusion and anguish, they would be undiminished.

No reverse of fortune may await the reader; but when she lies in death, though prosperity, friendship, and beauty remain, they remain not for her; and if her joys are of such a nature that they forsake her in the valley and shadow of death, they are of little worth. Hear the psalmist: "My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever." What more do we want than God? Let reputation and fortune depart, let lover and friend be put far from thee, and thine acquaintance into darkness, let the earth slide from beneath thy footsteps, and the skies flee away from thy sight, let sorrows come round about thee like water, let angels die, and heaven be annihilated, still, if a Christian, thou hast enough left—thy God. Well, then, may the poet sing:

"Should fate command me to the farthest verge  
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,  
Rivers unknown to song: where first the sun  
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam  
Flames on the Atlantic isles, 'tis naught to me,  
Since God is ever present, ever felt,  
In the void waste as in the city full;  
And where he vital breathes there must be joy.  
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,  
And wing my mystic flight to worlds unknown,  
I cheerful will obey: there with new powers,  
Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go  
Where *Universal Love* not smiles around,  
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns:  
From seeming evil still educing good,  
And better thence again, and better still,  
In infinite progression. But I lose  
Myself in Him—in light ineffable:  
Come, then, expressive silence, muse his praise."

#### WISDOM IN EARLY LIFE.

EVERY one knows that the product of money at compound interest is almost overwhelming to the mind. So is the result of wisdom attained in youth. It has been placed at compound interest, accumulating to the end of this life, and, for aught we know, may continue to accumulate in the life that is to come.

## WHO ARE THE FATHERS?

TERTULLIAN.

THIS celebrated father of the Christian Church was an African, and born at Carthage, A. D. 194. He was educated a Pagan, and was a very learned man for those days. He was appointed to the priesthood, Jerome affirms, though there is nothing in his writings for such an assertion. He employed his talents vigorously in the defense of the truth, till toward the close of his life, when he was led very far away from the right paths, by embracing the heretical doctrines of Montanus and his prophetesses, which is the reason why his name has not come down to us with the prefix of saint. Jealousy is supposed to have been the cause of this separation, because he was not preferred to Victor in the pontificate. Jerome says, it was on account of the envy the clergy bore him, and the outrageous manner in which they treated him, that he became so exasperated as to quit the Church. He was a married man, and what is more, which the Papists do not like to admit, lived all his days a married man although a priest; and it is most probable that he married after he became a priest. He himself addresses several books to his wife. Jerome says he was a priest, and, consequently, it was lawful in those days for the priesthood to marry; and what can be worse than such an admission for a Papist, which would imply that the Romish Church was not quite so stable in her doctrines as she would wish to appear. The time of his death is nowhere mentioned.

Vicentius Lirinensis, in speaking of his character, says, "Tertullian was among the Latins what Origen was among the Greeks; that is to say, the first and most considerable man they had. For what is more learned than he? what more versed both in ecclesiastical and profane knowledge? Has he not comprised in his vast, capacious mind all the philosophy of the sages, the maxims of the different sects, with their histories, and whatever pertained to them? Did he ever attack any thing which he has not almost always either pierced by the vivacity of his wit, or overthrown by the force and weight of his reasonings? And who can sufficiently extol the beauties of his discourse, which is so well guarded and linked together by a continual chain of argument, that he even forces the consent of them whom he cannot persuade? His words are so many sentences; his answers almost so many victories." Modern writers speak of him in the same manner.

ORIGEN.

This great Church father was born in Alexandria, in Egypt, toward the close of the second century. His parents were Christians, and designed him for the sacred office. His father undertook his early education, taught him languages and philosophy, and required him, with his other studies, to repeat a set portion of Scripture from memory daily. From

his early youth, he was characterized for his grasping after that mystical, allegorical meaning, which he supposed all Scripture had besides its simple and obvious one. Often would his father reprove him for this desire, and tell him to content himself with the clear and natural sense. When he had been instructed for some years by his father, he was placed under the instruction of Ammonius and Clemens of Alexandria. Jerome says that he acquired very great skill and knowledge in geometry, arithmetic, music, grammar, rhetoric, &c. He was about seventeen when his father was apprehended, in the persecution under the emperor Severus, for the crime of being a Christian. Young Origen wrote to his father under these trying circumstances, exhorting him to endure death rather than deny the faith: "Stand steadfast, my dear father, and let no regard to us alter your opinion, or shake your resolution." He suffered martyrdom, his goods were confiscated, and the family left in extreme poverty. Origen, under this new difficulty, opened a grammar school, by which he obtained a support for the family. From this school he was called, within a year from its commencement, to fill the chair, made vacant by the flight of Clement, in the seminary at Alexandria. On account of his increasing reputation, Demetrius, Bishop of Alexandria, appointed him professor of sacred learning to the Church. When settled in his new charge, he left off teaching grammar, sold most of his books, and commenced leading a strict and severe life. A few years after he received this appointment, he went to Rome under the pontificate of Zepherinus, where he began that prodigious work, the Tetrapla; this was no less than the Bible, where, by the side of the Hebrew text, arranged in columns, were four translations, distinguished by verses. Two others were afterward added, making what is called Origen's Hexapla. Once he was sent for by an Arabian prince, to come and instruct him. At another time he went to Cæsarea, on account of political troubles in his own country, where he was requested by the bishops to expound the Scriptures publicly, although not yet a priest. Demetrius wrote to these prelates, saying, "It was a thing unheard of, and had never been practiced till then, that laymen should preach in the presence of bishops." They wrote in reply, that it had often been done before. Demetrius probably acted from jealousy, and ordered Origen home, who immediately obeyed, and resumed his former occupation. In a short time, he was called again away, by Mammæa, to Antioch, as that princess wished to see and converse with a man whose fame had spread so broad; he remained here but a short time, and returned to Alexandria. Then he was sent on some ecclesiastical affairs to Cæsarea; and as he passed through Palestine, on his way, he was ordained priest by Alexander and Theoctistus. This so exasperated Demetrius, that he never forgave

it. The Bishop, from mere envy and malice, employed all his influence in his disfavor, and so successfully as to procure his banishment from his native city, whence he retired to Cæsarea, where he was most kindly received by the bishops of that city and Jerusalem, who had ordained him; and Alexander even undertook his defense. This still more exasperated Demetrius; he called together a council of the bishops of Egypt, who deposed and excommunicated him. However, the bishops of Palestine, Arabia, Phœnicia, and Achaia resolved at all hazards to support his cause. On every important occasion in the Church, it was always deemed absolutely necessary that Origen should be present. He preached publicly to the people almost daily, exhorting them to turn from their errors to the living God. During the persecution under the Emperor Decius, he was seized, imprisoned, and loaded with irons. While in prison he endured all kinds of ignominy and reproach without repining, and died soon after his release, on account of his sufferings there, in the seventieth year of his age.

Although the works of Origen now are extremely voluminous, they are nothing in comparison to what they once were. Vandal hands were laid upon his writings, and they have gone like most of the valuable works of antiquity. Jerome says, "Who is there among you that can read as many books as he composed?" The principal errors of Origen consisted in attributing a hidden or mystical interpretation to the Scriptures, and too strongly mingling heathen philosophy with the doctrines of Christ. But he has gone, and, we trust, to a brighter, better world, notwithstanding all the execrations of the Papist, where

"Mind never wearies with exertion,  
Nor feels the approach of decay."

DIONYSIUS OF ALEXANDRIA.

Dionysius, Bishop of Alexandria, was born of an ancient and noble family. He was a diligent inquirer after truth, and sought in vain for that resting place for the mind amid the darkness and misty forms of heathen philosophy, and only found it in the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. He commenced a course of study, preparatory to the ministry, under Origen, and was appointed Presbyter of the Church of Alexandria, A. D. 232; and in 247 was raised to that see upon the death of Heracles. When the Decian persecution arose, he was seized by the soldiers, and sent to Taposiris, a little town not far from Alexandria, from which he contrived to escape. But under the Valerian persecution he did not come off so well; he was seized, while dangerously ill, and banished to Cephros, an almost desert region in Lybia, where he remained three years. On the publication of the edict of toleration, he returned to Alexandria, where he continued to exercise the functions of his office till his death, which occurred A. D. 267.

Although his writings at one time were very numerous, nothing remains of them but fragments preserved in other authors. In maintaining the doctrine of the Trinity against a heretic, who affirmed that the Trinity was but an essence distinguished by three different names, in the violence of the dispute he split on the opposite rock, and declared that there was not only a distinction of persons, but of essence and substance, and an inequality in power and glory. In all other respects he was orthodox, and characterized for his meekness and gentleness.

CYPRIAN.

Of this father's early history we know nothing, except that his parents were heathens, and that he continued such till the last twelve years of his life. He was a native of Carthage, and born about the beginning of the third century. He had Tertullian for his master, of whose writings he was so fond that he never omitted a day in reading them. Says an ancient Latin writer, "He was easy, copious, sweet, and what is the greatest quality in a writer, perspicuous; so that one cannot well discern whether he was more happy in explaining, more skillful in adorning, or more powerful in persuading." His conversion is fixed A. D. 246. After his conversion, he thought it his first duty to write against Paganism, and accordingly composed a small work, "Concerning the Grace of God." A few months after his conversion, he was ordained priest by the Bishop of Carthage; and two years afterward, on the death of the bishop, he was chosen to succeed him. Forty years of uninterrupted quiet had greatly corrupted the Church; and, therefore, his first care was to correct the numerous disorders and abuses. He strongly believed in visions, and relates many he had, as he affirms, directly from God, which evidently was the result of a distempered imagination. On the beginning of the Decian persecution, the populace were clamorous that Cyprian should be thrown to the lions, in the public amphitheatre. To avoid the fury of persecution, he fled into retirement; and, as soon as this was known, he was proscribed and his goods confiscated. He exhorted the people "to be of good courage, to stand fast in the faith, and to persevere against all the terrors of persecution, even unto death; assuring them that afflictions, which were but for a moment, would work for them a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." When the persecution was over, Cyprian returned to his charge at Carthage, where troubles had arisen in his absence, to allay which he called together a council of the Church. Under the Valerian persecution, he was brought before Aspasius, the proconsul of Africa, and sentence of banishment to Curebes was pronounced upon him, where he remained eleven months, when he was recalled by Galerius Maximus, Aspasius' successor in the proconsulate. Before this officer Cyprian was brought.

The proconsul asked him, Are you Thasius Cyprian?

*Cyprian.* I am.

*Proconsul.* Have you presided over these sacrilegious persons?

*C.* Yes.

*P.* The most holy emperors have commanded you to sacrifice.

*C.* I will not do it.

*P.* Consider upon it.

*C.* Execute your orders; for I need not consider upon a thing so clear.

After conferring a little while with the counsellors, the proconsul continued, "You have lived long in this sacrilegious way; you have engaged many persons in a detestable conspiracy; you have declared war with the gods of the Romans, and with their most sacred laws; nor have the most holy and pious emperors, Gallienus and Valerian, been able to recall you to the religion of their ancestors. Wherefore, being convicted of being the grand promoter and leader of the greatest crimes, you shall be made an example to those whom you seduced into a confederacy with you, and shall satisfy the law by your death." Then he pronounced upon him the sentence of death: "We will, and it is our pleasure, that Thasius Cyprianus be beheaded." When Cyprian exclaimed, "God be praised!" He was executed September 14, 258.

The numerous writings of Cyprian have been translated by Dr. Marshall into English; and as they are open to all, no account of them will be here given.

#### ARNOBIVS

Was born about the year 288, at Sicca Veneria, in Numidia. After he became a Christian, he wrote seven books *Adversus Gentes*, against the Pagan, in which he defended the Christian religion with great spirit and learning, showing the folly and absurdity of Paganism, though his ideas of truth seemed considerably clouded.

#### LACTANTIUS,

Otherwise called the Christian Cicero, on account of the purity and elegance of his Latin, and the superiority of his eloquence. The place of his birth is unknown. He studied under Arnobius, and was appointed tutor to Crispus, son of the emperor Constantine. He is supposed to have died at Treves, about A. D. 325. His principal works are, *Concerning the Work of God*, and, *On the Divine Institutions*.

#### EUSEBIUS.

This distinguished father of the primitive Church, was born at Cæsarea, in Palestine, A. D. 270. He was the most learned man of his time, and the father of ecclesiastical history. He was early appointed presbyter; and in 314, ordained bishop of his native city. He at first was an opposer of the Arian heresy, but finally turned its advocate. His ecclesiastical history, written like all his other books,

in Greek, is contained in ten books, and extends from the birth of Christ to A. D. 324. Of his *Chronicon* we have but translations in Armenian and Latin. Besides these there are still remaining fifteen books of his *Preparatio Evangelica*, and ten of his *Demonstratio Evangelica*; and, also, a life of Constantine.

#### ATHANASIUS

Was born in Alexandria, about 296. At the Council of Nice, although then but a deacon, he was so distinguished for his oratory as to gain him an honorable place in that assembly, where he ably exposed the sophistry of the Arians. Within six months after this council, he was appointed Bishop of Alexandria. Arius had been recalled by the emperor, upon plausible protestations of orthodoxy, who directed the Alexandrian Church to receive him, This Athanasius refused to do, and exposed Arius' prevarication. This exasperated this heretical sect and its leader, and they succeeded, by falsehood and tumult, in injuring the character of Athanasius with the emperor, who pronounced upon him sentence of banishment. He was recalled in the beginning of the reign of Constantius, but soon afterward was again banished through the influence of the Arians. However, Pope Julius acquitted him in full council, and he was a second time restored to his see on the death of the Arian bishop, who had been placed in it. The doctrines of Arius, however, were in favor at court, and he was condemned by a council convened at Aries, and another at Milan, and a third time was forced into exile, and a price even was offered for his head. In these hours of necessary close confinement, he composed several works breathing the spirit of Christianity, which had become already very corrupt. In these writings, he displayed that native eloquence for which he was so distinguished. He was recalled, with several other exiled bishops, by Julian the Apostate, and for awhile he continued to exercise the functions of his office in quiet. But the zeal of this holy man kept many of the heathen temples empty, which was a source of complaint, and, for a fourth time, he was obliged to fly to save his life. On the accession of Jovian to the throne of the empire, he was brought back, and continued to exercise the duties of his office in peace till his death, which took place A. D. 373. Of the forty-six years of his official life, twenty he spent in exile.

Athanasius, says the *Encyclopædia Americana*, is one of the greatest men of whom the Church can boast. His deep mind, his noble heart, his invincible courage, his living faith, his unbounded benevolence, sincere humility, lofty eloquence, and strictly virtuous life, gained the honor and love of all. In all his writings, his style is distinguished for clearness and moderation, and the views of Athanasius have been received, in substance, by all orthodox Christians to the present time.

D.

## HALLECK.

I NOTICE the handsome edition of Halleck given forth. It seems quite the fashion, too, to praise him. "Him," specifically speaking, is the expression that suits as well as "his poems;" for, without a particle of *egotism*, there is that about them which impresses us innately and instantly that the sentiments are all of self; not by verbal dissertation, or by creed and adoption, but, in very deed, of generic, and genuine, and essential self. Honorable sentiments they be, too—candid, discriminative, admiring—showing the good "capacity of esteem," which flows a running comment upon all the writer treats of. How well portrayed is his "Connecticut," *malgre* the far and near odium of "Blue Laws," and "Yankee peddlers!" How true to the life (the writer has sojourned amongst them for years) is every characteristic—their sagacity and pertinacity; their good faith, positiveness, and exactings; their economy, thrift, hospitality; their independence, purity, piety; their non-conformity, staunch patriotism, bravery; their domestic chasteness, contentment, order, industry; and their "all-knowingness." And you have a fair type of the Connecticut folk; yet not exempted from the faults of their kind, their principles bordering on extremes, (yet nothing would they so much condemn as "excess,") it may almost be said of them, in their pertinacity, that they are reasonable to an unreasonable degree. And it is true of them that there does go out from amidst them "a pretty smart sprinkling" of "Yankees," "no better than they should be;" yet "these" are but their "outcasts"—persons of no standing at home. The poet also describes the country and its climate as one

"Where the wing  
Of life's best angel, health, is on her gales."

In this fact, no less than in their Puritan origin, may we account for their order and ability of character. They pre-eminently enjoy the "sound mind in the sound body;" and they consistently hold themselves amenable to the preservation of the same.

"Alnwick Castle" has the place of honor in the book. It is the longest and generally esteemed the finest poem in the collection. This, besides being treated poetically, has a thread of travesty (a way the author has) running through it. All homage being rendered to the race, its by-gone tenants, "the Percys of old fame," reaching back to the old feudal days, "more than a thousand years ago," it treats of their border chasing, their hero of the crusade, their grandeur, their pride, and renown, all beautifully and poetically told, until (a comment on the burlesque) this mountebank *travesty* merges all the descendants of this noble race in some "dealers," some "half dozen serving men," a chamber-maid, and one

"Half groom, half seneschal,  
Who bowed me through court, tower, and hall,  
From donjon keep to turret wall,  
For ten and sixpence sterling."

But we don't like this—this blending of pathos and gibbering. It is like reading poetry in the show-room. When a genuine description disposes us to the pathetic, we are greedy of the feast, and loth to change the sentiment, provoked even at our own loud laugh, which breaks the spell. From the high-heroic again, the declension is abominable; but "it is a way he has," and an abominable way it is—with his gift of ideal beauty unforgivable.

Marco Bozzaris is a fine poem upon a fine subject.

"The Flower of Alloway," estimates well the magnanimity and the fate of Burns. The fifth stanza is truly ideal; and the reader could better appreciate the beauty of the whole poem did it not all the while stand in juxtaposition with Burns' own poetry. For a like reason we cannot do justice to "Wyoming," comparing it all along with Campbell's "Gertrude."

But far the finest poem in the book is "The Field of the Grounded Arms." Could there be a more beautiful subject? The very soul of poetry is combined in its particulars—patriotism, chivalry, a war of redress, entire devotedness, exertion to the uttermost, and finally the infliction of defeat, and magnanimity in submission. If the occasion is beautiful, no less worthy of a poet is the conception and the song. The story is told finely, sadly, beautifully. Mark the symphony of the introduction—the museful taste of nature, of the holy silence which pervades the spot where lie the sleepers—that harmonize the soul and fit it for the story of their suffering and defeat. How happy is the stately, sweet, majestic rhythm which closes every stanza—how like the slow and measured tread of the fated warriors, marching on, without one recreant thought, to the "field of grounded arms!" The management of this poem is excellent—all the accessories are appropriate and just. The sacredness of home, the taste of affection, the authority of right, and the supremacy of defense, are all, rank and file, in subordinate succession, woven into the song. The *inspiration* of the piece is felicitous. It is indeed a finished, artistic, and beautiful poem.

A linguist, too, is our poet. Translations from the Italian and German, and quotations from the French imply this. The poem on "Red Jacket," and also on "Domestic Happiness," we resign to the gibbering imp travesty, who presides over them from the beginning. Yet we suggest of the poet and his poems, that these are but his "breathings by the way," on some "collecting" mission, or, at least, "adjusting of claims," for "John Jacob," whom we will excuse for his "partial monopoly" of the poet on certain conditions. That gentleman is known to be as "rich as a Jew;" his household words are of hundreds of thousands, and we hope—long life to him—that it will be no postobit "consideration," that shall reward one who has helped make him the "American Rothschild." Long life to the poet, too!

## MISCELLANEOUS SKETCHES.

BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.

FAIR and gentle reader, after many delays, caused by a variety of circumstances, I find myself ready to begin a regular monthly conversation with you. I have no great subject to discuss with you, no story to tell you, and no staid advice, nor lessons of wisdom to give you; but I propose to give you a transcript of my own thoughts and feelings on such matters as circumstances may, from time to time, suggest. Thus I may hope to aid in giving variety to the columns of the Repository, and perhaps awaken in your mind some pleasing reminiscence of the past, or inspire some hope of the future. And, indeed, I shall accomplish no small object, if I but contribute, in ever so slight a degree, in affording you one pleasing emotion. Blessed is he who succeeds in smoothing one wrinkle from the brow of care, and in lighting up the smile of hope on the face of sorrow!

I may not expect to furnish you any new ideas. I live a quiet and retired life, away from the busy city and the crowded thoroughfare. My little cottage stands alone, in a rural spot, where no one comes, unless he comes on purpose, and I see little of the busy world. I have few books, and what I have I read up long ago. I, therefore, have no chance to catch a new idea. I have been on the chase of one for a long time, but I cannot run it down, and have given it up. I must be content with employing old ideas in all my sketches. You must not, however, suppose that I live quite out of the world. When I was a small child, I heard, one day, a conversation between two men, on the shape of the world. It was concluded by them, after much debate, that the world was a plane circle, of limited area; and if one should happen to get outside of its circumference, he never could get back again. I was singularly reminded of this conversation when, a few years ago, on my journey to the west, I arrived at the city of Cincinnati. It appeared to me that I had passed the boundary, and was then in some mysterious, magic city, outside of the circle. I could not dispel the illusion. As I have not since visited the city, I can now think of it only as some splendid creation of mysterious enchantment. I think I must go there soon, in order to break the spell, and satisfy myself that the city is really built, like other cities, of wood, and stone, and brick, and mortar, and that the people living there are really of flesh and blood. As I journeyed on, however, things assumed a common-place reality; and when arrived at this place, it seemed not only in the world, but at the very centre. Indeed, good friends, I live not only in the world, but in a very fair and lovely part of it. Our landscape is one of great beauty. It is diversified by hill and dale, and watered by pure springs and rapidly flowing brooks. Thousands of flocks and

innumerable herds crop the luxuriant grass of our woodland pastures; and our fields, in their season, wave with illimitable oceans of wheat and corn. Our skies are clear, fair, and beautiful. The noxious miasm of the lowlands reach us not. Our sunsets are glorious, and our summer and autumnal nights cannot be surpassed in Italy itself. And then our forests—we challenge the world to present their equal. Ascending the steeple of the college, and looking away east, west, north, and south, far as the eye can reach, there stretches away one illimitable, magnificent forest.

How glorious are the forests in autumn! How varied the hues they assume! How delightful, on an Indian summer day, to ramble alone, among the old oaks of our hills, and the white-armed sycamores of our valleys! I always return from a forest ramble, conscious that I am a better man, more devotional, more spiritual, more kindly and benevolent in my feelings. One of the most pleasant Sabbaths I ever spent, I was alone, in the forest, a hundred miles from human habitation, and many miles from any human being. It was among the mountains at the head-waters of the Penobscot, the largest river of New England. My camp fire was made on a little island in a small, placid lake. It was a clear, mild autumn day. The neighboring mountains were covered with snow glistening in the sunbeams. The trees had assumed their beauteous coloring. Not a sound was heard, except the faint sighing of the gentle breeze in the tops of the pines. Not the buzz of an insect, nor the chirp of a squirrel, nor the note of a bird, broke the stillness. How sweet was a Sabbath in such a place so quiet, so peaceful! I can never forget it. My emotions were beautiful—were sublime. Though alone, yet I seemed not alone. It seemed that good angels were there, that my friends from the spirit land were there, and that my Savior himself was there.

Gentle reader, have you friends in the spirit land? Are your loved ones lost from earth, and does your sad heart yearn to bring them back? The changing year brings with it, at every turn, the memory of the beloved. We think of them especially amid the departing glories of autumn, and before the cheerful fires of the winter evening. There was one whom I called *mother*—the dearest name known to the heart of man. I remember her as a fair and gentle being, of a mild, blue eye, a soft, plaintive voice, and a delicate, pale countenance. She loved me, and watched with sleepless care over my wayward childhood. While yet young, I left home to go to the city as a mechanic's apprentice. As she bade me adieu, she laid her hands on my head, burst into tears, and implored the blessing of Heaven on me. I never saw her again. When I returned, she was not there. On the hill-side, where I had so often played in childhood, beneath the waving branches of a pine, was a mound, over which the



green grass was already growing. That was her grave. Alas! alas! when I looked on that spot, how my heart sank within me! I kneeled on the grave, and wept, and prayed. I arose and looked around over the world. I was alone. My enterprise, for which I had left home, had failed, and my counselor, my only friend, lay buried beneath the grass that grew at my feet. Cutting a branch from the pine that shaded the spot, I strewed its delicate and evergreen tassels over the grave, trimmed a rude staff from the limb, and then, trusting to Providence alone, wended my weary way to a new and distant part of the state, to seek a home and employment among strangers.

A mother's love! how delicate, how refined, how strong, how enduring it is! How often have I seen the mother bend over the cradle of sleeping infancy, and place her ear near its lips to catch its gentle breathings! How, when sickness comes on the child, will the mother watch sleepless over her loved one, till nature, exhausted, gives way! How will the mother's heart still cling to her wayward child, when disgrace, and contempt, and the retributions of violated law have come upon him! And how does she treasure up deep in her inmost affections the memory of the child whom premature death has taken away! There is a picture of maternal love drawn by one of the writers of the sacred history, on which I can never look and not weep. It is that of Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, watching over the dead bodies of her sons, who, without charge or suspicion of crime, were inhumanly murdered by the indiscreet and inconsiderate permission of the king of Israel. On the hill-side, where the mangled bodies of her children lay, she spread sackcloth on a rock, and sat down on it; and there she watched day and night, scaring away the birds by day and the beasts by night, "from the beginning of harvest until the water dropped on them out of heaven."

Some few years ago, as I was cruising in one of the United States' revenue cutters among the islands of the Penobscot, the pilot related to me the following story of maternal affection:

"Here," said he, "is the place where the British steamboat, *Royal Tar*, on her passage from Eastport to Portland, took fire and was destroyed. Happening to be in the neighborhood, in command of this cutter, and observing the condition of the boat, I came up to rescue, if possible, the crew and passengers. The wind was blowing a gale, and the sea was exceedingly rough. Finding it impossible, on account of the wind, waves, and flames, to approach the burning steamer with the cutter, we launched our boat, and ran up at the only point where the flames would admit. There were on board a great many passengers, and also a caravan of animals. The lions of the menagerie were roaring, and the elephant was raving furiously about the deck. Among the passengers was a poor emigrant woman, with an infant

in her arms. As she was standing on deck, clasping her child to her bosom, the elephant, maddened by the flames, struck, with his trunk, the head of the child. The blow severed from the body a large portion of the head, which fell into the sea. The poor mother spoke not a word, but clasped the mutilated body still closer to her bosom. One of the sailors rudely tore the dead child from her arms, thrust it into the sea, and placed her in the boat. She spoke not a word, and uttered not a cry, until she was placed on shore, in the care of one of the families residing on the island. Then she demanded, in tones of startling earnestness, her child. The family soon perceived that the poor childless mother had become a maniac; nor could they soothe her, until they had dressed up a pillow in the clothes of a child, and given it to her. This she placed in the cradle, and knelt and prayed over it, and sung to it her plaintive lullaby, and watched over it day and night, until nature was exhausted, and she died."

There is something holy, something imperishable in the memory of a mother. Man cannot forget her. He remembers her when he forgets every thing else. The exile from home, dying among strangers, utters the name of *mother* with his last breath. Some months ago I was present at the death scene of a young man, a student at this place, from a neighboring state. He had long been absent from home, and in the ardent pursuit of knowledge seemed to forget that he had a home and friends. It was his last hour. His mind seemed wholly unbalanced and wandering, and he had been talking wildly on many incoherent subjects. At that moment the lady of one of the teachers came in, and approached his bed. "Do you know that lady?" said the attendant physician. "It is," said the dying youth, "*my mother! it is my mother!* She has come! she has come! and she is the most skillful physician in the world." A moment after this he died, dreaming, in his delirium, that the stranger standing by his side was his mother.

A similar incident occurred, some years ago, in the last moments of a young friend of mine, who died, under circumstances of peculiar affliction, among strangers. She was the child of poor parents in one of the eastern states. Exhibiting promise of talents of a high order, she was received into a benevolent family, and gratuitously afforded an accomplished education. Her amiable character, her genius, and her acquirements eminently qualifying her for teaching, she was appointed to the charge of a female seminary in one of the flourishing towns of the west. She left her adopted New England home, and proceeded directly to the place of her destination. On her arrival, she had scarcely looked on the beautiful village that was to be her home, with its lovely prairie scenery, and noble river flowing by, before she fell sick and died. She had not seen her mother for many years, and seemed, with her

new friends, with whom she had been educated, to have forgotten her childhood's home, and its familiar names and faces. Yet, as she was entering the spirit land, she exclaimed, "My mother! my mother!" and died with the words yet on her lips.

Reader, is the spot where lie your departed friends dear to you? and do you love to go, at early morn, or evening twilight, when the world is quiet, and strew flowers, and shed tears over their grave? And is there any one, that you loved, the place of whose grave no one knows? Some years after the death of the friend, an epitome of whose history I have briefly given, I unexpectedly came to the west. After crossing the Alleghanies, passing down the Ohio, and meandering for many a day up the Wabash, I landed at the beautiful city of the prairie where she died. I could not pass the burial-ground, and not turn aside to look for her grave; but, alas! no one could tell me where it was. The place of graves was a beautiful spot, on a hill-side, on the banks of the Wabash, with the lovely rural city just appearing in the plain on the south, and the prairie stretching away on the east; but not a stone marked the grave of Maria.

True, the dead may rest as quietly in a grave unknown and undistinguished, as in one marked by marble or granite; but yet I would that the spot where lie the loved ones lost from earth might be so marked that affection might distinguish it. And yet of the friends of my early days the resting place of few are known to me. One went to the city of the south—the city of death—the city whose atmosphere, at some seasons, is loaded with miasm so deleterious that the stranger may not hope to escape its deadly influence; and there he was buried among the promiscuous multitude of unhappy adventurers who annually fall in that fated city. Another went to sea, and no tidings of him ever came back. Others are scattered in the rural grave-yards of New England, and I might vainly attempt to find the place where they lie. But there dawns a morning on the night of death. On that morning, that glorious morning, friends separated by death will meet again, to spend an eternal day of joy and glory.

And now, kind reader, good night. Next month we shall meet again.

#### A SIMILE.

CLOUD after cloud appears in the horizon, darkens our zenith, and passes away. Brightness succeeds it; but the evening, nevertheless, is rapidly approaching.

Thus do our trials and our crosses appear, and our dark clouds come over us, and vanish away—allowing, perhaps, a solitary sunbeam to shine upon the heart—but still our life is hurrying past, and the evening of our days coming rapidly to a close.

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF SCRIPTURE.

### DREAMS.

WE read, in the fortieth chapter of Genesis, that "the butler of the king of Egypt and his baker had offended their lord, the king of Egypt;" and that "Pharaoh was wroth against two of his officers, the chief of the butlers, and against the chief of the bakers." And we read further, that "he put them in ward," as awaiting their punishment, or the decision concerning it; and, that "they dreamed a dream"—as was natural under circumstances of anxiety—"both of them, each man his dream in one night." Now in this prison was Joseph, the son of Jacob, who had "been stolen away out of the land of the Hebrews." And "the captain of the guard had charged Joseph with these prisoners," and thus they had become acquainted; "and Joseph came in unto them in the morning, and looked upon them, and, behold! they were sad;" and he asked them, "Wherefore look ye so sadly to-day?" "And they said unto him, 'We have had a dream, and there is no interpreter of it.' And Joseph said, 'Do not interpretations belong to God?'" Now if the interpretation belongs to God, then is there *meaning* in the dream, and mercy is, perhaps, vouchsafed in this way; for it was easier for the condemned man to sustain the suddenness of his misfortune with this warning than it would have been without it. And the words, "Do not interpretations belong to God?" though awful in themselves, yet afford a mitigation, as that the issue of this event will not be left to chance, or to the caprice of man, although it may so seem; and even the *inevitableness* of the thing is, as we are constituted, more tolerable to us than a state of anxious uncertainty; and this the prisoners would seem to intimate when they are so concerned to have their dreams interpreted.

Joseph, who goes on, immediately after saying, "Do not interpretations belong to God?" to add, "Tell me them, I pray you," and proceeds forthwith to give the exposition, does not certainly intend a profane arrogance by the act. It is asserted of him, in the preceding chapter, that the "Lord was with him, and that which he did the Lord made it to prosper." Therefore, we may suppose that, perceiving himself to be the deputed oracle of this intimation, he obeyed the behest of the Spirit, and without hesitation pronounced the words which, in their verification, constituted him a seer.

Such again, we see, was his office in the interpretation of Pharaoh's dream, in the following chapter. There also notice with what reverence he disclaims all power in himself to this effect. Pharaoh, applying to him, says, "I have heard say of thee, that thou canst understand a dream to interpret it." Hear the answer: "It is not in me: God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace."

And the chief butler told his dream; and it was all about the "vine" and its branches, and the

"clusters," and the "ripe grapes," and the "wine-cup," and the serving of the wine. This was the *butler's* dream. In like manner, after the order of his occupation, did the "baker" dream of "baskets," and of "baked meats," for the table of Pharaoh, whom he had been accustomed to serve; for our dreams, though marking a matter distinct in itself, yet naturally take the semblance of our wonted occupations and thoughts; and although there may be some fantastic and "irrelevant" circumstances introduced by the confused nature of our somnolency, yet these are but the sportive vagaries of the fancy, and not allowed to interfere with the *mission* of our dream. For instance, to have carried *three* baskets on the head would not have been convenient, nor probably usual; yet it was customary to carry one in *this manner*.

"And it came to pass, on the third day, that Pharaoh restored the chief butler to his butlership again; but he hanged the chief baker."

No comment is afforded us as to the propriety of these two opposite decisions. As a record of facts, the narrative is consistent and complete, being a chronicle of King Pharaoh, and not of his servants. Yet the interest we feel in circumstances of moment leads us to wish it had been judicially more full. No comment is afforded but that which the mind of the reader supplies, namely, with how little regard do monarchs dispose of human life, especially amongst the humble! And in this case we are left to doubt whether opposite decision between the two—and there was no difference intimated in their offense—were the award of justice, or the mere arrogance of personal feeling. But "he hanged the chief baker." How perilous is the favor of the great!

To go back a little, when Joseph interpreted favorably for the butler, though of a kindly nature, he still *thought of himself*; he says, "But think thou on me when it shall be well with thee, and show kindness, I pray thee, unto me; and make mention of me unto Pharaoh, and bring me out of this house," &c. And the chief butler was, as has been said, restored. "Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph, but forgot him." How unvaried are the principles of *human* character in all the ages of time!

Another argument may be adduced in favor of the divine mission of these dreams. We are told, "they dreamed a dream, both of them, each man his dream, in the same night." Now this is a coincidence too extraordinary to be thought merely fortuitous. And, again, it would seem futile to have mentioned it without some bearing. May we not deem that it was intended to mark this conviction?

Finally, though it were not profitable to go about dreaming dreams, and too saddening, for the businesses of life, to spend the day in retracing the visions of the night, yet this should not impair our reverence for "what is written"—for what haply

may again be shown to some in *extremity*. Neither should we look after these things, but let them come—even then not deem ourselves sufficient for their interpretation; yet, like the prisoners of old, let us be earnest in seeking it. Consulting the record where these things are kept, we cannot look amiss. And if there remain no seers in our day, it may still be given us to say, "Whom have we upon earth but Thee! thou hast the words of eternal life." Thus haply shall our waking faith be strengthened and reformed by the visions of the night.

SARAH S. M'CLINTICK.

BY REV. J. M. TRIMBLE.

"In the midst of life we are in death."

THIS sentiment was forcibly brought to my mind on learning that an amiable and religious young friend of mine had very recently died. When I parted with her in September, little did I think that, before December's snows had fallen, SARAH S. M'CLINTICK would be numbered with the dead. She had just completed her academic studies—just begun to think of enjoying life, when the footsteps of the destroyer were heard. Fortunately for my young friend, (and all who loved her,) she wisely sought and found "the heart's richest treasure," the religion of Jesus, in her fourteenth year. She joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, in which, aided by the godly admonitions and pious example of her parents, she lived, labored, and died. She was fond of the means of grace, and took pleasure in the duties assigned a Sabbath school teacher. When I think of all these things, I am ready to ask, why so soon taken from us? She had talents to be useful—a mind pretty well stored with useful information—a heart renewed by the grace of God. Yet, with all these ties to earth, God took her from us. Could we see the future as God sees it, no doubt we would submissively bow to the stroke, and adore the Most High for his goodness. He is too wise to err, too good wrongfully to afflict. My youthful reader, the ties that bind thee to earth may be suddenly severed. Are you reconciled to God? If not, haste thee to the Savior—delay not, lest you miss of heaven.

I was told by those present where and when Sarah died, that she "died in the Lord." She was taken ill with scarlet fever, in a malignant form, November 20, 1845. The next day, her pious parents were apprehensive that death was lurking near. They conversed freely and fully with their beloved child, and bade her cast her all on Jesus. She had a struggle for the baptism from above, but it was short. God mercifully poured upon her the Holy Ghost, and filled her with his love. All fear fled; joy and peace

had their abode in her heart. She communed most sweetly with her relatives and friends, assuring them that

"Not a cloud did arise to darken her skies,  
Or hide for a moment the Lord from her eyes."

All who were in her room on the morning of her departure from earth, felt that God was eminently nigh, giving anew the demonstration of this couplet:

"Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

What a comfort to weeping friends, when reflecting about the absent one, to feel assured that her happiness is perfect in the Eden above! Should they visit the urn containing her ashes, they may console themselves with the blessed assurance Jesus has given that she shall live again: "I am the resurrection and the life." By this light we may

"See truth, love, and mercy in triumph descending,  
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom:  
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,  
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

May all who read this, timely secure the pearl of great price, live happy in its possession, and in eternity share all the benefits of redemption through Jesus Christ!

#### THE DEDICATION OF SAMUEL.

THE sun was descending the western sky of Palestine. His farewell beams fell with a rich and softened lustre upon the lofty turrets of the Holy City, flooding the "earth's one sanctuary" with a bright, transparent vail of light and beauty. The song of the shepherds rose on the still evening air, and its gentle cadences fell soothingly upon the listener's ear. The fertile plains, relieved, here and there, by gentle undulations, were glowing with freshness and beauty. The fig tree was laden with its wealth of fruit; and the mountain sides were garlanded with the light green foliage of the vine, whose rich clusters now peeped from their leafy covering, and hung blushing from the stem. There, too, was the olive, with its deep green foliage, and the pomegranate lifting its shrubby head, with its beautiful scarlet blossoms and refreshing fruit. And there, amid the vales, the broad boughs of the sycamore caught the dews of heaven, while, upon the mountain tops, the cedar of Lebanon waved its evergreen arms, and bowed its stately head to the passing breeze.

Such was the scene spread out before the pious Hannah, as she stood upon the mountain side, with her moistened eye fixed intently on him whom she was about to dedicate to Jehovah. The glories of the sunset, and the rich beauties of the surrounding scenery, were naught to her. Her heart was too full, and her mind too much absorbed with the contemplation of other subjects, to be attracted by their loveliness. Maternal pride gleamed from her dark eye, as, in imagination, she saw her boy treading

the courts of the Holy One. And her heart beat rapturously, when she thought that an offering so bright and beautiful was hers to give to Israel's God.

And now she stands before Eli with her precious, her sacred gift. "To the Lord have I lent him; as long as he liveth, he shall be lent to the Lord," were her words. And the man of God, rising from his aged seat, and extending his trembling arms, took the bright-eyed boy from the mother's embrace, and blessed him.

But "that hour waned to its farewell moment," when the most tender cords "that bind our race in gentleness together" must be severed. She must leave him. The tall pillars that support the embroidered roof of the tabernacle look cold and cheerless, and her child shrinks with terror from the white-robed and venerable priest. The current of maternal pride gives way to the willing stream of love and sorrow. She looks upon her boy, and thinks of the dreary home-road her feet must trace. Coming, it was enlivened by his smile. Now she must tread it alone. How can she retrace that path where, at every step, his little foot-prints will continually remind her of her loss! And when she reclines at noon by the fountain, wearied with the heat of the day, no soft and gentle hand will be there to lave her brow with the pure drops, or pour the cooling water upon her weary feet; and no lips, impressing upon her cheek affection's fondest caress, will greet her with the endearing title of mother, or soothe her disturbed spirit with the innocent out-breakings of infantile glee.

And he! how will he live away from her fostering hand and watchful care? Will he not pine for that mother's warm embrace? Who will lay him down in his little bed, and sing to him the gentle lays of childhood, till sleep rests on his closed eyelids? No one! no one! He is alone! Disturbed by feverish visions, he will unconsciously reach out his little arms to receive the wonted embrace, and with a cold shudder wake to find himself clasping the unfeeling marble pillars. No mother will be there to give back the tender pressure of that little hand, to smooth his pillow, or soothe him by the assurance that no danger is lurking near. In imagination she hears the silvery tones of his voice, in childish accents, calling her, and echo, as if in mockery, repeats, Mother, mother! And then she sees him shrinking back in terror at his loneliness, to weep bitter tears at the remembrance that it was his own dear mother who had left him thus alone. Who, then, will dry these tears, and comfort him? None! none!

With a groan of heart-felt anguish, the agonized mother awoke, as it were, from her painful musings, to find herself on the point of committing a heinous sin—even the withdrawal of her precious gift. Offering up a mental prayer to God for strength to bear this greatest trial, she hastened her preparations

for departure; "for," she said, "I may not tarry, lest I covet that which is not now my own, and the curse of God rest upon me and mine, rather than a blessing. Having vowed a vow to the Lord, shall I fail to pay it? Then were I unworthy to be called a mother in Israel. Better that my name should be blotted out from the records of my people and my kindred, than that I should commit this great sin." Reproaching herself for her want of confidence in God in committing her precious offering to his care, with tears she exclaims,

"What have I said, my child! will He not hear thee,  
Who the young ravens heareth from their nest?  
Shall he not guard thy rest,  
And in the hush of holy midnight hear thee,  
Breathe o'er thy soul, and fill its dreams with joy?  
Thou shalt sleep soft, my boy?

"To the kind care of Israel's God I will confide thee, my heart's most precious treasure. Beneath his wings thou wilt be safe." Then folding her gentle boy in one long, last embrace, she turns to leave the sanctuary, committing her cherished one to strangers. But ere she quits the spot, with tearful eye and faltering voice, she utters the parting farewell:

"I give thee to thy God—the God that gave thee,  
A well spring of deep gladness to my heart!  
And precious as thou art,  
And pure as dew of Hermon, he shall have thee,  
My own, my beautiful, my undefiled!  
And thou shalt be his child.

Therefore, farewell! I go, my soul may fail me,  
As the hart panteth for the water brooks,  
Yearning for thy sweet looks.  
But thou, my first-born, droop not, nor bewail me:  
Thou in the shadow of the Rock shall dwell—  
The Rock of strength. Farewell!"

LIEZIE.

### UNWATCHFULNESS.

BY MISS COOPER.

With Peter's firmness I defied  
The powers of earth or hell,  
To drag me from my Savior's side,  
Or cause my feet to turn aside  
From paths I loved so well.

I felt my confidence in God  
Was lively, firm, and strong;  
I smiled at pain, nor feared the rod:  
No stream appeared too deep or broad:  
My lips were filled with song.

I thought my foes all vanquished now,  
And laid my weapons by:  
Not long I trod the mountain's brow:  
The foot of pride soon brought me low  
In guilt and misery.

### CRUELTY TO BRUTES.

EXTRACT FROM A JOURNAL, ETC.

THE ASS. He was a beautifully formed creature, of a light, silver gray, and marked on the back, as usual, with a well defined black cross. His skin was smooth and glossy, his head erect, and his eye, though mild, peculiarly penetrating and intelligent. He was evidently a pet, and, as evidently, seemed to know it. He approached the window of the little inn where we sat, with an expression at once gentle, conciliatory, and confiding, and solicited, with all the eloquence he was master of, a better acquaintance with the travelers. On our part, we were not tardy to entertain the visitor with courtesy; so, stepping to the door, I handed him a share of our biscuits. This, as gentlemen of his character are usually in favor of practical benevolence, at once confirmed his trust in our friendship; and entering the door with a look that plainly said, "I thank you heartily for my welcome," he held his head to be patted, and then projected his mouth for more biscuits. In a moment we were as well acquainted as if we had known each other for years.

But a scene of a different character was at hand. Whilst with a pensive air, as if meditating on the fleeting joys of life, he took his way toward the lake, a stout Highlander attracted, probably, by the beauty of the animal, but differently actuated by it, laid roughly hold of poor Jack's ears, and endeavored to spring upon his back. The ass struggled to get away; but the hardy mountaineer had otherwise resolved, and the conflict thickened. The ass had the worst of it. Just, however, as our sympathies were raised to the highest pitch, by the apparent mortification the poor animal experienced from his tormentor, by a sudden and unexpected start, (which I presume was an exhibition of the "*Highland sting*,") he threw his assailant to the distance of some yards; and, while the merry laugh at the practical joke, rang from the assembled boatmen on the landing, kicking up his heels in triumph, he scampered to the adjacent mountain in ecstasy.

As, with a feeling of unfeigned satisfaction at the result of the contest, I closed the window, I was led, involuntarily, into the discussion of the point of the probable future existence of the lower animals.

If, independently of the argument founded upon the evident traces of reason in the brute creation, particularly in the dog and the elephant; if, from the fact, said I, that no particle of matter is annihilated, but only variously modified, and that the earth itself shall merely "be changed," it be inferred that the soul is immortal; if, too, the indestructibility of the thinking principle, (call it what we may,) be assumed from its immateriality; if dreams be received as evidence of the separate existence of mind; if "self-preservation," or an innate desire to

preserve ourselves from destruction; if the suffering at death, when, as it has been remarked, any benefit to be derived from it to human character, (at least so far as the sufferer is concerned,) cannot, in this world, be reasonably expected; and if disease and pain to created beings, no doubt permitted with the gracious design of promoting the advantage or happiness of those beings, either here or hereafter, be available arguments in favor of our existence after death, they will apply with equal force to all the inferior animals as to ourselves. Besides, the inequality of the advantages of this life, as it goes to prove the certainty of future retribution, is an argument still more applicable to brutes than to man; because, not being morally accountable, they cannot suffer in consequence of the violation of any moral law. Yet, of two of those animals, one shall be in a state of enjoyment, according to its nature and capacities, while another shall be the victim of a spinal, or other excruciating disease, that renders it a mercy to deprive it of life; one shall be fed, caressed, and comfortably lodged, while another shall be exposed to cold, thirst, and hunger—to distempers from starvation, neglect, and parsimony; or, perhaps, even to the cruel and wicked sport of children. In fine, one shall almost excite our envy; the other our tenderest compassion; and he who will reflect on the usefulness, the endurance under fatigue and privation, yet, on the often inflicted and poignant sufferings of the poor ass, will perceive enough, all the world over, to produce the latter emotion.

Observe even that cat, which, although hungry, carries a morsel of meat to her kitten; and, with the flavor fresh upon her tongue, turns the piece over and over to induce the little one to partake of it, and will not swallow an atom of it herself, until her every effort has failed. This, they say, is instinct; but in those that say so, it would be accounted an evidence, not merely of affection, but of that greatest attribute of a rational creature, **SELF-DENIAL!**

It may be said that I have a sympathy for brutes. Be it so. I would value the friendship of a bear, and think the man who would return it with ingratitude, fit for any treason or treachery on earth. I love the whole of Heaven's unoffending, faithful creatures, and in all their sufferings my bosom bleeds for them. Even for inanimate objects, the heart will form an attachment that suffers violence from the thought of separation. And happy in this, at least, are the brutes, that they suffer not from apprehension; that they anticipate not the trials and separations of the future.

Pursuing the subject a little further, I drew, in my mind, the picture of a noble Newfoundland dog. Self-sacrificing generosity was written in every lineament of his joyous face. Twice he had extricated his master's son from the pond, and once he had saved the gardener's boy from a ferocious Pyrenean

wolf. His faithfulness and attachment to his master's house and family knew no bounds. But alas for the sequel! At nights he was placed in an out-house, which being set on fire by the carelessness of the servants, during the absence of the family, the poor dog met a miserable fate. I saw him writhe in agony. \* \* \* And is it probable, thought I, that a being we believe to be sinless, shall be subject to pain and to torture, and yet, that its existence shall terminate with the last pang it is capable of enduring!

Another dog, of the famous St. Bernard breed, passed before my view. If benevolence, meekness, firmness, and fidelity, were not expressed in his countenance and bearing, I know not where to look for them. There he bounded over the glacier with the nourishment intended to revive the traveler overwhelmed in the snow. My heart bounded along with him! Now he solicits that way-worn creature to place his little boy upon his back, and to follow to the monastery of the great St. Bernard.

That child was an only one, and penury only, had compelled his mother to consent to his accompanying his father in search of a more propitious place of residence. They were now on their return. How, month after month, and year after year, that mother's anxious eye would have scanned in vain the mountain path, in hopes of meeting their much loved forms, had they perished in that snow-drift! But they are saved; and make sixteen human beings that the indefatigable Carlo has rescued from destruction on the mountain.

I continued to draw my picture. I saw, on another occasion, a bandit, who meditated an attack upon the monastery, lurking behind a projecting crag. He fired, and wounded, though not mortally, this faithful guardian of its walls, as he flew on his wonted mission of mercy. Carlo groaned and fell over the precipice. And there he lies, unable to save himself, who had saved so many; and, most of all, distressed that he cannot run his errand. He eats up the store that he was bearing to the sufferers on the mountain; and then, as he licks the snow around him, slowly starves. His hardy frame and mountain habits enable him to resist the cold. He lingers in misery, and whines for the friendly hand that used so oft to feed him after his journeys, and caress him for his dutiful exertions. But no friendly hand is near. I see him—but no, it is impossible to witness the catastrophe. \* \* \* O mercy! is there no recompense, or, if the word be preferable, is there no solace for such beings but annihilation?

See stretched upon that scorched and sandy common one of the finest animals in existence. Boldness and magnanimity were stamped upon his brow, indomitable resolution flashed from his eye, intrepidity and the glory of achievement issued from his nostrils, and the light of romantic adventure and chivalrous daring played upon his neck, and gave

spirit and beauty to his every motion. He was once the favorite steed of some wealthy citizen. Often had he borne his master in search of health, and had drawn his family on parties of pleasure. But years crept over him: he had no longer the noble bearing of his youth: no longer was his mane thrown proudly to the breeze. His former services were forgotten, and from the auction mart he was transferred to the stone quarry. Here he dragged out a miserable existence; and though he had earned much for his employers, his "business capacity" was, ultimately, weighed against his board; and as it appeared that the balance of dollars and cents was turning unfavorably to him, he was found guilty, and sentenced to the inhospitable common. Alas! too common, as well as too inhospitable a lot was that sentence.

Was there no friendly bullet, no deadly drug, no lancet to shorten the pangs of that noble creature? No! lingering torture was the punishment inflicted upon him for his life of usefulness and labor. For one or two of the autumn months, a few scattered blades of grass, nourished by the dews of night, sustained his feeble frame. But no water touched his lips, except what, for a few minutes, after an occasional thunder shower, flowed through the broken gullies of the plain. In two months—although into that two months whole ages of suffering, intense, were crowded—in two months, those dewy blades of grass had ceased to spring from the charitable breast of our common mother, Earth; and there, if you can bear to look upon it, he lies, without shade, in the daily sun, without shelter from the nightly frost, without a morsel of food, without a drop of water—a very Dives in his earthly place of torture. Can you look upon that picture? It is a true one! O, wicked as it is to oppress, and cruelly to torment and tyrannize over an unoffending fellow-creature, who, at least, can make his wrongs known to the world, thrice wicked is the treacherous and cowardly act of cruelty, that consigns to unmitigated pain the dependent being that was entitled to look up to us for gratitude, for kindness, and for protection; or, in the worst event, for an easy death. Truly "a righteous man regardeth the life of his beast: but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."

The foregoing atrocity (the *exposure of horses*) arises from the exclusion of every idea but that of gain, which takes place in a sordid and ignorant mind. But other cruelties there are, which, incredible as it may seem, are loved for their own sakes only. We have had books written on the "Pleasures of Hope," the "Pleasures of Memory," the "Pleasures of Imagination," &c. Then is it not strange that one should never have been written on so popular a theme as the pleasures of cruelty? Let us, for a moment, contemplate the beauties that such a work might contain. And first, what a feast

would the description of a cock-fight be to a sensitive heart! Suppose you see those two noble birds purposely placed in such a position as will necessarily excite their anger with each other. Each thinks the other is "crowing over him." In the success of this deception there is a great intellectual gratification. It is delightful! Then they spring at each other, and peck, and tear, till the blood gushes from various wounds; while, at the same time, (enchancing spectacle!) their eyes are possibly torn from their sockets. At last they drive their bills, or spurs, (the latter artificial, to be the more refinedly cruel,) into each other's brains; and after struggling for a time in painful convulsions, they finally get rest, in death, from their torturing owners. What a pity their sufferings cannot be indefinitely prolonged for the benefit of those that take pleasure in them!

Then a bull, or a bear-baiting; a turpented cat on fire, and in terror and excruciating agony—how exquisite! or a dog-fight—aye, there's a pleasure for a civilized age. Treacherously deceived, by the hypocrite man, into the belief that each is the enemy of the other, two dogs of equal size, strength, and courage, are infuriated to seize each other by the throat. Should one of them prematurely finish his sufferings, by getting strangled at the beginning of the fight, it is but half a pleasure to their amiable masters, at whose behest those devoted creatures are ready to die. The full and cruel pleasure is, to watch their strength giving way by degrees; while they tug and tear the flesh off each other's bones, and die by slow, inquisitorial degrees of torment, as the crowd, hissing like serpents, and yelling with fiendish delight, are endeavoring to urge the poor beings to continue an amusement fit only for demons. How nearly does the spirit elicited and manifested in these relaxations, resemble the spirit that is breathed in the Divine announcement, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy?"

But to conclude. If the lower animals really experience so great an inequality in their condition in this life; if, too, an innocent and faithful brute is liable to be recompensed with pain, with misery, and with death; and that we do not conceive for him another state of existence, where the Creator, who careth for the "raven" and the "sparrow," and "provideth" for the smallest of his creatures, shall requite him for his sufferings, how can we suppose that equal justice is done to animated nature?

#### MORAL REFLECTION.

Could we, moreover, have a greater inducement (as is naturally suggested by the subject) to avoid cruelty to other animals, than to feel that it is not only attended with a certain deterioration of character to ourselves, unqualifying us for heaven, but that in every sentient being, unnecessarily pained by us, though silent he may be under our treatment here, we may meet an accusing spirit in a retributive state of existence hereafter?

W. N.

## THE STUDY OF THE BIBLE.

BY PROFESSOR MERRICK.

It is a little surprising, that among the various definitions which have been given of man, he has never been described as the *book-making animal*; for surely the *cacoethes scribendi* is a peculiar and striking trait in his character. Well said one of ancient times, "Of making many books there is no end," especially if, by prophetic ken, he had his eye upon the present book-making age. *Books, books, books*—they fall around us like the leaves of autumn—books theological and books philosophical—books historical and books biographical—books of travel and books of fiction—books in poetry and books in prose—books to suit all tastes, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." Of these some are good, some indifferent; and as in a multitude of words there usually wanteth not sin, so here; for many of the books in circulation are decidedly bad; and were the world rid of all such, society would be relieved of one of the most powerfully corrupting influences to which it is exposed; and it were, perhaps, matter of rejoicing, were all of the second class consigned to the "tomb of the Capulets,"

"Ever there, amid oblivious shades, to dwell;"

for, though indifferent in themselves, they serve to kill time, and load the mind with useless lumber. If of good books there cannot be too many to meet the varied wants of all, an individual may read too many even of these. A few thoroughly read is much better than a great number passed over cursorily. Superficial readers are generally superficial thinkers.

Certain it is, no one can read every book that comes to hand. A proper selection, therefore, is a matter of great importance. It is not my purpose, however, on this occasion, to attempt to furnish you, fair reader, a general index prohibitory or commendatory, but to call your attention to *one book*, the frequent reading, nay, the constant study of which I would most earnestly recommend. In its own language—for I refer to the Bible, the book of God—I would say, impressively, to each one of you, "*Search the Scriptures.*" Whatever other books you may, or may not read, be sure you read the Bible. In it you will find more essential to your present and future felicity than in all other books together. Well has it been denominated, by way of eminence, *the Bible, or the Book*; for truly it is the chief among ten thousand—the one altogether excellent. To some of its excellences I propose now calling your attention for a short time, in the hope of increasing, in some degree, your esteem and reverence for its sacred pages, and of securing its more constant and careful perusal.

I. *The philosophy of the Bible.* True philosophy is the noblest of sciences. It has, not improperly,

VOL. VI.—7

been denominated the *scientia scientiarum*—the science of sciences—as it embraces the great fundamental principles upon which all science is built. True, much which is called philosophy is little else than "sublime nonsense"—the wild vagaries of visionary theorists—of men so vain and presumptuous as to attempt to reveal the *arcana* of nature—the things which God has glorified himself in concealing. There are facts which indicate the existence of principles which man cannot, at least in his present state, comprehend; and the field of facts upon which he is permitted to make observations is manifestly limited. God has set boundaries to human knowledge. At some point in his investigations man will always find written, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther: here must thy proud efforts cease." The humble inquirer after truth will stop here to apply what he has acquired, or to pursue his investigations in another direction; while the ambitious visionary will rejoice in having reached the field of uncertainty, where his exuberant fancy may revel unchecked by stubborn facts. Here he can speculate to his heart's content without fear of refutation, as his speculations are upon matters of which none have certain knowledge. His theory may have to give place to another more ingenious, but no less false; while that may be succeeded by one more ingenious still, but as fallacious as either. All such philosophy is vain, and worse than vain; for while it professes to guide, it serves but to bewilder. Still, there is a *true philosophy*—a philosophy which instructs and ennobles human nature, and qualifies it for its high destiny of duty and enjoyment. Such a philosophy the Bible teaches, and more successfully than any other book.

The three great themes of philosophical investigation are, *man, nature, and God*. On each of these the Bible makes known facts and principles which man, unaided, never could have discovered. A few general remarks only can be made upon three several points.

1. *Man.* What am I? whence came I? whither am I going? These are questions of deep interest, and have occupied the attention of the intelligent in all ages. But how have they been answered by those unenlightened by revelation? As to his *nature*, according to one class of philosophers, man is a mere mass of organized matter; according to another, a pure spirit; while some allow him *no soul*, others assign him *two*; some make him equal to the Deity, others a part of the Deity himself. He exists, according to some, of necessity; according to others, he does not exist at all—he only *thinks so*. Whether human nature has always been essentially the same, who of them have been able to tell? Some talk of a golden age, and of the degeneration of the race; but none speak with the certainty of knowledge. Respecting the *origin* of man, some teach that he is an emanation from the Deity, others from some lower orders of intelligences, and others from



a subtil fluid; while some will have it that he *vegetated* from the earth. The celebrated French naturalist, starting him into being as a polypus, runs him through the ascending scale, until he passes from ape to man!

As to man's *destiny*, most of the ancient philosophers taught that the *soul* at death is resolved back into its original state. Some sent it to inhabit the bodies of beasts; others supposed it to be annihilated. Few, if any, conceived the idea of its true immortality. As to the *body*, none appear to have dreamed of its resurrection. According to modern infidel philosophy, the solution of the great question of man's destiny is expressed in the celebrated apothegm, "Death an eternal sleep." Thus have men erred, "not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God."

The Bible reveals man to himself: "The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." "In the image of God created he him;" but "by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin." But though man dies, he shall live again; and, in a state of retribution, "they that have done good shall come forth to the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil to the resurrection of damnation;" "for we shall all appear before the judgment seat of Christ," to receive according to the deeds done in the body—the wicked going "into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal." In these few words, the Bible teaches us more concerning the nature, origin, and destiny of man, than can be found in the writings of all the sages of ancient and modern times, except as they have drawn their information from this divine source.

2. *Nature*. No less are we indebted to the Bible for a correct knowledge of the external world, or nature. Some philosophers, lost in the mazes of their own speculations, have denied its *actual existence*. "All science," according to the Vidante system of Hindu philosophy, "is comprised in the formula: Brahma alone exists—all else is an illusion." "If any thing has been made," says one of the Grecian philosophers, "it has been made out of that which was, or out of that which was not. Out of that which was not, impossible; for out of nothing, nothing can come. Out of that which was, impossible still; for since it already was, it could not have been made." Hence, he concludes that nothing has been produced, and resolves the universe into one sole being, infinite and immutable. Gorgias wrote a book entitled, "Of that which is not, or of nature." According to Berkely, the celebrated English idealist, "the material world is only phenomenal—there exists nothing but spirits." Others have denied the existence of spirits, and declared every thing material.

In most of the older systems of philosophy which acknowledge the actual existence of external nature,

the doctrine of emanation is substituted for that of creation. This doctrine assumes an almost endless variety of forms, some exceedingly ingenious, but altogether fanciful. The most simple is that of the Chinese philosopher, Lao-Tsen: "Tao produced one, one produced two, two produced four, and thus, by spontaneous multiplication, the production of all things followed." Others assert the *eternity of matter*. This doctrine prevailed, especially, among the Greeks and Romans. The ground of its belief appears to have been a supposed impossibility that any thing could be created out of nothing. Plato, however, finds a necessity for the eternity of matter in its being so diametrically opposed, in its properties, to God. It could not, he declares, be derived from him, and must, therefore, be self-existent.

But matter existing, by what means was it made to assume its present form? Plato introduces an intermediate principle between God and matter, which he denominates the "soul of the world." This soul of the world, dividing itself into different souls, forms the gods, demons, and men, so far as they are intelligent beings. "In the physical part of his cosmology, Plato holds two principles of the material universe—the terrestrial element, without which nothing is solid—the igneous element, without which there is no light. The one is the principle of the tangibility of the world, the other of its visibility. But, as these two elements have no analogy, God, in order to unite them, has produced two intermediate elements, air and water, which, on the one hand, are analogous to each other by their common property of fluidity, and, on the other hand, are analogous to the two extremes—air to fire, water to earth. The psychology and physiology of the universe form, at the bottom, but two branches of a science which is one in its object, since," according to this prince of Grecian philosophers, "the universe is nothing but one immense animal!" For this last idea, Plato may have taken a hint from a sage opinion of Aristophanes, who taught that "there was no earth, nor air, nor heaven, until obscure night, by the power of the wind upon wide Erebus, brought forth an egg." Democrites puts the indestructible atoms, which are the principles of all things, into motion in right lines in the infinite void, and the material world rises in primeval beauty. Epicurus, by giving these atoms an oblique motion, furnishes this material structure with spirits.

If any wish to know how much wiser modern philosophers have become in the science of world-making, let them look into the works of La Place and Lamarck, both reckoned among the profoundest of philosophers. The former they will find constructing systems of worlds out of "masses of nebulous matter, so diffuse that its existence can with difficulty be conceived, but which, by some inherent power, or unknown law, *works itself up* into all that is grand and beautiful in nature! The latter they

will find as sagely employed in producing animals and vegetables, almost *as per receipt*, by the action of caloric and electricity on "minute gelatinous bodies, very supple and delicate," and passing them along from one species to another, from the lowest to the highest in the scale of being!

But turning from these foolish vagaries, let us open the Bible. "*In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.*" Here is truth, simple, sublime. God speaks, and it is done; he commands, and it stands fast. Here, the great problem which has puzzled the wisest of all ages, is solved by a word, and the man of science here finds solid ground on which he may stand to make his observations, and commence his theory of the universe. Would he now learn the principle or power by which the world is sustained and governed? Let him turn again to his Bible, and he will find that He who created, "upholds all things by the word of his power," and that he doeth his pleasure in heaven and in earth—that *his will is nature's law*.

The Bible confines not its teachings to the physical world. It draws aside the veil, and permits us to gaze upon the angelic host, who minister before the eternal throne. It tells us of spirits who keep not their first estate—foes of God and man—"reserved in everlasting chains, under darkness, unto the judgment of the great day." It assures us that these spirits are permitted to exert an influence upon our race—the former ministering to our good, the latter seeking to destroy—a point in philosophy, though by many despised, of great interest and deep importance.

3. *God*. Nor has the world, by its wisdom, known God. Becoming vain in their imaginations, the minds of men have been darkened, so that, except as they have been enlightened by revelation, the true God has been, essentially, to them a God unknown. The ancient Hindus represent God as a luminous shadow, the Persians as time illimitable, the Chinese as a sublime support, and the Egyptians as the primitive obscurity. Among the Greeks and Romans almost every form of error respecting the Divine nature may be found in their different schools—Atheism, Dualism, Polytheism, and Pantheism.

Modern philosophers, who have attempted to "find out the Almighty" without the aid of the Bible, have erred little less than their ancient brethren. The theories of most of the German philosophers, who, though professedly Christian, are, really, infidel, are decidedly Pantheistic. Many of the savans of France belong to the class spoken of in Scripture, who say, "There is no God." Without tracing out these forms of error, we turn again to the Bible. Here God is revealed to us in his true character—as a spirit, one, eternal, unchangeable—infinite in wisdom and power—immaculately holy, inflexibly just, and of unbounded goodness—the creator, preserver, and governor of all things—self-existent and self-

controlled—infinite in all his attributes, and perfect in all his ways. How refreshing to the mind, confused and disgusted with human descriptions of the Deity, to contemplate with reverential awe and adoring love, "the king immortal, invisible—the only wise God" of the Bible!

Thus the Bible, as a book of philosophy, stands unrivaled. It lays the foundation and draws the outlines of the only *true* system of the universe. All other systems are, in a greater or less degree, erroneous. They may appear consistent with facts when proposed, but subsequent investigations reveal their errors. The Bible system alone remains unchanged, and in harmony with the developments of science; and he who would have his philosophy stand the test of future discoveries, must see that it harmonize with the philosophy of the Bible.

Here I drop my pen, with the intention of resuming it on the same subject.

#### THE WAR SPIRIT.

It is related by the biographer of Rob Roy, that when that fearless chieftain was about to die, he was visited by a long-standing and deadly enemy. The indomitable clansman refused not to see him; "but," said he, "let him not triumph over his prostrate foe. Raise me from the bed, clothe me in my warlike plaid; and, in my chair, with my broadsword by my side, and prepared for battle, let him once more behold me." His attendants did as they were desired, and the interview took place.

Now, there is one case in which all men should follow this example. When our inveterate enemy, Death, approaches, he should not find us spiritually prostrate, and unprepared to meet him; but, armed with "the sword of the Spirit," and shielded with "the breastplate of righteousness," he ought to find that time has allowed him not to triumph over us.

N.

#### THE PASSING MOMENT.

STAY, "passing moment," can we know

The history of thy stay below?

The "prince" has claim'd thee; dost thou bear

A record that he need not fear?

The "beggar," shivering at his door,

Has claimed thee, too, though his no more.

The "great" have claimed thee: have they given

Thee treasures they will find in heaven?

Thou'rt but a moment, yet we know

Thou hast the marks of human woe—

The mother's tear, the widow's sigh,

The sufferer's prayer, the orphan's cry.

Lent to earth's millions, nor could they

Detain thee for a single day.

No, speeding onward to the sea,

Thou'rt lost in vast eternity.

## SHAKSPEARE.

BY REV. W. C. HOYT.

Two hundred and fifty years ago, Shakspeare left Stratford-upon-Avon for the metropolis of his country. The *times* of the great poet constitute an important era in the history of the world. Mind, long bound down by political and Papistical surveillance, began to emerge from its unnatural and oppressive thralldom. The light of the Reformation was rapidly dispelling the fog and mist of error and superstition. Thought became more free and independent; intellect expanded. The mass, regarded heretofore as little else than goods and chattels, both by the lords of state and Church, asserted their rights, and claimed their heaven-born privileges. The discoveries of the Genoese awakened a spirit of inquiry; and, besides opening new channels to wealth and enterprise, furnished the philosopher with fresh matter for speculation, and presented to the eyes of the Christian world a multitude of Pagan nations, that needed to be converted to the true God. Master spirits in the various departments of science, literature, religion, and politics, were just coming upon the stage. All presaged the mighty movements, moral and intellectual, which the history of the world has since disclosed. The galaxy of names which adorn the page of history, during the sixteenth century and the former part of the seventeenth, is bright and luminous beyond that of any former period. No age before it had been so fertile in the production of able and learned authors. Maugre the transcendentalism of the present age, "there were giants in those days," whether relatively or absolutely considered; and one among them was the "poet of nature."

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE is said to have been born on the 23d of April, A. D. 1564. He was sent to the free school by his father, until straitened circumstances required his assistance in the support of the family. What the attainments of Shakspeare were when he left the school of Stratford, we are not informed. Johnson says, "He had small Latin and less Greek."\* But according to the usual course of instruction in former days, he must have had considerable Latin to have had any Greek. Like most self-taught and self-made men, possessed of great natural abilities, and acquired celebrity, he has been represented as exceedingly illiterate, enjoying few or no advantages of education. However this may be, he had access to the great volume of nature; and his works show that he was capable both to read and draw instruction from it. Perhaps Symmons, in his life of the poet, has not judged wide of the mark, "Beyond controversy he was not a scholar, but he had not profited so little by the hours which he had

passed in school; as not to be able to understand the more easy Roman authors without the assistance of translation. If he himself had been asked on the subject, he might have parodied his own Falstaff: 'Indeed, I am not a Scaliger or Budæus, but yet no blockhead, friend.' I believe, also, that he was not wholly unacquainted with the popular languages of France and Italy."

Before Shakspeare had completed his eighteenth year he married, and, perhaps, some six years after that, fled to London. His immediate resort in the capital was the stage. And, after a successful career of about a quarter of a century, he retired from public life in A. D. 1612 or '13. Differently circumstanced from most poets, his income, though not great, was competent. And in New Place, in his native town, he seems to have spent his last years in the enjoyment of tranquility, and the respect and esteem of his friends.

On the 23d of April, A. D. 1616, Shakspeare died, aged fifty-two years: as yet in the prime of life, and in the vigor and judgment of manhood. On the second day following, his remains were interred in the chancel of the Church at Stratford, there to "await the resurrection of the just and of the unjust."

Concerning the morals of Shakspeare, we have not much, definitely stated. That they were exceptional there can be no doubt. The stage has never been favorable to virtue. Theatrical representations promote vice only. For, whatever *lessons* of morality may be *taught*, their moral influence is more than neutralized by the bad associations and dissolute habits of those who teach. Shall one carry fire in his bosom and not be burned? *It is next to impossible for an actor, or an actress, or even for a regular attendant upon the theatre, not to become dissolute in morals.*

It is quite evident that Shakspeare *felt* the degradation of his station as an actor. And no marvel. It could have been but deeply humiliating to the powerful and sensitive mind of the poet, to exhibit himself for the amusement and gratification of a mixed audience. In his eleventh sonnet he sings,

"O, for my sake, do you with Fortune chide,  
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds;  
That did not better for my life provide,  
Than public means that public manners breeds."

It is to be deeply regretted that public manners should breed such public means as the modern stage. The theatre is the curse of our cities. It is a little strange, and can only be accounted for on the score of human depravity, and a vitiated taste, that an audience of ladies and gentlemen can find amusement in the barbarous tragedy, and the unseemly exhibition of person, which the stage frequently presents. Known as it is, too, that those who act are of easy virtue. And would any but such *so* perform? And what an *intellectual* subject for criticism for

\* Symmons' Life of Shakspeare.

young ladies and gentlemen, on leaving the theatre, is the *form* of a limb, or the *suppleness* of a joint!

Shakspeare, however, was the writer, not the actor. As an actor, probably, he never excelled. "He was born not to act, but to delineate character; not to play the hero, or the tyrant of a foreign muse, but to create characters and beings of his own, and, with the pencil of nature, to portray in the most glowing colors the various emotions of the heart."\*

After leaving the metropolis, Shakspeare seems to have had no concern respecting his numerous productions. His literary fame he let go to the winds. We have no account of the revision of manuscripts, or the correction of errors. He composed his plays and poems, made them subserve his purpose, and then coolly left them to their fate. This has been regarded by some as an instance of proud superiority over the "last inferiority of noble minds." But we regret this indifference of the poet, rather than extol it. Had some of his hours of retirement in New Place been spent in correcting, revising, and expunging; had he thrown away some of his common characters, as no longer necessary; had he obliterated indelicate allusions, and bawdy passages; in short, had he, removed from the circle and influence of "public manners," published, so revised, a complete copy of his works from the author's own and last hand, then had not the name of Shakspeare been associated with so much that is of more than doubtful utility; then might we and our children examine his stately cedars, without danger of being caught and entangled in the underbrush and brambles with which his works now abound. Authors may be too sensitive and squeamish about their productions, and they may also be too cold and indifferent. The former is the more common fault; the latter the greater.

Dr. Blair,† in his criticisms on the great poet, remarks, "Admirable scenes and passages, without number, there are in his plays; passages beyond what are to be found in any other dramatic writer; but there is hardly any one of his plays which can be called altogether a good one, or which can be read with uninterrupted pleasure from beginning to end. And these interruptions to our pleasure too frequently occur on occasions when we would least wish to meet with them." Every one is sensible of this. We cannot read one of his pieces without wishing some of its passages were obliterated. "In the midst of his great and incomparable beauties, there are many blemishes; and while he scatters roses with a full and liberal hand, he is careless of the offensive weeds which accompany his exuberant profusion."‡

Many of the characters of the great dramatist are exceedingly low; and their language is vulgar

and profane. In justification of this, his eulogizers say, though they are low, they were common. Granted: so common, no doubt, as to be found abundant among the gentry, nobility, and royalty of his times. But it does not follow because a thing is common, that it must, or should, be commonly exhibited. If so, what a spectacle would be presented! The reader wonders how the recital of some of his pieces could have been listened to by a popular audience. The solution is found in the fact that it was a *theatrical* audience.

There is, however, a palliation that may be offered for the moral impurities of Shakspeare's language. It is found in the customs and state of the times in which he flourished. And though it may seem strange to us, it is, nevertheless, true, that in this respect he was in *advance* of his times. This may be fully verified by a reference to many of the older authors.

The works of Shakspeare are like a vast and well-stored mint. Any coin you desire is there. Notwithstanding his thousand defects and blemishes, his increasing popularity is evidence of the greatness of his mind. "The name of Shakspeare," says a recent writer,\* "is on every tongue, and day by day the sound waxes louder and louder, as if announcing the approach of some mighty conqueror." No works come from the press without an inkling from Shakspeare. In the lecture-room, at the bar, on the bench, and in the legislative hall his voice is heard; and in the pulpit the thoughts of the poet are freely used. Indeed, he

"Puts tongues in trees, books in the running brooks;  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing!"

The question is often asked, Ought Shakspeare to be read? We think, with suitable guards, and at a proper time of life, he ought. At all events, *he will be read*. But in reading him we should do as the disciples did, when they had inclosed a great draught of fishes—gather the good and cast the bad way.

But how could Shakspeare delineate man as he does in all the circumstances of life; unmasking hypocrisy, exhibiting the deceitfulness of the human heart, making vice more odious, and virtue more lovely; diving into the hidden recesses of the soul, and disclosing the very thoughts and intents of the heart? Undoubtedly, he was enabled to do this from the following resources: namely, close observation of men, the study of the holy Scriptures, and a careful examination of his own nature. Born in

\* Blake's Biographical Dictionary. † Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres, p. 530. ‡ Blake's Biographical Dictionary.

\* Vide Methodist Quarterly Review, July, 1842. At a recent Commencement of one of our eastern colleges, a number of literary gentlemen, together with the faculty, held a conversation on various subjects, when the following question was proposed: "If all the works in the world were to be destroyed, except the one of your choice, (exclusive of the Bible,) which would you choose?" After some remarks, the whole company were unanimous in selecting the works of William Shakspeare!

humble circumstances, he rose upon his own merits to be the companion of courtiers, and an attendant upon princes. His keen observation, in a long and unrestrained intercourse with men of all classes of society, gave him a clear insight into the human character, and furnished him with thorough knowledge of the influences and motives which control the actions of mankind. That he was a reader of the Bible, no one will seriously question who is acquainted with his works. To that he is indebted for much that adorns his pages. He communed, also, with his own heart. He sought and found there the illustrations and movements of the will, and the workings of the passions, with which his works so abundantly abound, and which are their chief glory. Herein, we opine, is the great secret of his art. It is a striking feature in the history of man, that his depraved nature is the *same*—the same in all ages, in all places, and under all circumstances. Thorough acquaintance with one heart, furnishes the key to unlock the thoughts and secret motions of all hearts. When Shakspeare, therefore, practicing upon the maxim, "Know thyself," had thoroughly acquired this knowledge, he came also to understand other men. The world within, and the world without, are but the counterparts of each other. And in the movements of his own heart, every man may read the movements of all hearts. And hence, we may account for what is invariably the case, that the individual who does not understand the science of human nature, as it respects the world of mankind, has but an imperfect knowledge of himself.

There is an astonishing depth of thought and magnificence of conception in many of the old authors. Books were not aforesaid multiplied by steam; profound treatises on the sciences and arts could not be bought for a few cents. Professional men could not generally hire others to think for them; they were obliged to think for themselves, and rely, to a great extent, upon their own resources. This naturally led them to a close examination of all the phenomena of mind, and a careful observation of the various exhibitions of passion. The most distinguishing trait in these authors is *thought*—deep, patient, penetrating thought. Eminent as the great poet, in their departments, were the authors of the Principia, the Novum Cryunon, the Living Temple, the Analogy of Religion, and, we will add, the Inquiry on the Will.

It is altogether a mistaken notion that men are to become great and learned, by the mere cursory examination of many books. It is by close thought, and careful observation, aided by suitable reading, that the mind is expanded, and the intellect unfolded. The knowledge of such is at once practical. It is this that makes the eminent, self-taught man, and original thinker, more effective, both as a writer and speaker, than the cloistered book scholar. The one

addresses man as a rational being; and with a thorough understanding of his own nature, and guided by common-sense views of the mind, he finds his way into the sentient chambers of the soul. The other, without this practical view of mind, addresses mankind from the airy regions of transcendentalism and fancied philosophical speculation. One communicates thought and feeling, and works conviction in his hearers, while the other slightly impresses their minds with some vague ideality—something in the imagination undefined and undefinable, and leaves them in ignorance, to wonder at the profundity of knowledge which they can never understand!

"The proper study of mankind is man." In all the relations which we sustain to each other in life, this knowledge is indispensable to our usefulness and well-being. Altogether important is it to the statesman. He may be thoroughly versed in the *theory* of political economy, yet if he has not a suitable knowledge of men, derived from observation, and the study of himself, he is not qualified to legislate wisely, nor govern prudently; and, unfortunately, he will find himself coming in collision with the judgment of the people.

In no profession is this knowledge more indispensable than in the ministry. Without it there will frequently be such inappropriateness in the themes selected for the pulpit, in exhortation, in counsel, in rebuke, and even in prayer, as almost entirely to defeat the object in view. What havoc also has been made in the Church of Christ, simply for the want of this knowledge in those who have been set to govern. And how ridiculous did it make the young theologian, fresh from school, appear, who, on a trial sermon before an audience that he had never addressed, announced as his text, "*I am afraid of you, lest I have bestowed upon you labor in vain!*" In this profession, too, there is little excuse for such ignorance. From the nature of the work itself, the intimacy with which the minister is received into the families of all ranks, his great text-book—the Bible—his communion with himself in the study, and all the other helps within his reach, he cannot fail, it would seem, with ordinary perception, to become well acquainted with mankind.

We have said that Shakspeare was a student of the Bible. Many of his finest thoughts are furnished by the inspired penmen. Indeed, statesmen and orators, wise men and poets, are indebted to the same source for their best imagery and boldest figures. And thus does the wisdom of the world, and even skepticism itself, acknowledge that the Bible, in its origin and composition, is *Divine*.

By an examination of a few passages from the works of Shakspeare, we shall readily discover their paternity. On the death of the heroic prince, Henry V, Bedford exclaims,

"*Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!  
Comets, imputing change of times and states,*

Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,  
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,  
That have consented unto Henry's death!  
Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!  
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth."

In the fourth chapter of Jeremiah, we have a powerfully energetic description of the destruction of Jerusalem by the Chaldeans, "the language and imagery of which," says Dr. A. Clarke, "are scarcely paralleled in the whole Bible:"

"My bowels, my bowels! I am pained at my very heart; my heart maketh a noise in me; I cannot hold my peace, because thou hast heard, O my soul, the sound of the trumpet, the alarm of war. Destruction upon destruction is cried; for the whole land is spoiled. \* \* \* *For this shall the earth mourn and the heavens above be black.*"

Hamlet's "*undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveler returns,*" has been quoted so often that many think it is Scripture. The sentiment is Scriptural, and the language nearly so, as may be seen from the following quotation, made from Cranmer's Bible by Mr. Douce:

"*Afore I go thither from whence I shall not turne againe, even to the lande of darknesse, and shadowe of death, yea into that darke cloudie lande and deadly shadowe, whereas is no order, but terrible feare as in the darknesse. The way that I must goe is at hande, but whence I shall not turne againe,*" Job.

The above passage is often quoted wrong. We hear from the pulpit sometimes, that we shall soon go to that "*bourn*" from which no traveler returns.

Bourn, or, according to Webster, more properly borne, means limit or boundary. We shall go to that *country*, from whose borne, limit, or boundary, we shall not return.

In Henry IV:

"What trust is in these times?

They that, when Richard lived, would have him die,  
Are now become enamored on his grave:  
Thou that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,  
When through proud London he came sighing on  
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,  
Cry'st now, O earth, *yield us that king again!*  
*And take thou this! O, thoughts of men accurst!*  
*Past, and to come, seem best: things present worst."*

In the Ecclesiastes: "Say not thou, *What is the cause that the former days were better than these?* For thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this."

One is evidently suggested by the other; and both are but the reiterations of the fickle-minded, the pseudo reformers and croakers of all ages.

"Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind:  
*The thief doth fear each bush an officer."*

"What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?  
*Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just."*

So in the Proverbs: "*The wicked flee when no man pursueth; but the righteous are bold as a lion.*"

The following is admitted to be beautiful: "What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason!

how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!"

But the Jewish poet, from whom it was borrowed, far excels in perspicuity and force:

"What is man that thou art mindful of him? or the son of man that thou visitest him? *For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, thou hast crowned him with glory and honor.*"

Wolsey discourses thus on the frailty of man:

"To-day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,  
\* \* \* \* \*  
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost,  
And \* \* \* nips his root,  
And then he falls."

Now let us hear from the Psalmist: "As for man his days are as *grass*; as a *flower of the field*, so he flourisheth: for the wind passeth over it, and it is *gone*: and the place thereof shall know it no more."

The descriptions of Shakspeare are to the life, and, consequently, must be new and fresh to every generation. It were altogether vain to specify or single out his beauties; for, like the forest leaves in autumn, they are tinted with every hue, and, like them, they are strewed lavishly in every path, and lie upon the brink of every rill. We can hardly resist our inclination, however, to give the following from Portia's reply to Shylock, on mercy. The passage is quoted by Dr. Clarke, as a comment on the words of our Lord: "*Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.*" With the text, it should be deeply impressed upon our hearts.

"The quality of mercy is not strained;  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed:  
It blesteth him that gives and him that takes;  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown:  
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the fear of kings.  
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;  
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;  
It is an attribute of God himself;  
And earthly power doth then show likest God's  
When mercy seasons justice. Wherefore, Jew,  
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—  
That in the course of justice none of us  
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy:  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy."

Before closing this essay, we wish to give Dryden's character of Shakspeare, which Dr. Blair quotes with approbation, "as not only just, but uncommonly elegant and happy."

"He was the man who, of all modern, and, perhaps, ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them, not laboriously, but luckily. When he describes any thing, you more than see it—you feel it, too. They who accuse

him of wanting learning, give him the greatest commendation. He was naturally learned. He needed not the spectacles of books to read nature. *He looked inward, and found her there.* I cannot say he is everywhere alike. Were he so, I should do him injury to compare him to the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat and insipid; his comic wit degenerates into clinches; his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great, where some great occasion is presented to him.”\*

Having made these observations on Shakspeare and his works, his own Hamlet shall conclude our remarks:

“He was a man, take him for all in all,  
I shall not look upon his like again.”

### THE BLIND MOURNER.

THE “earthly sanctuary” was crowded with attentive hearers, while the minister of Jesus dwelt with a heavenly pathos upon the moral blindness and diseased state of the unconverted; and having faithfully portrayed the awful danger of their condition, he effectually pointed to the remedy—told them of the balm of Gilead—of the great Physician—spoke of his infinite love; and that he took no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live; and using the kind expostulation of Jehovah, “Why will ye die?” he showed plainly there was no necessity that one sinner should perish, and then urged an immediate acceptance of God’s proffered grace, that they might enjoy moral sight and health, and live for ever.

The minister closed his appeal, while a heavenly solemnity rested upon the audience, and angels seemed hovering over, anxiously waiting to bear the news to the “upper sanctuary” of the sinner’s decision. The congregation rose, and commenced singing that delightful hymn—during the singing of which many thousands, perhaps, in different places, have decided to come to Jesus—

“Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love, and power;  
He is able,  
He is willing, doubt no more.”

They sung it feelingly. God’s Spirit impressed the invitation, and more than a score of weeping penitents crowded around the altar. Among the number that came, we saw one slowly feeling her way down the aisle toward the place of prayer. It was blind Lucy. Little Lucy was an amiable, sprightly girl of fifteen; and though morally and physically blind from her childhood, her intellectual vision was keener than most girls of her age possess. She was known by almost every one in the city as the sweet singer, and hundreds have listened to the rich, mellow tones of her

voice, as she poured it forth in plaintive or mournful strains to the sweet music of the piano. We shall ever remember when we first heard her. She sung for us that beautiful anthem, “Peace be still.” As her fingers rapidly struck the keys of the instrument, we could almost hear the deep-toned thunder of the storm, and the careering wind as it swept over the deep, lashing the waters of Galilee’s sea to a foam, and dashing them against the bark that bore Jesus and his affrighted disciples; then, above the fury of the gale, we hear a voice, full, distinct, and sweet, “*Peace, be still!*” The thunders cease, the winds are hushed, the waves retire, and all is calm,

“As the bark glides o’er the billowless deep,  
And nears the welcome shore.”

We thought, as we listened to the performance, that though one gift was denied her, others were bestowed more bountifully than usual.

But to return to Lucy as a mourner. We left her feeling her way to the place of prayer; and we hope by this time our readers have become sufficiently acquainted with her to feel interested in her welfare; if not, could you have stood by that altar, and seen the tears fall from her sightless eyes, and heard the half suppressed groan of anguish, and the broken petitions for mercy, your heart must be of sterner stuff than ours if you had not felt and wept at such a sight.

Kneeling by her side, we inquired, “Lucy, do you feel you need an interest in the blood of the Savior?” “O yes,” said she, “I have such a wicked heart, and none but Jesus can do helpless sinners good.” “Are you *willing* to give him your heart?” we inquired. “O, I want to be willing,” said she, “but my heart is so hard—it’s so wicked.” “He has promised to change your wicked heart,” we continued, “and give you a heart of flesh. Only take him at his word, Lucy—his promises never fail.” As we endeavored to point her to the Friend of sinners, the people of God gathered around, and many a fervent petition ascended in behalf of blind Lucy.

After struggling more than an hour, while we sung,

“Poor tempest-tossed soul, be still,  
My promised grace receive:  
’Tis Jesus speaks: I *must*, I *can*,  
I *will*, I *do* believe.”

Lucy, by faith, claimed the blessing, the messenger of mercy descended, and in soothing accents said to her soul, “Daughter, thy sins, which were many, are all forgiven thee: go in peace.” Her agony ceased, and a sweet, heavenly influence seemed to fall upon her, and radiate upon those around; and for a time she appeared filled with “unutterable bliss.” At length we repeated that beautiful line of one of our hymns,

“How sweet the name of Jesus sounds!”

This seemed to rouse her to her consciousness, and she exclaimed, “O, it is sweet! it is sweet!” “Do you then love the Savior, Lucy?” “O, yes,” said she, “I cannot help but love him.” “Do you think

\* Vide Blair’s Lectures, p. 530.

he loves you?" "Yes, I know, I feel, he whispers, I am his." As she rose to her feet, she instinctively looked upward; and though the windows of her happy soul were closed, yet the bliss she felt within beamed from every feature of her countenance.

"What good news," we remarked, "this will be for your parents, Lucy." As we said this, we were surprised to see a shade of sorrow pass over her countenance, as she falteringly sighed, "I have no father nor mother—father is dead, and mother is crazy." This affecting declaration was made with such artless sorrow that it excited our deepest sympathy for the blind orphan. As we told her of the precious promises in God's word to the fatherless, she exclaimed with rapture, "O, I am so glad, I can read the Bible for the blind. I intend to read it all through."

Sometime after this we saw little Lucy again; she had found great comfort in reading the Scriptures, and was still happy in the love of God. May the Lord preserve her unto everlasting life. THETA.

WAR ANTI-CHRISTIAN AND UNNATURAL.

BY CHARLES ELLIOTT, A. M.

In all his works the Deity is seen.  
Creation's but a mirror, where we view  
His attributes. With moral lessons fraught  
The skies are deck'd with blazing jewelry;  
And nature universal shadows forth  
Its Maker's grand, benevolent design.  
There's not a star, that sparkles on the brow  
Of night; nor blushing flower that decks the field;  
Nor shrub upon the mountain's craggy steep;  
Nor grain of sand upon the ocean's shore,  
Where wisdom, power, and goodness are not seen:  
One grand design pervades the glorious *whole*!  
By reg'lar laws the num'rous worlds, that fill  
The void of space, perform their ample rounds.  
No jarring discord mars the general plan;  
But more harmonious than the fabled lyre,  
Whose soothing numbers charm'd the infernal shades,  
And gave to Sysiphus a moment's joy,  
They wake the music of the rolling spheres,  
Fill with their harmony the enraptur'd soul,  
And teach the mind to soar with boundless range,  
And kindle with the true Promethean fire.

Go, ye Newtonian spirits, lift your eyes,  
Unfold the laws, the systems of the sky.  
What hand for ever wields these globes of flame,  
And circumscribes their orbits where to roll?  
Leads forth the constellations, each by name,  
The Pleiades, Orion, Mazzaroth,  
And bright Arcturus with his num'rous sons?  
Holds fast the blazing comet's fiery reins,  
Through worlds unnumber'd guides his rapid flight,  
Then checks his course, and wheeling to the sun,

VOL. VI.—8

Drives back his chariot past these radiant orbs  
In peace, nor mars the general harmony?  
Who lights the sun with undecaying fire,  
And scatters wide his beams from ruddy Mars  
To Herschel's utmost borne, whilst round him roll  
The shining planets, in their distant orbs,  
With calm and steady interchange of rays?  
Thou potent power! whose will is nature's law;  
Thou who, at first, by thy omnific word,  
Did'st say, "Ye suns light up the dark profound,"  
Dost guide the whole. Thy hand directs, thy power  
Controls, thy love sustains, thy smile attracts  
In spite of all philosophy. These are  
The vouchers of thy power; the offspring pure  
Of love; the heralds of thy will to man.  
Bright in the sun thy glorious image shines,  
And, as he walks rejoicing through the sky,  
He sheds on every land his Maker's smile.  
Night unto Night, with all her starry train,  
Whilst tuneful nature hush'd to silence sleeps,  
Proclaims good will through all thy num'rous works.

From pure benevolence the universe  
Arose. Love spake and Chaos heard the voice:  
Swift from its womb the countless worlds, that roll  
In stately grandeur through the fields of space,  
In beauteous order sprang. Well pleased the great  
Creator saw the new creation rise,  
And stamped on every part his image love!  
Love is the source, the life, the soul of all:  
Through all her harmonizing voice is heard.  
Nature's a temple where her glory dwells;  
The sun's her diadem; the moon and stars  
Her glittering gems; her robe creation's hues;  
Her offspring all the train of fruitful months.  
And years, mild autumn, summer, flow'ring spring,  
With all that can expand, delight the soul,  
And charm the eye with goodly prospect fair;  
Rocks, mountains, seas, and floods, and ocean's roar—  
All, all repeat the gen'ral song, "Good will  
And love prevail through all this glorious frame!"

Nature! temple sublime of Deity,  
Thy very walls are vocal with his praise,  
While the intelligent creation's dumb.  
Created to subserve the mental world,  
Thou thyself showest rationality;  
And mind, immortal mind, sinks from its height,  
Belies its origin divine, sows strife  
Eternal, and makes war upon its Sire.  
Though form'd at first of heavenly image fair  
The moral world arose, effort sublime  
Of Deity! and, crowned with joy and bliss,  
Its first-born sons in joyous concert sang,  
And bask'd in God's own smiles ineffable,  
Yet Discord came and chang'd the blissful scene.  
Presuming on the bless'd abodes, she rais'd  
Her Gorgon head, struck dissonance among  
The heavenly harps, rous'd the Omnipotent  
And peopled Tartarus with sons of heaven.



Then like an Até, bent on deeds of ill,  
 She blasted Eden in the morn of bliss;  
 And scarce had Earth smil'd to the new-born sun,  
 When through her works she felt the bitter pang,  
 And trembling sigh'd that all her peace was lost.  
 E'er since that fatal hour, fierce Discord walks  
 Her fairest scenes, and turns her loveliest bowers  
 To demons' haunts. Death, famine, pain and woe,  
 Her close attendants, follow in her train,  
 And make a shamble of our fallen world!  
 See continents in wild commotion mov'd,  
 While fierce Bellona drives her thund'ring car;  
 And how do names like Cæsar, Attila,  
 Napoleon, Alexander, charm the world!  
 These, sons of strife, her shameless bastardy,  
 Reverse the order of the skies—wait not  
 For immortality beyond the grave,  
 But seek it here, on earth, and seek it, too,  
 By blood. The necks of millions pave their way  
 To fame; and more illustrious they are held  
 The deeper they are dyed with human gore.  
 O scene of gloomy horror! dark despair!  
 Has Virtue no attraction? Is there no  
 Centre in the moral world? Shall matter  
 Move by reg'lar laws around some central  
 Power, and mind, which shall survive the dying  
 Embers of the stars, driven by passion's gale,  
 Fly off unbalanc'd from its proper sphere,  
 No longer drawn by mild attraction round  
 Creation's immaterial Sun, the source  
 Of being, bliss, and endless happiness?  
 What plea has man to offer for his crimes?  
 Casts he his eye upon the arch above?  
 His condemnation's writ in ev'ry star!  
 Does he survey all beauteous nature o'er?  
 There he perceives one tuneful harp, warbling  
 In sweet, melodious notes its Maker's praise,  
 And he himself the alone discordant string.  
 But man, though formed with face erect to read  
 The moral lessons of the skies, regards  
 With scorn the lecture they're designed to give.  
 Their lesson has grown old, so often read,  
 But never understood, except by few.  
 But, why so much of glittering stars,  
 Their harmony, and nature's music sweet?  
 In strains more audible than ever burst  
 From nature's groves, were sung the lays of peace:  
 Ye years roll back and to remembrance bring,  
 That night so calm, so lovely, and serene:  
 Sound slept the winds; the moon rose bright among  
 The starry host: the towers of Solyma  
 Reflected forth her silver light; the hills  
 With more majestic grandeur roared their heads,  
 And Carmel's flowery top in smiles was seen;  
 Siloa's brook in softer murmurs flow'd,  
 And all around gave signs of joy, as if  
 Expectant of some great event.

Such was

The scene, all emblematical of peace,

When lo! sweet notes are heard, and music fills  
 The air. A band in heavenly splendors rob'd  
 Appears. Their song was, "Peace on earth, good will  
 To men;" and when back to heaven they wing'd  
 Their flight, their notes still lingered in the sky,  
 And died, at length, harmonious round the Babe.  
 These angels sung the advent of the Prince  
 Of Peace, and he, e'er he ascended high,  
 Bequeath'd to earth this legacy divine,  
 "My peace I leave:" through all the world proclaim  
 The joyful news. The Gospel is the law  
 Of love; it is the ethics of the skies;  
 The transcript of the Eternal Mind to man!  
 O purifying code! how far beyond  
 The heathen page is thy philosophy.  
 Why talk of Plato, Zeno, Socrates,  
 The Stagyrte? They taught revenge for wrong.  
 Forgiveness is thy theme; and love to all  
 Thy great command, on which all virtue hangs.  
 With voice more gentle than Favonian breeze,  
 Thou calm'st the passions of the human breast,  
 And to the dark Tiberias of our world  
 Say'st, "Peace be still," and all its storms subside.  
 Where'er thy flying angel spreads his wings,  
 There drops of peace descend, and innocence  
 Again from heaven returns and dwells with men.  
 The Arab lifts his deadly lance no more;  
 The Turk lays down his bloody scimeter;  
 The Jew forgets to scorn; the Greek to scoff;  
 The Roman and the Gaul together walk;  
 The Russ and Pole each other brothers hail;  
 The haughty Spaniard and Peruvian kiss;  
 The European and Indian humbly bend  
 On knees of pray'r, and worship rev'rently;  
 The Tartar and Chinese forget their wall,  
 And Thibet smiles upon the high Attay.  
 Primeval Peace! thy kingdom yet shall come!  
 Already breaks the dawn so often sung  
 By holy bards of old, when free'd from crime  
 The joyous earth shall own thy blessed reign;  
 And o'er her plains the lion and the lamb,  
 The child and asp shall sport rejoicingly;  
 When Kedar's wilderness shall lift its voice:  
 The distant islands join the notes of praise;  
 The Andes and the Himmaleh repeat  
 The gladdening accents to the bending skies;  
 And Ganges, Amazona, prince of streams,  
 Shall roll the numbers on their waves, and round  
 The earth the song shall burst: "The thousand years  
 Have come; now heaven-born peace and mercy  
 reign."

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O, WHAT a glory doth this world put on  
 For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth  
 Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks  
 On duties well performed, and days well spent!  
 For him the wind, ay, and the fallen leaves,  
 Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.

## THE FUTURE.

BY A. HILL.

DARK and portentous Future, in thy womb  
 What fearful mysteries remain concealed!  
 The cloud that hangs upon thy awful front,  
 Concealing from the eye of mortals things to come,  
 Is black as midnight, when no star appears.  
 In vain we stretch our eager gaze to catch  
 A glimpse of thy profound and hidden secrets:  
 In vain we seek to lift the sable pall  
 That dims our vision, and obstructs the sight.  
 The solemn drapery that thus conceals thy form  
 Was hung around thee by the omniscient One,  
 Whose piercing glance alone can rend the veil.  
 And there it hangs, mysterious as the cloud  
 That led the *Israelites*, and hid the brow  
 Of hoary *Sinai* from their wondering gaze.  
 Divinity enshrined, Godhead concealed,  
 Although so dark—"dark through excess of light"—  
 Is no more dark than thou.

What wonder then,  
 If man's weak brain should whirl, and giddy turn,  
 When he assays to look thee in thy face.  
 Could he but see thee as thou art—could he  
 But fathom thy profoundest depths, and bend  
 The circle of his sweeping vision 'round,  
 And watch the heavings of thy mighty breast,  
 His face would gather paleness, and his limbs  
 Would tremble, as the haughty monarch's did  
 To whom thou didst reveal one single blaze  
 Of burning light upon his palace wall:  
 He could not "see thee face to face and live."

\* \* \* \* \*

There have been holy men, in ages past,  
 Who, favored much, and highly prized of heaven,  
 Receiving strength divine, have stood within  
 Thy swelling portals, and beheld the long,  
 Long vista, whose vast cycles sweep the shores  
 Of God's eternity.

Those days are past.  
 It is not now the same. The prophet's eye  
 Is dim—the vision seal'd—the crowded train  
 Of strange developments comes rolling on.  
 The burdened future comes, silent but swift—  
 Moment on moment presses—sand on sand.  
 O, wondrous Future! vast, and deep, and dark!  
 Thy heaving breast with each pulsation throbs,  
 As if thy mighty heart did palpitate  
 With fear.

The real, veritable now—  
 The fading past, that memory calls up—  
 The farthest past, where memory runneth not,  
 Hath its account with thee.

And they will come,  
 The long-lost ones, that sleep in death's embrace,  
 From him who first did fall, sad victim of  
 His brother's murderous hate, to him on whom

The monster king shall hold his last sad feast—  
 All, all shall come; and thou, with each and all,  
 Grave settlement must have.

O, thrilling hour!  
 When crime his victim meets, and man his God.

## TO THE MEMORY OF DR. FISHBACK.

BY MRS. LAWSON.

"If it be sad to speak of treasures gone,  
 Of sainted genius called too soon away;  
 Of light from this world taken while it shone,  
 Yet kindling onward to the perfect day;  
 How shall our grief, if these things mournful be,  
 Flow forth, O thou, of many gifts, for thee!"

How shall we mourn thee—sainted one!  
 How thy pure mem'ry trace  
 Indelibly upon our hearts,  
 That earth may not efface.

Bring garlands—hang his resting place  
 With a fresh gathered wreath;  
 Bring flowers and strew above his form,  
 In his last home of death.

Bring music from a thrilling strain,  
 Like to his pleadings here;  
 Enshrine in every swelling note  
 His memory all too dear.

Though broken be the living lyre,  
 All hushed its tuneful strings;  
 The echoes which his genius wake  
 Outlive all earthly things.

Thanks be to God who gave thee thus  
 A light along our way;  
 Whose holy faith and fervent love  
 Point to a perfect day.

The highest style of mortal mold  
 In thee we saw combined;  
 And when we reach th' immortal shores,  
 Like spirits we shall find.

O, in eternities bright morn,  
 The ransomed gathered home!  
 Earth's benefactor shalt thou stand,  
 In peace before the throne.

## COMFORT IN SICKNESS.

WHEN languor creeps upon the frame,  
 And the scorched temples throb with pain,  
 The love of Jesus—balmy power—  
 Sweetly it cheers the weary hour.

A father's heart cannot but feel  
 Deeply for those he cannot heal;  
 But to the raging of disease  
 Jesus alone can whisper peace.

C.

## BE KIND TO EACH OTHER.

WORDS, BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.—MUSIC, BY MISS NIXON.



I.  
Be kind to each other,  
The night's coming on,  
When friend and when brother  
Perchance may be gone!  
Then, midst our dejection,  
How sweet to have earn'd  
The bless'd recollection  
Of kindness returned!—  
When day hath departed,  
And Memory keeps  
Her watch, broken-hearted,  
Where all she lov'd sleeps.

II.  
Let falsehood assail not,  
Nor envy disprove—  
Let trifles prevail not  
Against those ye love:  
Nor change with to-morrow,  
Should fortune take wing,  
But the deeper the sorrow  
The closer still cling.  
Oh! be kind to each other;  
The night's coming on,  
When friend and when brother  
Perchance may be gone!

## NOTICES.

**THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.** *The Text divided into Chapters, with an Introduction, &c. By Stephen B. Wickens. New York: Lane & Tippett.*

**THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, with a Life of J. Bunyan.** *By R. Southey, Esq., LL. D. New York: Harper & Brothers.*

Mr. Cheever's lectures upon Bunyan seem to have created an increased demand for the Pilgrim's Progress. Many new editions have been published; some of them in such elegant style as to attract the eyes of the fashionable, and secure an honorable position upon the centre-tables of the rich. There is a class of readers who look more at the outside than the inside of a book, and who, by the attractions of gilt edges, good engravings, and Turkey morocco, can be made to seize upon works which they once discarded as too gross for a refined taste. Glad are we, then, to see the Pilgrim's Progress in good dress.

A few days since we sat down, for the first time, to the perusal of this noted work; and we would say much about it, but for the consideration that what is new to ourselves, is, perhaps, old even to our youngest reader. We limit ourselves, therefore, to a few general remarks.

Notwithstanding the opinion of some critics, we think the second part as much inferior to the first as is Paradise Regained to Paradise Lost. Bunyan's other religious tracts and parables have passed into merited oblivion. "Virtue" appears to have passed out of him after writing Pilgrim's Progress.

We can see no benefit in the notes appended to the work. Excrescences have an inferior life to that of the animal on which they grow. So, generally, with notes to a book. Moreover, they break the train of thought, reduce the temperature of feeling, and are at once an inconvenience and a deformity. This edition is like a man covered with tumors and warts that weigh half as much as his body. As for illustrations, we think they might be dispensed with. The book itself is all illustration.

Though fiction, it is not only harmless, but calculated to make a deep religious impression. It is but an expansion of our Savior's parable of the sower and the seed; and with admirable skill does it delineate the various classes of Christians which that parable presents. Hopeful, Christian, Talkative, and many others, are well conceived and well sustained. There are faults in the style and the language, incongruities in the allegory, and discrepancies in the plot; but they are scarce noticeable, so abounding and charming are the excellences. Vain would be the efforts of criticism to condemn the work. It has stood the test of ages, and passed unrivaled through hosts of imitators. It is tinctured with enthusiasm and bigotry; but when we consider the ignorance in which the author was reared, the character of the times in which he lived, and the persecutions which he suffered at the period he was writing, we are astonished that it does not manifest more that is objectionable.

The work is full of sound thought and divinity. Coleridge has denominated it the best *summa theologiae evangelicae* ever produced by a writer not divinely inspired. Yet Bunyan was no divine in the ordinary acceptance of the term. A poor ignorant soldier, he relied upon common sense and the Bible for his theology. Behold a striking illustration of an important truth! The human heart and the Bible are sufficient

for a minister's theology. This is encouraging to ourselves. Though we are fond of learning, and are striving, with at least sufficient zeal, to increase our little stock, and encourage our juniors in the ministry to do likewise; and although we entertain the hope that the time is not distant when every Methodist minister will be a respectable scholar, yet, in regard to systematic theology, we confess our knowledge is very limited, and that we have no desire to extend it. When the Almighty makes a system of divinity, we will study it. As for commentaries, we have but part of one: that was *presented* to us by a friend, and it is kept as a memento. When we can be persuaded that four or five hundred weight of books is necessary to enable us to understand the Bible, we shall pray to the divine Being to give us a new edition, revised and enlarged; for if supreme wisdom has failed to make a book intelligible to mortal, can we expect that fallible wisdom can make a commentary sufficiently luminous to explain it? May we not fear that, in the effort, commentary will succeed commentary *ad infinitum*? If God will forgive the world for the theology and commentaries it has already made, it ought surely to promise to make no more.

When the Jews neglected the Old Testament, and relied upon the commentaries of their Rabbis, they became blind to the prophecies, deaf to the precepts, and insensible to the spirit of religion. When the Church neglected the Bible, and trusted to studious and learned monks to explain it to her, she sunk down into the dark ages. Important theological errors generally originate at the famed seats of theological lore. We do not wish to be understood that the scholar has no advantages in the study of the Scriptures, and we think that every minister would do well to acquaint himself with the languages in which they were originally written, and study Biblical antiquities with diligence and care. We are far from insinuating that the Bible requires no investigation. Let the minister apply himself carefully and prayerfully to sound its depths. Let him bring into requisition all the aids at his command; but let not his mind be warped by a previous study of "systems of divinity," or cramped by the commentaries of one who has written with a particular system in his eye. We believe that a man of no critical learning can educe from the Bible every thing essential to salvation, and we think Wesley was right when he sent forth holy, sensible men, conscious of a call to preach, having only King James' translation of the holy Scriptures, from which to draw their lessons. Familiar with its narratives, penetrated with its mysteries, wrapped in the vision of its seers, and imbued with the spirit of its author, they, like Bunyan, could perform the highest functions of the ministry as with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. While Protestants contend that the Bible is the rule of faith, and condemn the Catholic because he makes the voice of the Church that rule, they should be careful not to set up a rule far worse—the systematic divinity of particular sects. We would by no means discard works illustrating the cardinal doctrines of the Bible, which lie upon its surface, and are essential to salvation; but we do think the prayerful study of the heart and the Bible is of itself sufficient to make a useful minister of any man called of God to preach the Gospel. Still a knowledge of science, literature, and the world may make him more useful by extending the sphere of his operation, and giving him variety in illustration.

We hope never to see the day, when the Church shall try her ministers more by their literary and theological attainments, than by their gifts, their graces, and their fruits. Ministers cannot be made by "cramming." Better they should be taught to reflect, observe, and pray—to acquire knowledge less by conning than *ad rem*—less by memory than by *rationale*. Then will they know things as well as words.

Much is said, at this period, about union of the Protestant Churches. The only sure way to produce a lasting union, is to pay less attention to systematic theology and more to the Bible. This will attract our attention from the non-essentials to the fundamentals, and bring us to seek more of that grace which establishes and unites.

Alas! alas! how we talk! The world will not hear us. Men will continue, with few exceptions, to go to the Bible, not to learn, but to have their peculiar notions confirmed; and yet they ridicule the alchemists who first determined to find the elixir of immortality, the universal solvent, and the philosopher's stone, and then spent all their lives in fruitless efforts to make nature yield to them what she never contained.

A LECTURE ON DRUNKENNESS AND INSANITY. By *M. B. Wright, M. D., Professor, &c., in the Medical College of Ohio.*—This lecture is a defense of the principle laid down at the close of an article in the August number of this periodical, and controverted by Professor Harrison in the November number. We have read it with much pleasure. Its author generally states his positions clearly, and maintains them by forcible arguments, expressed in perspicuous language, and a style neither destitute of ornament nor encumbered with it. His present object is to show that drunkenness is insanity. Were the question strictly professional, we should not dare to controvert the Doctor's position; but as it is one which any man may investigate, we venture our opinion. Dr. Wright is so sensible a man that we hesitate to differ with him, and yet he is so amiable that we do not fear to give him any offense by freely expressing our dissent when we do not agree with him. Moreover, doctors and lawyers are so accustomed to contradiction and controversy, that they are not easily irritated. In this respect they exhibit a striking contrast with another profession, whose members, being accustomed to speak only *ex cathedra*, find it exceedingly difficult, if their views are questioned, to preserve the meek and quiet temper of their Master.

We should be better pleased with this lecture were it more discriminating. *Drunkenness* has several stages. It is defined an immoderate indulgence in some intoxicating liquor. But what is an immoderate indulgence? What group of symptoms is essential to drunkenness? When gentlemen grow "warm in wine," and feel an increased activity of the bodily and mental powers, particularly the tongue and fancy, are they drunk? If so, and Dr. Wright's position be correct, it may appear that the foundations of our civil institutions and the best pages of our literature are to be ascribed to the insane, and that our government, at present, is under the management of persons deranged. Do not let us be understood as in favor of wine drinking, when we advert to the lamentable fact, that in many parts of the civilized world physicians practice, lawyers plead, statesmen legislate, and even clergymen preach, under the stimulus of the wine-cup. There is another stage of drinking, in which the individual loses his sense of propriety, be-

comes garrulous, and discloses peculiarities and thoughts, which in his sober moments he carefully conceals. There is a third stage, characterized by dizziness, considerable loss of consciousness, and want of due control over the muscular system. A fourth and last stage is marked by extinguishment of consciousness and apopleptic sleep. Why did not the Doctor precisely define what he means by drunkenness? *Insanity*, we suppose, is used by Professor Wright in the generic sense. He does not, however, say whether he wishes drunkenness to be considered a distinct species of insanity, or identified with dementia, mania, or some other acknowledged form.

Until we have defined the terms of a proposition, it is impossible to determine whether they agree.

If the term insanity be understood in its etymological import, that is, unsoundness or unhealthiness of mind, and if drunkenness be confined to those stages of inebriety in which the mind is considerably disordered, "drunkenness is insanity." But the term insanity is a technical word, and is doubtless so used by the Professor, who, if we understand him, thinks the drunkard is to be treated *morally, legally, and medically* as a lunatic. If we misapprehend him, the controversy is a merely verbal one: if not, we differ with him.

Now it must be admitted that insanity is often induced by intemperance; that it often causes intemperance; and that there is a distinct form of it denominated, from the bottle, *mania a potu*, which evidently renders the individual *non compos*, and fit for the madhouse. It must be conceded, also, that there is an analogy between the respective symptoms of drunkenness and insanity. But is there not a broad distinction between the two conditions, as usually described?

Can the drunkard be held and treated as a maniac, *morally*? The maniac is unaccountable. Is the drunkard so? We think not.

1. Let us consult conscience. In the organization which God has set up within the soul, there is a principle which approves when we do intentional right, and reproves when we do intentional wrong. Where is the drunkard whose conscience leaves him at ease? The maniac may kill, the melancholist may attempt suicide, but neither are pierced by the stings of conscience, either while committing these violations of law or subsequently reflecting on them. If the drunkard were irresistibly inclined to drink, either by illusion or impulse, would his conscience kindle the fires of remorse?

2. The common sense of mankind. When did mankind satirize and reproach the maniac, or fail to satirize and reproach the drunkard? We have heard the lover and the poet ranked with the lunatic, but never, until recently, the drunkard. When the wise men of New England met to consider the means of reforming society from its intemperate habits, they proceeded upon the presumption that the inebriate is competent to subdue his propensity for intoxication. Though Samuel Dexter, Ex-Secretary of the Treasury, Nathan Dane, author of the ordinance of 1787, and Isaac Parker, Chief Justice of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, presided successively over the Massachusetts Temperance Society, during the first few years of its existence, they did not venture to suggest that it was based on a wrong principle, and that lunatic establishments were the proper instruments of the temperance reformation. These, however, were temperate men, and had no experience in regard to intoxication. How, then, did the Wash-

ingtonians proceed when they undertook to finish the work their predecessors had begun? Did they discover all at once that they had been insane all their lives, and that their intemperate fellows were maniacs, whose only hope was in medical management? Did they frame their addresses as though the drunkard were incompetent to reason, and an object of pity, but not of blame?

Men have never legislated for the punishment of lunatics, but they have for that of drunkards. Take a few examples. By a statute of Connecticut, it has been ordained that, if a man is "found drunk so as to be bereaved and disabled in his reason and understanding—appearing either in his speech, gesture, or behavior, he shall be subject to a fine, for the use of the town, of one dollar and thirty-four cents." New Jersey and Delaware have passed similar laws, the former providing for the punishment of the offender in the stocks in case the fine be not paid. The English statutes impose fine for drunkenness, and in default of payment, require punishment in the stocks. All legislation on drunkenness regards it as a misdemeanor, or crime, not a misfortune. Laws have made the contracts of the idiot void, and those of the maniac voidable at his election or that of his guardian; but have never so made those of the drunkard. If the legislators of the civilized world, have, from age to age, been unable to distinguish between crime and insanity, alas, for human reason! Courts of justice have never condemned the maniac, but have inflicted all forms of punishment upon the drunkard for acts committed in a state of intoxication.

3. The Bible does not treat the drunkard as guiltyless. A few quotations will suffice to show this clearly. "If a man have a stubborn and rebellious son, which will not obey the voice of his father, or the voice of his mother, and that, when they have chastened him, will not hearken unto them: then shall his father and his mother lay hold on him, and bring him out unto the elders of his city, and unto the gate of his place; and they shall say unto the elders of his city, This our son is stubborn and rebellious, he will not obey our voice; he is a glutton, and a drunkard. And all the men of his city shall stone him with stones, that he die: so shalt thou put evil away from among you, and all Israel shall hear, and fear," Deuteronomy xxi, 18-21. Is comment necessary? Gluttony and drunkenness, so far from excusing the stubbornness and rebellion which they excite, seem to be regarded as aggravating the criminality of the offender. "Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God," 1 Corinthians vi, 10. Maniacs are nowhere in the book of God classed with thieves, and declared ineligible to heaven.

Now is it reasonable to suppose that the world has been upward of four thousand years in a state of delusion on a plain question of crime or innocence, of vice or virtue—a question, too, perpetually before them? Is it possible that the voice of God within us is not to be trusted? Is it possible that the divine Lawgiver can err? Let me not be told that this is a question on which modern science has thrown new light. It is a plain question on a point of morality—one of the very subjects which the Bible was intended to teach.

But the inquiry may arise, is not the mind disordered during intoxication? If so, why not regard the drunkard as no more accountable than the maniac who acts

under no greater delusion? The accountability lies behind the condition, in the act of voluntarily and knowingly inducing a state of mental disorder. If a man choose to place himself in a condition in which he loses self-control, he is accountable for acts he may commit in that state. This is a principle too obvious to admit of controversy. The only question is, whether the drunkard's appetite is controllable. All the foregoing reasoning is calculated to show that it is.

Ought the drunkard to be treated as a maniac, *legally*? It is a maxim of the law, that an insane person cannot bind himself by contract. Suppose this maxim be applied to the drunkard. What a pause would ensue in the commercial world! What caution would be necessary in making a contract! What a nullifying of bad bargains! What endless litigation! The maniac is subject to the custody and treatment of others. Suppose a man in a state of intoxication be considered a lunatic. His friends, prior to using personal restraint, take the precautionary steps prescribed in most states for determining the question of insanity. The jury is summoned; but before they assemble *the man is sober*. Is the *appetite* manifested by the *habitual* drunkard considered proof of insanity? Then *he* might be condemned to the custody of his friends, or of the public officer, and his property might be placed under their control. But how often would it happen, under such an arrangement, that the *most successful* business men in community would have their concerns placed under the management of the least successful!

It is a maxim of the law that the insane is unaccountable. Let this apply to the drunkard, and crime would flow over us like water. No man would commit a crime without intoxicating himself. Indeed, most criminals do now prepare themselves for crime by strong drink. When a certain mother gave a rifle to her son, and said, "Shoot the sheriff," he said, "I can't." She gave him the bottle, and after waiting a few minutes said, "Now shoot." He took aim; but his hand trembled, and again he said, "I can't." "Drink again, drink deep," said the mother. A few minutes longer, and he said, "Now I can," and, seizing the rifle, he accomplished the deed. How easy would crime be, if its usual preparative were its sufficient excuse.

Can the drunkard be treated medically as insane? Shall all persons intoxicated be deemed proper subjects for medical treatment, and be held, during the fit, under lancet, and blisters, and emetics? Would they derive any benefit from this management, or be less liable to renew their potations? But perhaps the Doctor would say, let the *habit* of intoxication be regarded as proof of insanity, and let the habitual drunkard be confined in the asylum until it be overcome. There is reason to fear that relapse would occur so soon as the individual was liberated; for being taught that he was a maniac, his reason, his self-respect, and his conscience would all, in a great measure, lose their power, and, consequently, the great bulwarks to temptation would be weakened or torn down.

But suppose this method would be effectual in reforming the drunkard, it might be well to consider whether it would not be attended with too much expense, both of means and of principle. The whole community would be in some measure involved; for the opium eater, the wine tippler, &c., must be considered intemperate, and the drunkenness of passion deemed as much entitled to medical treatment as any other. The world

would not hold the asyla necessary for us. But this would not be the greatest difficulty. Man would be degraded from the lofty position in which his Creator has placed him. He has been called into the arena, and bid to struggle with temptations, with the assurance that he is competent, by grace, to the conquest of his spirit.

If we misapprehend the Doctor, we shall be corrected; for he knows that his graceful and nervous pen is always welcome to our columns.

In conclusion, we must express our regret that we have not space to give a synopsis of Professor Wright's cases and arguments. Suffice it to say, that they have proved sufficiently cogent to convince a great many intelligent men.

#### EDITOR'S TABLE.

**TESTS OF DIVINE INFLUENCE.**—The following note was sent us by a friend, whose criticisms we requested on an article in the last number. It is from the pen of one proverbial for his wisdom, and is too good to be lost.

"'God is light, and in him is no darkness at all.' What he proclaims in his word, he never contradicts by his Spirit; and what he communicates by his Spirit, he never contradicts in his word. Of course the Bible is the ultimate test of all spiritual influence. By this we are to 'try the spirits whether they be of God,' 1 John iv, 1. Thus John confounded the Judaizing teachers and all the enemies of Christ: 'Hereby know ye the Spirit of God: every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, is of God; and every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, is not of God.' And thus may we try the spirits in our day. When a man professes to foretell future events, he is contradicted by the apostle, who said, 'Whether there be prophecies, they shall fail.' And when any one professes to know, by the Spirit, when Christ shall come, he is confounded by Christ's word, 'But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven; but my Father only.' Perhaps this argument might be pressed to advantage more fully among your tests of spiritual influence, in opposition to all sorts of fanaticism of this age, though I have no fault to find with your article on 'Spiritual Enjoyment.' M."

**JAMES M'INTIRE.**—An esteemed friend, under date of December 4, writes as follows:

"I owe you many thanks for bringing Rev. James M'Intire to notice. I enjoyed several hearty laughs at your piece. He was formerly a Universalist. He was, as you say, eccentric. Every man who is himself is eccentric. He who apes others is not eccentric. Regularly trained preachers are not eccentric—they are all stereotyped. I wish a still more extended notice of M'Intire were given. I have materials, but no time to fill them out. S."

#### A VOICE FROM THE FUTURE.

*University, Northern Ohio, A. D. 3000.*

Dear Doctor,—In the library of this university I met with a History of America, by its celebrated Gibbon, giving an account of that country about the middle of the nineteenth century. When we consider its great antiquity, and remember that it was written at a time when our twenty-six republics were one great and growing nation, it becomes at once an object of interest and instruction. It is written in English. After reading

those parts of it which refer to the years from 1840 to 1875, I could but think that the life of those who then lived must have been but a troubled dream. The spirit of wisdom had fled from earth, and sober thinking and sound reasoning had given place to noonday dreaming, and wild, incoherent babblings; the very foundations of society were being upheaved, and the landmarks of religion, morals, and politics, which had been planted by Christians and enlightened statesmen, were undergoing a rude overthrow; enthusiasm and wild speculation arose like volcanic fires, and poured their streams of poison into the cup of the nation. The ministers of this period were vain disputants—its politicians aspiring demagogues—its philosophers speculative visionaries, and all its deeds of philanthropy and daring but the fitful somersets of bewitched and bewildered jugglers. It is true there were a few in every department of society, who still retained their love of true science and good morals. But useless were their attempts to check the growing vagaries of the age—it was like endeavoring to clip the wing of lightning, choke an earthquake, or calm with their breath the troubled bosom of ocean. Whenever they appeared on the forum, they were hissed by the multitude, and drowned by the cry of, "*Onward—progression—the movement—the improvements of the age—down with conservatism,*" which had become the watchwords of all parties. Thus, while logic and common sense were despised and rejected, wild speculation and pretending quackery triumphantly bore away the purse of wealth and the wreath of honor. About this time folly was full grown, and imposture flourished in verdancy. Attempts were made by philosophers to discover a perpetual motion, and crowds of theological and medical students, from the universities and colleges of the city, were seen nightly gazing, through what was termed a telescope, at the mountains of the moon. Then came the days of phrenological manipulation, homeopathic narcotizing, lobelia vomiting, and Mesmeric dreaming. These were termed sciences. Next followed Joe Smith prophesying, and Miller's patent world burning. These were stereotyped theology. Railroads were projected to Oregon, cities were lighted with electricity, and advertisements were scattered by ballooning. The nation was mad, and on all sides the curious and credulous could find food for a red-hot brain. But more anon. Adieu.

#### PHILOMEL.

We think the historian to whom our correspondent is indebted, must have been of a very acid diathesis. We suspect, if carbonate of soda had been placed upon his tongue, there would have been an effervescence. Still we should like to hear more concerning his statements. His book reminds us of the story of a certain medical student who was undergoing examination for a diploma. The Professor of Chemistry had asked him several questions, to none of which did he return a correct answer. At length the Professor, determined, if possible, to put a question which he could answer, said, "What is ink made of?" The student hesitated and stammered, when the professor, perfectly astounded, raised his hands, threw back his head, and exclaimed, "*Mirabile dictu!*" (wonderful to be told.) The student immediately responded, with evident relief, "O, yes, sir, I recollect, there is a good deal of that in it." Our correspondent may give some strange developments in regard to the manner in which the Oregon question was settled, California, Mexico, and Canada annexed, &c.







BRIDGE AND CHURCH, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

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VOL. VI.—9



THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

MARCH, 1846.

RADFORD FOLLY.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

A most life-like little picture is here presented. As a facsimile, we know very little about it; and no more of its history than is contained in the inscription beneath the plate—"Radford Folly, near Nottingham." A transatlantic gala scene should this be! And in most excellent keeping is it touched off.

As a delineation, it possesses much merit. The *coup d'œil* is entirely satisfactory—a conclusive evidence of the *truth* of the performance; and one which the most unpracticed observer shares in common with the initiated eye of the artist or the cognoscente. The first glance detects nothing obtrusive, nothing disproportionate, to wound the sense; but, on the contrary, there is a sweetness, and harmony, and elegance pervading the whole—the accessories being artificial, the latter term may apply.

At a second look, if any thing is in the least too strong, we should say the building is rather prominent—rather large for its distance. But, perhaps, this idea obtains only from the peculiarity of its form, which is that usually appropriated to small garden arbors.

From the opprobrious epithet, "Folly," we suppose this building was designed as the banqueting house of the unfortunate gentleman whose name it bears, and who thus *demonstrated his folly*; and proving, probably, a sinking fund, it has passed into the hand of some clever speculator, who has converted it into a tea-house resort. Observe that the parties seem distinct from each other; yet all, amidst a scene so redolent of enjoyment, seeming alike intent on pastime and amusement.

These grounds are extensive; and notice what a pretty variety is effected by the interposition of that little Chinese bridge. How well diminished are the figures in their relative distances! Observe the three female figures on the left: how easy and natural is the grouping! See the extended hand, and mark the hesitating, timid attitude of the third figure, as she is half persuaded by the boatman to step in and adventure the sail. Good sooth! this lakelet, with its placid face, looks not very dangerous. But it is a new and untried element to the damsel.

VOL. VI.—9

Again, mark the art by which four boats, all alike, are presented in so good variety—are made even to assist in describing the distance. See, again, the admirable grouping of the boat's company at the right hand—a real transcript! Yet, doubtless, not done without much study of arrangement, and reiterated practice of the hand.

The details of this picture are indeed extraordinary. Mark, in the first place, the harmony of the *elements*; and this comes to us involuntarily by the sense of soothing and sweetness which pervades the soul, (like the effect of a fine day,) upon the first glance of this bland and lovely scene.

Such is the naturalness and judiciousness of the selections in this composition, that the beholder is deceived, thinking it an *easy* matter to delineate a scene so harmonious and serene as this; but it is, nevertheless, a work of great study, and extreme art and calculation, in the distribution of lights and shades, and these, glancing in due proportion on every various object of the piece, and in reference to its form, coloring, distance, and aspect. To reconcile and harmonize all these considerations, and yet to avoid an air of tameness or monotony, leaves the composition of a piece like this, no mean study or test of genius—a study of fancy, taste, and mathematical precision combined.

Nature makes no mistakes: she throws abroad her tints of beauty, and her rays of light, with a careless munificence. This is a great cause why the insensible prize them so little. Dissertating over a picture, they may, perhaps, learn to estimate more fairly that which is so graciously bestowed.

"There is much in a name," says the proverb. This, however, is not a mere name, but a significant appellative. The "Folly," by which every visitor stigmatizes the retreat, is yet greedily shared in by themselves, as the numerous resort to it proves. This is world-like; but we will not be severe, nor blame a recreation so salutary and innocent as this may be, moderately indulged in; for here should be no waste and hurry of spirits, as amidst the hot and crowded resorts of the drawing-room. Here one may expatiate the soul, and, casting off spleen, enjoy the good gifts of nature, and be thankful.

## MISCELLANEOUS SKETCHES.

BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.

FAIR and gentle reader, according to promise, we meet again. A month has passed—a month of long winter evenings. I doubt not it has passed with you pleasantly and profitably. Your evenings, at least, I hope have been spent in reading. Could I have stepped into your house, on some of these winter nights, after the cares and labor of the day were over, I should, I trust, have found you, with other members of the family, especially the children, intent on perusing the pages of some useful and interesting book. How pleasant the winter evening, at home, before the cheerful fire—the fire, the old-fashioned, blazing fire; for I cannot like the stove. There is something strange, dark, and unsocial about it. But the fire seems an old acquaintance. Then pile on the wood, draw up the table, light the lamps, and let us sit down to read. But what shall we read? The world is full of books, and of making them there is no end. We have not time to read all that may fall in our way; and if we had time, the reading of some would be an injury, rather than a benefit to us.

In making our selection, we will throw away all those books written in low, corrupt style. There is a class of works, most of them fictions, written in language the most vile and execrable caricature of English. The letters of Sam Slick and Jack Downing are specimens of this style. These letters have some merit for their wit; but they might have been quite as witty in good English. The authors of these letters profess to give us specimens of New England character and language; but a viler caricature was never invented. No native of New England ever used such words. Having mingled freely in promiscuous and general society, for many years, in various parts of New England, I do aver that no such language is ever heard. The people speak correct English.

There is a book caricaturing western society, and western language, more detestable still. I refer to the "New Purchase; or, Seven Years in the Far West." The scene of that work is laid in Indiana. The book, it is said, was written by a man of some pretensions to education. But such a vile, outrageous caricature of language I have never seen. I pity the man, but especially the woman, whose taste can endure the reading of such a book.

Most of the American novels are, more or less, of the same style. The interminable stories of Cooper have too much of this low language in them. Now I can read no such books, written in a style so corrupt, without shocking my sense of propriety, and depraving my taste. Still worse would be the influence of such style on you. It may be useful to you to read books written in obsolete language, and in peculiar dialects. Many of the old English poets,

down to the time of Shakespeare, use forms of speech not now used by good writers; and Robert Burns uses the Scottish dialect. But these modern corruptions of language are totally of a different character. There is neither poetry, nor rhyme, nor sense, nor reason, nor grammar, nor nature in such style. You cannot read such books without suffering injury to your good taste; and I advise you to throw them all aside.

We will throw aside, secondly, all those books, whether historical or fictitious, in which the incidents are of a trifling character, and the story spun out to an interminable length. Your time is too valuable to be spent in unraveling long and tangled yarns, and in finally coming to "conclusions in which nothing is concluded."

We will throw aside, thirdly, all those books in which religion is ridiculed and caricatured. You should by no means limit your reading to books professedly religious. This would chain you to one idea, and render you a fanatic. But you should not read any book decidedly irreligious in its tendency. There are books which tend neither to the "knowledge nor glory of God." These you should avoid. Modern literature differs materially from ancient, in its religious tendency. The philosophers, poets, and historians of Greece and of Rome were more religious in their writings than those of Christendom. Not content with banishing God and religion from much of our literature, our modern writers too frequently indulge in ridicule of the modes of faith and forms of worship of respectable Christian Churches. I am sometimes surprised at the frequency of disrespectful allusion to some form of Christianity, even in books otherwise unexceptionable.

A distinguished English philosopher, who lately made a scientific tour in the United States and Canada, and has published a book of travels more favorable to the United States than any other ever before written by an English traveler, could not, it seems, avoid speaking of a revival, or religious excitement, as he terms it, in language such as to offend the feelings of nine-tenths of the religious community. A lady, a correspondent of one of the first reviews of the country, in some most interesting sketches of "life in the prairie land," introduces a chapter on religion in Illinois, in which she gives a most ridiculous account of the Methodists, and Methodist ministry. I recollect of having once read, in some periodical, a most abusive account of a camp meeting in the west, even by Audubon, the distinguished naturalist. Now to me these things appear in very bad taste. I cannot conceive what motive should induce a gentlemanly, respectable writer to indulge in caricature and ridicule on such subjects. Self-respect demands of us to refrain from purchasing or reading such books. The influence of them, both on the religious and the moral principles and feelings of the reader, is decidedly bad.

We will throw aside, fourthly, a large portion, a very large portion of the light and fictitious literature of the day. The greater part of the stories and novels of the day are bad, very bad. So bad is the influence of works of this character, and so voracious the public appetite for them, that it may become necessary for Christian people to do as we do in the cause of temperance—abstain wholly.

In making our selection of books useful to read, we may safely begin with standard works of history. Every lady ought to be well acquainted with the history of the world. It may not be convenient for you to obtain all the books desirable in order to give you a connected history of the world. There are, however, some in the series which may be recommended on account of the facility of procuring them, and others on account of their exquisite beauties of style. Rollin's *Ancient History* is accessible to all, being a very common book. The author has some faults. He is wordy and sometimes tedious; nor does he always discriminate between truth and fiction. But, on the whole, it may be read with great profit. Rollin should be followed by some history of Rome. Some good history of Europe would finish the series of general history. There would then remain the history of some individual nations; and it is in this department that the best works may be found. Bancroft's *History of the United States* is an able, well written, and very interesting work. Prescott's *History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella* is one of the best, and his *History of the Conquest of Mexico* the very best I have ever read. No work of fiction, however thrilling the story, can exceed it in intensity of interest. The events are new, strange, and wonderful; while the style is such as might serve as a model of perfection.

We will also place in our library of choice reading the memoirs and biographies of the great and the good. The life of an eminent person, judiciously and elegantly written, cannot fail of being interesting and useful to you. Books of travel are generally interesting, and they contain much useful information, which cannot well be obtained from any other source. I might select, from the great multitude of books of this class, several of peculiar interest; but you and your friends may be better qualified to select for yourself.

There are some few writers, whose works are uniformly excellent; and any book bearing their names may be read with pleasure and profit. Decidedly the most beautiful writer of any age is Washington Irving. You cannot well read any thing from his pen without improving your taste and your heart. His light works, the *Sketch Book*, *Bracebridge Hall*, and the *Alhambra*, are among the most beautiful works of the kind, and have none of the faults of the objectionable works of fiction. His *History of New York* is the finest specimen of quiet humor and delicate wit I have ever read. His *Life of*

Columbus, *Crayon Miscellany*, and *Astoria*, are books of solid merit, in a style of elegant beauty, which cannot be surpassed.

We must also read some poetry. But let us select only the good; for while good poetry is very good, the bad is very bad. Most of the poetry of the periodicals is intolerably insipid. We sometimes, however, meet some delightful lines in the newspapers. Some years ago I read, in some western paper, a poem beginning,

"My native hills, far, far away,  
Your tops in living green are bright."

It was one of the sweetest little gems I ever saw. I have lost it. Should any reader of mine happen to have a copy of those lines, I would be much obliged to her if she would send it to me.

Of the English poets, Milton certainly yet holds the first rank. The first four or five books of *Paradise Lost* excel in sublimity any thing to be found in the English language.

Of American poets, and indeed of modern poets of every clime, the first and the best is Bryant. So delicate, so pure, his poetry seems the reflection of all that is good, and fair, and lovely in nature. Kind reader, if you have a copy of Bryant in your library, will you read, for my sake, *Thanatopsis*, and the *Past*, and the *Death of Flowers*?

But I am becoming tedious and dry, and, perhaps, common-place, on the subject of reading. We will change it for some other. A winter evening restores to the memory the images of the past. As I sit before my cheerful hearth, with "wife, children, and friends" about me, while the stormy wind is whistling through the frozen vine on the lattice, there flits before me a dreamy vision of the scenes of childhood. I seem again to enter the village school-house. There, on a platform slightly raised from the floor, stands, behind his desk, the schoolmaster, with a book in one hand, and a heavy ferule in the other. A small space of the school-room, just in front of the large fireplace, remains open, while the remainder, rising on an inclined plane, is crowded with rude seats, into which are packed, close as a box of herrings, some eighty or one hundred great and small boys and girls. Our business was to sit on the bench, read, spell, write, cipher, and be *feruled*. The last item was, in my day, a very important one in the economy of the village school. Sometimes the punishment was varied; and whipping with a birch switch, or holding a brick-bat in the hand, with the arm extended at right angles from the body, and other dignified and agreeable exercises of discipline, were substituted for the ferule. After being cooped up, and wedged in, and trained by salutary discipline, for the prescribed number of hours, we were let out. And such a letting out! Confusion itself was confounded in the noise, and the scramble for hats and for the door.

Such was the manner in which we were "edu-

cated," some thirty years ago, in New England, and such, I suppose, is the course still pursued, in many parts of the country, in teaching "the young idea how to shoot." The flogging is still a component part of most systems of instruction. The abilities and usefulness of some teachers seem to be rated by the amount of flogging they can do in school. It reminds one of the parishioner, who was boasting that his minister was the smartest and most powerful preacher in the state, having already stove to pieces three Bibles, and knocked down two pulpits.

Speaking of my school-boy days reminds me of the adventures of a western boy, in getting his education, as the facts were reported to me a few evenings since, by the hero himself. Some thirty years ago, there lived, on the Western Reserve, in the northern part of Ohio, a poor boy, then some sixteen years of age. He was of a serious and spiritual temperament, and had long been seeking, from nature, from revelation, and from experience, the knowledge of God. One summer day, as he was at work, alone, in the cornfield, the Lord appeared to him by his Spirit, in mercy, pardoning his sins, and filling him with light, and peace, and joy. At the same time he seemed to hear a voice, saying to him that he must educate himself, and then preach the Gospel. Leaving his work, he tripped lightly home to his mother, and told her how he felt. The good woman, like Mary, the mother of Jesus, pondered the matter in her heart. As summer passed away, the conviction of duty to educate himself and preach the Gospel, still increased in the boy's mind. As his parents could render him little or no assistance in meeting the expenses of his education, an arrangement was made, by letter, with his uncle, a clergyman of Middlebury, Vt., providing him his board and instruction, preparatory to entering college, for doing the daily "chores" of the family, and working on the farm two full days every week. Owing to the delays attending mail communication, at that early day, so much time had been spent in conducting the negotiation with his uncle, that it was the middle of December before he could get ready to leave home. His equipage and outfit consisted of a straw hat, a coarse coat, and coarser pantaloons, a pair of thick boots, with huge horseshoe nails in the heels, a small stock of provisions, and eight dollars in cash. Thus accoutred and furnished, he started on a journey of eight hundred miles, on foot, through a country with clearings and log cabins few and far between, with long stretches of unbroken forests, with bridgeless rivers, and with savage mountains. He had traveled but a few miles from home, when he came suddenly on a pack of wolves. At first they appeared inclined to make off; but perceiving, by the instinct of their nature, that he was frightened, they changed their minds, and pursued him. In his fright and flight he sprang up a sapling. The limb to which he was clinging broke, and he sud-

denly came to the ground in the very midst of the pack. At this the wolves were so frightened, that they, in their turn, scampered off, and he saw them no more. The first serious obstacle he met was the Cuyahoga river, which he struck about fifteen miles above the place where now stands the fair city of Cleveland. The river was full of floating ice, and there was neither bridge nor boat. Pulling off his boots, however, he waded the stream, and went on his way.

After many a dreary day, and weary night, he reached the beautiful vales and romantic hills of Berkshire, in the western part of Massachusetts. He had yet a journey of several days to make, his feet had been frozen so that he could with difficulty walk, and his money was reduced to less than fifty cents. As he was wending his weary way along the road, one cold February day, a young man of the neighborhood, returning from the village, whither he had been to get a garment cut at the tailor's, overtook him, and entered into conversation. After a short time, the stranger stopped, saying he had forgotten to get some buttons for his new coat, and he must go back and get them. It immediately occurred to our young adventurer that he might make a raise of some twenty-five cents to help him on his way, by dismantling his own coat of its buttons, and selling them to the stranger. A bargain was accordingly soon struck for the buttons. As the day was very cold and windy, our friend soon began to feel the loss of his buttons. He, however, managed to supply their place, by thrusting his thumb through the button-holes, and thus holding his coat together. He had not traveled far when a pedler, returning from an excursion in a neighboring county, overtook him, and seeing him lame and wayworn, kindly invited him to ride. The boy soon became so deeply interested in conversation, that he forgot his buttonless coat, let go his hold of it, and disclosed the condition of things. The pedler, observing the coat streaming in the wind, and the boy shivering in the cold, abruptly asked him what had become of his buttons. The boy did not like to tell. To divert the pedler's attention from the matter, he immediately commenced a story of western life, and daring exploits, and hair-breadth escapes. The pedler, however, was not to be evaded, and every few minutes he would again ask what had become of the buttons. The boy, finding there was no alternative, frankly told him all. As he proceeded with the story of his adventures and his sufferings, during that long journey, over snowy mountains, over pathless plains, across the icy streams, and through the wild woods, the heart of the pedler was so moved, that he wept like a child. When they came to the place of parting, the pedler took from his box a package, and gave it to the boy, telling him to stop at the next house, and get some buttons sewed on his coat. On opening his package, the boy found buttons enough to supply

himself and his friends for several years. With the aid of his twenty-five cents and his buttons, he reached the end of his journey. In due time he finished his college studies, and he has since become a man of much distinction, and has acquired not only extensive fame, but a large fortune.

Such indomitable energy and unyielding perseverance, must ever insure success in any enterprise. But, gentle reader, I must detain you no longer this time. We will, however, next month, meet again. So, good night!

## WITCHCRAFT, ETC.

BY THE EDITOR.

We have just laid aside two works, which we glanced at with interest: "A Sermon on Witchcraft," by Dr. Wilson, senior pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of this city, and "Philosophy of Mystery," by Dendy. The former we perused carefully—the latter partially and cursorily. As we are in immediate need of copy, we suffer our pen to record the thoughts which they have excited.

A BELIEF in the interposition of supernatural creatures in the management of human affairs, seems to have prevailed in all ages. *Astrology* was one of the earliest forms of superstition. This art, now generally neglected, has left its traces in some of the metals and their preparations—in the character (originally the symbol of Jupiter) with which the physician commences his recipe—in the practices of cathartizing and bleeding at particular seasons—the annual opening, on the sixth of August, of the pit whence is obtained the Lemnian earth, (*terra sigillata*,) &c.

*Divination* was practiced, primarily, in particular places; subsequently, independent of any locality. First came the *mætræ*, who, on great emergencies, revealed the future; then the *bacides*, and the *sibyllæ*, pretending to derive their knowledge from sacred books; then the most grand of all impositions, the *oracles*, followed by the *soothsayers*, or petty diviners, and *fortune-tellers*; next augury and the interpretation of signs by experience or routine. Nor was the interpretation of dreams omitted. Traces of divination are found at this day among the followers of Jemima Wilkinson, the Gipsies, the thousands who give attention to the death-watch, or the movements of birds, or lucky and unlucky days, or dreams, or the *sortes sanctorum*, (in imitation of the *sortes Homericæ* of the Greeks, and the *sortes Virgilianæ* of the Romans,) a mode of judging of the future by opening the Scriptures at random, and forming an opinion from the passage on which the eye happens to fall. Many have been plunged into despair, or elated through false hopes, by this means.

*Enchantment* is the employment of words, gesticulations, or characters, to produce extraordinary

phenomena. This form of superstition was held by many ancient nations. Originating, probably, in the east, where the magi were objects of veneration, it traveled to the west, notwithstanding the prohibitions of Roman emperors. By this art the Egyptian magi sought to diminish the influence of Moses. The splendid discoveries of Roger Bacon, who, in natural science, was far in advance of his age, were, by many of his cotemporaries, ascribed to it. We have sometimes met with men who pretended to cure diseases, stop blood issuing from wounded arteries, &c., by the enchantment of words. We have also found (a greater wonder) intelligent persons who credited their pretensions. *Amulets* and *talismans* are not unfrequently met with now, even in Christian countries, especially in Ireland, where many a mother ties a "gospel" around her child's neck to avert the dreaded influence of the fairy. The coral which the infant presses to his gums, and the beads which the lady suspends from her neck, are relics of a practice introduced by soothsayers.

*Sorcery* originally meant divination by lot; but in the middle ages it was employed to designate the magi, or the eastern and more respectable wizards.

*Necromancy* signifies prophesying by means of the dead. We have an instance in the history of Saul—the raising of Samuel by the witch of Endor. This art was practiced in Greece and many other ancient states, particularly Thessaly, where it was attended with unusual horrors. Under the Christian dispensation a milder form of necromancy has prevailed, namely, that of performing rites to call forth the voices of the dead from their graves. Traces of this superstition are found at the present day, even in refined society, in the tendency so prevalent to consider the last words of the dying prophetic.

*Exorcism* is the art of casting out evil spirits by adjuration. It has been practiced in all ages among Pagan nations. It existed even among the ancient Jews to a considerable extent. In the third century, it was practiced by the Christian Church at the baptism of heretics and heathens, under an impression that they were possessed; and, upon the adoption of St. Augustine's views of original sin, it became a uniform accompaniment of baptism. Traces of it exist at the present day in the Lutheran Church, while in the Catholic it is found as a preliminary to baptism, and a means of allaying storms, relieving the possessed, and killing vermin.

A *witch* is one who performs miraculous feats by the aid of evil spirits. Witchcraft is of modern origin, though the term occurs in the Scriptures. Many commentators, however, contend that the Hebrew word *charasap* signifies poisoner, and they appeal, in support of this translation, to the Septuagint which renders it by *φαρμακός*, the Greek word for poisoner. The word used in Galatians v, 20, is *φαρμακία*, from a word signifying drug or poison, and, we think, means those spells and enchantments



which were used among the ancients to cure or to produce disease, to excite love, or hatred, &c. Early in the Christian Church, the opinion prevailed that the gods of the heathen were evil spirits, who had blindfolded the nations and led them astray to destroy them. Hence true prophecy was accorded to ancient oracles, but traced through them to Satanic agency. It is easy to perceive in this opinion a foundation for the modern popular notion of witchcraft. The foundation being laid, it received perpetual accretions from the introduction of exorcism at the baptismal font, the worship of saints and relics, and the numberless errors of the ages of increasing darkness which succeeded the first few centuries of the Christian era. The study of the classics was calculated to strengthen the popular superstition, for their brightest pages glitter with demons; and Plato distinctly asserts, that "God has no immediate intercourse with men, but all the interviews and conversations between the gods and mortals, is carried on by means of the demons, both in waking and sleeping." No wonder that ignorant monks, in their lonely retreats, with their imaginations stimulated by physical phenomena, which, in their profound ignorance of natural science, they knew not how to explain, should fancy they saw the devil or his imps, and even attempt to describe his Satanic majesty's horns, tail, and cloven foot. Although in the fourth century the Council of Ancyra, by denouncing as heretical the belief in magical transformations, and some of the fathers, by discrediting the stories of witches riding through the air, attempted to arrest the progress of witchcraft, yet the superstition continued to increase until, in the twelfth century, it was matter of religious faith, and of ecclesiastical and civil legislation.

The crusades, which threw a flash of light over Europe, gave to this superstition but a temporary check; while the Reformation, so fruitful in blessed results, served rather to strengthen than weaken the popular notion of witchcraft. The most dreadful persecutions on this account, followed the track of Calvinian orthodoxy. Luther thought he routed the devil himself by throwing an inkstand in his face, and it is affirmed that, at a later day, even our own Wesley, whom we so much admire and love, said, "To give up witchcraft is to give up the Bible."

Such men as Hale, the brightest ornaments of the English bench, patiently witnessed the processes by which witches purged themselves; calmly listened to the evidences of their guilt; and formally condemned them to death at the stake. In passing, we cannot refrain from alluding to a good story of Sir Matthew, "He was presiding on the trial of a witch. She had cured many diseases by a certain charm, and the evidence of guilt seemed conclusive. But when the Judge himself looked on this charm, behold! it was a scrap of paper inscribed with a Latin sentence, which, in default of money, *he himself*,

while on the circuit, had given, many years before, in a merry mood, to mine host by way of reckoning." When the natural sciences began to be cultivated, the belief in witchcraft gradually withered, though it is not yet extirpated entirely. We believe there have been three trials for witchcraft, before the civil magistracy, within the limits of this state. One, if we have not been misinformed, occurred in Seneca county, and was occasioned by the combustion of a wagon, in which a man was carrying quicklime. A shower came up while he was on the way, a part of which, falling in love with the lime and agreeing to enter into the solid state in union with it, evolved sufficient caloric to do the mischief, which was ascribed to the witch. We have heard of sheep and oxen being burnt, in our own day and country, in order to drive off witches who were supposed to have occasioned pestilence among flocks and herds. Who has not heard of the interference of witches in domestic affairs. A lady in manufacturing soap, after much pains sometimes finds the grease upon the top of the kettle, and the alkali at the bottom. Now, instead of putting in some lime to deprive the alkali of its carbonic acid, considering her kettle bewitched, she heats her poker, and plunges it in again and again, and next day inquires for some old lady in the neighborhood who has been badly burned. In some parts of our state, you may find horseshoes over many a door. We have often met with sensible men who fully believed in witchcraft, and whom we could much more easily supply with *assafoetida* than convince of their superstition. We are reminded by the discourse, named at the head of this article, that witchcraft is, sometimes, more than a vulgar delusion, and we must treat the subject seriously. We confess we were not a little surprised at Dr. Wilson's sermon. This gentleman is, in our estimation, one of the ablest divines in America. Deservedly is he honored for his age, his piety, his talents, his learning, and his long and valuable services. This discourse is founded on Galatians v, 20—a passage which, in our humble opinion, has no reference to what men now generally understand to be witchcraft. The Doctor says, "A witch is a person who practices some kinds of curious arts in order to gain profit or applause, or to confirm men in erroneous opinions." If so, there are, undoubtedly, many witches in this city, especially on Main and Fifth-streets. But the Doctor certainly does not mean to class among witches men who merely practice curious arts for profit or applause; for he specifies divination, enchantment, necromancy, sorcery, exorcism, and soothsaying, as the *modus* by which witchcraft is practiced.

The Doctor's first argument is founded upon the declarations of the Jewish civil law against witchcraft. His second argument is based on the words in Samuel: "For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft." A third is the reason assigned by the prophet

Nahum for the destruction of Babylon, namely, she was "the mistress of witchcrafts." "A fourth on the promise of the prophet Micah, 'And it shall come to pass in that day, saith the Lord, that I will cut off witchcraft out of thine hand, and thou shalt have no more soothsayers,'" and his last upon his text.

Having advanced his proofs, the Doctor gives examples, namely, Joseph's divining cup, the enchantments of the Egyptian magicians who withstood Moses, the raising of the witch of Endor, Simon the sorcerer, the damsel of Philippi, the seven sons of Sceva at Ephesus, and some modern instances noticed in the sequel.

The author next explains how this sin originates. His theory is, that God sends witchcraft upon men as a punishment for rejecting the truth: thus an evil spirit was sent to Saul when the Spirit of God forsook him.

He then proceeds to give some modern examples of witchcraft. He names the Papacy, a certain European prince, the Shakers, the Mormons, the followers of Mesmer, and Swedenborgianism. The discourse is closed by an exhibition of the Gospel as the only remedy for witchcraft.

Although the author's definition does not embrace the distinctive feature of modern witchcraft, (demoniacal agency,) yet his whole discourse implies it. The various species enumerated are supernatural arts; and the instances adduced, both ancient and modern, (according to his interpretation and opinion,) imply infernal aid. Speaking of the case of Saul, he says, "*The woman, by her art, brought up Samuel, who conversed with Saul.*" Of modern instances the Doctor speaks as follows: "You may talk about ignorance, credulity, shrewd guessing, imagination, sympathy, collusion, and sleight of hand; but none of these, nay, all of them put together, can account for the well attested miracles of the Papists and the Shakers, the phenomena of Mesmerism, and the spiritual cognitions of Emanuel Swedenborg. They must have been produced either by the power of God, or by the power of the devil; for they are evidently above the power of man. You cannot deny the phenomena. To what power, O Christian, will you ascribe them? With the Scriptures before you, how can you be at a loss? These are the spirits of devils working miracles, showing great signs and wonders."

Never having given much attention to witchcraft, we must speak doubtfully. In regard to ancient witchcraft, was it not an offshoot of idolatry—the rendering to the creature or the phantom, that fear and trust due only to God? Is it not more reasonable to suppose that the divine Being would punish this crime by delivering the transgressors to their own delusions, than by giving them, or evil spirits, power to disturb the laws of this beautiful universe? Is there any case recorded in the Bible which cannot

be explained without supposing real miracle by diabolical agency? In the case of Samuel, there was a real miracle; but did not God, not the witch, call Samuel from his rest? The witch was astonished and alarmed by the phenomenon. Suppose that diabolical agency, in producing natural results, was permitted in ancient times; have we reason to believe that it exists now? We know an opinion has prevailed among those who believe that devils had great power upon the earth in ancient times, that at the advent of Christ that power was restrained. But let us look to the Doctor's modern instances.

Now we marvel that, at the very period when the phlegmatic German mind is inflamed by an attempt to revive the impositions connected with the pilgrimage to the Holy Coat of Treves, and while thousands are rushing at the risk of reputation, fortune, livelihood, and perhaps life to the new Catholic German Church, a Protestant clergyman should assert that the Holy Coat does perform miracles. Prove this, and Ronge can be silenced—prove this, and the mother Church will be satisfied—she will not be troubled with the charge of witchcraft.

The prince to whom the Doctor refers, was, doubtless, Alexander Leopold Hohenlohe. We are curious to know to which of his cases Dr. Wilson would refer as miraculous. Was it the case of Princess Matilda? If so, we should insist upon the claims of Heine, her machinist. The Doctor will not surely take us into the Bamberg and Wurzburg hospitals, which keep such a fearful account of the Prince's failures, and the interference of the police in relation to his experiments. Nor will he excite our credence by a history of the Prince of Hildburghausen's eyes. True, there were wonderful cures performed by Hohenlohe; but it might be well to compare his successful with his unsuccessful cases, and to inquire into the influence of the imagination in the cure of disease. If any decline such investigations, let them take the opinion of Pope Pius VII, who certainly had more doubts on the subject of the Prince's miracles than Dr. Wilson.

The Doctor gives his opinion that Swedenborg was a bad man, but that he had intercourse with the spiritual world. The disciples of Swedenborg will, we apprehend, be of all others the least disquieted by this opinion: what more can they ask than the concession it contains? Now we can only say that our opinion is directly the reverse of the Doctor's.

In the wonders of Shakerism and Mormonism, we see nothing but the workings of cunning and impudence upon ignorance, stupidity, and superstition; and we regret that so high an authority as Dr. Wilson should admit that they were miraculous.

Mesmerism ingrafts itself upon somnambulism, and needs but little acuteness, and jugglery, to accomplish its feats before a credulous multitude.

But we must dismiss the pamphlet, by saying, that

we hope nothing we have written will be deemed disrespectful to Dr. Wilson, whom we esteem and venerate.

The work of Mr. Dendy, to which we have referred at the head of this article, is a very interesting book; its style is easy, its language chaste, and its discussions are both amusing and philosophical. Its object is, to explain, by well known physical and physiological laws, the various stories of spectres, scenes in magic mirrors, second sight, prophetic dreams, somnolence, somnambulism, &c. We commend it to the attention of the superstitious, especially to such as consult fortune-tellers, or allow themselves to be disquieted by natural phenomena; to those, also, who fear to pass a grave-yard in the night, or go into the cellar without a candle or a whistle; or who narrate to their children foolish tales of fairies, and attempt to govern them by threatening to send evil spirits after them.

We were once troubled with vain, superstitious fears, but we have scattered them, partly by looking into the natural sciences, but chiefly by gazing upon God's word. In these magnificent and harmonious revelations, we have learned that there is an eternal Being, infinite in power and wisdom, who has created the universe, and who preserves, governs, and blesses it; that his tender mercies are over all his works; and that he is everywhere present, exerting his fatherly care and goodness upon the meanest of his creatures, and swaying a sceptre, holy, just, and good, over those beings he has made in his own image. To fear *him* is the beginning of wisdom; to fear any thing else, real or fanciful, in heaven or earth, or under the earth, is the basis of all vice and folly. It is delightful to reflect that the universal Father himself communes with his rational creatures. This was a doctrine heathenism could never reach, but which the Bible has brought to light with life and immortality. Reader, feel after God, if haply you may find him, for he is not far from any of us. It is the perversion of these grand and celestial doctrines by wicked men, who wished not to retain God in their knowledge, that has caused all the idolatry and superstitious fears and fancies of men. May God turn a pure philosophy and a pure language upon our hearts.

#### MY FIRST CLASS-LEADER.

He is gone!—gone, no doubt, to glory. How difficult to realize it. More easy to think of him as he *was*, than as he *is*. In calling up the painfully pleasing recollections of the past, they tell me I love him. And why not? It is said the memory of the friends of our early youth is long and dearly cherished; much more true is this of the friends of our spiritual childhood. Who cannot remember the minister, from whose lips—guided and impelled by a *power Divine*—came the word that first reached our heart?

or the friend who first spoke to us of our soul, and, leading us to the altar, knelt, wept and prayed with us when we drank the bitter cup, and rejoiced with us when the evidence came that we were accepted, and our name was written in heaven? Who does not love, in imagination, to go back and live over the scenes of the camp ground, the class-room, the closet, and other "heavenly places" interwoven with the early recollections of our spiritual youth? But what place or person more dear to memory than our first class and leader? How delightful it was there to exercise that newly infused principle, (Christian love,) feel it reciprocated, and be able to say, "We know we have passed from death unto life, because we *love the brethren*." What a pleasure to listen to the instructions of the leader, as he selected from the store-house of divine truth the food we needed, or directed our feet in our first efforts to walk in "wisdom's way," assisted us in our stammering attempts to speak the language of Canaan, supported us when we were trembling and in danger of falling; and when first called to use our sword and shield, in the midst of the conflict cheered us on, told us on whom to trust, and pointed to the crown.

My first leader was a man of much more than ordinary intellectual and moral worth. Though diligent in business, he was fervent in spirit. The class-room was his home. Here his spiritual vision seemed to strengthen, and, like Bunyan's pilgrim on the delectable mountains, by the telescope of faith he often caught a glimpse of the Celestial City: as his soul filled at the sight, he walked the room and sung,

"Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er," &c.

And then with his hands clasped, and his eyes directed upward, wet with tears, exclaimed, "Blessed Jesus! blessed Savior!" and turning to his class, with a look that told of bliss within, exhorted us to urge our passage to the skies, and claim our mansion there. Often have we heard him feelingly speak of the sweet assurance he had the Lord would bring him safe home. And so it was. As he lay upon his dying pillow, and time rolled him rapidly toward his Father's house, he exclaimed,

"Tis *love* that drives my chariot wheels,  
And *death* must yield to love."

Death yielded; for when he came to the valley, so great was the light around him, that only a faint shadow was thrown across the path: as he passed on he exclaimed, "I'm half way through." Just then, as he looked forward, the glories of the upper world broke full upon his enraptured sight, "heaven opened to his eyes, his ears with sounds seraphic rung." With his expiring breath he exclaimed, "Look! look! I see them." "There's light across the valley." It was the broad blaze of ethereal light, reflected upon the dying Christian's vision from the gates of pearl, and streets of gold. Thus died the leader. May his class all follow him.

THETA.

## THE STUDY OF THE BIBLE.

BY PROFESSOR MERRICK.

ACCORDING to promise, I take up my pen again, intending to limit myself, in the present number, to the *literature of the Bible*. Written as the Bible was by different men, in ages widely remote, but by the inspiration of the Almighty, the style of its composition, as might be expected, is exceedingly diversified, rising from the plainest narrative to the highest strains of impassioned poetry. Here may be found passages of the loftiest sublimity, and of the deepest pathos—here are beautiful descriptions of natural scenery, and the finest pencillings of the heart. And as a standard of pure English, the translation in common use is undoubtedly superior to any other work extant. So it has always been regarded by the best English writers. Even Byron, though he hated its truths, acknowledged the superiority of the Bible as a work of literature. It was one of the few books always found upon his table. For sublimity of sentiment, and purity of diction, he considered it unsurpassed. I am aware that many a sophomore Ciceronian affects to look upon the literature of the Bible with contempt. The language of the Holy Ghost, as uttered by Isaiah and Paul, has to him no beauties, compared with the writings of Homer and Cicero. One might suppose he had been under the tuition of Cardinal Bembo, whose taste was so exceedingly refined, that he could not use the language of inspiration, until it was translated into the style of the Pagan classics, substituting, as it is said he always did, for "remission of sins," the "pity of the manes and of the gods;" for "Holy Spirit," "breath of the celestial zephyr;" and for "Christ, the Son of God," "Minerva, sprung from the brow of Jupiter." And, really, our young sophomore is as much to be pitied as blamed for his false taste, or ignorance of the literature of the Bible; for it is to be attributed, chiefly, to the defects of the system of education under which he is receiving his literary training. Look at the course of study as prescribed for the students in most of our literary institutions, and in how few is the Bible even named. Why this proscription of the sacred volume? By what *index expurgatorium* has it been banished from our halls of literature? Protestant colleges and seminaries without the Bible! Strange indeed. O, tell it not in Catholic countries—publish it not in Pagan lands! But I must not pursue this subject here. I rejoice, however, to know that the Bible occupies a prominent place in many of our seminaries. Thus may it ever be! and thus may it soon be in *all* our schools!

I have spoken of the *sublimity* of the sacred Scriptures. Let me call your attention to a few passages out of the thousand which might be selected. God had delivered David and his people out of the hands

of their enemies, and the inspired poet celebrates the event in strains like these:

"When the waves of death compassed me,  
The floods of ungodly men made me afraid;  
The sorrows of hell compassed me about;  
The snares of death prevented me:  
In my distress I called upon the Lord,  
And cried to my God;  
And he did hear my voice out of his temple,  
And my cry did enter into his ears.  
Then the earth shook and trembled;  
The foundations of heaven moved  
And shook, because he was wroth:  
There went up a smoke out of his nostrils,  
And fire out of his mouth devoured:  
Coals were kindled by it.  
He bowed the heavens, also, and came down;  
And darkness was under his feet;  
And he rode a cherub, and did fly:  
And he was seen upon the wings of the wind;  
And he made darkness pavilions round about him—  
Dark waters, and thick clouds of the skies.  
Through the brightness before him were coals of fire kindled.  
The Lord thundered from heaven,  
And the Most High uttered his voice:  
And he sent out arrows, and scattered them—  
Lightning, and discomfited them.  
And the channels of the sea appeared,  
The foundations of the world were discovered,  
At the rebuking of the Lord—  
At the blast of the breath of his nostrils."

In similar strains the prophet Habakkuk proclaims the majesty of God.

"God came from Teman,  
And the holy One from Mount Paran.  
His glory covered the heavens,  
And the earth was full of his praise.  
And his brightness was as the light;  
Before him went the pestilence,  
And burning coals went forth at his feet.  
He stood, and measured the earth:  
He beheld, and drove asunder the nations;  
The everlasting mountains were scattered,  
The perpetual hills did bow:  
His ways are everlasting.  
The mountains saw thee, and they trembled;  
The overflowing of the water passed by:  
The deep uttered his voice,  
And lifted up his hands on high."

What heathen poet penned words like these—so full of awful grandeur—so bold in figure, and yet so beautifully chaste! One seems to see the very lightning, whose fiery bolt, descending, scatters the enemies of God—he hears the muttering thunder proclaiming his wrath—he feels the earth moving beneath his feet, as Nature, in wild amaze, trembles at the approach of her offended Lord.

The vision of Eliphaz is a fine example of the sublime, heightened by obscurity:

"In thoughts from visions of the night,  
When deep sleep falleth on man,  
Fear came upon me, and trembling,  
Which made all my bones to shake.  
Then a spirit passed before my face;  
The hair of my flesh stood up:  
It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof:

An image was before mine eyes, there was silence, and I heard a voice, saying,  
 Shall mortal man be more just than God?  
 Shall a man be more pure than his Maker?"

How perfect every part of this thrilling scene! How appalling all the circumstances, and how happily introduced! It is night—deep sleep has fallen on men—all is darkness and solitude. Eliphaz feels a sense of fear coming over him, from what cause he knows not, and yet so dread that his flesh trembles, and his very bones quake—then the spirit passes before his face. Seized with horror, his hair rises upon his quivering flesh. And now the spectre stands before him; yet he can discern no definite form—a vague, uncertain image alone is seen—no motion can be perceived—no sound is heard—all is silent as the grave. Anon the spirit utters its solemn monition, and is gone.

Nor is the Bible wanting in examples of the morally sublime. These abound both in the Old Testament and in the New, but more especially in the latter. A very few examples must suffice. The history of the apostle Paul throughout is full of moral sublimity—its close peculiarly so. He is, as he often was, in prison. But the prison's massive doors have closed upon him for the last time. Nero thirsts for his blood. Already the executioner may be preparing the implements of death. Paul is writing to his son Timothy. It is his last letter. The hand that now writes will soon be cold in death. And Timothy is his "own son in the faith," his "*dearly beloved son*." Will he not advise him to cease preaching the offensive doctrines of the cross, lest he share a similar fate? Not so Paul. Listen to his dying words: "I charge thee therefore before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and dead at his appearing and his kingdom; **PREACH THE WORD**; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine: endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry." Does he regret his own course, which had already brought upon him incalculable sufferings, or speak with dread of the near approach of death? Instead of this, with calm satisfaction, he reviews the past, and with joyful hopes anticipates the future. "I am now ready," he writes, "to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: thenceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." Who, after reading these words, will not almost involuntarily imagine he hears this noble martyr, as he passes from his prison to the place of execution, singing, in his own triumphant language, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is

the law. But thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

But, for moral sublimity, the life of Christ, as recorded in the Gospels, infinitely transcends that of Paul; and so his death. To a single point only, however, can I pause to call your attention. Behold him hanging on the bloody cross. He has been most unjustly condemned. Around him stand his murderers. With fiendish satisfaction they witness his sufferings. With cruel jeers they mock and insult him when in the very agonies of death. He turns his languid eye toward heaven. Will he call for fire to fall upon his bloody persecutors? "**FATHER, FORGIVE THEM!**" Godlike indeed! Where can be found a passage like this in the uninspired writings of any age. We may safely challenge a parallel.

Passages of deep pathos, and of the most delicate tenderness, also, frequently occur in the sacred writings. The story of Joseph will afford us several examples. His brethren, for envy, have sold him into Egypt. To deceive their aged father, they bring to him the coat of many colors, stained with the blood of a beast they had slain. He recognizes the coat, and not doubting but Joseph is dead, he exclaims, "An evil ~~beast~~ hath devoured him: Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces." In his grief he rends his clothes, and puts sackcloth upon his loins; and when his sons and daughters rise up to comfort him, he refuses to be comforted, saying, "I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning." In process of time, a famine prevailing in the land, the remaining sons of Jacob, all except Benjamin, the son of his old age, go down into Egypt to buy corn. Here they are treated harshly by the governor—are declared to be spies. One of their number, Simeon, is detained as a hostage; and before another supply of corn can be obtained, Benjamin must be brought down. The afflicted brethren return, and communicate the sad intelligence to their father; while, at the same time, all are alarmed at finding every man's bundle of money in the mouth of his sack. Jacob's cup of misery seems now to be full. "Me," he exclaims, "have ye bereaved of my children: Joseph is not, and Simeon is not; and ye will take Benjamin away: all these things are against me." At first he refuses to let him go. "No," says the old man, "my son shall not go down with you; for his brother is dead, and he is left alone: if mischief befall him by the way in which ye go, then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave." But the famine pressing hard, and his sons expostulating with him, he at last yields. "Take your brother, arise, go again unto the man; and God almighty give you mercy before the man, that he may send away your other brother and Benjamin. *If I be bereaved of my children, I am bereaved.*" How touching this expression of parental solicitude! What desolation of heart is portrayed in the last sentence! Once more the men stand before Joseph.

"And he asked them of their welfare, and said, Is your father well, the old man of whom ye spake? Is he yet alive? And they answered, Thy servant our father is in good health, he is yet alive. And he lifted up his eyes, and saw his brother Benjamin, his mother's son, and said, Is this your younger brother of whom ye spake unto me? And he said, God be gracious unto thee, my son. And Joseph made haste; for his bowels did yearn upon his brother: and he sought where to weep; and he entered into his chamber, and wept there." Was there ever drawn a more delicate picture of filial and fraternal love! Who does not exclaim, while gazing upon it, Beautiful in chaste simplicity and melting tenderness! The plea of Judah, in behalf of Benjamin, and the discovery of Joseph to his brethren, are passages full of thrilling interest and deep pathos; but too long to be transcribed. One short extract more, and I must leave this inimitable story. Joseph having made himself known to his brethren, they hasten, with joyful hearts, to communicate the glad intelligence concerning him to their father. "Joseph," say they, "is yet alive, and he is governor over all the land of Egypt." This, to the patriarch, is incredible. Joseph alive, and governor of Egypt! *It cannot be.* "And Jacob's heart fainted, for he believed them not." But they tell him all the words of Joseph, and show him the presents he has sent, and his spirit revives, and he exclaims, "It is enough, Joseph, my son, is yet alive: I will go down and see him before I die."

For depth of feeling, delicacy of sentiment, and beauty of expression, the following ode, written by David, on the occasion of the death of Saul and Jonathan, is unequalled among elegiacal writings: "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: How are the mighty fallen! Tell it not in Gath, Publish it not in the streets of Askelon; Lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, Lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph. Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, Neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings: For there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, The shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil. From the blood of the slain, From the fat of the mighty, The bow of Jonathan turned not back, And the sword of Saul returned not empty. Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, And in their death they were not divided: They were swifter than eagles, They were stronger than lions. Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, Who clothed you in scarlet, with other delights; Who put on ornaments of gold upon your apparel. How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thy high places. I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: Very pleasant hast thou been unto me: Thy love to me was wonderful, Passing the love of women. How are the mighty fallen, And the weapons of war perished!"

Thus David bewails the loss of his friends. But soon he mourns the untimely death of a son. Absalom is in battle. Messengers arrive from the scene of action. The king eagerly inquires concerning the safety of his son. The one of whom he first inquires deceives him. Afterward he inquires of Cush, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" Cush answers, "The enemies of the lord my king, and all that rise up against thee to do thee harm, be as that young man is." "And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept; and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

Would you read a specimen of manly eloquence? Turn to Paul's speech before Agrippa. Are you fond of allegory? Read Jotham's fable of the trees, and the parable of the prodigal son. Or do you prefer animated historical narratives? Then you may open at the account of David's contest with Goliath, or of Paul's shipwreck. All, I trust, are lovers of devotional poetry. You can find nothing which will equal the pious strains of "the sweet singer of Israel." Perhaps you are an admirer of the works of God, and are fond of tracing the operations of his hands in natural phenomena. If so, read the 104th Psalm, and some of the last chapters of the book of Job. With a single quotation from this last book, I must pass to another topic, which, however, I reserve for another number.

"Truly there is a vein for the silver,  
And a place for gold which they refine.  
Iron is dug up from the earth,  
And the rock produceth copper.  
Man diggeth in the place of darkness,  
And diligently exploretch each extremity;  
The stones of darkness, and the shadow of death.  
The channels of brooks choked up with sand,  
Which though despised when under the foot,  
Are sifted and displayed amongst men.  
The surface of the earth produceth bread,  
But its interior is the region of fire.  
Among its stones are to be found sapphires,  
Spotted with small grains of gold.  
There is a path which no fowl knew,  
Which the vulture's eye hath not descried,  
Which the wild beast's whelps have not trodden,  
Nor hath the swarthy lion stalked over it.  
Man stretcheth forth his hand to the sparry ore,  
He overturneth mountains from their roots.  
He scoopeth channels through the rocks,  
His eye discerneth every precious gem.  
But where shall wisdom be found?  
And where is the place of understanding?  
The deep saith, It is not in me;  
And the sea saith, It is not with me.  
Whence, then, cometh wisdom?  
And where is the place of understanding?  
Destruction and death say,  
With our ears we have heard the fame thereof.  
God understandeth the way thereof,  
And he knoweth the place thereof;  
And unto man he said,  
Behold the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom;  
And to depart from evil, that is understanding."

## WHO ARE THE FATHERS?

CYRIL OF JERUSALEM.

THIS father was born at Jerusalem, A. D. 315, ordained presbyter at the age of thirty, and five years afterward, on the death of Maximus, he became Patriarch of Jerusalem. He was a zealous Trinitarian, and he engaged in a warm disputation with Acacius, the Arian Bishop of Cæsarea. The modern Unitarians are the ancient Arians, with very little change. Acacius accused him of selling some valuable Church property, which was true, but it was for the support of the needy. Acacius assembled a council, A. D. 357, at Cæsarea, and deposed Cyril; he, on the other hand, summoned a council and deposed Acacius. However, Acacius, by his artifices, succeeded in depriving him of his office a second time, but it was restored to him by the Emperor Constantius. The Arian Emperor Valens deposed him a third time; and it was not till after the death of Valens, that he was permitted to return to Jerusalem. The council of Constantinople confirmed him in his see, which he continued to fill till his death, in 381. Of his writings there remain twenty-three Catechises, which are written in a style of clearness and simplicity, and are considered the oldest and best outline of the Christian doctrines.

HILARY

Was born at Poitiers, in France, a heathen, in which religion he remained till many years after he was grown up. The light of the Gospel did not burst upon his mind in all its glory and beauty, as with many others, but the change effected in him was the work of time, gradual but sure. After he was perfectly instructed in the Christian faith, he was baptized, with his wife and daughter, who, unlike Christian's wife and family, in Pilgrim's Progress, kept him company. In 355, he was advanced to the bishopric of Poitiers, and distinguished himself against the Arians, who were rapidly gaining ground in France. Constantius sent him the following year to support the cause of Athanasius, in the synod of Beterra or Beziers, against Saturninus; but the latter so employed all his art with the emperor, during his absence, as to procure his banishment to Phrygia, where he remained four years. During this time, he wrote twelve books on the Trinity, and a Treatise concerning Synods. At the expiration of this time, he was recalled and sent into Silencia; where, seeing the Arian heretics gaining ground, he petitioned the emperor for leave to have a public disputation with them. The Arians, knowing with what a powerful adversary they would have to deal, contrived to send him to France, so as to be out of their way. In this they were disappointed, for he entered into the work with so much zeal, that France was, comparatively, freed from their heresy by his labors alone. He died A. D. 368.

His works have been the admiration of all the

orthodox Church. He was a man of great piety as well as learning.

KIPHANUS

Was born near Jerusalem, about the year 310. Little of his history is known. He was appointed Bishop of Salamis, in Cyprus, A. D. 367. He died in 403. It is said of him that "his learning was great, his judgment rash, and his credulity and mistakes very abundant." His principal works are, *The Anchor*, a defense of the Christian faith; a book against eighty heresies, from Cain to Valentinian; and one on Scripture weights and measures.

BASIL.

This father, called the Great, to distinguish him from other Greek patriarchs of the same name, was born in 326, at Cæsarea, in Cappadocia, and having studied at Athens, he taught rhetoric and practiced at the bar. In 370 he was made Bishop of Cæsarea, where he died nine years afterward. He was the most distinguished of all the Greek fathers. His efforts for the regulation of clerical discipline, and the success of his mild treatment toward the Arians, prove him to have been a man of great influence. The Greek Church, at the present day, honors him as the chief of her patron saints. His followers are widely extended. Some are to be found in America. The rules framed by Basil, are strictly adhered to by his followers, the Basilian monks.

GREGORY OF NAZIANZEN

Was the son of the Bishop of Nazianzum, in Cappadocia. He studied at Cæsarea, Alexandria, and Athens. He was raised, by Theodosius, A. D. 360, to the archiepiscopal throne of Constantinople. This, however, he soon resigned, and retired to Arianus, where he died, A. D. 389. His works form two folio volumes, consisting of sermons, poems, and letters.

GREGORY OF NYSSA

Was the younger brother of St. Basil, and born in Sebaste, about 331. At the age of forty, he was ordained Bishop of Nyssa, in Cappadocia. He was expelled, by Valens, from his see on account of his zeal against the Arians, but restored by Gratian. The council of Constantinople intrusted to him the drawing up of the Nicene creed. He died A. D. 396. His works consist of sermons, funeral orations, Scriptural commentaries and lives, forming two volumes, folio.

JEROME.

Jerome was born in Dalmatia, of wealthy parents, who educated him with great care, in all the learning of those days. He was not converted till in his fortieth year. He had a high opinion of monastic life, and retired in 374 to the deserts of Chalcis, where, for four years, he practiced the severest mortifications, and applied himself to the most laborious studies. At Antioch he was ordained presbyter; whence he went to Constantinople, that he might enjoy the instruction of Gregory of Nazianzen;

and finally to Rome, where, as a public expounder, he procured great favor. He founded a monastery at Bethlehem, where he died, A. D. 420.

He is the most distinguished of all the Church fathers. He translated the Old Testament from the original Hebrew into Latin, which is the foundation of the Latin Vulgate; and, indeed, he seems to have been the only father who thoroughly studied the Hebrew language. "He had neither the philosophical genius, nor the Scriptural views of his celebrated cotemporary, Augustine; but he possessed a more extensive knowledge of the languages, and a glowing and lively imagination, which gave attractions to his style, and rendered him the most distinguished writer of his time."

#### AUGUSTINE,

Called in the middle ages St. Austin, a father whose writings, for several centuries, exerted as great an influence on the Church as those of Aristotle did on philosophy, was born November 13th, A. D. 354, at Tagasta, a city of Numidia, in Africa. He studied grammar and rhetoric at Madura, till sixteen years of age, when he was sent to Carthage to complete his education. In both these great cities, he entered eagerly into the seducing scenes of dissipation and immorality which surrounded him, and became even infamous in his conduct. These hours of folly, after his conversion, he described, with all the simplicity of childhood, in his "Confessions." He says, in his "City of God," that the prayers of his mother, in early life, exerted an influence on his conduct through all the wanderings of his youth. Augustine, like many who have had "much forgiven," wished to retire at once from so wicked a world, in which he had spent thirty-two years in dissolute habits. But he did not long remain in his retirement. He was ordained priest by Valerius, Bishop of Hippo, now a part of the Barbary states, in the year 392. His reputation so increased, that in 395 he was ordained Bishop of Hippo. He wrote against the heresies of the Donatists, Monichees, and that of Pelagius. St. Augustine taught nearly the same doctrines held by the Campbellite Baptists at the present day, as it regards baptism: that it is absolutely essential; that its omission will expose to eternal condemnation, and that its performance is accompanied with the renewing influence of the Spirit. *Yet he affirmed that the virtue was not in the water, but in Christ's accompanying the outward ceremony with a certain invisible grace; and to this doctrine he united that of the Antinomians, in regard to election, that some are ordained to everlasting life, and some to everlasting death; and, consequently, as baptism is common to all, the rite may be death to some, and life to others.*

Augustine was laborious and faithful in the discharge of his office as bishop. That office, in those days, was no sinecure, as appears from his letters, especially at the close of one addressed to Marcelli-

nus, in which he says, "If I were able to give you a narrative of the manner in which I spend my time, you would be both surprised and distressed, on account of the great number of affairs which oppress me without my being able to suspend them. For, when some little leisure is allowed me, by those who daily attend upon me about business, and who are so urgent with me that I can neither shun them nor ought to despise them, I have always some other writings to compose, which ought, indeed, to be preferred, [to those which Marcellinus requested,] because the present juncture will not permit them to be postponed. For the rule of charity is, not to consider the greatness of the friendship, but the necessity of the affair. Thus I have continually something or other to compose, which diverts me from writing what would be more agreeable to my inclinations, during the little intervals, in that multiplicity of business with which I am burdened, either through the wants or passions of others."

His table was frugal, being rarely furnished with any other food than herbs and pulse. No woman, not even his sister, frequented or lived in his house. He rarely made visits except to the suffering and the poor, and exercised hospitality toward all. Says Mosheim, "Augustine's high reputation filled the Christian world; and not without reason, as a variety of great and shining qualities were united in the character of this illustrious man. A sublime genius, an uninterrupted and zealous pursuit of truth, an indefatigable application, an invincible patience, a sincere piety, and a subtil and lively wit, conspired to establish his fame upon the most lasting foundations."

#### CHRYSOSTOM.

Chrysostom was born at Antioch, A. D. 344, and educated for the bar, where, by his great eloquence, he acquired the name Chrysostom, (golden mouth;) he was also called the Homer of orators, and compared to the sun. His father, Secundus, was a general of cavalry. In the height of his fame, Chrysostom quitted the bar to lead a monastic life, in which he continued six years. After his return, he became a preacher, and through his piety and great oratorical talents, he was appointed Patriarch of Constantinople, A. D. 398. He at length incurred the hatred of the Empress Eudoxia, and was sent into exile, where he died, A. D. 407.

His works are published in thirteen volumes, folio.

#### CYRIL OF ALEXANDRIA.

The bishops of Alexandria had acquired great authority and power, which they usually exercised to the full extent; and the Cyril now described, who had succeeded his uncle Theophilus to the bishopric of Alexandria, was not one at all likely to seek to diminish aught of this power he received. He was no sooner raised to this office, than he drove the Novations out of the city, and stripped their bishop, Theopompus, of all he possessed. Shortly afterward



the Jews committed some fault, whereby his apostolical zeal was excited; and having put himself at the head of the people, he demolished the synagogues, drove all the Jews from the city, and suffered the people to pillage their effects! This latter act, however, displeased Orestes, the governor, who, fearful that Cyril's authority might soon set aside his own, determined to crush it. The result was, a civil war broke out in the city; the Bishop maintaining his party, the Governor his. So far had Christianity fallen from its high and exalted state through corruption and depravity. One day Orestes was abroad in an open chariot, on business, when he was suddenly surrounded, by *five hundred monks!* and as he fled they pursued, wounded him with stones, and had certainly killed him had not the *populace* moderated their fury!

Cyril held the doctrine, "that the Virgin Mary was indeed the mother of God, and, therefore, ought to be called so. He verily thought that the Gospel was not to be propagated by enticing words of man's wisdom, but by power, and that, too, physical." He died A. D. 444.

#### THEODORET,

One of the most eminent of the Greek fathers and commentators, was born at Antioch, A. D. 386, of wealthy and pious parents. He was made lector and then deacon of the Church at Antioch, and about the year 420, was ordained Bishop of Cyrus, a city near the Euphrates, where he had the care of eight hundred Churches. He employed his time in ministering to the wants of the poor, in erecting public works, and converting heretics; in which acts of kindness he spent all his patrimony. He was deposed from his office by the Emperor Theodosius, for the active part he took against the heresies of Cyril of Alexandria, but restored, on the death of Theodosius, by his successor Marcion. He died in 457, aged 71. He was a man of genius and learning. He continued the Ecclesiastical History of Eusebius to the year 429, and wrote commentaries on most of the books of the Bible; the first eight of which are in the form of questions and answers. His writings are numerous and valuable, and form four volumes, folio.

These constitute all the fathers whose writings are of much importance. The Church, even in Theodoret's time, had become very corrupt. Petitions were addressed to the Virgin Mary and the saints. Pictures filled the walls of the churches, images and crucifixes the sacred desk, and the minds of the people were turned away from the true and living principles to the empty, outward forms of religion. But here and there a star might be seen through the gloom—some faithful shepherd leading his little flock, through the surrounding darkness, to that bright land where all clouds are dissipated by the blaze of the glorious Sun of righteousness. I have endeavored, in an impartial and faithful manner, to

show forth the true principles of each: how far I have succeeded, each reader must decide for himself.  
D.

#### THE SPIRITUAL BIRTH.

BY REV. A. LOWREY.

NICODEMUS, a ruler of the Jews, came to Jesus by night, and addressed him thus: "Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God; for no man can do the miracles that thou doest, except God be with him." This respectful salutation was the occasion of a discourse from Christ of unparalleled perspicuity and infinite importance. The gist of his subject, in which we have a boundless interest, is couched in these words: "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." This emphatic assertion settles the question, that a thorough renewal of man's moral nature must precede his entrance into the society of heaven. I wish to engage the reader's attention with the nature, agency, and necessity of the new birth.

The *nature* of the new birth does not signify the creation of any new powers of the soul, nor does it imply the destruction of any of its original faculties. This proposition must be admitted, because its converse would shut us up to the conclusion, that this great moral change destroys our identity and transforms us into another order of beings. Such a work certainly comes within the range of possibility, when Omnipotence is the agent; but to effect it, is not among the revealed purposes of Heaven; nor is it probable, as the great end of our being is fully attained by the cleansing and resuscitation of our nature; and this gives a much brighter lustre to the glory of God's grace than the creation of any new faculties could possibly impart to it. To redeem is more glorious than to create, because redemption, unlike creation, is gilded with mercy.

The new birth consists not in reformation of life, though it embraces this as one of its grand effects. External conformity to law may characterize a man who has never been the subject of regenerating grace. An instance of this is the young man who came to the Savior inquiring what he should do to inherit eternal life. He was amiable and moral, and had kept the law from his youth up; yet he had no inheritance in the world of endless life. You may be able to say, "I have never stained my lips with profanity: I have never added a dollar to my possessions by fraud: I have never corrupted my manners by sensuality: I have never wrung the heart of a friend with anguish by an act of unkindness: I have never disturbed society by violations of law, human or divine;" and yet be as far from the holy blessings of the new birth as death is from life.

The nature of the new birth consists not in the

observance of the forms of religion. You may affirm in truth, "I have attached myself to the Church: I have taken upon me the vows of baptism: I commemorate the death of Christ, and declare my faith by frequently communing: I stately visit the house of God, and pass through the forms of worship: I pray, fast twice a week, and pay tithes of all I possess;" and yet know as little by experience of the purity and pleasures of the new birth, as if you had been born and reared up in regions where the light of Christendom never shone. I do not depreciate forms; but there is as marked a difference between them and the sublime realities of the new birth as there is between chaff and wheat. The new birth is a *thorough change of heart*—a renewal of all the component parts of our moral constitution. The doctrine of Jesus is, that the new birth is a change of heart, just as real as our transition from an embryo state to a state of conscious existence. The fountains of thought, the springs of action, the sources of the affections are purified. The natural birth is the commencement of natural life; so the spiritual birth is the commencement of spiritual life. At the instant this change takes place, we enter upon a life of hope, faith, and love. Then it is the Lord breathes upon the soul, and signs of life appear. The dead faculties revive, the heart of love pulsates, the eye of faith opens, and the life of God, like blood through our veins, runs through all our moral constitution. Then it is we sing, "I live, yet not I but Christ liveth in me." The natural birth is the beginning of exercise, which strengthens and expands the powers of mind and body; so the spiritual birth is the commencement of a godly exercise, which improves and develops the moral powers. Then it is we exercise our patience, love, humility, and kindness, and being fed with the sincere milk of God's word, we grow till we attain the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ. The natural birth is the commencement of the pleasures of sense. Then we hear pleasant sounds, taste delicious food, feel delightful sensations, and look upon picturesque objects. So the new birth is the commencement of spiritual pleasures. Then we taste the delicious food of grace, and the reviving water of life. Then we hear the joyful sound of the Gospel, and the transporting minstrelsy of heaven. Then we feel the delightful sensations of God's presence, and the sweet impressions of his Spirit. Then we see far-off fields of pleasure, mansions of light, crowns of victory. The natural birth is the beginning of our association with the society of the world. The spiritual birth is the commencement of our identification with the "sacramental host of God's elect." Then we become joined by mutual affections, sympathies, and interests to the great society of saints. Then it is we become related to the general assembly, the Church of the first-born, and the spirits of just men made perfect.

The *agency* by which this great moral change is effected, is the Holy Ghost. The following texts contain some of the Scriptural proofs: "It is not by works of righteousness that we have done, but according to his mercy, that he saved us by the washing of regeneration, and the *renewing of the Holy Ghost*;" "But we all, with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the *Spirit of God*;" "He shall baptize you with the *Holy Ghost* and with fire;" "So is every one that is born of the *Spirit*." There is nothing unphilosophical in the assumption, that our souls are reached, affected, and renewed by a spiritual agent; for there is, in all the plans of God, an adaptation of instruments to ends. If the body needs renovating, material remedies are employed. If the heart of the moral world is diseased, a moral specific, such as the Gospel, is furnished. So when the soul, a spiritual substance, is to be regenerated, the Holy Ghost, a spiritual agent, is brought into requisition. It would be absurd to suppose any material agent competent to transform and purify the spirit; because matter is confined to the empire of matter, and spirit to the empire of spirit. They can affect each other sympathetically when mysteriously united, like our souls and bodies; but to expect more than this is unreasonable. You may be washed, drenched, frozen, or burnt; but this can never take away the soul's corruptions: "Ye must be born of the *Spirit*." But this doctrine is mysterious. Conceded. Many grand truths are mysterious. But will you brand the doctrine with falsehood, because you cannot explain every thing connected with it? Can you tell how one soul communicates with another? Can you comprehend how my words, by the aid of your hearing, convey ideas to your mind, and produce impressions upon your heart? Yet you believe the fact. Will you then reject the doctrine of the new birth by the Holy Ghost, because it is incomprehensible? Take the Savior's illustration: "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof; but canst not tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the *Spirit*." Do not its sound and effects convince you that wind exists, and fans the face of nature? Yet you cannot behold it, nor tell whence it came, or whither it goes. So is every one that is born of the *Spirit*. The fact is indisputable—the manner is beyond our comprehension.

The *necessity* of a regeneration so thorough that it is likened unto a new birth, is created by the entire and deep depravity of our nature. The hideous forms of vice that everywhere appear, and the deeds of darkness that crowd the records of every day, are strong presumptive proofs of this. And the following awful portrait of man in an unregenerate state, shows what the testimony of Scripture is on this point: "There is none righteous, no, not one: there

is none that understandeth: there is none that seeketh after God. These are all gone out of the way: they are together become unprofitable. There is none that doeth good, no, not one. Their throat is an open sepulchre: with their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips: whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness. Their feet are swift to shed blood: destruction and misery are in their ways, and the way of peace they have not known. There is no fear of God before their eyes." Obviously there is no congeniality between such characters and the society of heaven; and so long as corruption and purity do not coalesce, there can be no affinity between such spirits and the high and lofty one who is glorious in holiness. If such souls could be transmitted to heaven, the elements of that world would only augment their miseries, because they would have no adaptation or capacity to enjoy them. How can beings whose element is cursing and bitterness enjoy purity and praises? How can beings whose feet are swift to shed blood, enjoy the songs of angels and the glory of God? Can a man anointed of the devil to do mischief, delight in the homage and adoring exercises of the skies? Can lips dedicated to blasphemy, powers addicted to profaneness, and dispositions steeped in sensuality, find pleasure in the holy duties of heaven?

Again: the necessity of the new birth arises from the fact, that to dwell in heaven is to dwell in God. The mysterious union that commences at conversion is consummated in heaven. The high destination of sanctified souls is the bosom of God. When dust returns to dust, the spirit returns to God, who gave it. The Savior, in his last prayer, uttered these words: "The glory which Thou gavest me I have given them, that they may be one, as we are one: I in them and thou in me." Heaven is a mystic union with the Godhead. But can such a putrid mass of moral matter as unconverted men are dwell in God? Can heaven's holiness embosom a race of corrupt beings? Will God mold into his own image the defiled elements of man's earthly, sensual, and devilish nature? O, marvel not! you must be born again. The laws of moral natures must be changed, the order of God must be reversed, his decree must be revoked, and his word must fail, if you ever get to heaven without being born of the Spirit. If the moral constitution of things is changeless, the pollution of your soul will thrust you as far from heaven as thought can reach. It will dig an impassable gulf between you and Abraham's bosom. It will thrust you far off into the shades of infernal darkness, where you shall not even see the kingdom of God. My spirit stirs within me. I am alarmed to see the willful delusions of mankind, and the proneness of the Church to substitute forms and external duties for regeneration. The result is extremely terrible. Whole groups are dying daily, and opening their eyes upon the place prepared for the devil and his

angels, who expected to see the kingdom of God. I saw a man who blessed himself because he had the visible things of religion. He wore the cloak of godliness—he prophesied in God's name. He died, but died to learn he was a whited sepulchre—he died to learn there was no oil in his vessel. I saw him stand motionless, shocked with disappointment, and gazing upon scenes of terrific astonishment. His face was pale, his lips quivered, his body trembled. I heard Jesus say, "Depart." He shrieked, and I saw him no more. Deplorable height of folly! he built his house upon the sand. The rains descended, the winds blew, the floods came, it fell, and great was the fall of it.

## THE TONGUE.

—  
BY BISHOP MORRIS.  
—

THIS term, tongue, is used not only to signify the organ of speech, but likewise good or evil conversation. The tongue is designed to render social intercourse convenient and agreeable, to communicate intelligence from man to man, and to celebrate the praise of God; but is too frequently employed for evil purposes. It is a good or evil member, according to the use or abuse made of it. Who has not been entertained with the soft, broken accents of the babe, in his first efforts to imitate language, or profited by the conversation of an intelligent friend, or moved to pity by the plaintive cries of distress, or fired by the tongue of the orator, or charmed by the rich melody of song! And who has not been pained by the tongue of slander, shocked with the demoralizing tones of blasphemy, or disgusted with the insolence of self-conceited ignorance? Each individual is responsible for the use he makes of his own tongue, and should, therefore, learn to speak discreetly. Every word spoken contributes to the weal or woe of its author, if not to that of others. How solemn are the words of Christ, "But I say unto you, That every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned!" This awful truth needs no comment. Conscience approves, and warns us to prepare for its fulfillment. What, then, will be the final doom of thoughtless millions, who deal only in "the filthy conversation of the wicked!" Nay, what will become of thousands of the professed followers of the lowly Savior! Many who, in other respects, appear to be pious, are given to "evil speaking;" that is, relating the faults of absent persons, which is as plainly forbidden as any other sin. While James says, "Speak not evil of one another, brethren," Paul requires Titus to "put them in mind" of what he had previously taught the brethren, namely, "To speak evil of no

man, to be no brawlers, but gentle, showing all meekness unto all men," whether friends or foes. To expose the faults of one who is not present to answer for himself, betrays a want of moral courage, and is called, by the inspired writers, "backbiting;" and he who perpetrates it, is designated a "backbiter," because he acts like a dog that creeps after and seizes you unawares. When evil speaking is carried on confidentially, in a low, soft tone, it is called "whispering;" and when the evil report is received and carried on to another, it is called "tale-bearing." But whatever form it assumes, it is condemned as sinful. Evil speaking is productive of discord and strife. It hardens the heart of the speaker, prejudices the mind of the hearer, and injures the victim of it, with all concerned. It alienates friends, and frequently ends in Church trials, lawsuits, or acts of violence. Well might an inspired apostle say, "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth! And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity; \* \* \* and setteth on fire the course of nature; and is set on fire of hell." The same apostle testifies, "If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridled not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain." Yes, such a man's religion is worthless, however long his face, or loud his profession. The only hope for him, and all other evil speakers, is in sincere repentance for the past, and full confidence in the blood of Christ, which alone can wash out the deep stains of their guilt. Also, they would do well, for the future, to adopt the resolution of David: "I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue: I will keep my mouth with a bridle, while the wicked is before me." Most people are pleased with the idea of a long and prosperous life. The means of securing it is clearly pointed out in the following beautiful words of the Psalmist: "What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good? Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile. Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it."

#### JERUSALEM.

CITY of God! deserted now,  
Thy glory seems for ever past;  
Thy radiant beauty, too, at last  
Hath left in gloom thy glorious brow.  
City where David woke the strains  
Of lofty praise, and solemn mirth,  
Thou, once the joy of all the earth,  
Now sitt'st a captive queen in chains.  
Gone thy Shekinah's gleaming bright;  
Thy temple's purest worship gone;  
In sadness now thou mourn'st alone,  
Shrouded in sorrow's darkest night;  
Yet still in mem'ry there is ample room  
For thee, thou city of the cross and tomb.  
VOL. VI—11

#### HON. JOHN COTTON SMITH.

—  
BY G. F. DISOWAY.  
—

OUR great and noble institution, the American Bible Society, has lost its late venerable President, Hon. JOHN COTTON SMITH. He died at his residence, in Sharon, Conn., on the 7th of December, 1845, the friend of God, the friend of the Bible, and the friend of man. Truly a wise and good man has been taken away, and the friends of the Bible cause throughout the country have sustained a great loss by this afflictive dispensation of divine Providence. The memory of John Cotton Smith will ever be respected and precious.

At the commencement of the American Bible Society, he was appointed one of its vice-presidents, and in 1831 chosen the presiding officer. From that period, with only two exceptions, he attended the anniversary meetings, and with his own voice declared his high and sacred regard of the Bible, with an earnest desire for the universal diffusion of the blessed volume.

He thus addressed the lamented Milnor, when informed of his election; and the letter is characteristic of the man:

*"Sharon, Conn., Dec. 10, 1831.*

"Rev. and Dear Sir,—Your kind letter, informing me of my election as President of the American Bible Society, is received, and I desire to assure the Board of Managers that I am deeply affected by this expression of their respect and confidence. Various considerations might have rendered a different selection desirable; but, in my view, no one is at liberty to withhold his aid, however feeble, in advancing the great system of benevolent operations, for which the present age is so eminently distinguished. It is under this impression, my dear sir, that I yield myself to the wishes of the Board, and, as God shall give me health and strength, will cheerfully co-operate with them in promoting the sacred objects of that most benign institution.

"With very great respect and esteem, I have the honor to be, Rev. and dear sir, your friend and obedient servant,  
JOHN COTTON SMITH.

*"REV. J. MILNOR, Sec. for Foreign Cor."*

In his last interview with one of the vice-presidents of the society, he remarked, "I find my chief pleasure to consist in reading the sacred Scriptures." He also added, that when a youth, he used to visit the study of his father, who was pastor of the Congregationalist Church in Sharon for nearly half a century, and upon one occasion found him reading the Bible. Expressing his astonishment that his reading should be so exclusively confined to that volume, his father replied, "My son, I trust that you have the grace of God in your heart. If you live to reach my advanced period of life, you will not wonder why the word of God should be my exclusive delight."

"Thus," said he, "has this saying of my venerated father been most fully verified."

Gov. Smith was born at Sharon, Feb. 12, 1765, and graduated at Yale College in 1783. He was often called upon to fill the most important public stations in his own state and the national councils. During those debates of momentous interest which occurred while he was a member of Congress, he was uniformly called to be Chairman of the Committee of the Whole, and discharged its responsible duties with great satisfaction to the House, and the country at large. In 1809 he was appointed an associate judge of the Superior Court and the Court of Errors, and twice governor of Connecticut. For fifteen years he presided over the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and to the last exhibited fervent desires for its prosperity. In all these public stations, he was a bright example of integrity, honor, and practical Christianity, always exhibiting evidences of his exalted motives and untiring perseverance. He was a man, also, of sound and of elegant literature. To John Cotton Smith, more than to any other name, is the state of Connecticut indebted for her excellent common school system. Above all, he was the consistent, decided, and constant advocate of the doctrines of the revealed Scriptures, and their duties. He had arrived at his four-score years; and loving his Bible the more, as he journeyed toward the end of his course, he had reached the Gospel of St. Matthew, in reading it regularly through for the ninth time during the past nine years. What an example for the imitation of the old and the young!

Gov. Smith, by invitation, presided at the meeting of the Alumni of Yale College, in August last, on which occasion he pronounced a beautiful address; but the effort, it is thought, was too great for his advanced age. After this his health sensibly declined, until he was summoned to the rest and the joys of the "good and faithful servant," in heaven. "Our fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live for ever?" They are gone; but men are left behind them to lift up the banner of the cross in front of the Lord's army. Who shall succeed the departed John Cotton Smith in the Bible cause? Upon whom shall his mantle fall? What say you to an honored son of your own great west—JUDGE M'LEAN?

The west would be happy to give a president to the Bible Society; and among the names of her favorite sons, we have no objection to Judge M'Lean's being considered *dignissimus*.—ED.

ONE, fertile in objections, says, flippantly, "And yet I would not be 'wise beyond what is written.'" Better for him if he were wise in what is written.

## THE SHOES.

—  
WRITTEN BY REQUEST OF A MOTHER.

THERE is no other concern, rationally speaking, that should so much surprise us, as the great disregard which takes place on the subject of *health* in America—or say particularly within the United States—which is precisely that portion of the continent which is most variable and exposing in its climates.

In the young—and it is to them that I now raise the warning voice—this may be partially excused on the score of thoughtlessness, and the engrossing follies of their time of life; yet, *nevertheless*, for this do they suffer the penalties, the aches and agues, the suffering and wasted life, and the premature death purchased by this sinful innovation upon nature.

Wishing to discuss this subject fully, to begin with the beginning, let us take the external view of the thing, and point out the inconsistency of this procedure with all the purposes and intentions of youth—their enjoyments, their comfort, their well-appearing, their progress and respectability, their good estimation and achievement in their several relations of this life, leaving the question as yet in a great measure a *selfish* one.

For any of the purposes of enjoyment, it requires no abstruse calculation to decide that the slightest pain, the smallest variation from health, the mere "finger-ache," puts the thing entirely out of our power, and, by incapacitating ourself, completely nullifies all the sources of delight to which we had looked, on whatever occasion, to connect our sympathies in participation. See the young lady (her school and her studies are now completed) preparing for a *soirée*, wherein she has anticipated the delights of social intercourse—that interchange of thought, that liberalizing *conversation* which, by easy evolution, brings into play her stores of juvenile erudition, and the sportive fancy, the sparkle of wit, and, may-be, the more sentient faculties of the heart and the soul—all these. She has been indulged, too, in a new dress—all her neatly prepared arrangements are in readiness, and the hour has come; but, alas! all these she must forego; for a sudden twinge of the toothache (*not to be resisted!*) has seized upon her, or, may-be, it is a violent catarrh, or a spasm of the side, or any other of the ailments which "flesh is heir to," and which, under circumstances of recent exposure and carelessness, now attacks her, pronouncing an imperative *veto* upon the visit. The time when the evil was contracted is not distinctly known, (and no odds if it were, to the present event;) but none the less for that is it *consequent* upon the infringed law of bodily health.

The young sufferer does not even now view the subject in its proper bearing—she does not deprecate her own imprudence—she is absorbed in the

present discomfort—in deploring the disappointment of the evening—the loss of her social sympathies, of confabulation, gayety, and all the convivialities of time and place—without once *thinking* (though suffering the smart) of her lost *health*. This is the order of youth; but it creates a “most admired disorder”—it is taking a very short view of a very long subject—of a thing which, in its process, and progress, and catastrophe, may draw upon much deeper sensibilities than any that are now concerned; and whose event, after a long series of conflicts and sufferings, may be—*death*.

But I had promised yet awhile to keep on the surface of things. Suppose, in other case, our young lady were just well enough, with constrained precaution, to dress and attend the party, what is her enjoyment there? Is she indeed there, or is it a mere bodily presence, of which all the free, buoyant spirits are wanting and lost—pent up in the dire storehouse of sickness and disease—with no capacity of participation left, but only the mortifying conviction of her own disability—the full sense that she feels ill, that she looks ill, and is thought to look ill—that she excites compassion, instead of any other sentiment, and that her evening is worse than wasted; for, although she is amiable, she finds it impossible to be agreeable; and her perceptions are only of lassitude, mortification, and despondency. And all these sufferings she is fain to hide under an assumed cheerfulness, and an effort of magnanimity worthy of a better cause. How much does she suffer on this memorable evening—the last one, perhaps, of her public appearance! How much does she wish she had not overruled her mother’s tender persuasions to remain at home!

But the poor girl is now getting into a better train of compliance. Her walk henceforth is amidst deeper sensibilities and profounder interests—tending to the grave!

“But,” says my young reader, “why is so much imputed to the young lady? Should she not be pitied, being sick? What was her fault? what her omission?”

Certainly, we should pity all who suffer. But her fault was self-will—want of biddableness and obedience to her mother, her guardian: her omission was, that she would not wear suitable clothing, particularly *shoes* of a consistency to defend her feet from the cold and damps of the season; and thus did she sacrifice, not one evening only, of which I have drawn you an introductory picture, but long, doleful, sad months in deprivation, and suffering, and sickness, resulting in death.

“But,” says the excuser, “I would think it a small matter, after she is a young lady grown, that she should wish to choose her own shoes; and I would think her mother would be reasonable enough to allow her that liberty.”

Her mother doubtless would so, if she could see

any reason in it!—any reason why a shoe, with a sole about the consistency of wrapping paper, should be deemed a suitable defense against a degree of cold that is every moment uncomfortably felt, or of dampness, by which they become totally saturated in a two minutes’ walk; and this applied to a part of the system which is peculiarly liable to disorder from the exposure. The mother has a right, apart from her guardianship, to dictate in this matter; for if illness ensue, she is the one on whom naturally devolves the office and onerous duty of watching by the sick bed. Besides this, if it is a small thing for the young lady to choose her own shoes, it is a small thing to give them up in compliance to her mother. Yet I do not affect to say there is any equality of *motives*; for the one party is contending for *vanity* and the other for *health*—the one sentiment is of wanton selfishness, the other of the most disinterested affectionateness. There is no comparison to be instituted. And were it not for the thoughtlessness in which the daughter has been generally indulged, and which affords some extenuation of her fault, an impartial judgment would denounce the act in full, as the very antithesis of goodness. We are now talking about *motives*, not particularly about a thick or a thin pair of shoes! And here it may be observed at large, how beautiful and how becoming is *obedience*: how respectable is its observance upon both parties, implying not only dignity but duty in the parent to exact it—not affection and amiability alone, but obligation in the child to observe it!

It is now a sort of custom for the daughter, at her returns or departures for the day, to kiss her mother; but let me see the daughter who *obeys* her mother, and, whether she kiss her, or does not, it is all the same—she loves her, and is worthy of her love—it is but a sign omitted. The other instance may be but a “false signal.”

“But,” urges the excuser, “the young lady, maybe, would have now died, whether she wore thin shoes or thick ones; for does not the Bible say that we are born into this world with the seeds of death within us!”

Now the young sophist shall have an answer, although she is wresting the gist of the argument away from its moral responsibilities of obedience to God and to parents, back to its physical issues, which we had done with. Yet it may be observed that the germs of life, in the beginning of existence, are much stronger than the seeds of death—a self-evident proposition, of which life itself is the authority. And these latter are held in abeyance until the mission of life is performed, unless their development be precipitated by casualties or carelessnesses, which might, in manifold instances, be evaded by proper and reasonable precautions. And we may go on to say, that these precautions it is the duty, as it is the law of nature, for every created being to regard and observe. And we may believe it is more than a

speculation to add, that the violation of these laws is but a more protracted species of *suicide*: without its design, yet inevitably working its effect. Some affect to believe that an especial Providence is ever watchful over their life. These are probably superior Christians, who deserve it. But the beneficent, universal Providence, has vouchsafed the means of preservation (within certain limit) to his own hand; and it is ungrateful and presumptuous for us to trample upon. He who prays should also *watch*. Without affecting to be a medical adviser, one may advocate preventive measures; and yet only in moderate and necessary conditions are they good.

Suppose, again, that there is no fatal issue to these contracted colds, no positive, or, we may say, apparent sickness; yet is there not a sense of heaviness, and stagnation, and inability pervading the system? Depend upon it, these trespasses are worked out by a rigorous and undeviating schedule of reprisal and exaction. No need that a cold—the ground, as I have heard an eminent physician pronounce, of half the fatality which takes place—should work the same in all the varieties of constitution. One habit being very strongly made, shall resist the encroachments of disease much longer than another which is fragile. Yet the very resistance is a conflict and a discomfort, and, worse than all, a *disqualification*. Look at the poor valetudinarian seeking for health everywhere, and finding it nowhere; for Nature is jealous of her gifts thrown away. Is she fit for business? Is she fit for society? Does she perform her mission in life? Is she a helper or a hinderance in the great community? Does she enjoy existence and impart pleasure? Ah, no! she is an *invalid*—she is disqualified—she has no share in life but its sufferings. Though young, she is old—though sprightly, she is sad—she is sensitive, yet dull; for the deadly incubus of sickness is upon her, repressing all her spirits, and paralyzing all her powers. The friends who love her best, would fain impart a sympathy of joy which she cannot share—of relief which she cannot receive. And thus do her dreary years wear on. With the world about her, she is still isolated. She stands a sad beacon to lookers on, of one who recklessly sported with health—the *sacredness of health*—and incontinently rejected the warnings of the careful and the kind. She was, perhaps, highly gifted, talented, and endowed; but this is all that now remains of her, except the bitterness of regret, and, perhaps, the grace of repentance in her soul. Who would not avoid such a fate by a simple effort to attain the habits of compliance and prudence?

Overlooking these ultimate considerations, does the young reader still demand reconciliation to the *mode* in this important matter? Does she insist that none but the wives and daughters of “clodhoppers” wear stout, thick shoes? She is entirely mistaken in the thing. The absurd fashion of thin walking shoes for inclement weather is a local folly, confined chiefly

to the states of America. In European countries, particularly in Britain, the ladies, even amongst the nobility, have their feet properly clad for a promenade. And that they do so, is one great cause of their enduring health and better preserved youthfulness of appearance. All travelers agree that, however American women may excel those of other nations in beauty, yet they are the earliest to fade. Whatever the *fashion* may be, even here, yet *good taste* is as much outraged as comfort is in the matter of slight shoes in rigorous weather. If the beauty of utility is yet a desideratum in our code, it is no less a beauty for that. Does the *dandy* deride a lady's thick shoe? He is better authority for the eye than the judgment—a sort of gentleman well known to kick the beam, any thing of *weight* being in the other scale. Read the clever and witty dissertation on a *kindred* subject in the Knickerbocker for November, entitled, “*Des Bottes*,” and you cannot fail to be convinced that it is not only more “honest and respectable,” but also in much better taste to wear thick soles than thin ones.

Now I believe I have faithfully performed my promise of allowing you the whole of the *outside* of the subject. Yet, as nothing can have an outside without an inside, as superficies imply internals, and as the two are necessarily connected with each other, I hope all the considerations here set down may claim due and adequate allowance in making up your decision on this not unimportant subject. And as this paper is addressed especially for the use of juniors, remember that those interested in watching your steps, will draw from their observations other inferences than those merely of a *thick or a thin shoe*!

C. M. B.

#### TO A LADY.

CELESTIAL hosts, in realms above,  
Adore their common Lord;  
And loud they sing their lays of love,  
In notes of sweet accord.

As many waters, rushing, sound,  
As mighty thund'ring peal,  
Their notes of praise in heav'n rebound,  
Whilst joys untold they feel.

Thy voice, in weaker tuneful pow'rs,  
Jehovah's praises sang,  
As through his courts, in holy hours,  
The pealing anthems rang.

O, may that voice, when hushed on earth,  
Its songs of praise renew,  
And tune its powers of heavenly birth  
In angel choirs anew.

Books are the caves where he who seeks may find  
The gems of thought, the jewels of the mind.

## VOLTAIRE IN HISTORY.

Men had begun to collect, from the ruins of the dark ages, the precious gems of truth. The kindling fires of genius had begun to light up the way to the truths of science and religion. In many places the sanctuary of God had been purified, and those who had polluted her sacred altars had been driven out with their abominations. The doctrines of primitive Christianity had been restored to man on the soil of barbarian Germany, and the peasant of the Alps had professed to be "justified by faith." England had proved herself an enemy to Rome and her corrupt dogmas; and America had reared the standard of "universal liberty." But what had been done by *France* toward the close of the eighteenth century? It is true she had not been wanting in effort; for thousands of her sons had risen up to fight in the holy cause of truth, but were cut down by the sword of persecution. One, who was afterward among the strongest champions of the Reformation, had been compelled to fly from her bosom. The Huguenot was pursued wherever he sought a hiding place; and the blood of Bartholomew's eve tells us a tale of woful sufferings. After this her government remained the same hollow structure of other times, with the blasphemous assumption, "*Gratia Dei*," inscribed on its awful dome, whilst gorgeous temples of a false religion stood near, striking with superstitious dread all who approached to lay hold on their altars.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century, there was, at the Jesuit's College, in Paris, receiving his education, a youth of a brilliant genius, and not less distinguished for the natural good qualities of his heart. He was to be initiated at once into the truths of science and the doctrines of the Romish Church. The clearness of his mind enabled him to wander sublimely among the mysteries of the former, delighting to behold there the impress of *eternal truth*; but the latter were not tangible to his reason. He was told that the truth of transubstantiation, with the other doctrines of the Church, could not be tested by the frail abilities of man, but must be believed implicitly, because it was a doctrine of the most holy Catholic Church, which was ever infallible. The honest inquiries suggested to his mind were: "*Is the Church infallible?*" and is that infallibility the source of all her doctrines and practices? Would infallibility sanction the licentiousness of the confessional, the avarice and tyranny of the priesthood, and the shameful horrors of the inquisition? If that be infallibility," thought he, "I will follow that light within which shows me the difference between right and wrong—which shows me that there is a *right and a true!*" Alas, for human intelligence! He failed to see, in that mass of superstition, intolerance, and profligacy, the corruption of the most perfect system that was ever devised for the welfare of man. He looked again, and saw religion march-

ing side by side with tyranny, and both combined to wrong his countrymen, and deprive them of their dearest rights. His course was determined, and soon was seen, amid the ranks of terror-struck priests, with brandished wit and withering sarcasm, the infidel—Voltaire.

Existing institutions are attacked by a force irresistible: the charm of superstition is broken: long prevailing doctrines are exploded: "men lean to their own understandings;" and, before they are aware of it, the altar is dedicated to another god, which is selfishness. The lower class cries out, "Liberty! liberty! down with the tyrant!" The priests run to protect their coffers: the nobility struggle to preserve their ancient privileges: the ambitious would gain the abode of royalty, and reign *despots*. Soon, from the window of his royal residence, Louis XVI saw gleaming in the east the spiral flames of the Bastille, and heard, to the west, the dread strokes of the guillotine. Would there were a veil to hide the sequel! but it is portrayed in horrid grandeur on the page of history. Louis was beheaded, and succeeded by the King of Terror, whose bloody reign continued till destruction's self was glutted, and bleeding humanity exhausted.

A reflection. Such, under adventitious circumstances, was the influence of a single mind, which had, in youth, received a particular bias—a bias formed by gay associations, and by the admiration and patronage of the great. It might be interesting to inquire what would have been his influence on his country, had he been brought up in the vale of poverty, and, by a contemplation of his inward thralldom, been led to feel the necessity of a spiritual Deliverer—had he been guided, in his pious aspirations, to some consecrated retreat, where, perchance, in a secret place, covered by the dust of centuries, lay the volume of revealed truth—had he sought, eagerly and with all his heart, to have his mind imbued with its holy philosophy. He might have gone forth, not to plunge humanity into deeper ruin and wretchedness, but to brush away the darkness that bewildered her, and conduct her to the bowers of peace. And what might *not* a Luther of the eighteenth century have done for France and the world? He *might* have done even more than Wesley did for England and America; for *there was more to be done*.

RALPH AFI.

MANY persons choose their friends for the sake of their full purses, rather than their full hearts. They forget that a full purse may soon be exhausted by frequent demands upon it, while the more a full heart gives away the oftener it is replenished. We shall find the strings of the heart and strings of the purse both tightened in the hour of adversity—the former around us—the latter around *itself*.



## THE DANGEROUS DIFFERENCE.

BY SARAH C. M'CADE.

Amelia. "Allethe, you do me great injustice to suppose that I should peril my religious principles by entering into a matrimonial union with George. You are aware that he never presses his peculiar views upon the attention of any one; but, setting aside this, you must lightly esteem my professions of adherence to truth, if you fear that in less than two years I would become like him in sentiment. Is it not possible that he may become *confirmed in the belief of the Christian religion?*"

Allethe. "My remonstrances are made to you, dear Amelia, from the purest motives. The inculcations of that book by which you profess to be governed, are very plain on this point; while experience and observation prove, beyond controversy, that there is no safe ground upon which to form an alliance, involving such momentous interests, save the broad basis of Christian principles. I am not warranted, Amelia, to call you a wavering professor. Decision and firmness have thus far been conspicuous in your character. Nevertheless, I must expostulate—I must warn you. At the altar of God, at the same moment we promised allegiance to the same Master; we have agreed in all our views and feelings, except this one point; and shall I forbear to speak to you of this *dangerous difference*, and plainly to speak? Amelia, I fear an alliance with that young man will remove the barriers between you and the heartless circles of fashion and vanity, lead you away from God, and plunge you into the deepest misery."

Amelia. "Allethe, I think you are mistaken. Although George has not yet given a preference to any sect or creed, he is far from being what you suppose him. And I think your opinion will change. His letters you cannot but admire—they exhibit such pure sentiment, such an easy flow of thought and language, and such a lofty honor. You cannot but think the more favorably of him the more you know of him. Then why anticipate from our union such fatal results? You are so prone to look at the cloudy side of things."

This, in part, is the substance of a conversation between two young ladies, whose intimacy, commencing at school, had gradually ripened until it seemed "stronger than the natural bond of sisters."

Here we must go back to the morning of that day when these two young ladies entered, for the first time, the academy of M., strangers to all around them. A common feeling of isolation from home and friends led to an intercommunion of spirit, of which the intimacy above spoken of was the result. Materially different, however, had been the molding of these youthful minds. The one whom we designate Allethe, was the eldest of three sisters. Her

parents were not wealthy, yet highly reputable, and, above all, truly religious, exemplifying divine precept by consistent example, and leading their children, early in life, to the fountain of truth. So that Allethe, when she entered the academy of M., although not professedly religious, possessed a mind fortified with sound principles. She had a heart to commiserate misfortune and sympathize with distress. She knew and felt that this state is only the starting point of an endless existence; and wherever she beheld a humble soul, however unhonored, rendering homage at the cross of the *Redeemer*, she regarded it as a spectacle of moral sublimity. Amelia was an only daughter. Fortune threw sunshine upon her path, and wreathed garlands for her brow, before she had learned to appreciate the gifts, or knew that penury and sorrow had a "local habitation or a name." Such had been the tendency of defective moral training upon her young heart.

Notwithstanding this dissimilarity in taste and education, before one year had closed upon their acquaintance, the attachment of these youthful friends became devoted and genuine friendship. Amelia admired the consistent principle exemplified in the everyday deportment of Allethe, who possessed an air of nobleness, a charm of exterior far more captivating than all the borrowed lustre and studied elegance of the *beau monde*.

It was at this period that the academy of M., through the instrumentality of its preceptor, a man eminently distinguished for zeal and deep piety, was favored with the descent of the Holy Ghost, when, in the amplified range of investigation, the mind of the pupil reflected upon itself—its mysterious connection with the material and the spiritual—its present condition, involving, in its estrangement from God, the utter blighting of its fondest hopes, the wreck of all its treasures, without special interference on the part of its great Original, who must be "sought unto," through the medium of infinite *merits*, before he can shield the rebel by the omnipotence of his love. This revival of religious interest became universal in the village. With many others, our two young friends were brought to experience that true elevation of mind and heart consequent upon a saving acquaintance with our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Amelia painfully realized the defects of early education; and how much less effort is necessary to resist the fascinations of the world, when early childhood has been brought under the powerful discipline of moral habits. Yet her course was that of decision, as, with her friend Allethe, she entered the ranks of the Church for nobler service and more glorious recompense. And for many succeeding months the consecrated energies of these united hearts were laid upon God's altar. But the day of parting came; and while many an eye was fondly beaming with the anticipated joys of home, to one at least it was a painful severance. "But," said she,

"a few weeks will soon pass away, the term will commence, and we shall again be united."

Our next interview with Amelia is in the splendid mansion of her father. Her reception there was joyous as it had ever been—the same warm greeting from fond hearts; but mistaken views of life, and its connection with an endless endurance, led to mistaken resources of happiness, painful rather than pleasing to the changed feelings of the once volatile Amelia. Night after night, in the saloon of pleasure, might be seen the gay assemblage of beauty and fashion, paying adoration to the graces, in the mazy dance, and the airy promenade. Harp and song, and all the witchery of play were called into requisition for this beloved child. She had become over sedate—her mind was engrossed with subjects too profound for her years; and parental ingenuity would fain devise some means to turn back the affections and feelings to their forsaken channels; for "sadness must not dwell in Lutha's halls." In those charmed circles there was one who, himself the attraction of the attractive, became a minute observer of Amelia's course. In the festivities of the pleasure-seeking throng she did not mingle. Her chastened vivacity gave additional charm to her personal prepossessions, while all her bearing, indicative of high intellectual endowments, seemed to say, "I like this not:

"'Tis a bewildering scene of transitory joys."

He became an admirer of what he termed her moral resistance; and, after a succession of interviews, he disclosed his affection. And here, for a moment, we turn the attention of the reader to this the *attached* of Amelia. In the acceptance of the world, it might be said that George was the model of a finished gentleman. With a mind of more than ordinary promise, trained upon classic ground, he stood upon the verge of professional life, and established himself in the flourishing village of S., an aspirant for the world's favor. He was a frequenter of fashion's haunts: he had gazed with admiration upon the sylph-like form of beauty, amidst the glitter of dress, and captivating strains of song; but, as yet, the arrows of Cupid had fallen powerless at his feet; for, however defective in his religious opinions, his powers of discrimination led him to seek other qualifications in a companion for life than those possessed by the blind idolater of fashionable resorts. And it was the perception of high qualifications in Amelia, that led to his decided preference. As vacation had nearly closed, serious intentions on the part of George were announced; and this led to explanations, and a development of principles, when Amelia found, to her regret, that the fascinating stranger was not only irreligious, but an *unbeliever*. Her first thought was, "I will renounce him for ever." And the determination evinced itself in actions if not in words; for George retired chagrined and disappointed. And happy would it have been for our

young friend had she followed the dictates of her better reason, and renounced him for ever; but here was the interference of parents and particular friends. They did not approve of Amelia's course since her return; and they fondly hoped a more intimate acquaintance with one so gay and prepossessing, would tend to a relinquishment of those newly acquired habits and sentiments, of which they so much disapproved.

Thus passed away vacation; and Amelia beheld, with pleasure, the dawning of that day on which she was again to behold her beloved preceptor, become identified with her class-mates, and, more especially, with her dearest Allethe.

Weeks rolled on, and every returning mail brought letters from S. in commendation of her admirer—a welcome accession in the circles of the gay, the literary, and the scientific, even at the fireside of Judge F.—personally beautiful—a thorough scholar, with high expectations of eminence at the bar. These, and many other characteristics, were laid in the balance against sound moral principles.

A few months only, and to Allethe, in the vicinity of M., was given the opportunity of investigating the character and principles of Amelia's admirer. Meanwhile, by a train of occurrences too minute to be interesting, the cherished affection of Amelia drew a veil over the moral defects of her suitor, and brought about the promise of acceptance. This led to the faithful expostulations and common-sense remarks with which we commenced our sketch. And, the better to serve our purpose, we make some extracts from the letters therein referred to as being highly honorable and full of sentiment.

"Can I say any thing in extenuation of my course? I wish not to appear before you masked—I wish to give you every opportunity of acquaintance with my disposition and temperament, that you may be fully satisfied what manner of person I am, before our destinies are made one; for, I know full well, to deceive you into an alliance would, in the end, be wofully to deceive myself. It would be impossible for me to support a fictitious character through life. Should I now assume one, I should one day stand before you in the deformity of my own likeness, subject to your most bitter contempt."

"Oaths are but words, and words but breath, however strong we make them; but never, no never could I endure to see that graceful form, that virtuous mind slowly sinking beneath the chill wind of my adverse fate. I think not, nor never shall, of happiness distinct from yours. 'You have set at naught all my fixed resolves.'"

"You have an all-powerful, unconquerable hold upon my heart, which, if not reciprocated, will fix a barbed arrow there. Your friends are deeply solicitous for our union. This, to me, is a source of exquisite pleasure, alloyed only by the reflection that the object necessary to the consummation of

my bliss remains wavering. And why is it thus? We are *one* in sentiment on all points, save *one*, and that need not form an impassable barrier. I am a weak, fallible creature, as my own heart witnesseth; yet I am not so selfish as to seek or even desire to undermine your faith in those principles which you conscientiously embrace as correct and vital. My mind is open to conviction. Free inquiry is the rule by which I am governed; and freedom of thought, you know, my dear, always strives for certainty—a discernment of those eternal principles which sway all events, and claim homage from every reasonable being. And this I solemnly avow to you, that, let my views be as far from right as they may be in your estimation, I shall ever regard your rights as *sacred*, and deem the place where you *worship* ‘holy ground.’”

And now it remains to be shown whether these theories were acted upon. Immediately after leaving school, despite all warning and all efforts to dissuade, Amelia pledged her faith at the conjugal altar: not, my dear reader, renouncing her religion, but, as numbers have done before, thinking she could still believe, enjoy, and, peradventure, confirm the erring in its truth. A hazardous experiment! at the risk of all on earth and in heaven.

We pass over the pomp of the bridal. It was a day of gladness, to be veiled in gloom—the sequel of this history shadowing forth the well-established axiom, that sound moral principles are cardinal requisites of character, without which an alliance, however advantageous in standing or intellect, proves but miserable bondage.

The aspiring George now seeks a more enlarged sphere of competition; and in a southern city we behold Amelia, seeking, with unsparing assiduity, to render her home a sanctuary from the strife of a contending world, while, in the opening vista of the future, radiant with hope and promise, she views the object of her tenderest regard a confirmed believer in the sublime precepts of the Gospel. And this desired consummation became the subject of her thoughts by day, and her dreams at night; while every allusion to it, on her part, only served to exhibit differences of darker shade.

One of her first endeavors, after passing the threshold of that home, was, to commit all their interests to her heavenly Father at the altar of social prayer. “George,” said she, one morning, “if you will read a chapter in the Bible, I will pray.” He hesitated, but read the chapter; and Amelia most devoutly prayed. Fervent were her petitions that her husband might be “led into all truth,” and embrace that truth to the saving of his soul. This was too much. He retired, pondering over the dissimilarity of their views. “There must be concession: it can never be on my part; therefore, to secure domestic harmony, I must win her over to my opinions.” And this was the last of social prayer!

“Go with me to church,” said Amelia, the next Sabbath morning; “do not forget your promise, George. Will you go with me to church?” “O, most certainly;” and to church they went. The sermon was a most pathetic exhibition of Gospel truth, extensive in its range, laying hold upon three worlds, and pointing to a day of *terrible inquisition*. This was too much. He resolved never again to respire in such an atmosphere.

“Will you go with me to church?” was the interrogation of the next Sabbath morning. “O, most certainly, on condition that you go with me to the theatre to-morrow night.” “Such a condition I cannot comply with,” said Amelia. “Is this in accordance with previous promises?” No reply, but a silent withdrawal. Late in the afternoon George came in, and laid upon the centre-table two elegantly bound volumes. Amelia glanced at the title pages: “Shakspeare,” and “Volney’s Ruins.” “Is this your Sabbath reading, George?” “Yes, my dear: those authors are true to nature; and you will find therein more eloquence, sublimity, and *solid truth* than you can find in your *Bible*.” For this announcement Amelia was unprepared; and the parting words of her tried and constant Althea came fresh to her remembrance: “We have been friends, fervent, devoted friends: such we must ever remain, through all the vicissitudes of fortune. I fear you have been deluded by seeming excellences of character. Never yield your principles, but save your husband.” She remembered he had said his mind was open to conviction; and she hoped on, and hoped ever.

From that hour all entreaties to attend church, or mingle in church-going circles, were met with a condition; while every revolving day brought with it additional evidence of an unconquerable presumption: (declared explicitly in the sacred Scriptures, to be the bane of reason, the nurse of error, yet congenial with reason in us:) pursuing bubbles that break in their flight, and treading to the earth all that would do him honor. He professed himself a *passionate adorer* of nature; and through its adaptation to the physical constitution, Amelia sought to lead him to its uncreated Source. The flower bordering his pathway was formed to please the eye, the purring rivulet and the music of the little birds to charm the ear, the cooling water-fount to quench the thirst, the odorous breath of morn and dewy eve to refresh the spirit; yet, in all this, he would not trace a “*hand Divine*.” In the calm, still evening, he could gaze upon the azure heavens—its countless worlds, and systems of worlds, sparkling like a mere point in the distance of immeasurable space, all revolving in perfect order and harmony; and by his “celestial lamp” of *reason*, the solution of the problem would be—all the result of chance.

Affectionate persuasion to investigate moral truth, with its massive evidences, he frequently met with ridicule. “Amelia,” he would say, “I can but

liken your divinity to Virgil's ruler of the winds, seated upon his mountain throne, *who, when he waved his sceptre*, awoke the storm, called forth the voice of the hurricane, shook the caverns, and made the dwellers therein tremble. The Bible, the charter of life's dearest hopes, he styled the book of holy fables. Its heaven, that blessed rest from toil, where death never enters, and the tear drop never falls, he placed upon a level with the poet's myrtle bowers, cyprian shades, and soft elysian fields. In hell, as a place of positive suffering, he believed as much as he did in the communing of Ulysses with the spirits of darkness, in the regions of the Cimmerians. Untiring in his praise of classic authors, his motto was,

"*Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.*"

"Read them by day, and study them by night."

He loved to dwell in

"Tully's voice and Livy's pictured page"—

the masterly conceptions of Tacitus—the subduing sentiment of Sophocles—the originality of Scott—the graphic pencilings of Bulwer. He was passionately fond of Byron, read Pope with pleasure, and Bolingbroke with commendation; and if, by chance, Amelia became pensive, he would recommend for her perusal the tragedies of Voltaire, as deeply interesting and elevating.

And thus time rolled on—endeavors on the one part always tending to redoubled effort on the other to

"Make the wrong appear the better reason;"

while these *dangerous differences* of opinion led to a visible estrangement of affection, an alternate disquietude—the reverse of happiness.

Such might not have been the case, at so early a period, had Amelia been more passive; but genuine regard sought untiringly the well-being of its object, which led her husband to declare that, for domestic harmony, there must be concession, and then, to violate his solemn promises, that he never would seek, by infidel sophistry, to sweep away the foundation of her hopes.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I cannot bear that altered eye—  
Its hurried glance speaks hearts estranged;  
Nor brook the cold, polite reply—  
The words the same, the tone how changed!"

This was the salutation of Amelia, one evening, after months of agonizing endurance. "The remedy is with yourself, madam," said her husband, coldly. "And what is it?" said Amelia. "A compliance with my reasonable requests." And thus, to win a heartless smile, the next evening finds her beholding, with intense interest, the tragedy of Othello; thence to the masquerade, and all the evening entertainments of the *élite* of the fashionable world. But this was only a pretended remedy for a clouded brow and a cold heart; for he was a constant declaimer against female devotion to fashionable amusements.

Two years had fled, yea, more than three times  
VOL. VI.—12

two years. And was George a believer in the Christian religion? Alas! a determined believer in all unbelief—a traitor to his honor and to his confiding wife—lulling to sleep every finer feeling of the heart, amidst the effervescence of the sparkling wine-cup.

Amelia had been a faithful, devoted wife, incessant in her attempts to win him to virtue and to God. And it was not until she saw him desert the domestic hearth, and seek his enjoyments elsewhere, that she made up her mind to sacrifice all personal feelings for the price of his love.

It is easy to turn aside from the narrow way, but not so easy to regain it. Amelia entered the flowery path of pleasure—ventured forward step by step—her views became confused and dark—her enjoyments recollections of the past—the sunlight had faded from her vision—she had nowhere to go for peace and comfort, save as she gazed with a mother's fondness upon a smiling group of little ones, sporting away life, with glad hearts and voices, amid sunshine and flowers. Then, with a smile and a tear blending upon the cheek, she would say, "I am happy still."

But ah! a few years more sped on, and the spoiler set his seal of silence there. These lovely children, one after another, were riven from her heart, and laid in the forbidding grave. O, what bitterness in life's cup! The husband awoke as from a dream to behold the anguish of his stricken wife. His heart, too, was pierced, and, in this distressing exigency, fain would he have presented some balm to alleviate her sorrows; but his philosophy afforded none; and, reproached by conscience, the sympathies of his nature found not utterance in language.

A tour was proposed for health and pleasure; and, amid the balmy zephyrs and stirring scenes of distant lands, health returned; but a cordial for the spirit was not found. A succession of unexpected and deep reverses of fortune led this erring child of disappointment back to the fold from whence she had strayed. And yet she endures life—a living mourner, standing on the wreck of every sublunary joy; yet knowing the extent of that almighty Power, which, out of

"Gloomy chaos, bid the harmonious universe appear," she is hoping on, and hoping ever. During these dark and trying scenes, often had she been favored with communications from her youthful and best friend, who, after leaving school, became the ornament of the parental dome—blessing and being blessed. Rank and fortune were at her command. But she was ever true to those principles riveted upon her heart in childhood; and yet she tarried there, to shed light upon the descending pathway of the beloved and revered.

But after a time, her devoted love to Christ led to a relinquishment of that home with all its joys. And now, far over the distant deep, where woman

dare not look from behind her purdah,\* much less enter the door of the sanctuary, she stands identified with a standard bearer of Israel, patiently suffering privations and toils, laboring to rend the veil of ignorance, elevate degraded humanity, and fix the eye of faith upon the radiant glories round Messiah's cross.

This is no picture of fancy. It is a summary relation of events connected with the deeply interesting history of the past, in which are mingled the results, good and evil, of early moral and religious culture. And were this an isolated instance of parental defect and indiscreet alliance, vain would be the object in presenting it. But as the mental eye ranges through the moral universe, how often does it rest upon similar exhibitions of yet more cheerless and aggravated character, enacted over and over again by the *dramatis personæ* of our eventful and fallen world.

These blighted prospects, this fearful wreck of the heart's priceless treasures, can be avoided only by adopting the motto of our friend Althea, implied in the following touching strains of the muse, which she frequently sang and exquisitely played:

"I cannot love the man who seeks  
In fashion's giddy whirl to shine;  
Whose tongue unmeaning flattery speaks;  
Who worships at the world's vain shrine;  
Who owns no principle of right,  
Save what his country's laws embrace;  
Who views as dark oblivious night  
The grave—man's final resting place."

#### HANS BEUDIX.

THERE are a good many clever, ingenious, and singular compositions, that are yet, some way or other, allowed to get out of print. Perhaps it is from their shortness, or their age and anonymous negation of claim, or from their quaint and homely style, or from the unpretending import of subject. These compositions may yet possess philosophical truth, and be fraught with reflection and much ingenuity of inference, and suggestive of just and large thoughts.

In a little, common-looking, old-fashioned book—a miscellany—and containing no suitable company to itself, I once came upon a production, which delighted by its novelty and its peculiar merit. This was a long while ago, and I may not be able to narrate the particulars of the story; and although I would wish

"Nothing to extenuate,  
Nor ought to set down in malice;"

yet, for want of memory, I shall assume the liberty to supply such remarks or motives, as I would deem consistent with the persons offering them.

The story was told in ballad. I recollect the name

\* A quilted hanging let down before the door of the female apartment.

of the most prominent character was "Hans Beudix." This name may be purely fictitious; or it may suggest a Dutch origin to the composition. I do not even recollect where the story was located; but, from the general tenor of circumstances, should suppose it to be in England.

Hans Beudix was a hind, or keeper of cattle, to a certain curate. Now, said curate had, in some personal matter, given mortal offense to his superior, as dean of the Church. There seems to have existed at this time a very arbitrary ecclesiastical authority, and by a decree, both plenary and summary, our curate was forthwith denounced, condemned, and sentenced; nor do we read of any "special pleading" on the occasion, but the fiat of the haughty superior seemed to be all that was necessary; and the sentence ran in this way: that the curate be deposed from his office; that he fall forfeit two hundred pounds—his dues of long standing—and lose for ever the favor of his dean. This was a hard penalty. He was, nevertheless, promised forgiveness upon certain conditions. The dean, we shall see, was a humorsome character. He thought himself very clever, more clever than he was; and he stipulated that the curate should propose to him three things at large—riddles—either on natural or civil subjects; and if in either of these he could convict him, by sound and acceptable arguments, that he, the dean, was incapable, ignorant, and insufficient to explain it, then should the curate stand excused and forgiven, and be restored to favor and office, as heretofore.

These conditions seemed, to the dejected and bewildered mind of the poor curate, but an aggravation of the case—a mockery upon the severity of his sentence.

It is said that necessity sharpens the wits. It probably does so at the ultimate stage of disaster: where there is all to hope and nothing to fear, decision is easy and vigorous. But in a state of deprecation and doubt, and impending evil, the conflict of anxiety naturally impairs the clearness of the mind, which is thus disposed to judge through the feelings, and disqualifies the unfortunate sufferer from the use of his own powers. And hence, the excellency of *prayer*, even in a philosophical sense, and apart from any immediate relief bestowed—by its power of soothing down the disquiet of the spirits, and saying omnipotently to the waves of human passion, "Peace, be still!"

I fear the curate did not pray at this time—at least, the legend does not say so—but he did the next thing to it: he walked forth amidst the cooling and salubrious fields of nature; the effect of which is, to impart a *sympathetic expansion*, which relieves the mind of that intense pressure which anxiety ever produces, and subdues the worried spirits to its own calmness. And thus he was measurably comforted.

There had been given him some little time in

which to prepare his questions; so, "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy," he performed his "Peripatetic" study of the problems.

And, by "good luck," he met on his way one whose friendship by good services he had naturally conciliated. This was Hans Beudix, the hind; and he communicated to him his distress; for misfortune, whilst it seeks for sympathy, also inclines us to be humble and communicative. Now Hans, in his lowly station, though ignorant and untaught, was not stupid; but, on the contrary, possessed a sprightly, inquiring, and thoughtful mind; and, withal, was a noble fellow, zealous in redress, and unsparing of self, wherein he could serve another. Besides this, he possessed one capital advantage over his friend in the present case; for he was self-possessed; undesigning, and cared not a pin for those things which disturb us in the possession, lest "they take to themselves wings and fly away." There were no such birds as these in Hans Beudix's aviary. And with these goodly dispositions by nature, he had always been a hind; and after the free manner of his life, was he built up in purity, and strength, and innocence. "Cheer up, my man," said he, "and by the blessing of heaven, we will work it out." And then, conversing awhile, he got all the particulars of the case; and thinking them over and over, by and by he fetches up—from under that old wool hat of his—he fetches up some notions that had been stored away there, "until called for"—and now they were called. "You are wronged," says he, "but let us fix all things in a shape, and, by the expiration of the term, I think we shall be ready for my lord dean. In the meantime, keep up a good heart, and be complaisant enough, and not too much so; for so you may give advantage, or may suggest imposition upon yourself. But be really as cheerful as possible; for a sullen spirit is but an ungaining state, and does no good. Look to the Lord, make your best effort, and resolve to take the event just as it may happen, for good or for evil, knowing that you can do no more.

So our curate departed home, much more cheerful than he had left it; and it might be said that he was resigned, if not reconciled. After regaling himself with meat, he retired to bed, revolving many things, yet fixing on none, lest, by some oversight, he commit his chance in the issue: and thus musing, he fell asleep.

Now, many a person, may-be, is pitying our curate, who has not himself a good appetite to his victuals, and cannot sleep well—by which tokens, we may judge that our curate, though sorrowful and perplexed, was not at the worst.

Early next morning, he resorted again to Hans Beudix, who, seeing him not yet assured, "let on" at once to his plans. And, in doing this, though the hind spoke with a certain authority of ability, yet this was tempered by an habitual modesty and deference becoming to his own character, and always

acceptable to the self-love of those addressed. "I have turned this matter pretty well over," said he, "and if you would trust to me, I think I could get you off. I have two propositions, to which, I think, in the nature of things, he cannot balk me; and, for the third, if neither you nor I can supply it before the time, we must trust to the exigency of the occasion and goodness of our cause, that it be vouchsafed to us. People are very fond to say,

'Between the cup and the lip,  
There is many a slip.'

This is a mere vaunting of human prudence. Why not take the opposite of this, and trust in God? It may graciously be given us 'in that self-same hour what we shall say.' Now, you are so much discomposed, that it is my plan to speak for you; so lend me your coat and wig, and with my best manners, I will try and get round his worship. Though I am not in the habit of deceiving, yet I may, for once," said he, giving a sly turn of humor to the subject, "personate your Reverence, without committing any very great fraud;" and here they both laughed; and, thus the matter was agreed on.

On the next day, which was the appointed time of trial, Hans, personating the curate, was shown into the chamber of the dean, there sitting in state to adjudge the culprit; and, luckily for his disguise, it so happened that the chamber was darkened, for the reverend patient was entertaining the gout.

There are some things that one dislikes to say in regard to certain persons; but there was, also, another sort of disguise that helped out the case. We see that the dean was an unworthy Churchman—but as this thing happened long before the "Temperance Edict" was promulgated, it could never be said that his worship infringed that law. But as was said, the room was darkened—as well as its occupant—and he graciously apologized for this by saying to his visitor, "You have no such troublesome guest as this at your house." To which he replied, "A salary of forty pounds a year, sir, will hardly afford such a luxury." This was an indiscreet freedom; and, it is only justice to Hans to say, that he made the remark only to keep up his disguise of curate. The dean frowningly rebuked his boldness, by saying, coldly, "'Twill, may-be, be less, before it is more." And here it may be observed, that, however the great affect to bestow their jests upon the humble, yet this is a liberty that must never be reciprocated. Though familiar in approach themselves, yet to their inferiors they prescribe a distance, which must never be infringed. Hence, the meanness of seeking acquaintanceship where disparity of circumstances renders equality impossible.

But to the story. The first problem came on in this way, "In what way does a man travel more than a thousand miles a day and find himself at home by night?" Observe, in those days neither steam-cars, nor steamships had been dreamed of.

"In what way! troth, sir wisecrack, why, he rode the broomstick with a witch, to be sure!" Pausing awhile, he added, with reluctant civility, "But, maybe, you know more about this matter than I do, so tell me."

Our hind was both too humble and too dignified to betray anger at this sally; and, indeed, he felt none, for he perceived that it was the chagrin of defeat that occasioned it. So, with a grave respect, he went on to say, "The daily rotation of the earth makes a distance of about twenty-five thousand miles, and all men, in their places, perform this journey once in twenty-four hours. Don't they, sir?"

The dean had a look between a lively surprise and a blank nonplus. After awhile, assuming a careless air, he said, "Well, sir curate, let that pass, and go on to another, in which there shall be no let off."

"Supposing it lawful to sell one's life; yet no man's life is worth more than a hundred pounds; and your worship will not contradict me."

"But I do contradict you; every honest man's life is worth more than a hundred pounds," cried the excited dean.

"But," says the curate, "the life of our Divine Master was sold for *thirty* pieces of silver. Can a man's life be worth more than God's?" he added, with solemnity.

The face of the dean was still blanker; the surprise, too, deepened. "Ah! sir curate, you are too subtil for me now; but the third trial remains, and in that you will find yourself mistaken, sir curate." Now this "sir-ing" was a way the dean had when he was miffed, or in an ill-humor with his inferiors.

Here a sudden light broke upon the curate. To say truth, he was a little touched, too, and he replied, sprightly, "Yes, your worship, I am mistaken; but, it is yourself who mistake me, for, throughout all this conversation, you have believed me to be, and have repeatedly called me 'curate;' (and he quietly noted in his heart, that a derisive spirit is a self-betraying one;) and I convict your worship of a *third mistake*. I am not the curate," said he, throwing off his disguise, "but only Hans Beudix, his hind."

Outdone with this latter discovery, the dean suddenly changes his humor, and extending a hand to the hind, he says, "Nevertheless, you are a fine fellow; and since you have acted for the curate, (seeming to forget the conditions,) you shall have the two hundred pounds which belonged to him."

"But that will I not, your worship," says the hind, "for the curate is my kind friend, and has paid me well for my services, for many a long year. If I am poor, I need nothing, for I have all that I wish for."

"But you are not poor," says the dean, struck with sudden admiration, "for your heart is in the right place. And since you will not take the curate's money, ask what you will of me, in reason, and it shall be granted."

"Grant, then, that this little matter betwixt

yourself and your servant, the curate, be gotten over, bestow upon him your confidence, and restore him to his office in the Church."

"Be it so," says the dean, "for I can do nothing else to please you. But you and I will, henceforth, be better acquainted."

A fine fellow was Hans Beudix!

## CHEMISTRY FOR GIRLS.

BY THE EDITOR.

THIS is properly styled a utilitarian age; for the inquiry, "What profit?" meets us everywhere. It has even entered the temples of learning, and attempted to thrust out important studies, because their immediate connection with *hard money* profits cannot be demonstrated. There is one spot, however, into which it has not so generally intruded itself—the female academy—the last refuge of the fine arts and the fine follies. Thither young ladies are too frequently sent merely to learn how to dress tastefully, walk gracefully, play upon the piano, write French, and make waxen plumes and silken spiders—all pretty, surely; but why not inquire, What profit? But I take my pen in hand, not to utter a dissertation on female education, but to insist that young ladies be taught chemistry. They will be thereby better qualified to superintend domestic affairs, guard against many accidents to which households are subject, and perhaps be instrumental in saving life. We illustrate the last remark by reference merely to toxicology.

The strong acids, such as the nitric, muriatic, and sulphuric, are virulent poisons, yet frequently used in medicine and the mechanic arts. Suppose a child, in his rambles among the neighbors, enter a cabinet shop and find a saucer of *aqua-fortis* (nitric acid) upon the work-bench, and in his sport suddenly seize and drink a portion of it. He is conveyed home in great agony. The physician is sent for; but ere he arrives the child is a corpse. Now, as the mother presses the cold clay to her breast and lips for the last time, how will her anguish be aggravated to know that in her medicine-chest, or drawer, was some calcined magnesia,\* which, if timely administered, would have surely saved her lovely, perchance her first and only boy. O, what are all the boquets and fine dresses in the world to her, compared with such knowledge!

Take another case. A husband returning home, one summer afternoon, desires some acidulous drink. Opening a cupboard, he sees a small box labeled "salts of lemon," and making a solution of this, he

\* This is the antidote for all the acids named. It forms with them innocent neutral salts. Calcined magnesia is better than the carbonate, because the carbonate might occasion an unpleasant distension of the stomach. If magnesia is not at hand, some other alkali will answer.

drinks it freely. Presently he feels distress, sends for his wife, and ascertains that he has drank a solution of oxalic acid, which she had procured to take stains from linen. The physician is sent for; but the unavoidable delay attending his arrival is fatal. When he arrives, perhaps he sees upon the very table on which the weeping widow bows her head, a piece of chalk,\* which, if given in time, would have certainly prevented any mischief from the poison.

Corrosive sublimate is the article generally used by domestics to destroy the vermin which sometimes infest our couches. A solution of it is left upon the chamber floor in the teacup, when the domestics go down to dine, leaving the children up stairs at play: the infant crawls to the teacup and drinks. Now, what think you would be the mother's joy, if, having studied chemistry, she instantly called to recollection the well ascertained fact, that there is, in the hen's nest,† an antidote to this poison? She sends for some eggs, and breaking them, administers the whites, (albumen.) Her child recovers, and she weeps for joy. Talk not to her of novels. One little book of natural science has been worth, to her, more than all the novels in the world.

Physicians in the country rarely carry scales with them to weigh their prescriptions. They administer medicines by guess, from a teaspoon or the point of a knife. Suppose a common case. A physician, in a hurry, leaves an over-dose of tartar emetic, (generally the first prescription in cases of bilious fever,) and pursues his way to see another patient ten miles distant. The medicine is duly administered, and the man is poisoned. When the case becomes alarming, one messenger is dispatched for the doctor, and another to call in the neighbors to see the sufferer die. Now there is, in a canister in the kitchen cupboard, and on a tree that grows by the door, a remedy for this distress and alarm—a sure means of saving the sick man from the threatened death. A strong decoction of young hyson tea, oak bark, or any other astringent vegetable, will change tartar emetic into an innocuous compound.

Vessels of copper often give rise to poisoning. Though this metal undergoes but little change in a dry atmosphere, it is rusted if moisture be present, and its surface becomes lined with a green substance—carbonate of the peroxide of copper, a poisonous compound.

It has sometimes happened that a mother has, for want of this knowledge, poisoned her family. Sourkrout that had been permitted to stand some time in a copper vessel, has produced death in a few hours. Cooks sometimes permit pickles to remain in cop-

per vessels, that they may acquire a rich green color, which they do by absorbing poison.\* Families have often been thrown into disease by eating such dainties, and may have died, in some instances, without suspecting the cause. That lady has certainly some reason to congratulate herself upon her education, if, under such circumstances, she knows that pickles, rendered green by verdigris, are poisonous, and that Orfila has proved albumen to be the proper antidote to them.

Lead, (often used for drinking vessels and conduits,) if, when in contact with water, it is exposed to the air, yields carbonate of lead (the white lead of the shops.) It is surprising that the neutral salts in water retard this process, and that some salts seem to prevent it entirely: hence, the water of Edinburg may be safely used, though kept in leaden cisterns; and the water of the Ohio is conveyed to the inhabitants of this city with impunity in leaden pipes. Nevertheless, salts of lead may be formed under circumstances not unlikely to occur. Moreover, the acetate of lead is often used to sweeten wine; and the lady acquainted with the affinities of the metal, and the properties and antidotes of its compounds, may have occasion for her information. She will be able by means of articles always at hand—such as epsom salts, or glauher salts—to render the poisonous salts of lead inert. For the soluble sulphates brought in contact with them, will always give rise to the formation of the sulphate of lead, which is insoluble, and without any pernicious properties.

Illustrations might be very readily multiplied; but our space forbids. We conclude by saying, that poisons always produce secondary effects, which antidotes, however perfect, do not prevent. In all cases of poisoning, therefore, the administration of antidotes should not prevent the calling of a doctor.

## LAKE OF GALILEE.

BY WILLIAM BAXTER.

CALM lake of Galilee! upon thy shore  
The Savior first his humble followers sought,  
And on thy bosom faith's pure lessons taught,  
Amid the wind and water's mingled roar.  
Fear seiz'd the tremblers when the storm raged high:  
Faithless and doubting, on the deck they stand,  
The wild waves' sport: far distant from the land,  
All hope seems lost; but, lo! the Master's nigh.  
Calmly he stands upon that vessel's prow:  
He speaks—the waves obey his high behest—  
Cease their wild sport, and gently sink to rest,  
And joy sits smiling on each follower's brow.  
Thus, when the waves of passion, in my breast,  
Rise high, O Savior, bid them sink to rest.

\* Chalk is carbonate of lime. Oxalic acid will unite with the lime, and make oxalate of lime, an insoluble, and, therefore, inert compound.

† Corrosive sublimate is a deuto chloride of mercury. Albumen attracts one portion of its chlorine, and reduces it to the proto chloride, which is calomel.

\* Acetic acid, with oxide of copper, constitutes verdigris.



## NOTICES.

**AIDS TO ENGLISH COMPOSITION, prepared for Students of all grades, &c. By Richard Green Parker, A. M. New York: Harper & Brothers.**—This work is designed as a sequel to one in which the author has attempted to remove two obstacles in the way of the youthful writer, "the difficulty of obtaining ideas, and that of expressing them when obtained." "In this volume he has endeavored to embrace a wider range in the extensive field before him." It has, obviously, been prepared with great care and labor, and in a certain sphere, it may be very useful. Let no one, however, think to make himself a writer merely by any set of aids to composition: the study of good models, and the habit of patient, systematic thought, are indispensable to any one who would write well. The last is by far the most important means. Indeed, intense thought, like waters once in Horeb, will hew a channel for itself, even through a rock; nor will gushing ideas fail to flow in graceful streams. Nevertheless, Mr. Parker's work will be serviceable to many minds; and we think it ought especially to be recommended to the attention of unpracticed writers, whose advanced age or circumstances preclude the opportunities of academical education; but who are desirous of benefiting mankind through the press.

**BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL MISCELLANIES. By William H. Prescott. Harper & Brothers.**—This is a collection of papers from the North American Review, of which the author has long been a contributor. No commendation will be expected from us, as the author's historical works are so well known and so much admired. The contents of the work before us are, "Charles Brockden Brown, Asylum for the Blind, Irving's Conquest of Granada, Cervantes, Sir Walter Scott, Chateaubriand's English Literature, Bancroft's United States, Madame Calderon's Life in Mexico, Moliere, Italian Narrative Poetry, Poetry and Romance of the Italians, Scottish Song, Da Ponte's Observations."

**THE LIFE OF MOZART, including his Correspondence. By Edward Holmes. New York: Harper & Brothers.**—This is a well written biography of a child of genius, whose influence upon art will descend to future ages. It is compiled from the materials collected by Niessen, who married the widow of this great musician, and who, late in life, collected with much care and labor the correspondence of Mozart. The reader will find this biography both instructive and entertaining.

**THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST. By a Layman. New York: Harper & Brothers.**—The object of this work is, to assail the prevalent opinion that the sufferings of the Redeemer were limited to his manhood. The author avers that he has been led, by a careful study of the Scriptures, to believe that our Savior's expiatory agonies reached his Godhead. The work bears the marks of patient investigation, active, though erratic intellect, love of truth, and a reverential regard for sacred things. It is written by a pen which, though unpretending, is evidently practiced. Who the author is, we cannot divine: nor are we anxious to know.

We are very sorry that he has published his opinion, which might have done no harm if held as private property, but which, proclaimed with his ingenious, though sophistical reasoning, may beguile many a mind into errors abhorrent to the author himself. That he is wrong,

we feel as certain as that there is a sun in heaven; and, it is matter of astonishment, that so sensible a man should fall into such a monstrous absurdity. We will not, however, complain. Nothing is lost in the end by free discussion. This sentiment, indeed, seems to have relieved the author, in some measure, from the *onus* of responsibility which he evidently felt in putting forth his novel views on so grave a subject; for he says, in his preface, "Perhaps our humble essay may elicit from abler minds more ample reasons in favor of this ancient and widespread theory." We hope this may be the case, and that the "Layman" himself will become their "willing convert," and sign a recantation of his error.

**THE LIFE OF PAUL JONES. By Alexander Stidell McKensie, U. S. N. New York: Harper & Brothers.** A Life of Paul Jones was compiled by Mr. Sherburne, from authentic documents and original papers, and published in 1825. Another biography, more elaborate, from more ample materials, among which were the log-books of Jones' cruises, and papers, obtained from his heirs, appeared in Edinburgh, 1830; and a third, by Mr. Sands, was published in New York about the same time. As all these works are bulky, and encumbered with useless repetitions and matter of little interest to the general reader, the composition of the present work was undertaken, some years since, at the request of Mr. Sparks, who wished to embrace it in his "Library of American Biography." Of the works alluded to above, this is an excellent digest, written in the narrative style, and embracing all the known facts in the life of the distinguished commander, arranged according to their natural order of succession. We need say nothing of the character of the hero, or the fascinating style of McKensie, the writer of this biography.

**NINTH ANNUAL REPORT of the Trustees and Superintendent of the Ohio Institution for the Education of the Blind, for the year 1845.**—We thank the excellent Principal for a copy of the above, from which we are gratified to learn that the institution still continues to be successfully managed. The report contains just and philosophical reflections. We give an extract below, and regret that we have not space for more.

"The thought was expressed in our last report, that 'the system of instructing the blind is destined to make an important contribution to the philosophy of education everywhere.' All our experience confirms this impression. Compelled, even by necessity, to teach orally, a well qualified teacher of the blind becomes linked to the mind of his pupil, by a constant, living, active sympathy. By a kind of mental amalgamation, the mind of one literally flows into the other, and instruction is drunk in like water. The teacher pursues the only truly intellectual plan: he measures the capacity of his scholars—feeds their tender minds with knowledge, as tender bodies are supplied with food—suitable to their strength. He illustrates his truths in a thousand different ways, until they are perceived and felt. Laying aside all mechanical rules and the superficial drudgery of schools, he digs into the mine of thought and sets the thinking powers in motion. Even Stephen Girard, notwithstanding his one great mistake, expressed the true theory of teaching in these words: '*I would have the orphans taught FACTS and THINGS, rather than words, or signs.*' The teachers of common schools throughout the state, and everywhere, might well profit by an experiment upon the system of oral and mental instruction, as pur-

sued with the blind. Especially, also, might they profit by another part of the plan, which produces the fondness for school studies, so rare with children, and the general cheerfulness of blind pupils, so often the surprise of visitors. This most important desideratum in all systems of education, is a *simple observance of natural and moral laws*. A common and fatal error in the education of young children is, their confinement for several consecutive hours in the school-room, generally without proper ventilation; and their too long and wearisome labor, at a time, over one or two particular studies. Thus, without that change which nature ever requires in youth, their exercises become painful to both mind and body, their teacher a hard task-master, and the school-house a prison. It needs no argument to prove, that where instruction is associated with so much that is unnatural and disagreeable, the child will enter the school-house with disgust, remain with little profit, until relieved from his dismal bondage, and escape as a bird from the cage."

We are happy to see that our gifted and scientific friend, Dr. Howard, is the oculist of this institution. God grant him success in opening the eyes of the blind. The Principal visited, last summer, the institutions for the blind in Great Britain and Paris, from which he has derived much useful information, and which he will communicate, in a supplementary report, to the legislature.

AN ADDRESS ON EDUCATION, delivered before the Students of the Female Collegiate Academy, at Port Gibson, Miss., July, 1845, by Rev. B. M. Drake.—This is an able and spirited address, by one of the best divines and soundest thinkers in the south. The author makes some just observations in regard to parental instruction and training, which he justly deems the most important part of education: enforces the necessity of care in the selection of teachers, and shows that religion is the most important of all subjects of academical instruction. He objects to private education, as five-fold more expensive than public—as aristocratical and selfish in its tendency—manifestly unjust to the poor, and deficient in the stimuli necessary to develop the energies either of the pupil or preceptor. In his peroration he thus speaks of reading:

"It is expected that every educated young lady will read, and it is very certain she cannot read all that floats on the literary surface. It will, therefore, be important that a judicious selection be made. Bad books are to the mind, what poison is to the body. The great difficulty is, that the law has not regulated booksellers as it has druggists, requiring them to label such books 'poison,' in characters so plain that the most unwary could read it. In addition to the fair countenances and beautiful labels of these mental and moral poisons, some sad counselors give advice about as absurd as would be that of the physician, who should counsel his patient to take some of every drug in the apothecary's shop, that he might know what it all was, and how it would affect his system. No wonder, then, that the young are led astray. I do not intend to condemn by wholesale, any class of writings, for even the very worst class (I mean novels) has in it, 'Celebs in Search of a Wife,' which I consider good; and there may be some others, but sure they are like 'angels' visits, few and far between.' Hence, I think I shall be safe in counseling you to give the whole class the go by. Should there be a few gems in this mountain of offensive rubbish, they will not pay for the labor of finding them.

"Let the Bible be with you first, last, and always. Next to it, you should prize well written biographies of distinguished persons; authentic history, both civil and ecclesiastical; well written travels; scientific works, in general, and poetry, when it is of the first order, and the sentiment chaste and pure. These, my young friends, will occupy all the time you will have to devote to such subjects, without endangering the mind and heart by tampering with a more suspected class."

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE. Edited by Seba Smith, and published by J. K. Wellman. New York.

LITERARY EMPORIUM: a Compendium of Religious, Literary, and Philosophical Knowledge. J. K. Wellman. New York: January, 1846.—These are chaste and beautiful periodicals for the young.

THE QUARTERLY JOURNAL AND REVIEW, No. 1: January, February, and March. L. A. Hine, Editor and Proprietor.—We are truly happy to see this work. Its Editor was the projector of the Western Literary Journal and Monthly Review, which, by no fault of his, expired, after pursuing a brief but not inglorious career. For Mr. Hine, with whom we have been long acquainted, we entertain feelings of ardent friendship, and for his work, which we believe will breathe a pure spirit and evince patient and vigorous thought, we desire a generous support. The present number contains two or three very able articles from the Editor's pen, and some valuable contributions from others. There are portions of the work to which we should except; but, take it altogether, we commend it to the generous public of the west. The following is from the prospectus:

"The claims of the poor upon the rich for comfort and mental improvement, shall be advocated, and the obligations of the few to the mass enforced. To promote moral reform it will war upon *avarice*, (the mightiest foe to human happiness,) and all the train of vices that deface the image of the Perfect One. Its reviews shall have relation to these momentous subjects. Its motto is, 'Goodness, greatness, and happiness are the birthright of every son and daughter of humanity.' That it may reach the homes of many people, its terms are put at the lowest rates."

NINETEENTH ANNUAL REPORT of the Trustees and Superintendent of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, for 1845.—This report, like its predecessors, is fraught with interest and filled with the spirit of philanthropy. The following, on the mode of instruction, is interesting:

"Our general system of instruction remains the same. The common methods of oral and audible instruction, are not and never can be employed in the education of the deaf and dumb. Nature, at the outset, has interposed insuperable barriers. The ear is deaf, the tongue is dumb, and the intellectual vision is dim, and a lethargy, from disuse and inaction, rests like an incubus on all the mental and moral faculties. The obstacles must be removed and the minds of the pupils made accessible, and their own native sign language is seized upon as the only medium of communication, till, by its use, the pupils are put in possession of a knowledge of written language, and are thus enabled, by writing, to hold intelligible and definite intercourse with their fellow-men. They are our instructors, and we, in turn, are theirs. Their natural sign language, understood and employed by all the deaf and dumb the world over, forms the basis of all our instruction. Meagre, originally, as the language is, and thus corresponding with the blank state of their minds, yet it

is capable of great expansion and amplification, and can be wielded for accomplishing all the purposes for which oral language itself was intended, but with more rapid and forcible expression. Our task is arduous, but the object is noble, and the case addresses itself directly to the strongest sympathies of the human heart. Motives are thus presented to the teacher to tax his powers to the utmost to accomplish his object."

**THE BIBLICAL REPOSITORY AND CLASSICAL REVIEW:** *January, 1846.*—Its contents are, "Grecian Philosophy, by Professor Tyler, Amherst College; Peck's Divine Rule of Faith and Practice reviewed, by Professor M'Clintock, of Dickinson College; An Inquiry concerning the first emotion of enmity to God, by Rev. Pharcelas Church, Rochester, New York; The Church Question, by Professor Taylor Lewis, LL. D.; Martin's Examination of Professor Tappan's Review of Edwards on the Will reviewed, by A. T. Bledsoe, Esq., Philadelphia, Pa.; Sketch of Changes in the English Language, by George C. Beckwith, Boston; Critical Notices." This is a rich number of an excellent work.

**THE EGYPTIAN.** *By the author of the Jew.*—A well written book, abounding in useful information.

**THE SUNDAY SCHOOL RECITER.**—A book much in demand in preparing for a Sabbath school anniversary.

**THE ENCOURAGER.**—A monthly Magazine for children, volume 1. Intended to enkindle a missionary spirit.

**ANNIE WALTON: a True Story.**—Well calculated to produce a good impression.

**AUNT CLARA'S STORIES, for her Nephews.**—Short, sweet, and well told.

**AMOS ARMFIELD: or, The Leather-covered Bible.** Illustrative of the excellence of God's Word and the pleasantness of piety.

**TALKS WITH LITTLE ELLA, by her Mamma,** are said, by one who has read them, to be very pretty and very good.

All the above are published by G. Lane & C. P. Tippet, New York. They have been edited or revised by Rev. Daniel P. Kidder, who presides with so much judgment over the department which the General conference of 1844 assigned him.

We do a service by calling the attention of parents to them. If children are not supplied with useful and entertaining books, the fault is not with the Church.

**CHRISTIAN EXERTION, or, The Duty of Private Members of the Church of Christ to Labor for the Souls of Men, explained and enforced.** *George Peck, Editor. New York: Lane & Tippet.*—This unpretending volume is a pungent appeal to the lovers of Jesus. Its object is to arouse the Church to personal Christian effort for the salvation of men. It should be read by all.

**THE THIRD AND FOURTH QUARTERLY ISSUES OF THE CHRISTIAN WORLD: September and December, 1845.** *Edited by Thomas H. Stockton.*—This number contains many valuable articles, both in its editorial and its foreign departments.

We admire the ability, the taste, and most of all, the sweet Christian spirit with which this work is conducted, and we wish its editor all spiritual blessings and an abundant remuneration for his editorial toil. The present number contains a commendatory notice of Bishop Morris' racy, evangelical, and beautiful discourses.

**METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW: for January, 1846.**—Its contents are: "The Reformation the Source of American Liberty, by Rev. Mr. Moore; Dr. Turnee's

Essays; Miss Barrett's Poems, by Mr. R. C. Pitman; Reading, by the Editor; Modes of Teaching Languages, by Professor M'Clintock; Durbin's Observations in the East; Davies' Sermons, by Rev. R. W. Allen; Critical Notices."

The increasing prosperity of this excellent periodical, of whose regular visits no Methodist minister should be deprived, affords us unfeigned pleasure. The present number is ornamented with a portrait of one of the most learned, talented, and generous men of which the Church can boast.

#### EDITOR'S TABLE.

**CONTENTMENT** cannot be obtained by wealth, nor destroyed by poverty. In our rambles, not long since, we met with a remarkable illustration of this remark. We were pointed to an old Englishman carrying some hay from a stable, and informed that he came to America some years since with \$150,000 in coin, all of which he has lost, not by intemperance, or prodigality, or imprudence, but by a series of unforeseen misfortunes, and a number of profitless investments. He now lives in a small frame dwelling, keeps a few cows, and supports himself by carrying milk to the villagers. How does he bear his misfortunes? "Why, sir," was the reply of my friend, "he is as independent as the king upon his throne, and as happy as a lark on a bright May morning." The secret is, he enjoys the favor of God and the hope of heaven. Though poor himself, he looks on high and sees a rich Father.

**TO READERS.**—The present number will be found interesting. The number of the "Miscellaneous Sketches," with which it commences, is as profitable as it is pleasing. We feel a very strong attraction for its author, and trust we shall some day shake hands with him physically, as we have often done mentally. He gives us, however, one recommendation which we cannot indorse. We mean his advice to youth to read the writings of Washington Irving; but he would have the entire advantage of us in a controversy on this point, for we have never read a page of that learned American novelist's fascinating productions, unless we may have met with some of his sketches in the periodicals. We grant all that our faithful and valued correspondent asserts in relation to them, but still have serious doubts whether they are admissible as books for the young. They belong to a pernicious class; and, as we would object to champagne or gooseberry wine, because it might excite a taste for brandy, so we object to such productions as Washington Irving's, because they may awaken a desire for the more objectionable novels.

Let not the reader pass over without perusal, "The Dangerous Difference." It is a thrilling narrative, illustrative of a very important matter. Let us hear from the authoress again.

We have filed, for the next number, some valuable articles from Bishop Morris, Professor Larrabee, Mrs. Cross, Messrs. Disoway, Cushing, and many other valuable correspondents.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—We find it necessary to repeat what we have often said, that we do not consider any piece which is not accompanied by the real name of the writer. We have rejected several poetical pieces, not so much because they were unworthy of insertion, as because they were not worthy of the reputation of their authors.





*Boat attacked by a Snake*

*Illustration by J. B. B. B.*

# THE FISHERY REPOSITORY.

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his victim. How far  
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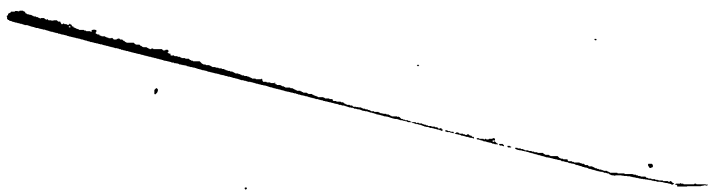
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THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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APRIL, 1846.  
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THE BOA-CONSTRUCTOR.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

THIS scene and reptile should be in some Asiatic, tropical region. And how thankful should we "temperate" people be, that a monster so hideous and so destructive has no approach to us!

The mind is filled with wonder *wherefore* these things are; yet not for a moment does it stagger our faith in the beneficence of Heaven, that they are allowed an existence. That it is good, upon the whole, cannot be doubted. God, who created angels and men, did, also, on the sixth day, "create every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth." Moreover, "God saw every thing that he had made; and behold it was very good."

Had we not this Scripture, nature herself would be sufficient authority for this idea, for the use—though, may-be, yet unknown to science—of every thing and creature comprised in the creation. Analogy, that unerring creed of the philosopher, warrants, even to our ignorance, a certain *mission* to all that lives. The serpent of the dust shall render that dust less deleterious to humanity. Without injuring himself, the reptile is bade do good to man. The malaria of the dank masses of vegetation which fester, and ripen, and rot in the humid fatness of tropical climates, are *food* for such as these.

Mark, too, how nature has implanted an instinctive horror of these monsters, guarding us from their haunts, and forewarning us of their venom—venom collected in defense of all men; whilst one, in many thousands, is the "scape-goat" of the sacrifice. And even thus does it fall throughout the whole of nature. The lightning's shaft, the cleansing fire of heaven, shooting in direct lines, finds ever, now and then, a human target on which to spend its fullness. And so in all.

As to the truth of the representation of this plate, we confess it is not very impressive upon us. His snakeship, though of sufficient dimensions, is not made to seem so powerful as might be; the curvature of the neck, for instance, is not, either in its anatomy or shading, as overpoweringly malicious and diabolical as should be. It would seem, in fact, not militant, but barely defensive. If the creature

were in a gorged state, this would not be surprising; but he has not yet demolished his victim. How far these "snake doctors" may have "mesmerized" the animal, we cannot say. But we do say, he is a very quiescent snake, considering the number of persons, and of deadly weapons, by which he is assaulted. We may assume, perhaps, that he is already disabled, and can make but weak demonstrations. But this aspect, were a nullifying of the subject, which would not suit its object.

These Asiatics must themselves be fully possessed of the efficacy of their antidotes, or they would not adventure, as it were, within the very folds of the monster. Their attitudes seem sufficiently energetic; if combined with this there were some degree of natural revulsion expressed, the piece would be more impressive.

It is a good name, that of the delineator. Yet it is not probable that he ever saw the snake or the scene. Seeing it, we may believe he would hardly sit, tablets in hand, for an accurate transcript. Still, if he had seen it, some more of the life—of the vital horror of the thing were here.

The drawing of the trees, and the landscape altogether, is good, and the shading of the snake, generally, admirable.

The character of snakes, as a genus, is less fully treated of by zoologists than other of their classifications, for the very good reason that the approach is less frequent and *less familiar* than in other departments. No doubt there is, here and there, an obscure and sequestered individual, who, in reality, knows more about them than the book-people, or even the philosophers (we beg their pardons) do; for it is a matter of "personal acquaintance" to know them well; and some have a genius this way. But these, as we have said, are not book-people; and their lore, being not chronicled, probably perishes in the wilds where it was collected.

Mr. Pierpont, in his "Airs of Palestine," tells us of the magnanimity and generosity of a certain species, (the rattlesnake,) with some instances. But whether this were collected from a reliable source or not, makes the whole difference of its merit and authority.



## THE BIBLE.

BY BISHOP MORRIS.

In reading mere human productions, however excellent, the mind becomes weary. The most attractive work among them, on the second or third perusal, begins to lose its interest. But not so of the Bible. Drawn from the fountain of all wisdom and goodness, its themes are sublime, its depths are fathomless, and its variety is infinite. The oldest, closest, and most uniform readers, pronounce it always new and ever fresh. Each repeated perusal, leads to the discovery of new beauties and unknown excellences. The more they read, the more they desire to read it; and the longer they read, the better they love to read it. The Bible is emphatically the Book—the Book of books—yea, the Book of God. It is a rich boon from our heavenly Father, to his children of all ages and nations—the people's book—the heavenly chart, with which alone life's boisterous seas can be safely navigated. Its precepts are so simple that the most ignorant may understand them, while its mysteries are so profound that the most learned could never have invented them. If the Bible were perfectly comprehensible in all its parts, by one human mind, that might suggest doubts of its being a revelation from heaven, for all the world of intellectual beings. Its sublime mysteries, so far from discrediting, only confirm its claims to a divine origin. Many of the precious truths of this sacred volume, such as that of the resurrection of the body, are purely matters of revelation, and could never have been discovered by the light of reason. The same may be said of all things future, which the prophets have made known; "For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man; but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." Hence, the authority of its commands, the terror of its denunciations, and the consolation of its promises. While all things in the Bible, essentially connected with doctrine, experience, and practice, are sufficiently plain for ordinary readers, its resources are so boundless, as to call into requisition all the research of the learned, directed by the strongest intellect, without exhaustion. What are all the treasures of classic lore compared to the "word of life?" For depth of wisdom, beauty of style, and sublimity of thought, it surpasses the sages of Greece, the orators of Rome, and all the literati of modern times. The far-famed British, and other poets, are thrown into the shade by the Book of Job, the Psalms of David, and the prophetic visions of Isaiah. All the works of fiction, by the most popular authors, may be safely challenged to produce one single essay, that would bear any just comparison to the simple, veritable, and pathetic narrative of Joseph and his brethren. As to the sermon upon the mount, and all other discourses of our Lord and Savior, it is

enough to recite the concession of his enemies: "Never man spake like this man."

Why should a man expend thousands of dollars for a mass of books, and commit himself to the toil of a lifetime in examining them, when, for a few shillings, he can obtain the Book which contains more wisdom, and is of infinitely more importance than all the libraries in the world? Nor is this saying too much for the Bible, which dates back near two thousand years beyond the oldest history extant, and by prophecy extends forward to the end of time. If all human productions, from the first imperfect scrawl on bark or skin, down to the ornamented volumes of 1846, be placed in one scale, and a single plain copy of the Bible in the other, in point of real value, it outweighs them all. Would you learn the origin of the world, and the years of its existence? instead of resorting to geology, and dealing in uncertain conjecture and inference, go to Genesis, and read an authentic history of the creation of all things from nothing. The earth first arose, without form and void, and darkness covered the face of it; but, under the plastic hand of the Creator, assumed its proper shape and function. "And God said, Let there be light: and there was light." The sun took his appropriate position, and the rolling planets were distributed around him, so as to receive his light and heat. The whole system was then put in motion by its Author; and, for near six thousand years, has never, for one moment, ceased to move. As yet there were none to till the earth, or rule the multitudes of its living creatures; but the Lord God formed man out of the dust, breathed on him and he lived, having dominion over every living thing on the earth. From his rib, God made woman to be the companion and help-meet of man. And from them have descended all the babbling tribes of humanity. Would you know whence came death and all the woes of man? Read it in the history of the fall. Do you desire to learn what is the only remedy for sin and its miseries? It is all comprehended in this, Christ died for our sins and rose again for our justification. Are you still prostrated, fettered, and powerless under the bondage of sin? Accept of his free, unmerited advocacy, nothing doubting, and you are "redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled." Such are the history and doctrine of the Bible. It guides the pilgrim stranger, through this howling wilderness, in the path of safety. It hangs out the lamp of its exceeding great and precious promises, to pilot him over the gulf stream of death; and leads him forth with songs of deliverance to join his friends in the deathless regions of immortality, where the river of life glides for ever, amidst the beauties of perennial spring.

Now the Bible, which alone affords any satisfactory information of our origin, duty and end, or any assurance of a higher and happier state of existence than the present, is alike suited to all classes of society, and to all the circumstances of human life.

It is the plain Christian's manual, and the learned man's text-book; the rich man's monitor, and the poor man's treasure; the traveler's guide, and the mariner's chart; the widow's companion, and the orphan's guardian. It is the basis of legislation, and the standard of morals; it binds over the witness, juror, attorney, and judge to a future reckoning, and requires the administration of universal justice, according to the golden rule, of doing unto all men as we would they should do unto us. It checks the turbulent passions of the wicked, protects the rights of the innocent, and enjoins peace on earth and good will to man. It tunes the harp of the musician, furnishes the song of devotion, and kindles the fires of eloquence. It imparts light to the ignorant, and peace to the broken-hearted; relieves the oppressed of their burden, and breaks the wizard spell of superstition. It is the sick man's consolation, and sustains the dying man's hope. The final inference is, there should be, at least, as many Bibles in the world as there are rational beings, and every man, woman, and child, should own a copy.

#### MY STEP-MOTHER.

AMONG my earliest pleasant memories, is that of my loved step-mother. My father landed at one of our American seaports, a stranger in a foreign land. Fatal disease soon sealed the fate of the dear partner of his hopes, leaving with him three babes, a mother's prayer, and a mother's blessing. In process of time, a gentle being became the orphan's mother, and the stranger's friend.

Probably no member of society is, and has been, more unjustly treated and persecuted, than the step-mother. To some, it seems a peculiar pleasure to serve up, for criticism, the character of every step-mother of their acquaintance. How unjust! how unchristian! Can we expect that the step-mother will, at all times, and in the same degree, feel such maternal yearnings toward those borne and cradled by another, as toward her own offspring—those over whom, in tender infancy, she has wept and smiled? Is it in consonance with nature? And yet there are those in whose families the distinctions which nature would authorize, could not be noticed except by them, to whose acute vision lynx-eyed jealousy has imparted the keenest edge. Having been educated, instructed, loved, and cherished by a beloved step-mother—having seen the kindness, self-denial, patience, and love of some filling this honorable and responsible station, I have no patience with the criticisms of those, who, if placed in the same situation, I doubt not, would exhibit, in bold relief, the very traits of character they so earnestly condemn.

The original of my sketch was one of those mothers, in whose families the natural and adopted children are alike. O, how well I remember the kindness of that mother—long since "lost to sight,"

but still "to memory dear." And could I now address her spirit, how ardently would I thank her for her tenderness; and how earnestly would I implore her forgiveness for the many pangs my childish waywardness must have inflicted. She it was that taught my infant mind to recognize the great truths of religion, and to peruse and treasure up the sacred Word. She was my confident—my guide. If any petition was to be presented to the paternal branch of domestic authority, she was my intercessor. But sickness and death sever the most cherished connections. On my return from a journey, a summons brought me to the bedside of my dying mother. Nature was nearly exhausted; but, with her remaining strength, she exhorted me to meet her in heaven. I was not permitted to be near her in her last moments. Imperative duty demanded my absence for a week. How unwillingly was that journey taken, and what a week of suspense, solicitude, and prayer! One day was a day of fasting, humiliation, and earnest entreaty. As I rode along and saw the many healthful forms around me, I often thought, how little of that superabundant health would secure the life of my dear mother. It was bitter to think

"That she should die,  
And life be left to the butterfly."

During the week, no news reached me from my far-off home. The week and the journey were drawing to a close, when, meeting with an acquaintance, in answer to my eager inquiries, he informed me that the loved object of my solicitude was an inhabitant of another world. The information was scarcely believed, surely not realized. Like the sound of the clods upon the coffin, it was the knell of my deferred hope. My own mother had died, but I was too young to appreciate my loss. But now as I entered my home, never again to be lightened by the smile of the lost one, a sense of utter desolation overwhelmed me.

If there is a place in the world that can bring to the heart contrition and repentance, that place is the pious mother's grave. Seared indeed must be the heart of him, who can view the last lowly bed of her who wept over him in childhood, and prayed for him in youth, and not, with repentant tears, pray for pardon and peace.

Mother, to whom are committed the children of her who once bore thy present name, thou hast an important charge. Be tender to those who have now no natural mother to listen to their infant complaints. Their helplessness demands it; the yearnings of her, whose mother's heart tenderly responded to their slightest sorrows, demands it; your tacit promise demands it; religion demands it. Be faithful. Train the young immortal for God, and fear not the strife of tongues, thou shalt be rewarded. Thy adopted "children shall rise up and call thee blessed." From that number, probably, shall be

thy kindest and loveliest child—the gentlest spirit, who, having appreciated thy kindness, shall most earnestly, of all thy family, defend thy fair name, love thee the most tenderly, and provide for and cherish thee in declining age. And He who regardeth the orphan's tear, will remember thy fidelity, self-denial, and love, where they "neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels in heaven."

Z. X.

### MISCELLANEOUS SKETCHES.

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BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.  
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FAIR and gentle reader, we meet again. We meet, not in body, but in mind. In body we may never meet. Our homes are far apart. Between us may stretch the continuous forest, whose solitude is scarcely disturbed by the lowing herd, or its stillness broken by the woodman's axe—between us may spread out the prairie, illimitable even to the eagle's eye—between us may rise the Alleghanies, forming a barrier even to the winds and the waters; and yet we meet—meet in mind. The mind regards not space:

"Compared with the speed of its flight,  
The tempest itself lags behind,  
And the swift-winged arrows of light."

The lightning flashes not so rapid—the aurora borealis darts not so quick. Sitting at the open window of my embowered cottage, on this lovely evening of early spring, my mind, quicker than the sunbeam now glancing by me, bounds away to my childhood's home, on the Atlantic shore. The old-fashioned mansion, with its hoary timbers, and rudely carved wainscoting, rises before me. The old elms are spreading their venerable branches over me. The pines, that cluster on the hill-top, are sending forth, on the evening breeze, the plaintive monotone. The lambs, returned with the flock from the pasture, are skipping on the hill-side. And there is the ocean, its surface spotted with white sails, and its wild waves dancing on the beach. Before I may have time to greet one old friend, or shed one tear over the past, the scene disappears, and I bound away over the mountains of the setting sun, and stand on the shores of the western ocean,

"Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,  
Save his own dashing."

Before I am aware, I am sailing over the shoreless sea of Jupiter,

"Whose huge, gigantic bulk  
Dances in ether like the lightest leaf,"

or standing on the wings of exiled Saturn, or streaming through space with the eccentric comet, or rambling among the gardens of the Pleiades, whose distance geometry fails to estimate. And then, again, gentle one, I am with thee, in thy city

mansion, or thy prairie cottage, or thy forest cabin, communing with thee on the past, the present, and the future—on the ideal and the actual—on the beautiful, the good, and the true.

The mind regards not time. The past is its own. It goes back to the beginning, "when the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy." With the first-born of earth, it wanders among the groves of Paradise. With the father of the faithful, it communes with the angels of olden time. With the patriarch of Palestine, it goes down into Egypt, and is present at the busy and exciting scenes, when hundred-gated Thebes is pouring out its countless warriors—when the Memnon is reared to greet the morning sun with its tones of music, and when the granite block of gigantic dimensions is moved from the quarry to build the pyramids. It listens to the song of the sweet singer of Israel, as he tunes his harp by

"Siloa's brook,  
That flowed fast by the oracle of God."

With the shepherds of Judea, it hears the song of the angels at the Savior's birth. With the wise men of the east, it follows the star of Bethlehem, and with the disciple whom Jesus loved, it stands by the cross. The future is its own. With its eye I look on ages yet to come—on glorious ages of light, of knowledge, of liberty, and of religion.

The mind regards not physical force; but by its own power controls all created influences. The winds, the waters, and the lightnings are directed by it. The strength of the lion, and the flight of the eagle avail not against its power. Look at the war-horse, "whose neck is clothed with thunder. He paweth in the valley, and rejoices in his strength. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted, neither turneth he back from the sword. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage. He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha, and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shoutings;" and yet he submits himself to man, and suffers the little child to mount him. The elephant, whose "bones are like strong pieces of brass or bars of iron," brings his incomparable strength to the service of man. The sea monster, whose teeth are terrible round about, who "maketh the deep boil like a pot," and his path in the ocean shine after him, suffers man to "put a hook in his nose, and bore his jaw through with a thorn."

The mind knows no limits to its development. The body, by the law of its nature, may be developed only to a certain extent. It has its youth, and its maturity, and then its decline. But the mind knows no old age—no decline. God, in his pleasure, made all things mortal, but mind. The earth herself may grow old and die—the hills and the mountains may melt away—the rivers may cease to flow, and the ocean be dried up—the very elements may melt with fervent heat; but mind is subject to no decay—

no death. Through its endless existence, the works of God will furnish it the exhaustless means of knowledge. I know not but this is the design of the vastness and the profusion of the works of God. In our spiritual and immortal state, we may visit in person the distant worlds, now dimly seen by philosophic eye. We may go, with a speed which the sunbeam never attained, to that polar orb, which, perhaps, so strangely to our comprehension, has, from the first time its light fell on our childhood's eye, maintained the same place in the heavens, having never, like other stars, sunk to repose beneath the horizon. There will be time enough in eternity to visit all the bright worlds that have been circling the celestial vault above us, till they have become familiar to our mortal eye. And then there will be time enough left to visit those far beyond the reach of mortal eye or philosophic glass. And no matter where the spirit may go, it will find a home everywhere. The innumerable multitudes of worlds in the universe are but mansions in our heavenly Father's house.

The mind never loses what it may have once acquired. Impressions once stamped on it become indelible. Ideas once acquired become, from the very constitution of mind, immortal as mind itself. There may seem to be, sometimes, oblivion of the past. But it is temporary, not permanent. There is no *Lethæan stream*, of which we may drink and forget. There may seem to be loss of knowledge once acquired. But the loss is only apparent, not real. There is a power in the mind by which it may call back every wandering idea, and renew every fading picture, and revive in all their freshness and vigor all past feelings and emotions. I have somewhere read a beautiful story of the magician's mirror. Whoever looked on that mirror's polished surface saw again all he had ever seen—his early home—his childhood's play-ground—the hills, the valleys, and the streams of his native land—the friends of former years—friends long since dead, and buried, and forgotten. In that mirror, as the story goes, the Wandering Jew, who has, as the legend tells us, been wandering over the earth for eighteen centuries, and who is doomed still to wander till the Savior comes again, desired to look. The magician held it before him. The wanderer saw on its magic surface all the incidents of his life in the long centuries past, and far behind all a lovely landscape reposing in quiet beauty beneath the sunny skies of Palestine. There appeared a vale shaded by trees, and watered by running brooks. A flock was feeding on the green grass, and beneath a palm tree's shade was sleeping a child of surpassing beauty and loveliness. In that landscape the wanderer recognized his own home of centuries ago—in that flock the sheep that had fed in that quiet vale under his care—in that child his own beloved daughter, his sweet little Marian, the idol of his heart.

There is such a mirror in the human soul. It

needs no magician's wand to bring forth its power. The images it presents may sometimes be faint and shadowy. Present objects fitting before it may obscure our view of the past. Our position may not always be such as to present the image distinct. But the mirror is always there, and occasions will come when the bright and beautiful forms of the past will flit before us. Let the veil of mortality be taken from our eyes—let the busy forms of present objects take their places among the images of the past—let us look with undimmed and immortal eye on that mirror of the soul, and we shall see the bright and undying images of all our past experience.

Kind reader, are there times when, even now, you seem to hold sweet communion—the communion of soul with soul—with your departed loved ones? Mother, does the child, the sweet little one, that you buried in its loveliness and beauty, still seem to smile on you, and nestle in your bosom? Child, does your mother, whose gentle voice has long been hushed in the silence of the grave, still seem to speak to you as of yore, whispering consolation and wisdom to your soul? Ah! there are times when the departed seem in spirit with us, when the mind is abstracted from all that is sensuous and material, and holds sweet converse with the spiritual and the immortal.

“When the hours of day are numbered,  
And the voices of the night  
Wake the better soul that slumbered,  
To a holy, calm delight—  
Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
And, like phantoms grim and tall,  
Shadows, from the fitful fire-light,  
Dance upon the parlor wall—  
Then the forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door;  
The beloved ones, the true hearted,  
Come to visit me once more.  
O! though oft depressed and lonely,  
All my fears are laid aside,  
If I but remember only  
Such as these have lived and died.”

But, dear reader, I fear I am becoming metaphysical, which I should regret as much on my own account as on yours; for I have a great horror of metaphysics. Yet, at the risk of being even common-place, permit me to encourage you to labor for the improvement and development of your own minds. This you may effect by observing, reading, and thinking. The present season is appropriate for observation. Immure not yourself within the walls of your dwelling, cramping the body, and starving the mind; but go abroad into the green fields and budding woods, and study the works of God. Go into the garden, with spade and hoe, if it be necessary, and prepare your flower-bed. Plant a rose by your window, and as you watch during summer its budding beauty, and inhale its fragrant sweetness, you may improve your taste and your temper more than by reading a thousand trashy novels. It is

wonderful how much a garden of shrubbery and flowers will improve the spirit and the intellect. God has given you a taste for the beautiful, and poured out in abundant profusion around you the means of enjoyment. The world is full of beauty. The dawn of morning, the blue skies of noonday, the golden tints of sunset, and the glimmering starlight are all beautiful. The budding spring, the flowery summer, and the sad and sere autumn are beautiful. Beautiful is bird, and beast, and insect. Beautiful is tree, and flower, and fruit. Beautiful is manhood—beautiful is youth—beautiful is childhood. Beautiful are all the works of God; and all are designed to develop your mind, gratify your taste, and make you wise, and good, and happy. Then go abroad, and look on nature, and look through nature up to nature's God.

But in order to effect, to the best advantage, the improvement of your mind, you must observe carefully, and read, and study, and think. You should acquire some knowledge of natural science. Botany will enable you to distribute into their appropriate classes all the varieties of plants and flowers, and will exhibit to you many curious and interesting facts, of which you never perhaps dreamed. Chemistry will explain to you the cause of the lightning and the thunder, the wind and the storm, the dew and the rain, the frost and the snow. Astronomy will teach you the names, and motions, and laws of the stars. Natural history, especially the departments of anatomy and physiology, will explain to you your own form and constitution, and the laws of health and life.

Where and who is the man that will affirm that female education is of little importance? Who is he that says that a woman needs only know how to knit, and sew, and cook, and perhaps read passably, write her name, and reckon up her market bills? Such a man either thinks women have no soul, or he has none himself. Education acts on mind. Its influence is not limited to time, but is as undying as mind itself. The development of mind is as important to woman as to man. So far as education is designed for the improvement of mind, the same course of study, the same thorough instruction, is adapted to all mind—to the female as well as to the male. So far as education is limited to the acquisition of mere practical knowledge, for some specific purpose, the course of study should vary according to the circumstances of the student. The importance to females of thorough education is not generally appreciated. There yet remains among us much of that old, barbarous, heathen notion of female inferiority. Much of the error in this matter arises from limited and contracted views of the design of education. We reason and act as if the whole design of knowledge were to aid us in making money, or to give us temporary influence in society. We seem to forget the great design of Heaven in giving us intelligence

and taste. The benevolence of God is seen in all his works, but in none more than in the adaptation of external nature to the intellectual and moral condition of man; so that all we see and hear may make us wiser and better.

Reader, I would have you entertain a high sense of the dignity of mind. Tell me not of the dignity which depends on wealth, or station, or pomp, or circumstance. The world cannot confer true dignity. It belongs not to externals: it belongs only to mind. Tell me not of the diadem of royalty, sparkling with gems and with gold. The bright scintillations of human intelligence eclipse the most dazzling of earth's gems. Tell me not of the value of earth's productions. Mind alone is precious. Let no mention be made of coral, or of pearl, or of rubies, or of diamonds. Tell me not of earth's treasures. Mountains of solid gold, and oceans of melted silver are naught compared with mind.

#### WE'RE GOING HOME.

WE'RE going home! O, how those words  
Along the sad heart's fibres thrill!  
Ah! far more sweet than summer birds,  
Whose voices the green forest fill!  
We're going home! When far away  
From those we love, and long to meet,  
Those words a mystic charm convey;  
And 'neath the charm our pulses beat.  
We're going home! When sails the ship  
Upon her homeward passage bound,  
How joyfully, from lip to lip,  
Those words of music pass around!  
We're going home! Our ship has weigh'd  
Her anchor for a beauteous land:  
The distant port will soon be made—  
Our pilot has a skillful hand!  
We're going home! As o'er the main  
We view the radiant city far,  
We *know* our voyage is not vain—  
We steer our bark by Bethlehem's Star.  
We're going home! The lov'd and lost  
Who trod with us the paths of life,  
Have safely o'er the ocean cross'd;  
And, shelter'd from the toilsome strife,  
They wait for us; and oft in dreams,  
Like angel visitants, they come,  
And bring us on their wings the gleams  
Of happiness that fills our home!  
We're going home! What though the true,  
The loving in this world of ours—  
What though life's roses be but few,  
They brightly bloom in Eden's bow'rs!  
We're going home! Ye pilgrims wake!  
And as we pass th' "enchanted ground,"  
Look up for help—fresh courage take—  
We're on our homeward voyage bound!

S. J. HOWE.

## INDEPENDENCE OF CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

BY REV. R. W. ALLEN.

THE history of the Church furnishes many bright and illustrious examples of true Christian character. These examples have shone, with transcendent brightness, in every age of the Church; though some periods have been more distinguished for them than others. Nor have these examples been wanting in any of the essential elements of the Christian character—*elements* which have here most beautifully mingled, qualified and illustrated each other, like the colors in the rainbow. Here they have been seen in all their beauty and loveliness, existing in the most consummate order and harmony; and here they need only be seen and properly understood, to be loved and admired.

Christian character never appears so lovely and attracting, as when it is seen, in all its parts, symmetrically arranged, and when those parts are properly developed and matured. Should any of its essential parts be wanting, or should it lack symmetry or completeness, its beauty would be proportionably marred, and its influence measurably lost.

Independence is essential to perfection in Christian character. Where this is wanting, there is a capital defect—a desideratum exists. However complete the character in other respects, without this it is radically defective.

But what is true independence? in what does it consist? In answering the question, it may be well for us to glance at some of the views entertained on the subject.

1. *Some make it consist in military courage or valor.* War, to the disgrace of our world, has been the delight and employment of individuals in every age. And those occurrences have been considered, by many, very tame, or hardly worth recording, which were not associated with the noise of warriors, the plunder of provinces, the destruction of empires, the groans of bleeding victims, the cries of orphans and widows, and with garments rolled in blood. But this intrepidity is not Christian independence—undoubted courage it may be; and though possessed by Alexander, Hannibal, Napoleon, and a thousand others, yet it partakes naught of true independence. Such was not the independence of the intrepid Baxter, who could reprove kings or expostulate with princes, as occasion required; or, like that of the still more intrepid Paul, who could boldly meet the frowns, violence, and formidable hostility of the whole Jewish nation. "I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake: for when I am weak, then am I strong." And when arraigned before magistrates, he could exclaim, "And neither can they prove the things whereof they now accuse me."

2. *Some make independence to consist in mere difference of opinion.* Because an individual differs from others, it is no certain reason that he is right; though he may be, for others may be wrong. His being right does not depend on the mere fact of his differing from others, but on the evidence by which his opinions are supported. Some differ from others, not so much to be right, as for the sake of differing, or to secure what they call an *independent character*. They wish to be styled independent thinkers, and hence, in opinion, they will join issue with every body, who does not happen to think like themselves. Every body else, they conclude, must be wrong, while they are invariably right. They arrogate to themselves the ability of judging in all matters correctly, while others around them, from their alledged imbecility, must err, as a matter of course. Such know nothing of true independence but the name; while it is to be feared, they are blinded by prejudice, and led captive by the most corrupting influences.

3. *Others make an independent character consist in the indulgence of passion.* They feel greatly superior to others, but this superiority arises from pride, anger, ambition, vanity, enthusiasm, &c. They look down upon their fellow-men, whose outward circumstances, perchance, are not as favorable as their own, as from some lofty eminence; and with an air of importance, are unwilling to notice, or to tender to them the common civilities of life. Such a disposition is the meanest dependency. Those who indulge it, will, like Haman, whose soul was the seat of the worst of passions, when required to honor those to whom honor is due, sink with all their pride and vanity in disgrace and ruin.

4. *Others are still to be found, who make independence consist in an ability to explain or reconcile propositions apparently absurd, or which are hard and difficult to be understood.* They would make the world believe, that, by their superior discernment and singular penetration, they can dive into any subject, however obscure and difficult, and make every thing clear and plain; that they are not shackled by the acknowledged rules of thinking, or by the usual course of investigating subjects; but that their superior intellects can, with the utmost ease, grasp any subject, analyze its parts, and that all difficulties and inexplicableness must at once vanish before them. Such are "proud, knowing nothing, but doting about questions and strifes of words, whereof cometh envy, strife, railings, evil surmisings, perverse disputings of men of corrupt minds, and destitute of the truth, supposing that gain is godliness: from such withdraw thyself."

5. *Christian independence consists in an habitual and vigorous energy of character, and in a firm, manly, uncompromising determination to do duty as God requires, without any anxiety or regard as to the consequences.* It is essentially different from that bold, adventurous temperament, so frequently

observable in distinguished characters. This disposition will lead men to great exploits and achievements, amid dangers and sufferings; and where there is hope of success, their energy of character is strikingly manifest; but when circumstances appear unpropitious, their zeal ceases, and they often sink into despondency and shame. Christian independence enables its possessor to exhibit his accustomed energy and stability of character, amid the most unpropitious prospects and discouraging circumstances. Nor is this energy and firmness merely constitutional, wrought into powerful exercise by concurrent circumstances; it is an uncompromising and energetic principle, planted deep within, taking a strong hold of the whole man—a firm and unshaken reliance on God in every scene and event of life. It is not the creature of circumstances, but is always alive and ready to act. It leads to a course of life unawed by threatening, uninfluenced by flattery. Such was the independence of the three Hebrew worthies. They could exclaim, at the very mouth of the fiery furnace, "O Nebuchadnezzar, we are not careful to answer thee in this matter. If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and he will deliver us out of thy hand, O King. But if not, be it known unto thee, O King, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up." How honest, determined, decisive!

For the want of this independence, those who are naturally of an ardent temperament, are often led into gross transgression. Thus we witness Peter dissembling at Antioch, when "Paul withstood him to the face;" and, also, we behold him denying his Lord. How many thousands have followed in his steps for the want of this principle, and thereby brought disgrace upon themselves, and reproach upon the cause of God! For want of this principle, also, those possessing an easy, timorous disposition, frequently become wavering and faltering in their course; they are startled at worldly opinions—dread unpopularity—moved at reproach, and afraid of opposition. Such are always in bondage, and will accomplish but little good, either for the Church or the world. They need something still to prompt them to *endure hardness, as good soldiers of Jesus Christ*.

The *advantages* of Christian independence, will be noticed, more at large, hereafter.

HEALTH is one of our greatest blessings; indeed, it is the basis of all our enjoyments, and many of our excellences. It has been justly remarked, that Socrates would not have been as wise and good as he was, had he not enjoyed uninterrupted health. His fine flow of spirits, contributed as much as his mental discipline to the calmness with which he endured the vexations of life.

## THE STUDY OF THE BIBLE.

—  
BY PROFESSOR MERRICK.

*The biographies of the Bible.* Another excellency of the Bible is its interesting and instructive biographies. Biographies are generally read with much avidity; and if judiciously written, they may be read to much profit. But, unfortunately, books of this class are often very defective. To be instructive in the highest degree, they should narrate such incidents, and such only, in the life of the person whose history they record, as will present a faithful portraiture of his character. Perhaps the most common defect in biographies is, that they generally contain a great amount of irrelevant matter—matter which is not only uninteresting to the general reader, but serves to confuse his view of the real character of the subject. Another fault of most is, that they are far from being impartial. If written by a friend of the subject, his virtues are magnified, and his vices concealed: if by an enemy, the reverse is the case. The biographies of the Bible, which are numerous, are all of them brief. A few striking incidents reveal the true character of the subject. Neither faults nor virtues are either magnified or concealed; and all are written with so much of earnest simplicity and truthfulness, that the reader seems to live, and feel, and act with those whose history he is perusing.

There is, also, a pleasing variety in the biographies of the Bible. Here we read of kings surrounded with all the pomp of regal splendor, and of subjects moving in the humblest walks of life—of military heroes, commissioned of God as his viceregents for the chastisement of his enemies, and the corrupters of mankind; and of peaceful shepherds, who watched their flocks, and chanted hymns of praise to the God of Israel, upon the quiet plains of Judea. Here are recorded the lives of prophets, priests, and apostles—of poets, philosophers, and statesmen—of merchants, mechanics, and fishermen. Nor is this variety confined to circumstances in life. Here is given the history of men of every shade of moral character, from the vile Ahab, who sold himself to work wickedness, to the devoted Paul, who, like his Master, went about doing good; as well as every variety of natural temperament, from Saul, the dark and gloomy misanthrope, jealous and revengeful, to the kind and confiding Jonathan, whose generous soul seemed formed for purest friendship. Here are the simple stories of childhood, the recital of the bold and daring achievements of manhood, and the picture of the infirmities and sorrows of decrepit old age.

Nor is your sex, young ladies, unnoticed. Gently we pass over the but too eventful life of her who was the mother of us all. The poet declares her to have been more beautiful than any of her daughters. Perhaps, in justice, we might not add, and more

guilty too. Sarah, Rebecca, and Rachel, wives of the most celebrated of the patriarchs, are noticed at considerable length. A brief account is also given of Miriam, the prophetess, and joint leader with Moses and Aaron of the Israelites in their journeyings from Egypt to the land of promise. In the life of Ruth there is a passage, which, as expressive of self-sacrificing love, is too interesting to be passed over unnoticed. Naomi was a Jewess. She, with her husband and two sons, had left Judea on account of a famine, and taken up their residence in Moab. After the death of her husband, her sons were united in marriage to Orpha and Ruth, women of Moab. Some years after, her sons having died, she concluded to return to her native land. As her daughters-in-law would be strangers in Judea, and probably destitute and unprotected, she affectionately advised them to remain with their kindred, and piously invoked the blessing of Heaven upon them. Orpha, after much entreaty, was induced to remain; "but Ruth clave unto her." Naomi expostulated with her. "Behold," said she, "thy sister-in-law is gone back unto her people, and unto her gods: return thou after thy sister-in-law. But Ruth said, Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and much more, also, *if aught but death part thee and me.*" Mention is also made of Deborah, the poetess, and of Mary, the most highly favored of women, in being the mother of Jesus—of Mary and Martha, the sisters of Lazarus, whom Jesus loved—of the industrious and benevolent Dorcas, who was raised to life by Peter—of the pious Lydia, whose heart the Lord opened, and of many others distinguished for their intelligence and virtues.

But of all the biographies of the Bible, there is none like that of Jesus. Here is our only perfect pattern. While reading his life, we may always yield ourselves up to the influence of his example—we may drink into his spirit; and the more we do this, the better shall we be prepared to live; for "his life is our example," and to walk in his footsteps, is to fulfill our highest destiny.

*The history of the Bible.* As a book of history the Bible is unique. In its narratives and prophecies, it may be regarded as an epitome of the world's history. It begins with Adam, and closes with the last of the human race. But, without pausing upon this interesting subject, I pass to notice,

*The morals and religion of the Bible.* But it is for its moral and religious instructions that the Bible is chiefly to be prized. There is no other book which inculcates so pure a code of morals, or teaches them so well. It contains the only system of true religion, and is the only divinely authorized standard of that. Many of the sages of antiquity wrote upon

VOL. VI.—14

the subject of morals. Some of them were men of as extensive research and profound thought as the world has ever produced. In their writings which have been preserved, there is much that is excellent; but all of their systems are radically defective. They but too clearly show that their authors were but fallible men, and without an unerring standard by which to test their codes. They also lack authority. It is not enough for man to know his duty, or to be urged to its performance by one of like passions with himself. Plato and Socrates may speak; but they speak *as men and to men*. Some higher power must give authority to their law. Nothing short of a "thus saith the Lord," will secure obedience to a law which is holy, just, and good, so prone is human nature to that which is evil.

As to human religions—and their name is legion—they all proclaim, with mournful emphasis, that man is lost—a wanderer from God; that the crown is fallen from his head; that the glory of his primeval state is departed. In these he is seen groping his way in darkness, seeking after God, if haply he may feel after him and find him; while, in almost hopeless despair, he is heard exclaiming, "Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him: on the left where he doeth his work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him." But the Bible dispels this darkness.

"Here light descending from above,  
Directs our doubtful feet."

Walking by this light, the path of the just becometh brighter and brighter, until

"The things unknown to feeble sense,  
Unseen by reason's glimm'ring ray,  
With strong commanding evidence,  
Their heavenly origin display."

Here man learns his nature, his duty, and his destiny. He becomes acquainted with his true moral state, with the provisions of the Gospel, with God, and the service and worship he requires. In short, he here finds every truth necessary to make him wise unto salvation, to qualify him for doing his duty, and to prepare him for enjoyment here and hereafter.

Such are some of the excellences of the Bible—nay, more; for, alas! but too feebly have I been able to portray them. But if, in any degree, I have increased your interest in this precious volume, I rejoice. May it lead you to peruse more frequently its sacred pages! And O, while you read, may that Spirit by whom its truths were inspired, apply them to your hearts, to the saving of your souls! I close as I began, with the divine injunction, "SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES:"

"Yea, search them; for in them thou'lt surely find  
Knowledge most precious, words of life and light—  
Wisdom, surpassing all of human kind,  
And virtue that will yield thee pure delight—  
Faith that will stand thee in the hour of death—  
Hope that will gild thy pathway to the tomb,  
And charity that, to thy latest breath,  
Will cheer thy heart, and all thy soul illumine."



## A-M-I-A-B-L-E-N-E-S-S.

BY REV. ALLEN WILEY.

WILL the fair readers of the Repository permit a new correspondent to converse briefly with them on an important subject? That subject, to them especially important, is amiableness. But what does that clumsy word mean? It is English born, but of foreign origin, claiming a Roman parentage, and is of the second generation, being the Anglicized Latin *amabilitas*, which claims descent from *amabilis*, which comes to us in a French form, *amiable*, and that from *amo*, I love. We discover, then, that it means something which is, or ought to be, loved. But no person or thing is, or, at least, ought to be loved, that does not possess something which is lovely or worthy of being loved. Amiableness, then, is that quality which renders a human being worthy or suitable to be loved; and that quality is a combination of many excellences.

An agreeable countenance is of importance. O, but I have not the making of my countenance, consequently, this item in the thing is not a matter of choice with me! Be not so hasty in your conclusion, my friend. I know that it is not a matter of choice with you, whether you shall have large or small eyes, a large or a small nose, a large or a small mouth, thick or thin lips, black or auburn hair and eyebrows, a round or a square built face, dark or fair skin. All these, however, are not the countenance. That is something which has its origin in the feelings of the heart; and with all the disadvantages of what we call homely features, the amiable lady will have a pleasant countenance, while all the advantages of well-formed features will never give an agreeable countenance to a wicked woman. I once heard a sensible person make the following remark, in reference to a man who was the subject of conversation, "He has such a countenance as God Almighty never made," meaning, that the villainess of the man's heart had marred his Maker's work. So sure as murder will out, will a bad heart ultimately make its stamp on the face of a fair lady.

Virtue is indispensable. That virtue which is as pure as the beams of the sun, and will not permit even incipient suspicion to come near its sacred shrine. I mean that virtue of the heart which not only preserves purity of life, but which makes the imagination, the thoughts, the desires, the words, the actions, such as would become angels before the throne of God. Let none, however innocent in life, suppose that evil thoughts and desires will not show themselves in many ways, and soon be discerned by the good judge of human nature, and then the fair one will have lost all claim to amiableness.

Benevolence is indispensable. The very etymology of this word, which means *willing well*, shows the importance of the thing; for she who does not will

well can never be deemed lovely. When we survey this fallen-world, with all its crimes to be forgiven, and its miseries to be pitied and relieved, we must say that woman, who has had her share in the crimes of the world, and more than her share in its miseries, must be unnatural without benevolence. Indeed, she must resemble lost spirits, who have no kind and sympathetic feelings, amid all their dreadful and protracted woes. Benevolence will make its possessor quick to discern the miseries of others, and deeply sympathetic in their sufferings, and prompt to mitigate, and, if possible, remove their sorrows. Even the instinct of nature has taught us to look for this kindly feeling in woman's heart; for, when we were in trouble in childhood's days, instead of going to our rugged fathers with our griefs, we sought to fall in the laps of our mothers, where we could weep without reproach, and find the sympathetic tear and kind embraces to soothe our throbbing hearts.

Patience is indispensable. She who cannot bear the unavoidable calamities of life without murmuring and repining, is not likely to be esteemed amiable, because she will sour her own temper, and vex, and grieve, and torture others. Woman should regard her multiform afflictions as the chastening rod of a kind and heavenly Father, who wills to make her wise, and good, and useful, and happy. And shall she spurn the chastening, and disregard the hand that inflicts it? Surely not; and if she do, she will forfeit all claim to amiableness. Stoicism and patience are not identical. The one is a sullen, beastly stubbornness, which has nothing lovely about it. The other has a keen perception and acute feeling of all the evils to which flesh is heir; but it makes the sufferer able and willing to say, they are not the results of chance, and I will bear them with calmness and resignation.

Prudence in conversation is indispensable. This has reference to the matter and manner of conversation. All scandal and unkindness of conversation should be avoided, because they are calculated to defile the lips, pollute the heart, vitiate the mind, and embitter the temper. No truly good-natured and benevolent female, will willingly talk about the failings and faults of others. She has such a deep sense of her own infirmities and dangers, that her tongue is restrained from evil speaking. None but the malevolent and envious can retail scandal or talk reproachfully. The prudent female will not talk loud nor fast. When a woman talks loud, we involuntarily conclude she is what the Romans called a *virago*, or manlike woman in her feelings, and would bear rule, and play the tyrant if she could. When we hear a woman talk very fast, and in rather a careless manner, we think she is wanting in thoughtfulness, and fear she has not a tender conscience; for a thoughtful mind and a good conscience, will take time to weigh words and the

thoughts expressed by them. A woman of prudence in conversation, will converse on such subjects as are calculated to make herself and others wiser and better, and she will do it in a calm, deliberate, and conscientious manner.

*Piety is indispensable.* I know there may be the semblance of amiableness, where there is no decided piety. So far as amiable tempers and dispositions are concerned, they may exist in a forming and immature state where piety is not, but they need the grace of piety to give them maturity and permanent loveliness. Without piety we have no assurance, that what is sweet and charming to-day, will be so to-morrow; for adversity's blight may come, and then all that was pleasant by nature, may become wormwood and gall. How can we regard that female as entitled to the claim of amiableness, whose heart is alien from God and holiness? Surely she who disregards the will of her Maker and Judge, is more defective than she imagines.

#### THE TREE OF LIFE.

For centuries, mankind have thought the tree of life an indigenous plant of earth. Hence, from every land, we hear echoed, and re-echoed, "Ho! here's the tree of life, come, eat, and live for ever." But the soil of earth is too cold and barren, to sustain this "plant of renown." It stands upon the plains of Eden, and spreads its branches around the throne of God. Watered by the "river of life," and warmed by the "Sun of righteousness," "it yields its fruit every month, and its leaves are for the healing of the nations."

Since man's apostasy from God, he strives to find a *substitute* for this tree; seeking for life among the shades of death. And how often does he find that "a bad tree cannot bring forth *good fruit*," and that "men do not gather figs from *thistles*, nor grapes from *thorns*." Mad with disappointment, he makes an effort to *destroy* the tree of life.

"To root it out, and wither it from earth,  
Hell strives with all its strength, and blows with all  
Its blasts; and sin, with cold consumptive breath,  
Involves it still in clouds of mortal damp."

Infidelity breathes upon it her pestilential vapors, in hope to dry up its leaves, destroy its virtue, and cut off the hopes of man for ever. But why this hatred—this opposition to the heavenly tree? Why not pluck and eat, that we may prove its virtue, before we strive to kill? The soul *desires* a feast. It asks and longs for something more than earth can yield. The world secures to us *vezation*, *pain*, and *death*. God our Savior, as he would not have us perish, points us to the tree of life, "and bids our longing appetites the rich provision taste." This is the tree

"That bears the only fruit of true delight;  
The only fruit worth plucking under heaven."

And though we be "stung by the scorpion sin," or under the influence of a "deadly moral plague," yet this sacred tree has virtue sufficient to effect a perfect cure. The wounded soul shall feel its power, and its luxuriant fruit shall satisfy our immortal desires. No cherubim, or flaming sword, are found to guard this holy tree; so that all, who will, may *eat*, and *live for evermore*.  
H. GILMORE.

#### PAUL BEFORE AGRIPPA.

—  
BY WILLIAM BAXTER.  
—

THE royal court is gather'd now,  
The king is seated on his throne,  
The door flies wide, the guards retire,  
The chained apostle stands alone,  
And meets, with an unshrinking eye,  
The searching gaze of royalty.

The galling chain is on his hand,  
His mind is all unconquer'd yet;  
For on his calm and noble brow  
The seal of lofty thought is set.  
His limbs are bound, but all can see  
His lofty spirit still is free.

He speaks! what high and burning thoughts,  
Are on each list'ner's mind impressed—  
What fearless eloquence is his—  
What wondrous zeal inspires his breast.  
He seems no prisoner now; but stands,  
And, as some heaven sent one, commands.

That throng quail 'neath his words of power,  
And owns a master spirit nigh,  
While he declares that Master's truth,  
Who once addressed him from the sky.  
He bids them cast all else aside,  
And serve him who was crucified.

The king himself seems deeply mov'd,  
All mark his troubled, anxious brow:  
He cries out, "O, thou man of God!  
Would that I were even as thou."  
Almost persuaded then to own  
Paul's heavenly Master king alone.

Happy Agrippa! hadst thou turned,  
And laid thy regal honors by,  
And sought those fadeless glories, which  
Are found at God's right hand on high,  
From all thy sins and follies freed,  
Thou wouldst have been a king indeed.

They parted; but such holy thoughts  
Ne'er swelled that monarch's breast again;  
Repentant tears ne'er cleansed his soul,  
From sin and its polluting stain.  
The pris'ner freely shed his blood,  
A martyr for the truth and God.

## PROTESTANTISM AND ROMANISM CONTRASTED.

BY G. P. DISOWAY.

## PROTESTANTISM.

THE celebrated and brave Gaspard de Coligny, was the first nobleman in France who ever boldly professed himself a Protestant, and the patron of the Protestants. He was the leader of the Huguenots—the chief of their association, or, as he was generally styled, in his day, the “Admiral of Chatillon;” and upon him Heaven conferred the immortal honor of becoming the first martyr to the holy cause of religion, in that awful drama of the St. Bartholomew massacre. Charles IX, an apt son of that intriguing and incarnate evil, Catharine de Medicis, had now attained his majority, and was on the throne. She was the actual mistress and ruler of the kingdom—an Italian not more in lineage than in her subtilty and cunning. Open violence and bloody, persecuting warfare had not succeeded against her Protestant subjects. She now resorted to treachery and deceit.

To unite, as it was pretended, the reformed and the Roman religions, the court proposed a marriage between Margaret, who was the King's sister, and Henry, the young Protestant prince of the blood. Nothing could exceed the magnificence of the nuptial festivities, which were celebrated on a platform before the church of Notre Dame, and in the presence of a royal, splendid company from both religious parties. During the four succeeding days, all Paris was occupied with fetes, ballets, and other gayeties, and the greatest attentions were paid to the unsuspecting Huguenots.

Coligny, generous and unsuspicious of any danger, a day or two after the marriage, was suddenly fired upon, and severely wounded by two bullets, one entering his arm, and the other shattering his finger. His sufferings were severe; but he endured them with heroic patience; and whilst the surgeons amputated one of his fingers, he desired his chaplain to read consolatory passages from the holy Scriptures. Once he exclaimed, “My God, abandon me not in this suffering, nor let thy mercy forsake me!” and ordered one hundred pieces of gold to be distributed among the poor of his church.

The awful hour of destruction and of death, in Paris, approached. It finally came; and the signal for the murderers to fall upon their victims, was the great clock of the Palace of Justice. For the first time since his wounds, Coligny had rested quietly that night, but was awakened by the report of firearms. Springing from his bed, he was met by his chaplain and other attendants, who had rushed into his room. Having been informed of his danger, he said, “I fear for you: to God let us commend ourselves;” and he kneeled down in silent devotion. Then rising and listening for a moment,

he said to those around him, “Fly! it is my life they aim at. Escape! it is impossible for me; and God has heard my prayer—he will receive me. I never was afraid of death, as I have long since prepared myself for it. I beseech you to make your escape. I bless God, I shall die in the Lord, through whose grace I am elected to a hope of everlasting life. I now need no longer any help of man. \* \* The presence of God, to whose goodness I recommend my soul, which will presently fly out of my body, is abundantly sufficient for me.” Footsteps were heard ascending the stairs—the door of the apartment was burst open, and five assassins, clad in mail, rushed in. A sword was driven through his body by a German wretch named Besme—his remains thrown out of the window—his head, cut off and presented to Catharine, was afterward embalmed and sent to the Pope. The venerable and mangled corpse of the Admiral, dragged three days through the streets, was at last hung on a public gibbet at Montfaucon. Thus suffered and thus died Gaspard de Coligny!

## ROMANISM.

Other bells answered that of St. Germain; and from this moment the destruction became universal and indiscriminate. The perfidious monarch, with an oath, had declared “the death of the Admiral—the destruction of the whole party within the bounds of France!” What pen can describe the scenes and horrors of that fatal night! Mine shall not attempt the mournful task. The universal cry was, Blood! blood! blood! and when the day dawned, Paris exhibited the most appalling spectacle of butchered Huguenots—men, women, and children. For three days and nights the work of carnage continued. The Seine was literally reddened with human blood! In the capital alone ten thousand perished, and among them five hundred Huguenot lords, knights, and military officers.

Similar excesses of spoliation and of bloodshed were committed with brutal fury in other sections of France. De Thore, a Popish historian, calculates that thirty thousand perished in this terrible convulsion. Another estimates one hundred thousand. The King, with a numerous suite, soon after attended mass, returning thanks to God for so happy an event, and its successful termination. By a public edict, Charles proclaimed himself the author of it. High mass was also performed by the Pope—salutes of artillery thundered from the ramparts of St. Angelo—a *Te Deum* was sung, and a medal struck—the whole to celebrate the atrocious event. These are evidences that scatter to the winds of heaven all the excuses and attempted apologies for those who perpetrated this foul deed. Lord Clarendon designated that year, 1572, in which was perpetrated the St. Bartholomew massacre, as “infamous;” and I know not one so foul and bloody in ancient or modern times. The black deed has handed down the

names of Catharine de Medicis and her son, Charles IX, to the universal detestation of after ages.

All the princes of Europe, except two, Philip II, King of Spain, and the Pope, expressed their indignation upon the awful and revolting occasion. Christiana, ex-Queen of Sweden, herself so decidedly attached to Popery, thus laments in one of her letters: "I am overwhelmed with grief, when I think of all the innocent blood which a blind fanaticism causes daily to flow. France exercises, without remorse or fear, the most barbarous persecution upon the dearest and most industrious portion of her people. Every time I contemplate the atrocious torments which have been inflicted upon the Protestants, my heart throbs, and my eyes are filled with tears."

The life of the royal Charles was now fast drawing to a close, hastened, doubtless, by his remorse of conscience. Such were the dreadful impressions of the St. Bartholomew murder, as ever afterward to haunt his imagination; and the agony of his mind caused the blood to burst from the pores, bathing his body with its crimson streams. Pierre de L'Etoile declares, that he earnestly begged his attending physicians to relieve him; "for," said he, "I am cruelly and horribly tormented." To which they replied, that their art had been exhausted, and God was the only sovereign physician in such a complaint. His faithful nurse was a Huguenot, to whom the King was much attached; and hearing him bitterly weep, groan, and sigh, she approached his dying couch. Bemoaning his sad condition, Charles exclaimed, "Ah! my dear nurse, my beloved woman, what blood! what murders! Ah! I have followed wicked advice! O, my God! pardon me and be merciful! Where will this end? What shall I do? I am lost—lost for ever! I know it!" Such was the end of Charles IX, the royal persecutor—a shocking spectacle of wretchedness and remorse, and a warning to monarchs who may incline to bigotry, oppression, and cruelty. What an impressive and striking contrast between the death-bed scenes of the King and his pious subject, Gaspard de Coligny!

Catharine, twelve years afterward, followed Charles to the grave. Descended as she was from the Medicean family, she inherited a taste for the fine arts. This, however, does not appear to have softened or refined her character and feelings. To her memory is universally attached the principal infamy of the St. Bartholomew massacre. She either planned the sanguinary work herself or instigated her son to its perpetration. Now robbed of personal charms, by the hand of time, and severely afflicted with the gout, on her death-bed, she is said to have impressed upon the mind of Henry, the reigning monarch, that he never could have peace unless he granted liberty of conscience to his subjects. It is a well-known historical fact, that the Parisians, whose blood she caused to flow in torrents, declared that, if her dead

body came there on its way to St. Denis, they would drag it through the streets, and throw it into the river, on account of her murderous deeds.

And such was the end of Catharine, the proud, persecuting daughter of Lorenzo de Medicis, the wife of Henry II, and mother of Francis II, of Charles IX, and Henry III, all monarchs of Romanized France, in whose reigns, almost mistress of the kingdom, she bore so conspicuous a part. How low and humbled now! She had erected a costly and splendid mausoleum for herself and family, but was carried, by torch-light, to a hastily dug grave in an obscure corner of the church at Blois.

### BOOKS.

BY REV. W. M. DAILY, A. M.

THROUGH the medium of *books* the thinking portion of community receive most of their knowledge. Hence, each succeeding age *is*, or *should be*, wiser than the preceding. A conviction of these two facts first led to the formation of *libraries*. The first library of which we read was Egyptian, formed by Osymandias, an Egyptian king. Over it he had written this inscription, "*Food for the mind.*" This is what every library should contain; and, consequently, this every book should be, to entitle it to a place in our libraries. A partial survey, however, of many libraries, where many of the books are absolutely lettered "*libraries of select novels,*" would suggest a far different inscription than that placed over the library of Osymandias. To correspond with the facts, or to be a faithful index to what is within, it should be, *Trash for the mind.*

Through books we hold converse with their authors, and thus virtually keep company with them, as the spirit, as well as the words of the author, is to be found on the page, breathing in every sentiment and expression. Admit this, and then it will be acknowledged that the selection of books is as important as the selection of our company. "Evil communications corrupt good manners," is a proverb which is as true of books as it is of persons. Yet there are many who are rigidly strict in the selection of company for their families, who never so much as once think of prohibiting improper books, or of procuring such as would be profitable to minds and morals. Is there a high-minded, thoughtful, and virtuous parent, who would tolerate in the parlor, or sitting-room, such conversation and such sentiments as are to be found in Moore, Byron, &c.? *Not one*; no, not one, even though the visitor might paint such sentiments "in all the hues of the rainbow, and marry them to immortal verse." And yet many young ladies are in daily conversation with just such men, while they read such books, done up as they are in gilt and morocco—ornaments for the centre-

table, or companions of the sitting-room and the study; and, in many cases, brought there by the parents themselves. Such books contain many things which a modest lady would blush to have introduced in conversation, or to be suspected of reading; and yet she often, for the entertainment of her company, boasts of the author as a "*favorite writer*."

We turn, for the present, from such libraries of *trash and moral contagion*, with this advice: let all who persist in having such books have the appropriate inscription over the library, *Trash and pollution for the mind*.

But there is a moral and intellectual elevation, consequent upon an association with books written by the wise and the good—books which are pure in thought, chaste in expression, and instructive in sentiment—sparkling with diamonds and glittering with gems of richest value, which may be gathered by the reader, and enrich and adorn the mind in such a way that poverty, affliction, or the wrinkles of age cannot impoverish it. Still there are many who will little heed all our croaking. They are such who, if shut up in a room with nothing better than a *well-stored library*, would, for weeks and months together, sit watching the coming and departing day in painful idleness, rather than gather, from the pages near, consolation in affliction, or learn philosophy to enable them to forget their imprisonment. To the mind delighting in the study of good and instructive books, it matters but little whether the place of its research be on the hill-side, with the winds of summer nestling on the page, and the glorious sun steeping the brow, or, in the dull unworldly cloister, shut out from the breath of heaven, in the silent hours of night—to such a one it is all the same whether her bed be on the mountain heath, or the downy couch; while the *brainless belle* of the drawing-room, who rarely scans a page, or dares to think—who uses her voice only to torture sense in the use of sounds—who delights only to converse on the last *bon mot* about Victoria, or recite an epigram about her exquisite appearance in the dance—this *belle*, with the milliner's patterns of "the latest fashions" in her hand, will call herself a *lady*, and be so labeled by public opinion. Instances of such might be given, who know no more of the literature of the day than they do of the arrangements of the planets—who never look into a book, except it be a *novel*, or a "lady's book," for a picture of the "*latest fashions*," or in the "*Elegant Letter Writer*," to find a model on which to build a high-sounding *billet-doux*, to some one of like capacity with herself. And such instances might be found without traveling as far as Japan.

But happy, thrice happy for this world of ours, there are others to whom the devotions paid to letters bring the purest enjoyment. To them the appearance of every *good new book*, is as the uprising

of a new star to the eye of the firmament-gazer. No lady of mind can be insensible to the benefits arising from the general circulation of sound intelligence, whether it be through the medium of the ungraceful newspaper, the more highly finished magazine, or the elegant octavo. Every new book, if it be useful and chaste in its tone, must add something to the general stock of knowledge.

As to the pleasure to be found in books, let those testify who have tasted it, and are able to draw the contrast between the pleasure found in frivolous amusements, or monotonous idleness, and the pleasures of "increasing in knowledge." Lady Jane Grey was once asked why she went not out to enjoy the pastime and amusements of the park. She replied, "All their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure I find in Plato. Alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure means. My book hath been so much pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more and more, that, in respect of it, all other pleasures are to me but trifles and troubles."

I have given a short homily on a short text; and, if it should prove uninteresting and dull to the reader, she will now be relieved by its close.

#### FOR A YOUNG MOTHER'S ALBUM.

BY WILLIAM BAXTER.

WRITE for your album! Shall I write  
Some legend dark of olden times—  
How warriors fought for fame, or gold,  
Or minstrels sung in sunnier climes?

Ah, no! a humbler strain be mine,  
Though to my ear 'tis sweeter far  
Than tales of banner'd hosts, and all  
The stern and proud delights of war.

I'll tune my peaceful lyre to sing  
Of pleasures which know no alloy—  
Which find their dearest haunts among  
The scenes of pure domestic joy.

A slumb'ring babe's soft breathings seem  
To fall upon my list'ning ear;  
A mother by its cradle bed  
With look serene is ling'ring near.

How sweet that calm, untroubled sleep!  
Yet when those silken eyelids part,  
What joy beams in that mother's eye—  
What joy swells in that mother's heart!

In gazing on a scene like this,  
I've smil'd to see that mother's pride,  
And thought that mother seem'd a rose—  
The babe a rosebud by her side.

Then be it thine to rear this flower,  
To teach its beauties to expand,  
Till child and mother, rose and bud,  
Shall bloom in heav'n's unfading land.

"WHAT CAN I DO?"

BY MRS. CROSS.

"Count that day lost, whose low, declining sun  
Views from thy hand no worthy action done."

THE interrogation which I have placed at the head of this article, would seem almost superfluous, when we remember that every highway and by-way of life is teeming with objects upon which to lavish exertion. But many, with a vague desire to be usefully active, find themselves in the situation of the prince in the fairy tale, who, when he came within the vicinity of the magic fountain, was so distracted by the multitude of voices that aspired to direct his way, as to be quite incapable of deciding which was the right path. Thus the multiplicity of objects often prevents the power of selection; and between inaction and irresolution, life passes away unimproved, and none is the better for our sojourn among men.

It is said that one of the three things which Cato regretted during his lifetime, was, that he had ever spent a day in inaction. Newton, after all his splendid achievements in science, declared that he had been but gathering pebbles on the seashore, while the great ocean of truth stretched out in mystery before him. And Johnson, in the zenith of his literary success, as the eagle soaring to the sun, paused for retrospection, and exclaimed, "What have I been doing?"

*If we look within ourselves*, we shall find enough to do—a mind to be expanded and improved—a heart to be purified by faith, and perfected in love—a work which shall control the current of our eternal being. The material is furnished, on which is to be wrought the likeness of Divinity; and the instruments for the work are put into our hands. The soil and the seed are given, from which we are to realize the full harvests of knowledge and virtue; but the ploughing, the sowing, and the reaping, are our own. "The mind that would be happy must be great." The talent was never intended to be wrapped in a napkin, and buried in the earth. The jewel was not made to be concealed in the casket for ever. The child of rare intellectual endowments, should be the hero of rare intellectual achievements; and he who spends his blooming springtime in mental indolence and sloth, has nothing to anticipate but a fruitless summer, a dreary autumn, and a winter of despair.

Man is an embryo of immortality. We live and labor for the life to come. "Though the body," says Mrs. Lincoln, "is sister to the worm and the weed, the soul may aspire to the companionship of angels, and claim kindred with God. It is a flower destined to bloom in the empyreal Eden—a gem destined to gleam in Immanuel's coronal. Its preciousness drew Divinity down to earth, and its redemption

cost the dying agonies of the Prince of life. But salvation, though purely a gratuity of divine love, is conditioned on our faith and holiness. There is no deliverance from the thralldom of sin, and no qualification for the kingdom of heaven, but through the earnest co-operation of the creature with the Creator. Therefore saith the apostle, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling; for it is God that worketh in you, both to will and to do, of his good pleasure." Sin must be renounced; Christ must be apprehended by faith; the heart must be kept with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life; the rank growth of passion must yield to the fruits of the Spirit; the rose and the myrtle must supplant the thistle and the thorn; and the strong man armed must surrender the citadel to a stronger. The evangelical subjugation of the heart is an achievement prouder than a thousand conquests, and shall wreath the victor's brow with laurels of immortal verdure.

*If we look around us*, we shall discover many avenues opening to usefulness, some one of which is adapted to each person's peculiar talents and pecuniary condition in life. God has commissioned us with a ministration of benevolence and mercy—a work which surely brings its recompense, if not in this life, in that which is to come. "Cast thy bread upon the waters;" if it flow not back upon the returning current, it shall come ere long in blessings to the bosom of the giver.

We are apt, as Hannah More says, to extenuate our inaction in reference to the various enterprises of philanthropy, by the plea that our sphere of operation is so circumscribed, and our influence so limited. As well might the planet pause in its orbit, and refuse to perform its revolution, because its circuit does not take in the circumference of the universe. Every one does not possess wealth to lavish upon the indigent, but every one may sometimes relieve his neighbor's necessities, and make glad the heart of the widow and the orphan. Shall he withhold his pittance, because he cannot fill up the coffers of charity with an ostentatious display of gold? The poor widow's farthing was graciously recognized by our Savior, and he said, "She hath cast in more than they all." As Mr. Summerfield once remarked, God estimates the amount given by the amount withheld. The pauper's mite counts more in heaven than the miser's million, because the pauper has parted with all his living, while the miser has millions yet in store. What though I cannot do a deed which shall go down to posterity, tinged with the golden coloring of fame—what though my name may not be emblazoned, with that of a Howard or a Ross, on the records of philanthropy; nor my memory descend to other generations, linked with turret and tower, shall I, therefore, do nothing? Shall I refuse to improve my one talent, because I have not ten? Did Napoleon abandon the passage of the

Alps, because he could not scale the eminence at a leap? Shall the stream linger at its fountain, because it does not burst forth an ocean? That crystal drop, trickling from a crevice in the rock, shall blend with other drops, and form a rivulet; and the confluence of many rivulets shall constitute a river, which shall roll on, in swelling majesty, through the continent of a thousand miles. "There is nothing in the earth so small that it may not produce great things; neither is any thing vast, that is not compacted of atoms." Our individual efforts may seem insignificant, but each is a link in the great chain that draws on the millennium. Our individual influence may appear inutile, but each is a soldier in the great army of Christian philanthropists, who follow the Captain of their salvation to the conquest of universal evil, and the ultimate emancipation of the world. "This pebble which I cast from my hand," says Thomas Carlyle, "shall change the centre of gravity of the globe!"

But there are claims upon our attention, other than those of alms-giving. "The streams of small pleasures fill the lake of happiness." The kind word, the soft and gentle tone, even the friendly glance of the eye, may sweep, with trembling felicity, the chords of many a sorrowful heart. Sympathy is a thing of peculiar power. Its smile is like the sunshine, and its tears are like drops of pearly dew. It has won an entrance into hearts which gold could never penetrate. It has revived the withering flowers of virtue, arrested the career of desperate sensuality, and wheeled the bacchanal's chariot hard on the brink of the unsounded gulf. It has cheered a thousand desolate hearthstones, and sent a fresh tide of enjoyment through a thousand weeping circles. It has thwarted the pilgrim's rayless horizon with a beam of daylight, thrilled the bosom of the dying culprit with a new life-pulse, and dashed from the lip of misfortune the chalice of despair. It has fanned into a flame the dying embers of genius, and rolled superincumbent mountains from the struggling intellect, developing a Horner, a Milton, or a Goethe.

"What can I do?" I can do much—much to gladden earth, and people heaven. There are woes which I cannot reach, and evils which I cannot cure; but let me break the blow which I cannot avert, and mitigate the sorrow which I cannot remove. If I may not shine with a Zinzendorf and an Eliot in the constellation of philanthropy, yet let me contribute what I can toward turning the wilderness into a fruitful field, and making the parched desert redolent of flowers. If I may not write my name with Newton's among the stars, or with Washington's upon the roll of military fame, at least let me record it in living characters upon the human heart, and win for myself a crown whose value is to be estimated only by the blood of Jesus, and whose radiance is unrivaled even by the orbs of heaven!

#### LIGHT AND LOVE.

IN the action of light, unattended by love, there is full evidence that reason is made the standard of belief. The record of the past and the experience of the present are replete with the clearest testimony to the validity of this position. The action of light upon mind begets an unwarrantable confidence in intellectual ability; hence, every thing must be clear to the vision of feeble reason, or it is instantly rejected. No other authority can be received, no other evidence will be taken, and no other testimony admitted. The voice of God is unheeded. This standard, then, becomes a fragile crucible, however small and wanting capacity, into which every truth must be thrown, and here, being fully reduced, must bear the rational impress before embraced. It is made an altar, lit only by an earthly flame, before which every subject must appear, and meanly bow in homage. With a groveling dignity it takes the judgment seat, and every thing, whether on earth or in heaven, must come to its petty tribunal, and answer its interrogations. Soon infallibility comes to be fixed upon its decisions, and there is no variation answering to its development. It matters little whether the reason be well educated and powerful, or illiterate and imbecile, it impiously dares to assume censorship over the works and revelations of Jehovah. The beardless youth, who has never so much as seen the first line in Virgil, or reached the simplest problem of Euclid, alike with the ablest skeptic, fears not to decide, with unwavering certainty, upon problems that angels cannot solve.

But light alone is incompetent to the full examination of reason's endless chain; and hence, again the introduction of skepticism. This chain, united link by link, reaches from man, through angels, up to God. In man is only seen the earliest dawn and feeblest twilight of reason; in angels is beheld its rising, spreading light; in God appears its burning and eternal noon. Light commences the examination of this chain, and ascends upward as far as its ability will permit, and then, forsooth, because it cannot discover another link, most absurdly denies its existence; hence, all beyond is contrary to reason, and all below hangs upon nothing. Here love, with its eagle eye, takes up the investigation; and, in the vision of faith, which is the evidence of things not seen, carries on the work, ascending still higher, until at length the golden chain is discovered to reach the great Eternal. Hence, when light, from its inability to fully discover the great truths of revelation, declares them opposed to reason, and therefore absurd, love enters, points to a link still upward and much brighter, which, if discovered and developed, would remove the absurdity and show the reason. Things, then, that appear inconsistent to lower reason, may be most consistent to higher reason. The feeble powers of childhood see many

inconsistencies which the maturity of age fully removes. The uneducated mind, with its small capacity, finds numerous errors where the educated discovers only truths. Now, since there is an immeasurable distance between the finite and the infinite reason, a contradiction most glaring to the former may appear an argument most complete to the latter. Here is manifest the appropriate work and beautiful harmony in the reciprocal action of these two great principles. Love inspires such a confidence in heavenly truths, and light in earthly truths, that, when united, they seem, in some spiritual way, to bring both worlds together. The choicest graces from above seem descending, whilst the noblest virtues from below seem ascending; and so they approximate each other, until there is formed the sweetest union in the intelligent, sanctified soul.

There are many instances in illustration of this union—some among those who have always lived in the woodland cottage—who have died unpraised and are quite unknown: others there are who have received their meed of praise and share of song; and from these we select a few. Newton was pre-eminent in intellectual ability. He held a close communion with nature, placed a burning light in her hidden retreats, and seemed quite at home along her unfrequented paths. His thoughts went forth like the thoughts of others; but, unlike theirs, in return they came laden with new and unknown fruits. Objects that had been passed and repassed by thousands of others, as of trivial import, and little interest, by him were magnified into a world of consequence. He caught the apple in its swift descent, and made it tell the reason of its fall, and then demanded of the sun, the moon, and earth, and other spheres, if they were not affected by the same strong force. A loud responsive echo answered, Yes! He stopped the sunbeam in its rapid flight, and made it take its mantle off, and rest awhile, and, lo! within its bosom slept the rainbow hues; and there he saw in beauty blended every tint that shades the eastern sky, or mingles on the blooming flower. Thus, although he was nature's *great adorer*, he paid his earliest worship to the only God, and claimed to be an heir of heaven. Love had begotten such a religious integrity and high moral sentiment, that whoever dared, in his presence, to abuse the Bible, insult its Author, or defame its religion, received a severe and merited rebuke. Edwards and Fletcher, illustrious while living, and victorious when dying, have left unclouded evidence of this union. Love in its fullness, and light in its clearness, rose to an unrivaled ascendancy in the dominion of their spirits. They manifested powerful thought and angelic feeling. Of Wesley it has been most beautifully said, "The angels of light and love came down from heaven. Light illumined his head—love softened his heart. Light circled his brow with a halo of intellectual glory—love swelled his soul until the Church could

not contain him. The British isles could not keep him, and the *world* became his theatre of action." The Crucified was the pattern he copied, and hence, in the record of his character is exemplified the richest development of these great principles. The one does not succumb to the other, but both bear an equal and harmonious sway, and, united in the deep of the soul, awake a kind of spiritual melody that answers to the music of the universe. We wish to name another, and yet we hardly dare, because his memory is lingering with us still. Of him the poet has most truly sung,

"The Fick of *memory* can never die."

We knew him while he lived, and saw him when he died. It was angel living, and it was holy dying. We heard him speak; and there was depth of thought and power of mind; but they were clothed in the sweet drapery of love. I need not add another word. We know the wisdom of his counsel, and the tenderness of his instruction. We have seen the kind solicitude he showed, and manlike dignity he wore. Within his soul there dwelt a childlike meekness, with a high-toned magnanimity; and on his countenance there lingered the mild repose of love, with the brighter glow of light. Here we see a harmony in mental and moral development, and behold most closely wedded the noblest of earth and heaven. In this union, then, are found the elements of true greatness and undying worth—the principles of choicest virtue, and the source of noblest joy and holiest bliss. Here brilliancy seems united with mildness, and powerful thought with gentle feeling. The sun and moon seem to have changed the course of their flight, and, moving toward each other, appear to have run in together; and the burning splendor of the one is mellowed down by the softening radiance of the other. Here the soul reaches its highest earthly elevation, exhibits a symmetry in its development, and shows man in the mirror of heaven.

It may now appear that light alone has a skeptical tendency, is inadequate to the wants of man, and poorly answers the great end of human existence. There is danger, then, in the too great admission of light, and the forcible expulsion or even careless neglect of love. Hence, that education which warmly embraces the former, and coldly repels the latter, is eminently perilous to national as well as individual interests—to truth as well as piety. In confirmation of this, we might add the names of statesmen and legislators, who, from long experience and close observation, have avowed the same sentiment, and shown its truth. It ought to be written in golden characters on every American standard—it ought to be engraven with the diamond's point upon every American heart. I know that the unprincipled skepticism of the present age, which has "stolen the livery of heaven" to do its deeds of darkness in, would conceal this truth—would make men angels, all except their heart and wings, and teach them that



light is the only requisite for human happiness and national success. But every example on record is against it; and I should as soon expect to see the coming tempest and rising billow cease to move at the nod of a worm, as to find national prosperity perpetuated, and human happiness continued, with ever so much light and intelligence, without love and religion.

If, in the education of the present age, there is any one object that absorbs and swallows up every other, as the river does the brooks that glide to its brink, it is the increase of intelligence and diffusion of light. If there is one sound louder, more distinct, and that rises above every other, and falls impetuously upon our ears, it is the cry for more light. If there is one desire deeper and more powerful, and more steady in its advances to its object than all others, it is that of becoming learned. To this grand effort, it would be almost unpardonable to offer a single check; for American mind seems fast approximating a period, when its powerful thought and inventive genius shall change their direction; and, rather than be all engaged in the useful, will commence giant labor in the literary, and soon give us a literature unsurpassed by that of any other nation. But, if I judge rightly, this rapidly growing desire for intelligence is dangerous, unless attended by an equally advancing desire for an enlarged benevolence and a fullness of love; for if the former quickly outstrips the latter, in consequence of continual stimulants, its very rapidity will become unmanageable, and, like the sweeping storm, it will leave irreparable injury as a consequence. If the moral powers are suffered to grow weak from inaction, to sicken and die from negligence and inattention, whilst the intellectual energies are augmenting their strength by constant exercise, soon, from a natural tendency, *love* and *holiness* will become obsolete, and reason will take their place. Here, then, I apprehend, is the danger; not that there may be too much intelligence, but too little religion—not that the intellectual powers may become too strong, but that the *moral powers* may become too weak. We cannot admit of any diminution of light, but we *do pray* for an abundant increase of love, that the dangerous disparity between intellectual and moral development may be removed, and the equilibrium of mind preserved.

Now, it seems to have been the original design and peculiar work of the Church to cultivate this holiness of heart, and warmly cherish this angel of love; but sometimes she has come so near the world, and appeared so much like it, that this strong impulsive feeling for education has mistaken her colors, and, entering the bosom of the Church, has somehow chilled her warm, gushing flow of love. By it she has been induced to call for ministers skilled in the varieties of learning, rather than in the "mysteries of godliness;" and if they could disclose the plan of salvation by scientific rules, or give the dissolution

of all things and the resurrection of the body from chemical laws, she might then think them qualified to tell the simple story of Calvary. But this simple yet powerful story, a thousand times reiterated, and yet ever new, must come from a heart of purity, and fall from the tongue of love, in order to reach, soften, and melt the soul. From hence we conclude that the minister's soul should be baptized in love as well as in light, and that in the union of these two baptisms there is a double unction. We think much of love. It is heaven-born and angel-like—the very dew-drop of paradise and diamond of glory. O, that every heart were full of it! When Goethe, the great German poet, had laid aside his harp, and was about to die, he raised his withered hand in token of departing life, and then exclaimed, "Open the shutters! open the shutters! and let in more light." This was truly manlike. But had he waved his hand in token of victory, and said, Open the shutters! open the shutters! and let in more love, it would have been godlike.

L. D. S.

#### CONSOLATION AT THE GRAVE OF A CHILD.\*

Jesus, the sinner's friend, when he took little children in his arms, and blessed them, and said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," made no exceptions. Yesterday the same Savior of men spoke again in our presence, and in our sight—in the hearing of obedient angels, and nature, and death: Suffer little Helen to come unto me, and forbid her not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven. We strove to forbid it, until we saw it was his will; but now, though it costs our hearts a pang, we will acquiesce.

The parting of friends in this world is one of our severest afflictions; and the chilling vacancy we find in our hearts, after returning from the grave, is the most distressing sensation the Christian knows. Does death rob the circle of our adult connections,

"We miss their step on the stair—  
We miss them at the hour of prayer—  
All day we miss them—everywhere."

If an infant dies, the affliction is not less. When we see the empty chair, and the scattered playthings, and the books it has torn, and the pictures it once loved, we think again of the pain of parting. But connected with the death of children, there are several consolatory reflections:

*They die safe*—"for of such is the kingdom of heaven." No fears or misgivings follow them to the grave;

"And 'tis sweet balm to our despair,  
That heaven is God's and they are there."

*They escape from future trouble.* While they are

\* An extract from a sermon delivered at the funeral of a child, and furnished by request for the Ladies' Repository.

sweetly ignorant of ill, the fluttering spirit's wings are unbound, and they escape from the windy storm and tempest. Perhaps there is not one present to-day who is not ready to say, "Highly favored is the child that gains heaven, having escaped the disappointments and sorrows I have endured."

The sufferer is rarely left to the cold indifference of strangers—the parents' sleepless vigilance and the warm, sympathizing hands of friends generally smooth the infant's passage to the tomb. No one can take our place at the dying bedside of those we love. And here (I may speak of myself) is one of my afflictions. Five times hath death entered my father's house, and on all those occasions I have been absent. In the strange communings of spirits in this world, I sometimes think that,

"Do what I may, go where I will,  
There do they glide before me still;  
I feel their breath upon my cheek;  
I see them smile, I hear them speak,  
Till O, my heart is like to break."

Helen Martha Griffing, whose mortal remains we surround to-day, was a lovely child. She died after an illness of about twenty-five hours, aged about one year and one month. Like a bright dew-drop upon a sunny morning, she "sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven." As soon as the soul was released, we all knelt together, and followed the ascending spirit with our prayers to God, who hath enabled us to say, "Thy will be done."

Suffer me to describe a scene that occurred yesterday morning. The child is lying in its nurse's arms. The extremities are already cold, the lips motionless, and the powerless eyelids have fallen: the parents have taken a seat apart, in token of their loneliness: the luxury of tears is denied them; and their heavy sighs only stir the surface of their ocean grief. The angel that is always unseen is there, and an awe as of the Eternal has settled on every soul. All are present but two little sisters of the departing one; and *where are they?* Their voices that moment swelled from an adjoining room, and rose like angel forms over the deep grief they unconsciously deepened; and these are the words they sung:

"There is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.

We're marching through Immanuel's ground;  
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound;  
And soon we shall with Jesus reign,  
And never, never part again.

What! never part again?  
No, never part again.

And soon we shall with Jesus reign,  
And never, never part again."

The place seemed raised "quite to the verge of heaven." Scarcely had the echo died away upon the walls, when the silver cord was loosed, and the spirit was spirit, and the clay was clay. Now the voice of earthly melody falls upon the dying ear, and now

the ear of the soul drinks in the sweet welcomes of sister spirits in the skies. Wafted upon the breath of one of Zion's songs, the cherub spirit spread its wings, and from a mother's arms ascended, escorted by angels, to the bosom of God.

To bereaved parents we say, *Patience! it is God!* Let him do what seemeth him good. One of earth's iron fetters is broken, and another golden link is added to the attractions of heaven; and while you bow to the stroke, get nearer the cross. And may this affliction prove as the angel that invited Lot and his family to a place of perfect safety!

To these little sisters let me say, Helen is gone to heaven; and the same Savior that prepared her, and invited her, and took her to himself, is now preparing a place for you. Love him with all your heart. Say, "My Father, thou art the guide of my youth;" and before you meet again, that tongue, now silent, will have learned to sing, and that pulseless form will bloom immortal.

"And there you shall with Jesus reign,  
And never, never part again."

O, death, we will be avenged for this invasion! Thy stroke, through grace, shall prove a messenger of life, and be converted into a double blessing. And this whole family shall triumph over thee in the deathless land.

"There past are death and all its woes—  
There beauty's stream for ever flows,  
And pleasure's day no sunset knows."

These weeping friends have one more admonition—one more call. Some of you have long wished for your day of release, and to-day feel more like repining than otherwise, that you were not permitted upon equal wing with the departed one. When a few years shall come, then you, too, shall be clothed upon with immortality. O, blessed day! Welcome thou morning immortal! These journeying spirits shall shortly sit down in the society of the spirits of the just made perfect, in the presence of our Savior and God. But are you yet in sin? O, hasten your escape from death eternal! G.

#### HOPE IN SADNESS.

A TROUBLESOME scene is this sublunary world,

Oft darkened by storms—overcast oft with gloom:  
The rocks from their heights by the tempest are hurled,  
And nature full oft wears the hue of the tomb.  
But why should our spirits by these be o'ercome,  
And wear the same solemn funereal hue,  
When the bright sun of hope strives their night to illumine,

And the joy of past scenes in the soul to renew?  
O, let its bright beams shine within thy sad heart,  
And shed o'er thy soul their enchanting, soft spell:  
O, list to the truth they would fondly impart—

"Fear not for the future—all yet shall be well."

G. W.

## WINTER AND SPRING.

## A FANCY SKETCH.

HARK! what mean those sounds of revelry and mirth? The voices of young and old are mingling in gay and happy strains. The silvery ringing laugh of childhood resounds from hill to hill, and the happy song of light hearts is wafted to my dying couch. And is it so? Are these rejoicings at my death? Know they not that he whose throne's

"A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,  
But urged by storms along its slip'ry way,"

is now upon his dying bed? and will they with song and dance welcome his death throes? will they surround his couch in his last hour, and strew it with the flowers that he forbade to bloom? Yes, it is even so. I know the voice of the approaching one—it is that of my gay young rival, Spring. She comes, with a retinue, to banish me from earth. Ah! thus it ever is: the young, the gay, the sprightly, and the light-hearted are caressed, courted, and flattered, while the aged are left to perish, neglected and forlorn.

Yet *why* these rejoicings? I come at their bidding, and to do them good. I spread my warm and snowy mantle on the bosom of the Earth to protect her from the rude blasts of Boreas. I bade the gentle flowers rest; for they were weary of adorning themselves, and lifting their bright heads to meet the rays that fell so faint and sickly upon them. I laid them quietly to sleep within the bosom of mother Earth, and *now* they burst forth and rejoice in my death.

'Twas even thus they welcomed me. The trees put on their most gorgeous dress. The school-boy's heart grew lighter, as he looked on the firm, transparent sheet of water before him, and imagined himself gliding swiftly over its smooth surface. The school-girl's eye grew brighter as she saw my snowy offering descending; for she thought of the quiet fireside enjoyments, and the home hearth surrounded by its circle of loved ones. As my keen breath fanned her cheek, she recalled to mind, and put in practice the poet's words:

"Now close the shutters fast,  
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round," &c.

Even the invalid, who, you might suppose, with unstrung nerves and delicate frame, would most dread my approach, brightens at the sight of my rough visage. The wan, pale cheek is tinged with the most delicate rose hue: oppression and languor, occasioned by disease and fever, fled at my approach: the blood which had flowed in sluggish currents *now* moved more briskly: health, the greatest boon of Heaven, under my protecting care, once more deigned to visit the weary sufferer. Yet *now* that same invalid rejoices that my race is almost run. That same school-girl is singing songs in praise of Spring. That same school-boy is already trimming

his mimic boat, and arranging his fishing tackle, happy that my day of power is over. I may no more say to the noisy, babbling brook, "Stand still." Not a mountain so high but Spring has scaled its summit, to assert her rights; not a valley so extensive that she has not discovered its deepest and most remote recess, there to plant her standard, and assert her power. My strong congealed fetters dissolved before her breath like dew before the sun. My immense storehouses of snow and ice have been laid open to her inspection, and their wealth is now swelling the laughing stream and bubbling rivulet in obedience to her mandate.

All things are against me. Of all my once vast possessions not one remains. I have lost battle after battle, retreated from valley, hill, and mountain, till you see me what I am, a feeble creature of another age, shorn of my glory and power, breathing out the remainder of my existence on a couch of withered leaves. List! do you not hear the exulting cries of the victor? She comes to mock my dying agonies.

Not to mock thee, thou venerable, hoary-headed sire, breathed the gentle voice of Spring. We come to smooth thy pathway to the tomb. According to the course of nature, thy days must now be few, and we would strew thy downward way with flowers, that the setting of thy existence may be more beautiful than its rising. Think not that thou art less loved than myself because the children of men greet my coming with revelry and mirth. 'Tis ever thus with them. Constitutionally fond of change, they are attracted and charmed by every thing new or strange. Thy next return will be greeted with the same joy which marks my approach. Well would it have been for thy happiness hadst thou had thy birth in more northern lands. There the ice mountain ever stands undisturbed, a fitting throne for thy sway. There no gentle flowers could offend thy sight, or warn thee that thy dynasty was ephemeral.

At this address old Winter's stormy countenance relaxed its original sternness. His once fierce breath came slow and faint. A smile played for a moment upon his wan features, and he was no more. A cloud passed over the fair face of nature—even tender flowers drooped upon their stems; but Spring whispered, "Mourn not: Earth's benefactor is not gone for ever: he will return again when you are weary with the gay round of pleasure, and lay you down to rest, while murmuring breezes will sing lullaby." So saying, she breathed on all created things. The birds again poured forth their songs—the brooks leaped by more merrily—the flowers, "blushing at their own loveliness," looked up—each leaf and branch put on a deeper green—buds and flowers burst forth from what hitherto appeared to be dry and withered branches of old and lifeless trees—

"For, lo! winter was past."

LIZIE.

## GLEANINGS IN ASTRONOMY.

BY PROFESSOR WATERMAN.

MR. EDITOR,—What can be more pleasing, and, at the same time, more useful, than the study of nature, evincing, as it does, the wisdom, power, and benevolence of the almighty Architect? From the drop of water, peopled with its myriad inhabitants, to the ponderous orbs that revolve in the clear blue of heaven, may alike be discerned the attributes of Deity. Every department of knowledge is but a revelation of God, made in different ways, and in varying circumstances, but all having reference to one great object—the happiness of his creatures. Yet how often is this overlooked! History is but the recorded dealings of God's providence in this world. Natural philosophy is but the knowledge of those laws which God has impressed upon the physical universe, and their various applications. The same may be said of every thing else to the study of which the mind can be applied.

It is to develop, somewhat in detail, this thought, as applied to the science of astronomy, that I shall ask the attention of your readers to a series of articles on this subject, of which this will constitute the first. And I shall pursue the subject just so far, and continue the series just so long, Providence permitting, as they seem interested and profited. My plan will be to devote a number to the consideration of each of the principal bodies of the solar system, with such remarks as may suggest themselves from the subject. We shall then take a wider range, and "tread the pathless way through regions infinite," till we find ourselves lost in immensity, or bowing before the central altar of the temple of the universe!

It may not be improper, at the outset, to mention two or three things, showing the importance of the study of astronomy, and the indebtedness of society to its aid, in many of the most important branches of knowledge and the arts.

In the first place, it is to astronomy that we are indebted for all our *ideas of time*. The rotation of the earth on its axis gives us the measure of the day. The revolution of the moon around the earth marks out the month; while the revolution of the earth around the sun numbers the finished years. For convenience, the day is divided into hours, the month into weeks, and the year into seasons. All these are astronomically marked—the hours by the shadow on the dial plate, the weeks by the phases of the moon, and the seasons by the relative positions of the earth among the stars. Thus, for all our ideas of hours, days, weeks, months, and years, are we indebted to the movements of the heavenly bodies. Few have ever considered this as they watched the hand on the mantle clock pursuing its time-beaten track, to the solemn beat of the pendulum. Many have found it necessary, in winter, to lengthen that pendulum rod,

and shorten it in summer, or vary its length as they removed from one part of the country to another. But few stopped to ask the reason why; and fewer still knew that they must seek the cause in facts developed by modern astronomy. Yet such is the truth.

Again: to astronomy we are indebted for all our knowledge of the *relative positions of places on the surface of our own globe*. We are accustomed to say one place is north, another south, another east, another west; that such a place is in such a latitude and longitude, and another in a different one; that the distance of one point from another is such and such; that such a sea is so many miles in length or breadth; that such an ocean is so many thousand miles across; that such a continent, or territory, or state, contains so many square miles of surface. Yet, in nine cases out of ten, probably, where distances are concerned, no other system of measurement has been adopted than that afforded by the stars. And where directions are indicated, we are indebted entirely to their aid.

It is, moreover, by the assistance which a knowledge of the stars affords, that the mariner ploughs his pathless way across the deep, committing his treasures, and, what is of much greater value, his life, to the treacherous wave. For years at a time he may reside on the trackless ocean, with scarce a sight of land, save when necessity compels him to seek some friendly shore to resupply his stock of provisions. And yet he knows, at every moment, where he is, how far from a distant, unseen shore, and more, how far from a fond home and family. And when the object of his absence is accomplished, he hesitates not a moment in reference to the *direction of his course*, when homeward bound; but fearlessly commits himself to the objectless ocean waste; and with naught but the stars for his finger-board and mile-stones, lays his course, and measures his way, with unerring certainty, toward his port of destination.

To our knowledge of astronomy we are indebted, also, for an explanation of the various celestial phenomena, which, in former days, occasioned often such terror to the nations. The poor benighted Sandwich Islander beheld with terror an eclipse of the moon, and with the most piteous wail exclaimed, "The gods are eating up the moon." The polished and intelligent Roman with like terror witnessed the appearance of a brilliant comet; and immediately sought the fanes of his country's gods, to avert some obviously threatened calamity. And when, in the same year, Julius Cæsar fell—a victim to the treachery of an assassin—the learned world instantly declared *that* the fearful event foretold. Thus has it been, the world over, where the light of this science has not shed its illuminating beams. We wonder at the superstition and credulity of those who have preceded us, in regard to these things, forgetting that,

but for the light of modern science, the history of their fears would be but a transcription of our own.

#### FIELD OF ASTRONOMICAL RESEARCH.

Space, as far as we know, is infinite. The contrary is absolutely beyond our powers of conception. We shall, therefore, assume its infinity, and endeavor to keep this idea continually in our minds as we proceed. We shall not then feel surprised at many of the results to which the investigations of astronomers may conduct us. Since space is infinite, all our ideas concerning it must necessarily be relative. We must, therefore, consider detached portions of it at a time. We must, however, lay aside all our ideas of magnitude and distance, as applied to objects merely terrestrial, and prepare to grasp the idea of *immensity*, if that of *infinity* be beyond our utmost reach.

Let us, then, suppose a sphere to be cut out from this boundless expanse, having the sun for its centre, and the diameter of which shall be four billions of miles.\* This will include all the planetary portion of the solar system, together with a large number of the comets. Exclusive of the latter, which may not be inappropriately called the *messengers of the universe*, and whose numbers are reckoned by thousands, and, perhaps, millions, the sphere just mentioned will contain the sun—the presiding centre of the whole—eleven bodies revolving directly around him—technically called *primaries*—and eighteen, which revolve around these primaries, and are thus, by them, carried around the sun. These latter are denominated *secondaries*, or satellites. Thus this immense sphere will contain only thirty of the heavenly bodies; and of these only six are visible, from the earth, to the unassisted eye. This of itself will give us some idea of the magnitude of the field of astronomical research. If a sphere whose diameter is four billions of miles, contain but six visible luminaries, exclusive of the earth, how large a space will be necessary to contain all the stars which deck the midnight sky!

But the stars are themselves suns; and each star may be the centre of a planetary and cometary system even more extensive than our own. If so, we should be obliged to *cut out*, from the boundless expanse, a sphere of equal dimensions with the one mentioned above, for the “home of influence” of each star that decks the nocturnal sky. What a view does this thought present of the magnitude of the Almighty’s works! Yet the half of creation’s magnificence has not been unfolded. Some of these

little sparkling gems of night are found not only to be suns, but to be double, triple, and even sextuple in their character! Six suns in one and the same system, each surrounded by his own attendant, and shining by self-supplying lustre!

Again: all the stars visible to the naked eye, and millions more, which the telescope unfolds to view, form only *one* cluster in the universe; while more than two thousand such clusters, and many of them perhaps even richer in stars than our own, are known to exist. The one to which the solar system belongs, is found to extend in length no less than one thousand times the distance of the nearest fixed star, and two hundred times the same distance in breadth, containing probably not less than ten millions of stars, or, more properly, ten millions of suns! Of the two thousand such clusters, the most distant is barely distinguishable by the most powerful telescopes. But this is probably, in no sense, the boundary of the creation, although it must constitute the limit to the field of investigation, at least until greater improvements are made in the instruments for astronomical research.

In addition, however, to these, which are technically termed *stellar* nebula, there is another class of celestial objects, known by the name of *planetary* nebula. These last contain bodies of almost incomprehensible magnitude. So large are they, that *one* would more than fill the entire sphere containing the solar system!

Such is the field of investigation from which we propose to *glean*, for the entertainment, and, may it not be added, for the instruction of our readers. Who, in contemplating so magnificent, so boundless a field, will not be constrained to exclaim, with the pious observer in the fields of Bethlehem, “When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him! and the son of man that thou visitest him!”

I cannot close this introductory article better than by quoting a paragraph from an address to the constellation Ursa Major, written by one of the gifted sons of our own beloved land, and which reveals as choice a vein of poetry, and as profound a knowledge of science, coupled with as lofty a spirit of devotion as is not often found combined in the writings of any of the sons of genius.

“Yet what is this, which, to the astonished mind,  
Seems measureless, and which the baffled thought  
Confounds? A span, a point, in those domains  
Which the keen eye can traverse. Seven stars  
Dwell in that brilliant cluster, and the sight  
Embraces all at once; yet each from each  
Recedes as far as each of them from earth;  
And every star from every other burns  
No less remote. From the profound of heaven,  
Untravel’d even in thought, keen, piercing rays  
Dart through the void, revealing to the sense  
Systems and worlds unnumbered. Take the glass  
And search the skies. The opening skies pour down

\* I shall use, throughout this series, the French method of enumeration, which divides all figures into periods of three, containing units, tens, and hundreds, of different orders or denominations. Thus, we have units, tens, and hundreds of thousands—units, tens, and hundreds of millions—units, tens, and hundreds of billions, &c. Thus, each period of three figures, beginning at the right hand, is of a different order, or denomination, from the preceding.

Upon your gaze thick showers of sparkling fire;  
 Stars, crowded, throng'd, in regions so remote,  
 That their swift beams—the swiftest things that be—  
 Have traveled centuries on their flight to earth.  
 Earth, sun, and nearer constellations! what  
 Are ye amid this infinite extent  
 And multitude of God's most infinite works!

And these are suns—vast, central, living fires—  
 Lords of dependent systems—kings of worlds  
 That wait as satellites upon their power,  
 And flourish in their smile. Awake, my soul,  
 And meditate the wonder! Countless suns  
 Blaze around thee, leading forth their countless worlds!  
 Worlds in whose bosoms living things rejoice,  
 And drink the bliss of being from the fount  
 Of all-pervading Love! What mind can know,  
 What tongue can utter all their multitudes,  
 Thus numberless in numberless abodes,  
 Known but to thee, blessed Father! Thine they are,  
 Thy children, and thy care; and none o'erlooked  
 Of thee! no, not the humblest soul that dwells  
 Upon the humblest globe, which wheels its course  
 Amid the giant glories of the sky,  
 Like the mean mote that dances in the beam  
 Among the mirrored lamps, which fling  
 Their wasteful splendor from the palace wall,  
 None, none escape the kindness of thy care—  
 All compassed underneath thy spacious wing,  
 Each fed and guided by thy powerful hand."

## PHILOSOPHY OF SCRIPTURE.

SAMSON.

THE history of Samson, (commencing at the thirteenth chapter of Judges,) whose birth was foretold by an angel, and whose life was a *mission* to the rebuking of a people, is rife with inference, and full of instruction.

It is told that the "child grew, and the Lord blessed him," and further, as marking his mission, that "the Spirit of the Lord began to move him at times;" and although his actions and motives seem to be after the common routine of nature, yet these circumstances were so overruled as to produce extraordinary effects, neither foreseen nor intended by the actor himself. And whilst he worked out his mission, and performed many acts of violence, it may be noticed that the rectitude of Providence was in no way compromised thereby, but that all things went on in regular course, from cause to consequence, showing that, whilst God acts by means, and renders results beyond the power of man to do, yet he does not suborn those means from their essential integrity, but, *amidst* these instances, shows rather the *leading of his own* hand to confound the power and overrule the best devised schemes of his enemies or rebellious subjects. Neither is there manifested any partiality or favoritism against this rule; for Samson himself, although he suffered grievous provocations, yet, it may be seen in the sequel, finally, by a natural revulsion, fell the victim of his own vindictive and outbreathing temper. And although the manner of his death was grand and magnificent—a delight to human admiration—yet not

the less was it a *suicide*—a suicide which, in its irresistible promptings, claims an excuse, of which few other instances, either in history or life, afford example; and though overruled to this act, still the penalty of death was the consequence of nature's extreme daring upon the actor.

Such histories as this, of which the Old Testament affords a few, should be understood in their full scope, or perhaps they were more mischievous than useful!

This young man appeared to be self-willed—none but a wife from among the Philistines, the enemies and oppressors of his nation, could please him; and in seeking her, he persisted not only in defiance of propriety, and the displeasure of his people, but also of the pleadings of his father and mother, who urge not any objections of their own—not any arbitrary or unreasonable dictation, but only say, "Is there never a woman among the daughters of thy brethren, or among all my people, that thou goest to take a wife of the uncircumcised Philistines?" Mark the concentrated selfishness of the reply! Passing over all their remonstrances, he only says, "Get her for me; for she pleaseth me well." Mark, too, that, as he "had his own way," so he also took the consequences, which seem to run in the very order in which they had been deprecated. Was not this very wife the plague of his heart, making mischief between the parties, preferring her own people before him, and treacherously expounding to them his riddle, to his detriment and loss. "His riddle;" for in the wantonness of his heart, and perhaps to introduce an instance of his own prowess, at his bridal feast he had "put forth a riddle." Little did his mirth divine the outgoings and cost, the disquiet and wranglings, the blood of that riddle!

To pay the forfeit of his riddle, which he had himself expected to gain, "he went down to Askelon, and slew thirty men, and took their spoil, and gave change of garments unto them that expounded the riddle." What incontinence of selfish pride is marked by this act! Samson could not humble himself, and say, "I have not wherewith to pay my forfeit: you have won, yet I pray you forgive me the price;" but "he went down to Askelon, and slew thirty men" for their spoils. Moreover, he was disquieted in spirit, "his anger was kindled," and he said, "If ye had not ploughed with my heifer, ye had not found out my riddle." "His anger was kindled, and he went up to his father's house." How natural to seek solace and comfort in the bosom of affection when we are vexed and troubled!

"Samson's wife was given to his companion, whom he had used as his friend." What aggravation of abomination does the latter clause of the above sentence imply! And when, after awhile, Samson would again have received his wife, her father put him off, saying, "Is not her younger sister fairer than she? Take her, I pray thee, instead

of her." This certainly was a very loose proceeding throughout, and marked the grossness both of the husband and the father, as well as the passive and constrained condition of the females at that date of the world.

Yet Samson was displeased at this forbidding, and, may-be, also at the proposal; for immediately he says, "Now shall I be more blameless [marking only the degree, and not the depravity of revenge] than the Philistines, though I do them a displeasure." "Displeasure" we should now think a mild word for tying three hundred young foxes together, a fire-brand between each two, and "sending them forth into the standing corn of the Philistines, and burning up the shocks, and the vineyards, and olives."

But this was not the end of the strife; for the Philistines, inquiring the cause of this outrage, and being informed that Samson had done it, because the Timnite had given his daughter, the wife of Samson, to his companion, they turned about, whether in revenge of Samson, or in fear of him, and went up and "burnt her and her father with fire." What barbarities does an early state of society frequently present!

Yet was not Samson's wrath appeased. He probably felt that sacrifice was not restitution; and it was not his pride, but his affection that was wounded; and he goes on to say, "Though ye have done this, yet will I be avenged of you, and after that I will cease." This unhappy man, bereaved, betrayed, and heart-broken, becomes weary of strife, and in his extremity he is *prophetic*—"after that I will cease." Again he is upon his enemies; and after smiting them "hip and thigh with a great slaughter," he retires to the "top of the rock of Etam," which is in Judah. Upon this the people came up and "pitched in Judah, and spread themselves in Lehi," to bind Samson. Then the people of Judah hold a remonstrance with Samson, saying, "Knowest thou not that the Philistines are rulers over us?" setting forth the probable consequences of his act. Upon this Samson still goes on with his self-assumed scale of comparative retributions, (all that is equal is right,) saying, "As they did unto me, so have I done unto them." And when they tell him, "We have come down to bind thee, that we may deliver thee to the Philistines," there is still alive within his desolate heart a touch of sympathy. Submitting to this, he says, "But swear unto me that ye will not fall upon me yourselves."

Sometimes we may suppose that he is barely himself, and actuated by purely natural impulses; and at others, when there is work to be done, he is possessed of the full power of his mission. Being delivered up, and brought to Lehi, the Philistines shouted mightily upon him. (Mark, now, the fallacy of human exultation!) "And the Spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him, and the cords [two new cords] that were upon his arms became as flax

that was burnt with fire, and his bands loosed from off his hands." Again: "He found a new jaw-bone of an ass, and put forth his hand, and took it, and slew a thousand men therewith;" and "cast away the bone out of his hand."

Still it would appear that he had not yet consummated his revenge, or else it marks more convincingly the divine inspiration of his prophecy concerning his death, as having himself no determinate plans of procedure to that effect.

Again: "He was sore athirst, and called on the Lord," that he might not, after all his great achievements, be left to die of thirst. This again may mark his prescience of a signal death. And he was heard: "And the Lord clave a hollow place that was in the jaw, and there came water thereout;" and so he was relieved.

Consorting with a woman, he is brought again into danger; but in escaping performs the feat of carrying off "the doors of the gate of the city, and two posts, bar and all, and carried them up to the top of a hill that is before Hebron." Samson seems for ever given up to the allurements of vicious and false-hearted women. We read again that "he loved a woman in the valley of Sorek, whose name was Delilah." To this woman the lords of the Philistines promise to give eleven hundred pieces of silver each, if she will entice him to tell wherein his great strength lieth. Samson, beguiled by her blandishments, and strangely regardless of treachery, sports with the subject, and puts her off with one and another device or evasion; and confiding, probably, in his secret power, he allows her to bind his hands with the "seven green withs" which had been supplied to her by the Philistine lords, as pretended by Samson to be effectual over his strength. Now there were liars in wait abiding in the chamber; and Delilah said unto him, "The Philistines be upon thee, Samson. And he brake the withs as a thread of tow is broken when it toucheth the fire. So his strength was not known." Again and again, by other devices, does Samson elude the importunities of Delilah upon this subject.

Notice with what bold effrontery this shameless woman charges upon Samson the very deceptions which she is herself practicing against him at the moment. "How canst thou say, I love thee, when thine heart is not with me?" "thou hast told me but lies," &c.; whilst her very reproach implied not surely love for him, but her eagerness to betray him; and at the time, not her words only, but all her actions were nothing else but "lies." And still his infatuation continues; and, because unrebuked by him, Delilah appears unconscious of any sin against him. Such is often the heartless logic of a selfish favorite! And she persisted to tease him more and more, until "his soul was vexed unto death, that he told her all his heart." How indiscreet that he should expose himself to her importunity; for surely "constant dripping will wear away a stone." Strange that he should expect to

palter with a subject, yet keep it secret! Says the great philosopher of the human heart, "Give thy thought no tongue." And this is indeed the only way to guard a secret.

Had Samson avoided vicious associations, he might perhaps have guarded his own integrity; but he seems to be deluded and lost in a perfect dotage of fondness and folly—he could not be taught by experience. Having revealed his secret, and being "shorn of his strength," "the Philistines took him, and put out his eyes, and brought him down to Gaza, and bound him with fetters of brass; and he did grind in the prison-house."

Dagon was the god of the Philistines, and in their idolatry they would fain offer to him a sacrifice, saying, "Our god hath delivered Samson our enemy into our hand." "And when their hearts were merry, they said, Call for Samson, that he may make us sport." They placed him "between the pillars of the house," as they probably believed, because it was a central and conspicuous place. "And Samson said unto the lad that held him by the hand, Suffer me that I may feel the pillars whereon the house standeth, that I may lean upon them. Now the house was full of men and women: and all the lords of the Philistines were there: and there were upon the roof about three thousand men and women that beheld while Samson made sport. And Samson called unto the Lord, and said, O Lord God, remember me, I pray thee, and strengthen me, I pray thee, only this once, O God, that I may be at once avenged of the Philistines for my two eyes. And Samson took hold of the two middle pillars upon which the house stood, the one with his right hand, and the other with the left. And Samson said, Let me die with the Philistines. And he bowed himself with all his might; and the house fell upon the lords, and upon all the people that were therein. So the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life."

Mark the heedless stupidity of the Philistines, who, after having once shaven Samson, in their wanton assurance neglected to do it again! Mark the signal retribution upon the Philistines for adding mockery to the cruel infliction of putting out Samson's eyes! Mark their vain boastings, and the confounding of their false god, by their overthrow!

Samson, in his natural character, is an example, showing that the headlong, and passionate, and blood-thirsty, tend naturally, in their whole course, to a violent death; whilst, in his low associations, he places a traitor within the citadel of his "strength," who beguiles him of his secret, and thus delivers him over to his enemies.

Samson's history is a twofold case. And as God condescended to make use of him, so we may believe that he was not *finally*, as after the wont of men, thrust away and trodden under foot, when of no further use.

C. M. B.

VOL. VI.—16

## THE VALUE OF PEACE.

"Peace, the full portion of mankind below."

ETHICAL POLITICS is a study elevating to the mind, and it ought to be assiduously taught to the rising generation. "Peace—good will toward men," was the most glorious announcement that fallen men could receive from heaven; and should they be less inclined to announce it to each other, than to receive it from their gracious Creator?

The many and paramount advantages derived by society from the diffusion of Christianity, which enjoins that we do unto others as we wish them to do unto us, ought to make us careful that the often repeated assertion of the progress toward perfection made by the world in the nineteenth century, is more than a vain boast. If it be true that "peacemakers are blessed," and if the converse be no less so, how awful is the condition of those who, from a desire to promote their private schemes, or temporal preferment, or from mere malevolence, hazard the happiness of their fellow-men, by sowing, like the evil one, the tares of dissension and animosity in the wheat field of the world!

Many benevolent minds, after mature reflection, have been brought to the conclusion that war, under *any circumstances*, is wrong. And as, in the present state of public affairs, it may be productive of good to enter into a brief examination of this important matter, we shall take an extreme case for our consideration; and, in so doing, we shall find, as has frequently, and by eminent pens, been asserted, that even the American Revolution forms no exception to the general argument against war, whether it be entertained in a religious, or in a moral and political point of view.

To discuss the matter fairly, it will be necessary to glance, first, at the benefits and evils that resulted from the Revolution; and, secondly, at the condition of this country, that would, probably, have been consequent upon an adherence to peace principles; and this we shall do as concisely as possible, merely premising that, in order to entertain the matter dispassionately and philosophically, it is necessary, as much as practicable, to divest the mind of all national prejudices and preconceptions.

With the benefits of independence, proceeding from the Revolution, we need not occupy much attention. We find them panegyrized and amplified in every political oration, and in every newspaper: all that can be required, in the present argument, is, to agree to all that is claimed to the fullest extent. But greatly as human liberty is above all price, and dearly as every man ought to prize it, the question, here, is not whether slavery or war is preferable, but whether, as we shall afterward see, all the advantages could not have been obtained without a recourse to hostilities.



As to the evils of war, they are innumerable—immeasurable. Since every word that is uttered, has an effect upon the moral and social condition of the world, how shall we be able to compute the amount of animosity and evil passion that the Revolution gave birth to? The loss to England and America of one hundred and fifty thousand lives, and the waste of seven hundred millions of dollars, (part of which lies imbedded at the bottom of the sea,) the immediate and present consequences of the war, were but trifling when compared with the amount of suffering by distant families, the neglect of industry, the introduction of the law of violence, the injury done to moral feeling, and the national antipathy, so strongly engendered, that, resisting all the power of conciliation, the peace of the world, and the happiness and industry of millions will be held in jeopardy by it, in all probability, for ever. At this very hour, these rankling passions, fanned as they have been by demagogues, who think that uttering national invectives is the best proof of their patriotism, and the surest step to preferment, are threatening to crimson our shores and the ocean with the blood of our people.

Next to the war of the Revolution, and as its secondary consequence, was the Revolution of France, with all its train of ambitions, of butcheries, barbarities, and massacres—glutting the sewers of Paris, the valleys of Switzerland, the rivers of Russia, and the Delta of the Nile with human victims, and destroying between two and three millions of the human race. To this amount of misery, may be added the increased necessity of continuing until now, enormous standing armies, by all the European nations; while the quartering of such hosts of unproductive consumers upon the industry of the rest, has been the cause of more vice, starvation and distress, in all their horrid forms, than the mind of man can possibly conceive.

But not to dwell longer upon these painful facts, let us consider what probably would have been the condition of these United States, had no revolution been undertaken or devised.

The attempt to levy a stamp duty and tea tax upon the unrepresented colonists, was so obvious a violation of the constitution, that to suppose it could have been persevered in, is perfectly absurd. Even at the time, as all well-informed persons know, the sense of the English people was totally and obstinately opposed to the acts of the ministry and their corrupt supporters. Indeed, nothing sustained the administration but the opposition of the colonies, which was represented as rebellion. In evidence of this, we may refer to such public documents as the energetic addresses and remonstrances of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, of the livery of London, and of influential bodies of the people in various parts of the kingdom: all of which sufficiently show that, had the colonists contented themselves with

representing their grievances, the business would have been quietly settled for them on the other side of the Atlantic.

As to the probable condition of this country, in the event that no revolution had taken place, it must, of course, be impossible to determine the particulars; but, from the nature of the case, conjecture may be formed, to satisfy the mind that, with the exception of the imperfection that attends all human affairs, matters would have resulted for the welfare and happiness of the human race.

First, we may naturally suppose that the question of representation in the British parliament would have been agitated. Whether this would have been adopted or not, one thing is tolerably clear: namely, that our great distance from the seat of government would have rendered the appointment of a colonial congress, subsequently, indispensable. Before long, even the transmitting of congressional acts from such a vast territory, for the sanction of the crown, would have been found to be so detrimental to its local interests, that a measure of separation would, in all likelihood, have been peaceably agreed upon, and no other ties have been continued, than those of a commercial and social character, equally for the good of both parties.

If the present relations of Canada be urged against this view, we reply, first, that the more limited extent and resources of Canada make an important difference in the case; secondly, that the hostile attitude of the states, made England conceive it more necessary to retain possession of the strong posts and trade of the north; and, thirdly, that Canada, virtually, is much in the state of reciprocal commercial advantage above contemplated; since it is well known, that, so far from supplying any direct revenue, much more money of the British empire is expended in Canada, for canals and other improvements, than is obtained by the local taxation.

We may, then, very easily imagine that this immense and distant hemisphere, as it has often been said, "would have fallen off from the mother country by its own weight," continuing to possess a feeling of kindness and brotherhood, that must have insured the permanent peace, security, and social happiness of all. In that event, popularity would not have been the reward of pre-eminent success in exasperating the passions of the people against England, or any other power.

It is written in words that cannot err, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." The philosophy as well as the duty of observing this heavenly announcement is obvious. Look to the conduct of individuals, and you will find that the prosperity of the boisterous and contentious man, is, indeed, an exception in the annals of human life. While he who is ready to forgive an injury, secures, by peaceable means, the protection of his own rights, and the favor of his fellow-men. Even the success

of cunning and duplicity is rare; and more rare still is it to find advantages so acquired continued, for any great length of time. But the meek and true-hearted man, though, in his probationary course, he may meet with trials and crosses from the unkindness and deceitfulness of the sinister and the malevolent, will be likely, in the end, to find his reward; and, at all events, he is sure to have the consolation of knowing that he deserves it. "Verily there is a reward for the righteous," &c.

Let not, then, any man play the blusterer, or the war-dog, on ever so small a scale, without knowing that he is eternally responsible. Let not the man who, by an irritating or inflammatory expression, even in private conversation, is preparing a conflagration that may not burst forth till after he has passed to his final account, think that he is guiltless, more than would be he who should place a match to his neighbor's house, intending it to take effect after he has made his escape. The blame of declaring war rests not solely with a cabinet or a senate. The officers of government are, generally, only the hands upon the dial plate, that indicate the will and exhibit the influence of the motive power below: more especially in a republic, where every individual has a share of political power. Every one who speaks or writes with acrimony, is whetting the battle-axe against the day of strife; and whenever the fatal day arrives, that man is accountable for the blood upon its edge.

Lastly, we ought to consider that war, deteriorating as are its effects upon the morals of community, is a thousand times more so under a republican than under a monarchical government. However corrupt or abandoned the soldiery of a standing army may become, from their violent and vicious habits in time of war, they are isolated from the people, and, on the return of peace, their sentiments and principles, depraved as they surely will be, have little influence beyond the limits of the barracks within which they are immured. But, of the thousands of young men who enroll themselves for a specified term of years, or to serve during a war, such as live to return, bring back into society the dissolute and contaminating opinions they have unhappily acquired by "evil communication" in the camp—by familiarity with injustice and outrage in plundering and foraging excursions, and with deeds of blood and violence in the field of human slaughter, and in the storming of fortified towns.

To prove how the mind, by a military life, can become insensible to the feelings of humanity, we need only allude to the case of the disbanded soldier in Ireland, who is stated to have declared to the people, before he suffered on the gallows for a murder, that "he could not conceive, when he had killed fifteen Frenchmen, during the war in the Peninsula, at the bidding of his officers, why he should now be hanged for taking the life of only one Irishman!"

Besides the evils already enumerated, there are thousands of others, many of which will occur to the mind at once. There are the sudden changes of occupation of vast numbers of men, who, during war, are consumers only, and on the return of peace are at a loss for employment—from the aggrandized contractor to the liberated drum-boy—and the various alterations in the monetary and commercial affairs of a country, (during the change in its political condition,) that disturb and perplex the social relations of the world.

For several years, obstacles, on the ground of economy, &c., have been thrown in the way of measures for the public good. For instance, the stone laid upon the National Road has been stolen, in consequence of a want of an appropriation for breaking and distributing it. And the road, so essential to the prosperity of the western country, has been suffered to go to decay. But the unnecessary talk about an unprovoked war, is sufficient to originate a bill ("which, no doubt," the papers inform us, "will pass,") for an appropriation of six millions of dollars, for the construction of ten war steamers. So much for the mere talk of war. And should that calamity come, and come it may, if this threatening and denunciation continue, we may expect, in the course of five years, an expenditure of one thousand millions; while the trade of the country—the means of paying off such an immense debt—will probably be destroyed, and have to be recommenced. This is a mere glance at the troubles that must ensue, and, in all likelihood, will oppress the country for fifty years to come, in case the expensive game of war should be volunteered. Will the people suffer political intriguers thus to trifle with their happiness, and to cause madness and infatuation to reign in the land?

Let us, then, earnestly expect that the pulpit and the press will sustain the cause of peace. Let us attentively and seriously meditate upon the whole matter, in connection with our individual obligations to obey the commands of our Creator and Redeemer, and we shall easily discover that philosophy, or what, if you will, we may term "self-interest," as well as religion, assures us, that "the meek shall inherit the earth, and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace."

W. N.

MANY sensitive and gloomy persons render themselves perpetually unhappy, by ascribing unworthy motives to their friends. We should learn never to take offense at an act unless we *know* it was intended to give offense—never to attribute a bad motive where we can find a good one—never to charge a friend with culpability for an act of negligence without satisfactory evidence that it was not unavoidable—never to cherish unkind suspicions, or brood over unpleasant incidents and remarks.

## JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. L. F. MORGAN.

THE touching story of this young Hebrew maiden is one of the most interesting narratives of the Old Testament. Her father's affection for her so tenderly reciprocated; his magnanimity in adhering to a vow which, however rash and indiscreet, was held sacred by his piety, though its fulfillment robbed his troubled and checkered life of its only charm; and her instant acquiescence in the propriety of his decision, are, indeed, a fitting subject for poetry. No word of reproach or complaint escapes her lips. With the first announcement of his oath, her ready sympathy comprehended all the agony of his feelings, and she hastens, with a courage deep love must have given her, to confirm him in his resolve. The beautiful episode that has immortalized her fame, was among the earliest themes from which my imagination borrowed coloring for its airy shadows. I have so long made verse the embodiment of every thought relative to her, that in an attempt to sketch her portraiture, no tangible idea will present itself in any other form. If my poetry prove even more prosaic than my prose, I entreat the reader to dismiss it from her memory, and gather her conception of my heroine from the representation of the eleventh chapter of Judges only.

Behold that chief, with folded arms, and eye  
Now bent to earth, now humbly raised on high,  
His form erect and calmly firm his look,  
"Whom pity mov'd but terror never shook:"  
His prayer is said, and trac'd in heav'n his vow,  
And conquering faith sits thron'd upon his brow.  
A marshal'd host prepar'd for war is seen,  
Who gather courage from their general's mien;  
Wide o'er the field the hostile bands advance,  
He marks their movements with a practiced glance,  
Leads coolly on; and soon through all the plain  
Tumult prevails, and Israel's foes are slain;  
But not by Israel's might, for God was there,  
And yielded victory to the chieftain's prayer.

His task achieved, behold the conqueror come  
To taste once more the tranquil joys of home,  
Where one that hour awaits his wish'd return,  
And longs yet fears her father's fate to learn.  
She was his treasur'd child—his only one—  
More dear than aught beside beneath the sun.  
For every human ear there is a strain,  
Which broken once can never come again;  
There is a page to every history giv'n,  
Bright with some tints which make us dream of heav'n;  
There is one star amidst the darkest sky;  
One spring of hope when all beside is dry;  
One spot of green along the dreariest road;  
One thought to lighten sorrow's heaviest load;  
One bright remembrance where all else is dim:  
Count up the sum, and such was she to him.  
How beats her anxious heart with hope and fear,  
How strains her ear each distant sound to hear.  
Hark! who is that? a herald comes to tell  
The welcome news, (thrice welcome,) all is well!  
Her heart essays in vain its thanks to speak,

Tears fill her eyes and glitter on her cheek.  
She gives a sign, and soon, with timbrels sweet,  
A joyous band go forth her sire to greet.  
She leads the van, for swift her footsteps move,  
Made light by happiness, and urg'd by love.  
The victor comes—he hears a tuneful sound,  
And throws a quick and troubled glance around—  
A moment more, his arms have fondly prest  
The clinging form which rushes to his breast,  
In pure excess of joy; but who may tell  
The wild emotions which his bosom swell?  
Who paint the pangs of bitterness and grief  
Which crowded ages in that moment brief—  
The dark, tempestuous whirlwind clouds which roll  
Their deep'n'g blackness through his anguish'd soul?  
Yet, in that hour of saddest, deepest gloom,  
No thought of treachery in his breast had room.  
True to his God, himself, his conscience still,  
His fatal vow he purpos'd to fulfill.  
Rending his clothes, upon his child he bent  
His mournful gaze, and thus his woe found vent:

Alas! alas! my daughter,  
Thy father's joy and pride,  
Who through long years of banishment  
Hath lingered by my side.  
Thy sweet affection never  
Before awoke such woe;  
Thou art of them that trouble me  
And bring my spirit low;  
For I have sworn to Heav'n,  
And cannot now go back,  
Though I persist in agony  
And mark with blood my track.

No explanation of his words she asked,  
She saw his heart was all too hardly task'd,  
And in his quivering features read full well  
The fearful doom his tongue forebore to tell;  
Yet ere upon the echoing hills had died  
His last faint tone, her soothing voice replied:

If thou hast sworn to Heaven,  
Thou must not falter now;  
Do with me, dearest father,  
According to thy vow.  
Since God hath taken vengeance  
For thee upon thy foes,  
Thy gratitude should render  
What thy obedience owes.

Nor when his tortur'd breast had poured forth all,  
Did she those sweet submissive words recall,  
Nor give a sign she deem'd his vow amiss.  
One little boon alone she crav'd—'twas this:  
A brief delay—with youthful friends once more,  
The mountain paths so often trod before,  
In sad companionship uncheck'd to range,  
And mourn the lot she show'd no wish to change.  
O! who the depths of that young heart may sound?  
Or trace the fine, mysterious links which bound  
Her yearning spirit to that mountain soil?  
Association weaveth many a coil  
Around the heart—it may be there to view  
Arose the brightest pictures fancy drew;  
It may be there before her vision came,  
The Hebrew maiden's proudest dream of fame.  
If this were true, no further light we need  
Her last request's significance to read;  
Since crushed the hope which girlhood's path perfum'd,  
She'd weep its withering where it first had bloom'd.  
But after all our speculations prove,  
It may be Jephthah's daughter only strove

From Jephthah's eyes the better to conceal  
 The shuddering horror which she could but feel  
 At her sad doom, and by her absence brief,  
 To their long parting, reconcile the chief.  
 Whate'er the thoughts her troubled mind indulg'd,  
 The sacred penman leaves them undivulg'd,  
 And merely adds, that to her slight request  
 The chief his assent in one word express'd;  
 But yet how much of concentrated woe  
 Speaks to the heart in that brief answer, "Go."  
 The most elaborate narrative would fail  
 To touch our feelings like that short detail.

In fancy's dim perspective rises now  
 The full completion of the father's vow.  
 A mistlike scene is to our vision giv'n,  
 Bright with the tints of Syria's evening heaven:  
 A soft still beauty consecrates the spot,  
 And nature smileth as if grief were not:  
 A fragile girl beside an altar stands,  
 Her cheeks are pale and slightly clasp'd her hands:  
 The strength she sought so fervently is here,  
 And calm submission every glance avers:  
 The chasten'd radiance of her thoughtful eyes,  
 Tells of communion with the far off skies,  
 To which she hastes—there is a brief delay—  
 But fancy pauses farther to portray  
 That lurid picture's strange and deep'ning shades,  
 And in that pause the shadowy vision fades.  
 Now to the Scriptural page again we turn,  
 But from the hasty record only learn,  
 That when the term that she had ask'd expir'd,  
 The maid came back, and as his vow requir'd  
 Her father did; and from that tragic date  
 A custom rose memorial of her fate,  
 For Israel's daughters yearly to frequent  
 Those mountain haunts and there her doom lament.

## TO ONE WHO HAS LOST A FRIEND.

BY PROFESSOR WATERMAN.

THIS world would be most desolate,  
 If fellow-feeling dwelt not here,  
 And warmed the heart with sacred fire,  
 When grief and sadness lingered near.

To lift the veil the heart oft spreads,  
 And kneel before its inmost shrine;  
 To share the pang it would conceal,  
 Affords a solace next divine.

There is a sweetness in the tear  
 That flows from genuine sympathy,  
 Which naught this side the tomb can give  
 In such transcendent purity.

I'd rather weep with those I love,  
 When sadness weighs upon their heart,  
 Than join the gayest scenes of mirth,  
 Or quaff the pleasure they impart.

Forbid not, then, my tears to flow,  
 When sadness on thy spirit preys,  
 Nor check the sigh or heaving swell  
 Which tells of kindred sympathies.

## NOTICES.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY: *a Book of Thoughts and Arguments, Originally Treated.* By Martin Farquhar Tupper, M. A., &c. *First Series.*—This is one of the numbers of Wiley and Putnam's Library of Choice Reading; and if its associate works are equal to it, the series is surely well named. This little volume is a remarkable production—pure in morality, chaste in language, sound in philosophy, rich in imagery, and full of valuable proverbs and suggestions. Its theology is not altogether to our liking, but this will be no objection with those of different views from our own. We commend the work heartily; and to strengthen our recommendation, we give an extract from the chapter on Prayer, which is perhaps the most precious gem in the book.

"Perchance the terrible day, when the world must rock into ruins,  
 Will be one unwhitened by prayer—shall He find faith on the earth?  
 For there is an economy of mercy, as of wisdom, and power,  
 and means;  
 Neither is one blessing granted, unbesought from the treasury  
 of good:  
 And the charitable heart of the Being, to depend upon whom  
 is happiness,  
 Never withholdeth a bounty, so long as his subject prayeth;  
 Yea, ask what thou wilt, to the second throne in heaven:  
 It is thine, for whom it was appointed; there is no limit unto  
 prayer:  
 But and if thou cease to ask, tremble, thou self-suspended  
 creature,  
 For thy strength is cut off as was Samson's: and the hour of  
 thy doom is come.

Frail art thou, O man, as a bubble on the breaker,  
 Weak and governed by externals, like a poor bird caught in  
 the storm;  
 Yet thy momentary breath can still the raging waters,  
 Thy hand can touch a lever that may move the world.  
 O Merciful, we strike eternal covenant with thee,  
 For man may take for his ally the King who ruleth kings:  
 How strong, yet how most weak, in utter poverty how rich,  
 What possible omnipotence to good is dormant in a man!  
 Behold that fragile form of delicate transparent beauty,  
 Whose light-blue eye and hectic cheek are lit by the balefires  
 of decline,

All droopingly she lieth, as a dew-laden lily,  
 Her flaxen tresses, rashly luxuriant, dank with unhealthy  
 moisture;  
 Hath not thy heart said of her, Alas! poor child of weakness?  
 Thou hast erred; Goliath of Gath stood not in half her  
 strength:  
 Terribly she fighteth in the van as the virgin daughter of Or-  
 leans,  
 She beareth the banner of heaven, her onset is the rushing  
 cataract,  
 Seraphim rally at her side, and the captain of that host is God,  
 And the serried ranks of evil are routed by the lightning of  
 her eye;  
 She is the King's remembrancer, and steward of many bless-  
 ings,  
 Holding the buckler of security over her unthankful land:  
 For that weak fluttering heart is strong in faith assured:  
 Dependence is her might, and behold—she prayeth.

Angels are round the good man, to catch the incense of his  
 prayers,  
 And then fly to minister kindness to those for whom he  
 pleadeth;  
 For the altar of his heart is lighted, and burneth before God  
 continually,  
 And he breatheth, conscious of his joy, the native atmosphere  
 of heaven;

Yes, though poor, and contemned, and ignorant of this world's wisdom,

Ill can his fellows spare him, though they know not of his value:

Thousands bewail a hero, and a nation mourneth for its king,  
But the whole universe lamenteth the loss of a man of prayer.  
Verily, were it not for One, who sitteth on his rightful throne,  
Crowned with a rainbow of emerald, the green memorial of earth—

For one, a meditating man, that hath clad his Godhead with mortality,

And offereth prayer without ceasing, the royal priest of nature,

Matter, and life, and mind had sunk into dark annihilation,  
And the lightning frown of Justice withered the world into nothing.

Thus, O worshiper of reason, thou hast heard the sum of the matter;

And woe to his hairy scalp that restraineth prayer before God.

Prayer is a creature's strength, his very breath and being;

Prayer is the golden key that can open the wicket of mercy;

Prayer is the magic sound that saith to Fate, So be it;

Prayer is the slender nerve that moveth the muscles of Omnipotence.

Wherefore, pray, O creature, for many and great are thy wants;

Thy mind, thy conscience, and thy being, thy rights commend thee unto prayer,

The cure of all cares, the grand panacea for all pains,  
Doubt's destroyer, ruin's remedy, the antidote to all anxieties.

So then, God is true, and yet he hath not changed:

It is he that sendeth the petition, to answer it according to his will."

**SHORT SERMONS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS.** By Jonathan Edmonston, A. M. *With an Introduction: by Rev. J. P. Durbin, D. D. First American from the Fifth London Edition.* Philadelphia: Sorin & Ball.—This is one of the most useful volumes of sermons which we have seen. The subjects are well chosen and well treated. Next to Wesley's and Bishop Morris' discourses, we consider them better adapted to our readers generally than any others. Dr. Clarke's sermons are too doctrinal and erudite; and Mr. Watson's have too much speculative thought and ornament of style for families. Edmonston's are perspicuous, brief, practical, and tend to awaken the careless, animate the sluggish, comfort the desponding, and build up the Christian in his most holy faith. They will be found useful on the winter evening, when the family have gathered around the cheerful hearth for devotion—on the Sabbath when the howling storm has hindered the pastor, or blocked up the way to the country meeting-house—when affliction has detained the family from the house of God, and under many other circumstances. We are not sure that this volume might not be beneficial to clergymen, especially of the junior class, who will be captivated by the characteristics which are impressed on all its pages—brevity, simplicity, utility.

**EVANGELICAL UNION.**—This is a semi-monthly, edited and published by Rev. Elisha Bates, and devoted to morality and religion. The editor, who writes nearly all he publishes, gives much attention to Christian union, temperance, and the other important questions of the day, whilst he opposes Deism, Fourierism, "science falsely so called," and every thing else that "opposeth or exalteth itself against the knowledge of God." Brother Bates has a mature mind, and a feeling, philanthropic heart, both of which are deeply imbued with the spirit of the Gospel, and we believe wholly consecrated

to its extension. His views are enlightened, philosophic, and Christian. We hope his work may have a wide circulation, and that it may be instrumental, in no small degree, in promoting the glory of God. No one acquainted with the editor of this unpretending sheet, will think that we praise too highly. It is indeed difficult to put too high an estimate upon the abilities, the virtues, and the sweet spirit of Elisha Bates. But he asks not our praises. We believe that he seeks "the honor that cometh from God" only, and that to heaven he looks for his reward; but while he lives to bless the Church, let us see that we derive for ourselves the benefit of his labors.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

### POISONING.

Xenia, March 3.

Mr. Editor,—In your last number, in illustrating the importance of chemistry, you referred to the subject of mineral poisons; but I notice that you omitted the most common and important of them, namely, arsenic. Will you tell us what is the antidote for this, if there is any antidote?

Yours, &c.,

A MATRON.

We did not intend to give a dissertation on toxicology when we penned our article, ("Chemistry for Girls,") but merely to give illustrations of the importance of chemical science. We omitted arsenic, because the antidote is not so generally at hand as in the cases we mentioned. For a long time no antidote was known; but, within a few years, an excellent one has been announced by some chemists of Gottingen. It is the hydrated per oxide of iron, an article which ought to be kept in the drug-shops everywhere. The process for making it, may be found in any of the recent works on pharmacy, or materia medica.\* If copperas, (sulphate of iron,) which has become red by exposure to the air, (that is, has become a per sulphate by absorbing oxygen from the atmosphere,) can be obtained, the process is easy: namely, add water of ammonia, and decant: the ammonia will unite with the sulphuric acid, and precipitate the per oxide, which should be kept in a moist state. It is amazing that we do not hear of more instances of accidental death from this virulent poison. Indeed, when we consider that it is often used for killing rats, dogs, &c.; that it is not unfrequently employed in medicine, (the "fowler's solution" of the physician, and the "tasteless ague drop" of the quack, are solutions of arsenic;) that the preparations used by cancer doctors generally owe their efficacy to this mineral; that it may be mistaken, in the form in which it is generally found, (that of acid,) for flour, or hair powder, and that its taste is not unpleasant, we can scarce refrain from believing that many instances of death, from this article, have occurred which have been traced to other causes. The material of the drug-shops improperly labeled "cobalt," is a crude arsenic, (probably an oxide.) It resembles very closely the sulphuretted or crude antimony, frequently given to horses to make their coats sleek, and has been sold for it by mistake, to the destruction of many fine horses. The same article is sold as "German Fly Powder," to destroy the troublesome insects that infest our houses in summer. When so used, it is generally dissolved in sweetened water, and placed in some accessible position, as if to tempt

\* See Harrison's *Materia Medica*, vol. 1, page 356.

children to destroy themselves. Perhaps, if the article were called by its right name, the dangerous and useless practice would be abandoned.

We might have alluded to a certain aerial poison which has caused much destruction to human life, especially in this region, where the earth, in many places, seems to be saturated with it. We refer to carbonic acid, which, owing to its greater specific gravity, is generally found in excavations, caves, and the lower stratum of the atmosphere. There are many points in which, if a deep excavation be made, it is filled with this gas in less than twenty-four hours. Hence, it is proper, before descending into deep wells, or shafts, to let down a lighted candle, which will be extinguished if the gas be present. The question arises, how are we to displace this gas after having ascertained its presence? There are two ways of doing this—absorption and agitation. The first may be effected by throwing down water; the second by mechanical means, such as letting down and drawing up bundles of straw, or throwing down burning straw, which, though it will not consume the gas, will heat it so as to create an upward current.

Carbonic acid is produced by combustion, respiration, and fermentation—processes everywhere going on; and it is astonishing that it was not discovered until within a few years. The celebrated metaphysician, John Locke, when, on a visit to France, he for the first time saw a bottle of champagne uncorked, immediately started the question whether the air emitted were the same as the atmosphere. Had he not been devoted to metaphysical researches, he would probably have soon discovered the difference. It is no less astonishing, that, notwithstanding its wide diffusion, people in general are not even now acquainted with its sources and properties. We once called upon an intelligent gentleman, who was confined on account of an accident, and who complained of symptoms to him altogether unaccountable. He was lying in a small, confined chamber, in which his amiable landlady had placed, from the best motives, a chafing dish of burning coals, from which his room had become almost insupportably surcharged with poisonous gas. Had he continued in the room until morning, and had the combustion continued, he would probably have been a corpse. Indeed, this is said to be a fashionable mode of committing suicide in France. Our readers have heard of the infamous "Black Hole" of Calcutta, and the famous Grotto del Cana of Italy; and yet, from some cause or other, there seems to be an invincible disposition among some to scorn instruction, or disregard danger. In many parts of our country the bedrooms are small apartments, without chimnies, on the ground floor, and with but a single small window or door. Around these dormitories you will find a quantity of flourishing vegetation, sufficient, even when the window is opened, almost to exclude fresh air. Circumstances better calculated to accumulate carbonic acid could scarce be conceived—a small room, confined air, growing vegetables; for although, during the day, vegetation absorbs carbonic acid and emits oxygen, during the night the process is reversed.

It is surprising that the elements of the atmosphere, when not confined, retain the same proportions in all situations. The chemist cannot detect the difference between the foul air of city lane and the pure atmosphere of the distant hill-top. Differences there are, inappreciable by our methods of analysis, but not in the

proportion of the principal elements. God has provided for consuming, under ordinary circumstances, the surplus carbonic acid as fast as it is generated, and so admirable are his adjustments for this purpose, that the hundred thousand fires, and the unnumbered fermentations, and the millions of lungs that are constantly at work in the crowded city, are unable to render its atmosphere irrespirable, or even to charge it with any more than a due proportion of carbonic acid. To our minds there is no more beautiful and convincing proof of divine Providence.

But what is to be done in case of suffocation from carbonic acid? Dash cold water upon the patient, and send for some person who knows better than I. Good night, madam!

**COLUMBUS INFIRMARY.**—We are happy to see, by a circular just received, that Dr. Howard has established an infirmary in Columbus, for the cure of surgical diseases. Such an institution was doubtless needed; and it will, we hope, be well sustained. The afflicted may safely intrust themselves to Dr. Howard.

**BALDWIN INSTITUTE.**—This institution will be opened on the ninth of the present month, under the superintendence of Rev. H. Dwight, late Principal of Norwalk Seminary. Board can be had at \$1 to \$1.25 per week, exclusive of lights and washing. Rooms can be had at \$2 per quarter. The institution is under the supervision of the North Ohio conference, and is located at Berea, Ohio. Long may it live and prosper! Its teachers are competent and worthy, its site healthful and beautiful, its debts, we suppose, are but nominal, while its resources are sufficient for all reasonable wants.

**SANDUSKY CITY HIGH SCHOOL** is a new but flourishing seminary, under the management of a very competent and energetic gentleman, Mr. Heustiss, formerly connected with the Norwalk Seminary.

#### THE HORRORS.

*Lorain county.*

Dear Friend,—“I wonder,” said a good lady the other day, when speaking of you, “if the Doctor can't tell us what is good for the horrors.” As you never have this troublesome complaint, you can probably give us something theoretically on this subject.

W. J.

The term “horrors,” we suppose, our correspondent uses in the generic sense, comprehending all grades of mental depression, from “brown study” to *tedium vite*. If so, he pays us too high a compliment in supposing that we are wholly exempt from the disorder. He would not have done so, if he had seen us the other day, when a gentleman stepped up to us and said, “Stranger, aint you troubled with *dyspepsuary*?” We are not aware that the disease in question is hereditary. However, the lass of sallow complexion, spare habit, and dark eyes should be on her guard. At the request of our friend, we make a few observations on the causes and cure of the affection.

#### *Its causes.*

1. Disease, particularly of the digestive apparatus. This is a common cause. In civilized life, owing to bad habits, few appetites are healthful—few hearts beat, for any length of time, the proper number of pulsations—few brains radiate the proper nervous influence in due proportion; and such is the intimate connection between the soul and the body, that the one cannot be disturbed without, in some degree, disquieting the other. A young gentleman, afflicted with disease of the liver,

started from this city to return home. His first day's journey was performed under a clouded sky, and through a gloomy forest. When he dismounted at night, he wrote to his friends in this city that he was dying; and after giving general directions as to the disposition of his goods, he requested that they would remove his remains to Cincinnati. The next day was delightful. His spirits having recovered, he continued his journey; and whilst his friends were preparing to bury him, he was at home, complaining of being much better.

2. Debt, another common cause in this country, where every body is eagerly pursuing wealth, and where the credit system, so generally adopted, affords facilities to enterprise and speculation. Some conscientiousness, however, is necessary that this cause may produce horrors.

3. Prosperity. We read of one who, when his fields had brought forth an abundant harvest, was plunged into distress, and cried out, "What shall I do?" He knew not where to bestow his fruits and his goods, and resolved to put himself to additional trouble, by tearing down old barns and putting up new ones. A Grecian philosopher once received a present of silver from a friend. After sitting up two nights in succession to guard it, he returned it, saying that he must decline so troublesome a charge. During the period of the South Sea speculation, when fortunes were often made and lost in a day, insanity became prevalent; but its subjects were the successful, not the unfortunate. It is pretty certain that the speculation of our time and country has done more harm, both in character and happiness, to those whom it has enriched, than to those whom it has beggared. To most men it is hard to dispose of surplus wealth, and harder still to keep it. Every additional dollar increases care, responsibility, and trouble. "Give me neither poverty nor riches."

4. Bereavement. What an affecting picture of horrors is the following: "And Jacob rent his clothes, and put sackcloth upon his loins, and mourned for his son many days. And all his sons and all his daughters rose up to comfort him: and he said, For I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning." How completely did bereavement overcome David! The king, the warrior, the chieftain seems buried in the father when he hears the news of Absalom's death. "He went up to the chamber of the gate and wept: and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom, would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

5. Disappointment. The tree that has defied the storm, may wither under the gnawings of an unseen worm. How many a one droops, of whom it may be said, "She never told her love!"

6. Idleness. The mind is apt to prey upon itself when not actually employed. Some of the worst cases of melancholy are found in individuals who, after a life of activity, have retired to enjoy themselves, but have carried with them no taste for study, or the invigorating pastimes of the forest. Itinerant preachers and lawyers on the frontier, who ride from county to county, and judges who have long traveled "a circuit," are very likely to be the subjects of this affecting state of mind, when they retire from duty. Home for them has not sufficient excitement.

7. Late hours and dissipation; but this concerns not the ladies.

8. Sin. We believe Mr. Wesley was right when he

said that melancholy is often nothing more than the influence of the Divine Spirit upon the soul, convincing it of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come. Conscience had much to do with the handwriting upon the wall which shook Belshazzar, and with the ghastly face of Symmachus, which rose from the fish upon the vision of Theodoric, and in a few days drove him to his tomb. The gloom which invested the solitude of Charles IX of France, can be explained by the Bartholomew massacre, while the tears which fell from the eyes of Queen Elizabeth in the seasons of silent retirement in which she indulged toward the close of her brilliant career, can be accounted for by some bloody tragedies of her reign.

But we must refer to the *means of cure*.

1. Medicine, where it is necessary; but the cases which require it are few.

2. Endeavor to make a proper estimate of all things—of time, eternity, the soul, the body, the present world and that which is to come. Seneca said, "I enjoy my friends and goods as not possessing them. I lose them as about to receive them again." How small do the fluctuations of fortune appear to the dying man, or the wise man!

3. Sensible cheerful society—I do not mean trifling or boisterous. Excessive mirth is usually injurious to the hypochondriac; for it is unsuitable to her ordinary feelings, and even if it arouse her from her despondency for the moment, it will be followed by deeper depression. There is generally much conscientiousness and a strong tendency to self-reproach in melancholy persons. It is often necessary to yield much to them, and when it is requisite to resist their caprices, it should be done, though with firmness, yet with great kindness and sympathy. Let every thing be done to excite gratitude, to awaken hope, and to arouse within the soul joyful but serene emotions.

4. In most cases, little can be done without *regulated diet and exercise*. If the subject be intemperate, let her become sober: if an epicure, she must refrain from the pleasures of the table: if idle, she must employ herself in useful labor or healthful amusement: if she has trimmed the midnight lamp, and slumbered beneath the rising morn, she must learn to sink to rest with summer sun, and brush the dew from morning flowers. Sometimes it is necessary to change the patient's occupations and pursuits, and send her on a journey, with an interesting object in view.

5. A diary should be kept by the hypochondriac, from which she would learn how groundless are many of her suspicions, and her apprehensions of evil, and thus begin to shake off instead of harbor the gloomy thoughts and forebodings which harass her.

6. We must bear in mind our ill deserts, and reflect how much less we suffer than we deserve.

7. If we feel our sin, we must repent and believe. Religion is the grand panacea for human ills. Greatly do they err who would drive the gloomy mind from religious reflections. Though false religion has often made men maniacs, true religion has an opposite tendency. If you wish to derange a timid, desponding, and convicted mind, there is no surer way to do it than by alluring it to the scenes of fashionable folly, and depriving it of religious society and books. The only cure is to be found in the exhibition of the Savior's cross.

8. Finally, a most excellent remedy, in all cases, is to go to the bedside of affliction, or the home of poverty and distress, and endeavor to relieve.







Engraved by H. Smith

Engraved by F. Dobson

*Handwritten signature or text*





THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

MAY, 1846.

THE MILL.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

THIS is a lively scene. The "mill" is truly an "agrarian" symbol, and interesting to every class. In all the ages of civilization its institution has been an object of the first consideration, as of the first necessity. In the early patriarchal days there were some inventions of the sort; for they "ground their corn," though without the facile constructions of the present time, when articles of mechanism are brought so nearly to perfection.

How little notice do we take of those matters, even of positive utility, which are readily supplied to us! The artist works, and the luxurious are gratified by his labors, only affording the millionth dividend in money as the compensation for that which shall originally have cost an incalculable amount of contrivance and pains in the construction. The boons of art, like the free gifts of nature, are subjects of unthankfulness and disregard. When we are necessitated to *earn*, then shall we learn to be grateful.

This scene is redolent of life and purpose. The same stream that turns the mill, is, a little further down, made subservient to the laundress and the fisherman, whilst the elemental beauty of the surroundings seems to impart an air of enjoyment to their labors.

It is a good thing to be employed. There is also a certain economy to be attained in almost every employment—a way of making work somewhat easy and agreeable. But it is a way which the avaricious and the requiring know not of. Nature, whilst she requires a constant exercise and exertion of all her agencies, yet *overtakes* none. There is no hurry, no waste of exhaustion in her code. But the greedy man "makes haste to be rich," and overreaches himself. In one way or another, he overreaches himself. If all work well for the present—if all his methods succeed—all his machines attain their object, perhaps he loses in the sequel—his own soul.

Avarice is a hard-hearted vice, no less selfish and sordid than it is immoral and unjust. If the extortioner could view himself—as may-be he does—in his succeeding generations, he would not only blush,

but bitterly deplore the exactions, the exorbitant requirings, and relentless tasking of his business course.

"Bread," particularly, is the right of all; for where justice could not claim it, mercy is required to supply it. Let, therefore, no man abuse the prerogative of the "mill."

Of all the abominable monopolies which trade allows, the monopoly of breadstuffs is surely the most abominable. The "nether millstone" has been made the symbol of that man's heart who does it; and a terrible denouncement stands against him. It is said, too, that people in high places do these things; yet that which is essentially base, the practice of the whole world cannot render fair or respectable.

Neither the scale nor the bounds of our picture allow of an extended view of its neighborhood. This mill is probably situated in a village, or a "settlement;" and though rural and rustic, its tenants need not therefore to be revoltingly coarse and untutored, as the specimens warrant us in saying.

She who has read history enough, will know that, in some days of the world, even princesses were employed in "washing linen for the household." And whether or not it be now the custom for delicately-bred girls to be so employed, should be put entirely out of the question—a thing which the proprieties of necessity alone should regulate.

How queer it seems to some of us, that a person can find amusement in angling! Yet that there are such, the sedulous devotion to the "gentle art" certifies. How "gentle" the art is, in all respects, we doubt. To *die* is the lot of every thing that lives. But to be put out of one's "element," to linger painfully, is an infliction which the humane would not willingly impose.

It is now, we think, the leafy month of June. And mark you, young "Isaac," the salmon have all emigrated above the falls. And by the same token, we surmise that your diligent fixing of that hook is only a clever device to get a glance at your handsome *vis-à-vis* on the other side of the stream. If never more guileful, you shall be let off this time. As for the young lady, she is not looking at any body "in particular," but only listening to her mamma.

## WESTERN STYLE OF LIVING.

BY BISHOP MORRIS.

I HAVE been carefully observing the mode of living among the people of the western states for a period of forty years. Great changes have appeared during that time. Of the fifty-two years of my life, thirty have been spent in the employment of an itinerant preacher, affording me the best practical means of information. Moreover, I am the son of a western pioneer, who was in the celebrated battle at Point Pleasant in 1774, and subsequently identified with the Indian wars, till Wayne's treaty of 1795. Of course it is matter of much interest with me to note the changes in the society of the far-famed west; and it may be of some little interest to the readers of the Repository to see some of those changes briefly pointed out. I shall limit myself chiefly to a few items pertaining to the style of living, which may serve to remind us that, while the real wants of man are comparatively few and simple, the imaginary ones scarcely have any bounds. I shall, however, not take into the account the wealthy aristocrat, with his costly mansion, Turkey carpets, silver plate, and thousand dollar carriage; nor the extremely poor man, who lives in a wretched hovel, on a floor of earth, and sleeps on his bundle of straw. They are both exceptions to the general rule. My few observations shall have reference to the great mass of western population.

What is now considered an ordinary outfit for housekeeping? A domicile with parlors, hall, chambers, sitting-room, dining-room, kitchen, and cellar. To furnish these apartments, there must be Scotch or Brussels carpets, hearth-rugs, brass-mounted andirons, window-blinds, ornamented or cushioned chairs, rocking-chairs, sofas, sideboards, bureaus, wardrobes, cloak-racks, wash-stands, elegant bedsteads, with testers or canopies, dressed with curtains and valance, dressing-tables and mirrors, breakfast-tables and dinner-tables, with their tea sets and dinner sets of China and Britannia, and silver spoons, beside cooking stoves, &c. Now this may answer for a commencement, as far as it goes; but who would ever think of keeping house without a centre-table, richly covered, on which to lay the nice little volumes done up in gilt and morocco? which, however, being intended as mere ornaments, are fortunately seldom or never read. Or who could endure to see a parlor so naked, and out of all fashion, as not to have some mantle ornaments, such as artificial flowers, with glass covers, or some specimens of conchology and geological formations? Beside, the walls must not only be papered, but beautified with portraits, landscapes, &c. These commonplace notions amount to quite a clever sum, though they are as few and economical as western people of this day, who make any pretension to being *stylish*, can

well get along with. Indeed, they form only a part of the numerous and indispensable fixtures of modern housekeeping. Again, to procure the viands, such as are in keeping with this array of furniture, and maintain a force requisite to serve up and hand them round, and keep all the affairs of the household in order, will cost another round sum—to say nothing of parties and extras.

With this modern style I shall take the liberty of briefly contrasting the early style of living in the western country. When a young married couple commenced housekeeping, from thirty to forty years ago, a very small outfit sufficed, not only to render them comfortable, but to place them on an equality with their friends and neighbors. They needed a log cabin, covered with clapboards, and floored with wooden slabs, in western parlance called puncheons, and the openings between the logs closed with billets of wood and crammed with mortar, to keep all warm and dry—all which a man could erect himself, without any mechanical training, with one day's assistance from his neighbors to raise the logs. Usually, one room answered for parlor, sitting-room, dining-room, kitchen, and dormitory, while the potato hole under the puncheons, formed, of course, by excavating the earth for mortar, was a good substitute for a cellar. As to furniture, they needed a stationary corner cupboard, formed of upright and transverse pieces of boards, arranged so as to contain upper, lower, and middle shelf, to hold the table ware and eatables. In order to comfort and convenience, it was requisite, also, to have the following articles: one poplar slab table, two poplar or oak rail bedsteads, supplied with suitable bedding, and covered with cross-barred counterpanes of homemade, one of which was for the accommodation of visitors; six split-bottomed chairs, one long bench, and a few three legged stools were amply sufficient for themselves and friends; a half a dozen pewter plates, as many knives and forks, tin cups, and pewter spoons for ordinary use, and the same number of delf plates, cups, and saucers for special occasions; also, one dish, large enough to hold a piece of pork, bear meat, or venison, with the turneps, hommony, or stewed pumpkin. All this table ware was kept in the corner cupboard, and so adjusted as to show off to the best advantage, and indicated that the family were well fixed for comfortable living. When the weather was too cold to leave the door or the window open, sufficient light to answer the purpose came down the broad chimney, and saved the expense of glass lights; and as for andirons, two large stones served as a good substitute. The whole being kept clean and sweet, presented an air of comfort to the contented and happy inmates. It is true the cooking was usually done in presence of the family, but was soon dispatched, when the Dutch oven and skillet were nicely cleaned and stowed under the cupboard, and the long handled frying-pan hung upon a

nail or peg on one side of the door, while the water pail was situated on the other, and the neat water gourd hanging by it. For mantle ornaments they had the tin grater, used in grating off the new corn for mush before it was hard enough to grind, and the corn-splitter, being a piece of deer's horn, very useful in parting large ears of Indian corn for the cattle. The parlor walls were sufficiently beautified by the surplus garments and Sunday clothes hung all round on wooden pins, the sure tokens of industry and prosperity.

In regard to property, if a man owned an axe, wedge, hoe, plough, and a pony to pull it, and a bit of ground to cultivate, or a few mechanics' tools, he asked no more; and if his wife had a spinning-wheel, a pair of cards, a loom, and plenty of the raw material of flax, cotton, and wool, she was content. In those days keeping her own house was a small part of a woman's work—it was only needful recreation from her steady employment; for she carded, spun, colored, wove, cut and made clothes for all the family. Ladies of the first respectability then vied in honorable competition, to manufacture the finest and most tasty dresses for themselves, and the most handsome suits for their husbands, sons, and brothers, in which they all appeared abroad with more exquisite pleasure than people now do in imported satin and broadcloth, and with far more credit to themselves and honor to their country. For coloring materials they used the bark of walnut, hickory, maple, and sycamore trees, together with coppers, indigo, sumach, paint-stone, &c.; and in carding for a fancy suit of mixed, they worked in scraps of colored flannel and silk to variegate the texture. Those were the days of pure republicanism, true patriotism, and real independence. All the money a man needed was enough to pay his tax and buy his salt and iron. When he needed marketing, he gathered fruit from his orchard, vegetables from his garden, and took a pig from the pen, or a lamb from the fold; or if he had neither, he took his gun and brought in wild meat from the woods. He raised his own breadstuff, and ground it on the hand-mill, or pounded it in a mortar with a sweep and pestle, and relished it the better for his toil in preparing it. Coffee was not then used, except as a luxury on particular occasions, by a few of the wealthy. Milk was considered far preferable. For tea they had sage, spicewood, mountain birch, and sassafras, which they regarded then, and which I still regard as altogether preferable to black tea, young hyson, or imperial, both for health and the pleasure of taste. Supplies of saccharine were easily obtained from the sugar tree or bee-gum, and those who had neither, gathered wild honey from the bee tree. When medicine was needed, they obtained it from their gardens, fields, or forests; but they had little use for it. Children were not then annoyed with shoes and boots, or hats and bonnets—they

went barefooted and bareheaded. It was no uncommon thing to see small boys trapping for birds or hunting rabbits in the snow without shoes or hats, and small girls playing about the yard in the same condition—all the very pictures of health. Reared under that system, young men were able to endure the toils of a frontier life, or brave the perils of a hard campaign in the service of their country. Young ladies needed no paint, the rosy cheek being supplied by the flush of perfect health. In those days I never heard of dyspepsy, bronchitis, or any of the fashionable diseases of this generation. Doctors were then scarce amongst us, and had but little to do. If a man was afflicted with pain or catarrh, and felt chilly, he drank herb tea, wrapped himself in a blanket, and slept with his feet before the fire. If he was sick, he abstained from food. If he had a slight fever, he drank tea of snakeroot, mountain ditney, or other sudorifics, till he started the perspiration. Or if he had a severe attack of settled fever, after exhausting his simple remedies, he laid himself in a cool place, drank abundance of cold water, his wife or sister fanned him with the wing or tail of a turkey, and he committed himself to the keeping of a kind Providence, without being plied with blisters or dosed with poison. Calomel, the Samson of fashionable remedies, was scarcely known here in those days, and people usually retained their teeth and jaw bones unimpaired, even to old age, or while they lived.

Many people, such as would be thought Solomons of this day, assume that their fathers and mothers were deplorably ignorant, but without any sufficient proof or satisfactory reason. People possessed at least as much common sense forty years ago as their posterity do at present. If they had fewer opportunities for improvement, they made better use of them: if fewer books, they were better ones, or better read; so that, while our fathers and mothers knew less of newspapers, novels, and annuals, they understood more of the Bible, useful history, and practical life. One fact is palpable, and should not be overlooked nor forgotten, that is, the present generation, with all its rage for education and improvement, cannot show any more eloquent preachers, learned jurists, able statesmen, or successful generals, than those which lived in the days of our fathers. What improvement there is in morals, if any, is attributable to the Gospel. That the "age of improvement" has produced vast changes in the manners and usages of society, is admitted; but whether for the better or worse, is another question, and one which would admit of much argument on both sides. While the modern style of living affords more luxury and elegance than the former style, it is attended with more expense and trouble, and exerts a more corrupting influence on society—leads to more idleness, vanity, crime, and wretchedness. The pleasure of social intercourse is, I believe, not increased,

but diminished. One example on this item must suffice. Call on a friend at her own house, and she is locked up. You must first apply at the pull of the door-bell, or the knocker; then wait a long time for the servant; and if not repulsed at once by the fashionable cant, "Too much engaged," or the fashionable falsehood, "Not at home," you must next send your name and request for an interview; and after waiting from a quarter to half hour longer, you may obtain an audience at last, though dearly bought with loss of time and sacrifice of feeling. Whereas, under the usage of former days, so soon as you knocked on the door, you heard the familiar response, "Come in;" then, by pulling the string which hung outside, you raised the wooden latch, stepped into the family circle, met with a welcome reception, received a hearty shake of the warm hand of friendship, and, being seated, felt perfectly at home as long as you chose to remain. Such were the days of simple-hearted, honest friendship, when social life was unembarrassed by the affected and heartless etiquette of modern times.

#### PARENTAL DUTIES.

BY REV. J. M'D. MATHEWS.

THE apostle Paul, in his first epistle to Timothy, says, "If any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel."

The provision which parents should make for their children, relates both to the present life and that which is to come—to their physical, intellectual, and moral being.

To provide for the temporal wants of children, every parent should have some honest calling or business, which he industriously pursues. It is as much a duty to be "diligent in business," as "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." A lazy drone should make no pretensions to religion. The prejudice that labor is degrading is fast passing away. Every honest, useful occupation should be considered honorable. God has ordained that in the sweat of his brow man shall eat his bread. But men are ever trying to evade this law. They love ease, and luxury, and extravagance, and they want some ready method of being gratified. The good old way of patient, persevering industry is too slow for them. They must marry a fortune, or make some vast speculation, so as to be rich in a day. Those who "will be rich" in these ways, usually "pierce themselves through with many sorrows." How much more happiness must the man enjoy who, by persevering industry and honest gains, provides for his household! As his children grow up around him, it must afford him sincere pleasure to be able to feed and clothe them, and provide something to assist

them when they shall begin the world for themselves.

But many labor industriously to procure wealth for their children, who pay very little attention to their minds. God has made man capable of acquiring knowledge, and it is certainly the duty of parents to bestow education on their children—education the most extensive which they have the means of bestowing. To give only so much education as is necessary for business, is to provide merely for the wants of the body. Business habits and a knowledge of business should, of course, be taught to every child. None should be brought up in idleness, however rich. But you fear that extensive education will spoil your child. It is true that many evil influences prevail in schools that may spoil him; but these are not education. The acquisition of knowledge has no tendency to produce idle habits, or otherwise to spoil. If in any case education spoils children, it is because it is uncommon. Let it become general, and a young man would no more think of being spoiled, or wishing to live idly, because he had a college education, than he now would, because he understands arithmetic. God did not bestow such intellectual capacities as man possesses, to be buried. "That the soul be without knowledge is not good," says the Bible. The gratification of our natural curiosity in the acquisition of knowledge is, moreover, a source of happiness, and parents should not withhold such gratification from either their sons or daughters. The daughters should come in for an equal share with the sons, except so much as may be given to qualify a son for a profession. Why not? Are they inferior to their brothers in intellect? No one who has made the experiment in teaching will say so. They will succeed as well in algebra or geometry, and will, perhaps, surpass their brothers in the acquisition of languages. They will be as much gratified to know the facts in geology, or chemistry, or botany; and why will you withhold from them the gratification? You do not see, you say, the use of girls learning so much. But why has God given them the capacity? Will you impeach his wisdom? But how can you say there is no use, when these daughters may soon be the heads of families, and have the charge of the early education of young immortals? It is universally admitted that the mother's influence chiefly forms the character of the child. If such be the responsible position your daughter may occupy, there is no danger of giving her too much education. The most extensive course of our best female seminaries will be none too much.

It is not always, however, in the power of parents to send their children either to the college or seminary. In this case you should purchase books, form a library, and try to form in your children a taste for reading. Much valuable knowledge may be acquired without going to school at all. How many volumes did young Franklin read while he labored

all day as an apprentice! But there are many persons in good circumstances, in whose houses you will scarcely find a book. They have made, perhaps, a hundred or a thousand dollars this year; but a little more land must be purchased, or some improvement must be made, and nothing can be spared to buy a few books for their children. What difference does such a parent make between his cattle and his children? He provides food and shelter for the former, and for the latter little more, though God has kindled up in their bosoms those intellectual fires which elevate them above the brutes, and make them kindred to angels. Will such parents once more listen to the apostle, while he says, "If any provide not for his own, especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel?"

But the religious education of children is still more important than all that has been mentioned. To provide for their wants, and cultivate their minds, are important duties; but they refer, more especially, to the present life. By proper religious training you may promote the future happiness of your child, or you may endanger his salvation by the neglect of it. "Bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." These are divine commands.

In the first place, parental authority should be well established. Children should be taught implicit obedience. If, when the parent speaks, the child does not obey, the most disastrous consequences may follow. He will soon set at defiance all law and all authority, and travel the highway to ruin. But those children that are properly trained in the nursery, will, most probably, make law-abiding and useful citizens when they grow up. Obedience may often be procured by gentle means; but such is the depravity of human nature that the use of the rod will sometimes be indispensable. The rod, however, should never be used when the parent is angry or greatly excited. The child readily sees that he is only gratifying his own vindictive feelings; and such punishment will do more harm than good. Take the child by himself. Talk to him dispassionately, and convince him that you love him, but that you are obliged to punish him for his good. Then, if you will pray with him, you will win his heart, procure his obedience and love, and, perhaps, save him from ruin. Appeal to his moral feelings, and show him that God requires him to obey you, and you to punish him for disobedience. When a child is once taught to obey, the greatest difficulty in education is overcome. Then make him familiar with the great truths of the Bible, and endeavor to lead him to the Savior, the friend of sinners.

Remember your child is immortal, and God has committed him to your charge to bring up for him. How great the charge! How awful the

responsibility! The Sunday school will aid you in this great work. See that your children attend regularly. Assist them in learning their lessons. Read over their little books, and talk to them about their contents. Thus you will water the good seed which the Sunday school teacher sows. But you must not leave all to the Sunday school. Teach your children their catechism at home. Take them on your knee, and tell them the stories of the patriarchs and prophets, and of the miracles and death of Christ. And, above all, have your family altar, where you will pray with and for your children, night and morning. Then in your private prayers entreat the blessing of God on all your efforts, and they will not be in vain.

As your children grow up, you should provide for them suitable religious reading. Besides what they will find at the Sabbath school, there are many valuable religious books which you should have in your own library. If you have taught them to "remember the Sabbath day, and keep it holy," they will find many hours on that day to devote to such reading.

When they go from home to attend school, or to engage in business, follow them by your prayers, and by many a kind letter, to warn them against the snares that everywhere beset the path of youth.

Where are the parents that thus labor for the salvation of their children? How can they reconcile it to their consciences not to do so? Will they toil to provide for them a living, or even to bestow education, and care nothing for their immortal interests? Let them listen once more to our motto, "If any provide not for his own, especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." Can it be their duty to provide for the body, and care nothing for the undying spirit? How absurd!

Let every parent, then, awake to the fact that it is his bounden duty to bring up his children in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord"—to instruct them in God's word—to teach them the sanctity of God's day, and to lead them to the blessed Savior of sinners. What account will those parents render who "care for none of these things?" who allow their children to be "vile, and restrain them not?" Surely their blood will be required at the parents' hand.

In all family government, as well as in religious training, both parents must of course harmonize their efforts. If there be any clashing or strife between the father and mother, any interference of one with the plans or authority of the other, all government will soon be at an end, and all good destroyed. Surely the love they bear their offspring should unite their hearts to promote their best and highest interests. It must not be overlooked, however, that in the religious training of children, the mother acts the most important part. She watches the first dawnings of intellect, and makes the first moral



impression. She first teaches to lisp the Savior's name, and to utter the infantile prayer. John Randolph said that infidelity was so fashionable when he was a young man, he would have been carried away by its flood; but he could never forget the impression made on his mind when his mother taught him to say, "Our Father, who art in heaven." Let the mother take her child alone, and there pray to God for his blessing on her offspring, and this prayer and the silent tear which she sheds, will make a deeper impression than all other things. It will, in fact, never be forgotten. That son or daughter may wander far from God, but the recollection of that prayer may, perhaps, be the means of bringing them back when you shall slumber in the grave.

I intended, in conclusion, to make a quotation from "Abbott's Mother at Home;" but as this article is perhaps already too long, I will merely say that every mother who desires to train up her children in "the way they should go," should, by all means, read that excellent work.

## SOLAR SYSTEM—THE SUN.

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BY PROFESSOR WATERMAN.  
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MR. EDITOR,—Few persons have any thing like a tangible idea of the real or relative magnitude of the earth, and the other members of the solar system. This is true even of those who are well acquainted with the principal facts of physical astronomy, and conversant with the theory of the universe. I trust I shall not, therefore, be chargeable with a want of proper respect for the intelligence of your readers, if I endeavor to illustrate these in a way suited to the comprehension of all. In doing this, I shall ask the liberty of pursuing a course, as far as circumstances will permit, which experience has pointed out as one of the best.

In order, therefore, to a full comprehension of this part of the subject, let us suppose a circle ten feet in diameter, made of white paper, placed upon the wall of the room where we may be sitting. Let this represent a section of the sun, made by a plane passing through its equator. Assuming this as the standard of reference for the magnitudes of all the members of the solar system, we shall find the following result. Mercury, the planet next to the sun, would be represented by another circle, only *half an inch* in diameter; Venus by one *an inch*; the Earth also by one *an inch*; Mars little more than *half an inch*; Vesta *one-eighth of an inch*; Juno *three-sixteenths of an inch*; Ceres the same; Pallas *one-fourth of an inch*; Jupiter *twelve inches*; Saturn—body of the planet, *ten and a half inches*—rings *twenty-eight inches*; Uranus *five inches*. These may all be readily represented to the eye, and will give a correct

idea of the relative *magnitude* of those bodies which, with ourselves, revolve around the great central luminary.

We should find it impossible to represent to the eye the relative *distances* of these bodies from the sun, drawn to the same scale with the preceding. The following statement, however, may assist our conceptions. The little half inch ball, representing Mercury, would revolve around the ten feet globe of the sun, at a distance from it of four hundred and sixteen feet, (nearly one-thirteenth of a mile;) Venus at a distance of one-eighth of a mile; the Earth one-fifth of a mile; Vesta and Juno about half a mile; Ceres and Pallas nearly five-eighths of a mile; Jupiter little more than one mile; Saturn nearly two miles; Uranus three and seven-eighths miles; the comet of 1680 *fourteen* miles; and the comet of 1763 *one hundred and fifty-two* miles!

Such is a correct delineation of the solar system in miniature. A small effort of the mind only is necessary to its comprehension. If, now, we increase the size and distance of each, until it shall be four hundred and sixty millions of times greater, we shall have the solar system, as it swings in space. Upon this field of investigation we now propose to enter, beginning with the central luminary,

### THE SUN.

In point of magnitude the sun is by far the largest body with which we are conversant. Its diameter is to the diameter of the earth in the ratio of 111½ to 1; and since, from a principle of geometry, spheres are to each other as the cubes of their diameters, we find the body of the sun to be one million three hundred and eighty-four thousand four hundred and seventy-two times larger than the earth; that is, the globe of the sun would make that number of globes the size of the earth! The body of the sun, therefore, is nearly double the size of the whole orbit of the moon!

The density of the materials of which the sun is composed, is much less than that of the earth, being in fact only about one-fourth of the earth's density. Yet, from its superior magnitude, its attractive power is very much greater. So that if one pound of matter could be transported from the surface of the earth to the surface of the sun, it would there weigh nearly twenty-eight pounds. And a man weighing at the earth 140 pounds, would there find his weight increased to 4,060 pounds! The question may here very naturally arise, how do we *know* this? A full answer cannot here be given. It is sufficient, however, to say that it is based upon observations and calculations in reference to the attractive influence of bodies. Every particle of matter is supposed to possess an equally attractive power with every other particle. Hence, as you increase the sum of the attractive particles, you increase the sum of the attractive power. The sun being more than a million times larger than the earth, would exert an attrac-

tive power a million times greater, were it as dense as the earth. It has been ascertained, however, that that power is only three hundred and fifty-four thousand nine hundred and thirty-six times greater than that of the earth. The irresistible conclusion is, that the sun contains only that many times the number of particles found in the body of the earth. With only this amount of *material*, to make a globe as large as the sun, would require that the particles of matter should be further apart than they are in the earth, or, in other words, that its density should be less. The relative densities, from these data, are readily obtained, and are as stated above.

In regard to the physical constitution of the sun, not much is known. The opinions in reference to it have been various. Sir Isaac Newton supposed it to be a great ball of fire, and that the comets were continually falling into it to supply the material for combustion! Others, of less philosophical character, have entertained the grosser idea that it was hell, the place of punishment for all the wicked. And others still have supposed that it was a globe in a state of combustion, and insensibly, yet really diminishing in lustre and size in each succeeding age. It is most probable, however, that it is an opaque body, surrounded by a luminous atmosphere, and extending to a considerable distance above its surface. One of the reasons for such supposition is, that there are dark spots frequently seen on the sun's disc, which appear to be portions of the dark body, seen through breaks or openings in the luminiferous substance surrounding it. Some of the spots are of immense size. One of them, as determined by the Herschels, could not be less than forty-four thousand miles in diameter—a space nearly equal in breadth to double the entire circumference of our globe! Some of these spots are continually changing their apparent position and magnitude. Others appear stationary. And by means of these it has been ascertained that the sun, like the earth, revolves on an axis, and that the period of a rotation is twenty-five days ten hours. At this rate the equatorial parts would rotate with a velocity of four thousand five hundred and thirty-two miles per hour!

The sun becomes an all-absorbing object of interest when viewed as the centre of the system, and the source of light and heat for all his numerous dependencies. As the centre of the system, he keeps all the planets in their undeviating orbits, revolving around himself. There are two forces operating upon each of these bodies. The one, called the tangential, is that which would cause them, unless prevented, to move onward continually in a straight line. This force was exerted when they were first lanced into space, and remains unchanged and un-repeated. The other is that which draws them toward the sun, and is the result of that property of matter called gravitation. If the former were left to exert its influence undisturbed, or unmodified, the

result would be, as just stated, that each one would pursue an undeviating course in a right line. If the latter only operated, the result would be to precipitate them upon the body of the sun; but Omniscience has so exactly adjusted their weights, distances from each other and the sun, and their tangential velocities, that the two forces acting conjointly keep them in an undeviating orbit around the great centre. The sun's attraction prevents them from going off into empty space, and the tangential velocity prevents them from falling upon the sun. How manifest the wisdom of the Creator! The distance to which the sun's attractive influence extends is immense. It is found sufficient to bring back a comet when removed to a point no less than one thousand five hundred and fifty-three times more distant than the earth. La Place estimates that the solar attraction is felt throughout a sphere whose radius is a hundred millions of times greater than the distance of the earth and sun. Professor Bessel has determined the distance of one of the fixed stars to be nearly sixty-three trillions of miles from the sun, (62,481,500,000,000.) Yet, according to the above estimate, the sun's influence extends more than one hundred and fifty times this distance!

In reference to the sun's being the centre of light and heat, not much can be said, from the fact that we know but little. That light and heat are connected in the solar beams is easily demonstrated; for on subjecting them to prismatic decomposition, by the aid of a differential thermometer, a set of dark rays, possessing calorific properties, are ascertained to exist beyond the most refrangible luminous rays of the pencil, and which, on that account, have been denominated calorific rays. But whether these rays really emanate from the sun, or whether the sun serves merely to excite a subtil fluid enveloping our globe, and possessing luminous and calorific properties when thus excited, has long been a question in optics. Two theories have been advanced, which have divided nearly equally the philosophical world. And the same continues true at the present time. We shall, therefore, leave the matter with abler hands, to discuss the merits of these two somewhat antagonistic theories, and conclude this article by simply saying, that while the two sets of philosophers differ as to whether light itself, or merely an exciting influence, emanates from the sun, they all agree in the rapidity of its transmission. Facts show that it requires about eight minutes to pass from the sun to the earth, or that it travels at the rate of one hundred and ninety thousand miles per second! By this means we are enabled to form some conception of the immense distance to which the sun's power is felt, as estimated by La Place; for allowing the transmission of light to be regular and uninterrupted, at the rate just stated it would require one thousand five hundred and fifty years for it to reach the limit of his attractive influence!

## IRENE.

THE fine summer days are past and gone, and, except the sweet remembrance of our having once enjoyed them, have left us only emblems of frailty. How dull and dreary are all those scenes which lately were so beautiful! Their delightful verdure is succeeded by a melancholy aspect, and all their charms are withered. Short lived and fading are all earthly things.

Such were my reflections as I walked to my bower, to enjoy the cool invigorating breeze of an October morning. I looked around upon the plants which I had reared with tender care. Their blossoms had faded and fallen—their leaves had been nipped by the winds of autumn. They, too, showed signs of frailty. Even the choice exotics were pale and drooping. Here and there a favorite perennial alone remained.

Beautiful flowers, thought I, as I cut their stem, ye shall twine yourselves into a bouquet for the lovely Irene, and while yet the dew-drop sparkles upon thy face, I will hasten to her chamber, that she may inhale thy fragrance once again ere she departs.

With a noiseless step I approached the couch of the youthful sufferer. Already was the cold sweat of death upon her brow, and his icy hand upon her heart-strings. As I drew back the curtain, she opened her mild blue eye, and with a smile so sweet, so heavenly, extended her snow-white hand.

"Dear Irene," I said, "here are the last flowers from my garden. The cruel Frost-king has blasted my dahlias ere they had half unfolded their petals. I wept when I saw his ravages, because I had promised them to you."

"O, never care," she faintly whispered, "I am going where the chilling winds and blasting frosts of autumn are never felt—where flowers will never fade. Already do I seem to breathe the pure air of that 'better country,' and feel wafted to my senses the delicious odors of that fairer, holier clime. Yes, even now I have a glimpse of the spirit land. There reigns perpetual spring—there all are perennial flowers.

"Kindest Helen," she continued, "when the wintry winds sing their melancholy requiem about your dwelling, and you watch the snow-flakes as they fall upon my new-made grave, think of those clearer skies and calmer scenes to which I go, and when thou gazest upon the pale moon attended by her glittering train, let thine eye of faith penetrate far beyond the Pleiads' place, to that beautiful city—the paradise of God. There with her angel garments on, with a coronal outshining the fair Cassiopea's, and a harp sending forth sweeter strains than the meek-eyed Lyra's, will the freed spirit of Irene for ever soar amid those verdant fields, extracting ambrosial food from heaven's own garden, and drinking from the pure river of life." She paused. "Hark! there is music in my room—they are

come—those sister spirits;" and then a holy calm came over her brow. She ceased to breathe.

The casket was left; but the jewel had gone to grace a Savior's crown. Another sun had arisen: I stood by an open grave: the dust fell upon the coffin: the last flowers from my garden and the lovely form of Irene rested in the same grave.

REBECCA.

## HOW SHALL I KNOW THEE?

BY MRS. HOWE.

WHEN bright-eyed Faith her starry wings has furled—

When we have lain aside these chains of clay,  
And find repose within that viewless world

Where sorrow cannot come, ah! who shall say  
That we shall meet the lov'd of earth, and trace  
The long remember'd features of each face?

How shall I know thee, when, beyond time's portal,

We meet upon that fair, perennial shore—  
When this dark dust is chang'd for the immortal,  
And all its weary pilgrimage is o'er—

When I have pass'd the inner gate of Eden,  
Thou standing midst the countless myriads there?  
Years may elapse before my soul is bidden  
To try the regions of celestial air!

How shall I know thee? Will each well-known feature

Be still unchang'd—its loveliness the same?  
Or will the angel triumph o'er the creature,  
Till there is nothing left me but the name?

When the celestial sound of angel voices,  
Like "many waters," breaks upon my ear,  
And ev'ry soul, wrapp'd in its bliss, rejoices,  
How shall I know that thou, the lov'd, art near?

Shall I not know thee by the bright smile breaking,  
Like sudden sunlight, o'er thy gentle face,  
Delicious mem'ries in my heart awaking,  
That have been hush'd within their resting place?

Shall I not know thee when the spark celestial,  
Lit at the throne of God, shall waken there?  
That spark, now darken'd by the world terrestrial,  
Shall flame in beauty in its native air!

Yes! when the pearly gate of heaven uncloses—  
When through them burst the floods of living  
light—

When on my heart the smile of God reposes,  
My weary spirit shall forget its blight!

And I shall know thee! By the crystal river,  
Beside whose waves the fadeless roses grow,  
We'll yield our heart's warm incense to the Giver  
Of ev'ry earthly good while here below!

## FASHIONABLE ORNAMENTS.

BY REV. MOSES CROW.

A GREAT deal is said, at the present day, on the subject of fashion, which rules the world with despotic sway. The worldly follow the fickle goddess, paying their devotions at her shrine, and veering as often as she issues her potent mandate; and even some who profess to have come out from the world, are eager to be found in the train of her worshippers. A few, however, exclaim against this general idolatry, contending that Christians ought to abstain from all needless ornaments and worldly display. In the midst of so much collision of sentiment, it is a satisfaction to find something in the word of God which throws light upon the disputed subject. In consulting that sacred, but too much neglected volume, I find an ornament recommended which, I fear, is not as generally possessed as is desirable. The recommendation and description of this ornament will be found in 1 Peter iii, 4. I do not deem it necessary to speak of certain ornaments which the apostle condemns, because I think those who obtain the ornament he describes so favorably, will lose their relish for such as fall under the apostolic proscription. This ornament differs, in many important respects, from those which are most in favor with fashionable society. Let us note carefully some of these differences.

1. The apostle's ornament is designed for the spirit—others are designed to adorn and beautify the body. I am fearful that this trait is the cause of its being so generally neglected. It contributes nothing to display, and escapes the notice of the vulgar eye, which the meretricious trappings of worldly fashion are intended to attract and dazzle. The offensive right eye sees nothing in it to excite and gratify improper and wanton desire, but, on the contrary, much to rebuke its unholy gaze. It is an interior adornment; and as the natural man knoweth not the things of the Spirit, this lies too deep for the penetration of unsanctified mind. None but those who are spiritual discern this prime excellence of character. The streams are apparent, but the fountain is hidden. I fear that some will imagine a kind of incongruity in associating ornament with the immortal spirit; but the incongruity lies altogether in a contrary direction. The spirit alone is worthy of ornament, because it is immortal; and every beauty and excellence it acquires will adorn it for ever; but the body is decked only for decay. Its beauty wastes in the tomb for ever.

2. Another distinctive quality of this ornament is meekness. This has its foundation in humility. As a disposition, it is opposed to pride and implacability. In its outward exhibitions, mildness, gentleness, and suavity are most admirably blended. It bears without resentment the most unprovoked injuries, and forgives, with alacrity, the relenting offender. In all

these respects, it is the opposite of a love of fashionable ornament. The source of this is pride, exhibiting itself in a most contemptible vanity. To shine, to dazzle with butterfly hues and tawdry appendages, which violate the simplicity and symmetry of good taste, and shock the moral sense of every good Christian, is the low, unworthy object of the idolatry of fashion. Few would endure the expense and trouble which a conformity to the laws of fashion costs, if none but God were to behold them. It is the popular admiration which is so ardently sought. Should this become condemnation, it would annihilate any custom. The ceaseless mutation of popular suffrage gives the multiform variations of fashion. The laws of fashion to which our apostle's ornament conforms, are immutable. The tastes and habits of the society where they prevail are too well settled to admit of variation. For thousands of years this ornament has been admired and possessed. Still, it is so much out of fashion among the people of this world, as to be unadmired and almost overlooked, and, in some cases, even despised. The reason is obvious. It possesses not tinsel, and glare, and pomp enough for the carnal desires. Souls immersed in the pleasures and pursuits of earth, see no beauty in it. Hence, none but those whose tastes and moral feelings have undergone a complete revolution, will prefer this modest and unobtrusive quality to the blustering parade of which earthly, sensual minds are so fond. Those who can see no beauty in the despised and rejected Prophet of Nazareth, will find nothing in this, one of his most prominent characteristics, to attract their attention or suit their tastes. The ancient heathen regarded meekness as synonymous with meanness, and considered him who possessed it as a pusillanimous wretch, destitute of courage to revenge himself. The lamb-like Savior, expiring with a prayer for his murderers upon his lips, according to this sentiment, died like a vile and dastardly slave. Will the world endorse this heathen verdict?

3. A third excellence of the ornament under consideration is quietness. Whoever possesses this quality will keep free from all personal altercation and neighborhood broils. He will withdraw from all strife and party wrangling, and give himself to quiet and peaceful pursuits. He is no busybody in other men's matters. He listens to tales of woe, that he may hasten to relieve the sufferers; but he has no ear for slander and detraction. If, perchance, his neighbor be vilified before him, he gives no currency to the defamation, but makes all haste to banish the unwelcome intruder from his recollection. His neighbor's reputation is safe with him; for he regards it as a sacred trust, which he may not violate for trivial causes. He is a peacemaker by example and assiduous efforts. Community finds in him no agitator, no disturber of its harmony by a clamorous obtrusion of new doctrines, or a vociferous

defense of old ones. His persuasions are mild and forcible—his remonstrances clear, yet gentle and affectionate. He rebukes not an elder, but entreats him, and approaches every rank and condition with due deference and civility. I need scarcely add that the votaries of worldly fashion are as far from the possession of this trait as hell is from heaven. They delight in an empty and boisterous hilarity. A whirl of pleasurable excitement, the inane laugh, and silly jest, are more congenial with their trifling spirits, than instructive intercourse with the wise and great, through their writings, or in conversation. The company of the religious is unendurable: their discourse concerns interior beauties, which the eye of sense cannot perceive, and for which the carnal mind has no relish. Talk to them of gold, of pearls, and you have their attention; but turn inward the gaze upon intellectual and spiritual qualities, and their vacant stare, or sleepy listlessness, evinces that you have struck a chord which vibrates not in their souls. The street brawler, the opera-dancer, or the public crier may be heard, but he who pours from his lips heavenly music may waste his melody upon the air. Such is the influence of worldly fashion upon the soul. How different the fashion the apostle recommends! It brings the soul into harmony with all the purity and excellence in the universe, and attunes it to seraphic lays.

4. The crowning excellence of the ornament in question is its exceeding value. It is, "in the sight of God, of great price." God's standard of value is the true standard: that of man is fluctuating and variable. One nation places a given price upon an article, another nation a different. God's standard always differs from that of the world. What *this* values, *he* lightly esteems—what *this* seeks with the ardor of a constant and untiring pursuit, *he* forbids his children to desire. He throws the pall of mortality over every thing earthly, and shows us the moth and the rust consuming man's choicest treasures, that he may teach us to lay up treasures in heaven. He points to our bodies, and then to the grave, where they shall see corruption, that we may learn not to pamper and idolize them, but keep them in subjection. He speaks of the soul, compared with which the whole world is valueless, and then bids us tell "what it will profit us if we gain the whole world and lose that soul." If it is our study to adorn and beautify the body, vexing ourselves with the inquiry, "Wherewithal we shall be clothed?" he points us to the grass of the field, "which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven," and thus teaches us to "take no thought for raiment." Everywhere he labors to impress upon our minds the evanescence of earthly objects, and the permanency of spiritual things, that he may induce us to "look at the things which are unseen and eternal." The zealous devotee of fashion, who glitters awhile before the vain and fickle multitude in the gaudy tinsel

of pride, will soon wear the habiliments of the grave. The admiring and infatuated crowd will soon stand with the object of their flattery before the throne of God. Then all their former pursuits will appear in their true light. They will tremble to review their career of vice and folly, and shrink aghast from the glance of Infinite purity. Then shall the righteous shine forth in the ornaments of grace which have been inwrought by the Divine Spirit, and diffuse a borrowed radiance, which shall dazzle and blind the condemned crowd, while God will evince his estimate of the value of their character, by assigning them "the kingdom prepared for them from the foundation of the world." Their heavenly attire will continue to become more white, and their ornaments more radiant. Who will do like the merchant seeking goodly pearls, sell all, and obtain this "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit?" Meekness is the fruit of the Spirit, and never exists but in connection with love, joy, peace, and their cognate graces. Here is a cluster of pearls to adorn and beautify the immortal spirit. Let those who desire to appear in the fashion which will pass in eternity, obtain this cluster.

#### AWARDS OF EDITORSHIP.

How arbitrary are the awards of literature, and especially so in the department of editorship! This idea has been strongly corroborated upon my mind, by having recently alighted upon an old number of the "Illinois Monthly Magazine," then edited by James Hall. This periodical, when first commenced, was the only one west of the mountains. The great valley of the Mississippi, one would think, at a date of fifteen years ago, ought to have patronized and sustained one book of current literature. Yet this same book, under various names, changed hands either three or four times previously to its extinction, about five years ago. And each time it fell into competent, able hands; yet each time the transfer was made on account of discouragement to the work—of hope long delayed—of disappointed personal emolument, mixed, we may fairly believe, with disgust at the dullness, and indignation at the injustice of that public for whom it had toiled, and catered, and appealed—in vain.

There is one thing to be said in scanty extenuation of this misprision: it is, that the "day of periodicals" was not yet. Their popularity was not yet established—a vogue which comes in but slowly any where, and which was particularly averse and *mal apropos* to the "go ahead" spirit of western population. Even yet, whilst all the world indulge numerously in periodicals, the citizens of the west are "hard to be convinced," and count the coin reluctantly, which buys them probably a bargain in a book.

But to the particular idea of individual editorship. The book in question, I believe, was commenced by Timothy Flint, a known name in literature and in

the lore of the west. And he gave his ability to the work. Yet the book had no extensive sale or name. Next, perhaps, in the chair, was James Hall, an apt, scholarly, and ready writer, imbued with a taste of nature, conversant with geology, interested in agriculture, and well informed in statistics, and in the history, manners, and legends of the Indians, &c. He nursed the book assiduously; but he, too, tired of it; for all was rendered, and nothing received. Next, perhaps, came Mr. Gallagher, a beautiful writer and a poet, possessed of both an amateur and artistic ability; but, no, it wouldn't do—he gave it up. And finally (perhaps, in the meantime, there had been an association in the work) it was held for awhile by James Perkins, whose cleverness and editorial acumen are undoubted, and by another gentleman of talent; but all would not do. In their hands the torch was extinguished; for the time was not yet when these things should be.

No periodical throughout the United States has ever, perhaps, had such a succession of editorial ability in its service; yet, as we see, the thing failed, that is, it was not worth while, certainly not worth the "while" of such men as these—men, too, who severally required to be remunerated for their services, at least in the amount of a livelihood. The place of publication, too, was several times changed. Latterly, it was done at Cincinnati. That there was such a succession of talent is self-evidence in its favor; for nothing but the promptings of ability could have continued to give assurance in a matter which, however necessary, worked so untowardly—a desideratum, but an unsustained one. Quoting from an article in the very number on hand, did they not "go forth the missionaries of light and knowledge?" did not they "preach a crusade against ignorance?" but without acceptance.

These gentlemen successively were neither rewarded by emolument, nor encouraged by sympathy; nor was there a proper appreciation signified for the enterprise, or its performances. It was altogether a sinking fund, both in its civil and financial character. We see, then, that neither *Vandalia* nor "Porkopolis," was worthy of the sacrifice. These "sons of Apollo" were lost upon them. This, though not laudatory, is nevertheless an incontrovertible fact, and it must rest where it does rest. Still all this effort will not be without any effect; for genius does not perish. The march of *pioneership* is onward; and if those in the van experience the rewards of eagerness and zeal only in the sentiments themselves, yet the good they shall effect is none the less apparent or useful for this; neither has it been less necessary to the advancement of the cause—to the spread of letters, that they share not in their own achievement, but that others, many removes beyond them, shall reap the rewards, albeit, with a moiety of the pains which they have exerted in its behalf. Still theirs is in reality the merit, as should

also be the honor of the undertaking—in fact, of the enterprise, when perfected. And this, it may now be known, is no distant day. The worthies, then, above named, are the fathers of western literature; and when it shall come to be established in this region, their names shall be referred to as martyrs in its cause—the martyrship of hope and purpose.

The number in hand, which is of March, 1831, a shabby old book, had been laid aside by a beloved one, now deceased, saying, "It contains choice reading." I had thus been induced to read every article. It is as well adapted as a book need be to its readers. Every article in it possesses merit; not one is either feeble or insignificant! As a whole, it is equal to any, and much superior to most of the issues now on the tapis throughout the States. "Western Antiquities" is an able, ingenious, and critical treatise. "Notes on Illinois" comprises much useful and practical information, is well written, and just what it should be for its date and region. "The Isle of the Yellow Sands" is a pleasing and appropriate Indian legend, and told in very good verse, showing no mean capacity and turn for this form of composition. "American Poetry," by the Editor, (as also may be other pieces noticed,) indicates the free hand of the composer, with good assortment of *matériel* at command, and an easy flow of humor, with some playful animadversion upon the craft, being in answer to a concealed correspondent, and withal is couched in "civil" language; and whilst it assumes wit, exhibits not the uncandid overbearingness of "brief authority"—a trait honoring the *man* as much as the office. The sketch entitled, "Western Pulpit Eloquence," was written by the late Robert Hodges, of this city, deceased, and indicates an aptitude of composition which could come only by practice. It is pure in style, and pathetic in sentiment, and bears a very fair comparison with the admired "Blind Preacher" of Wirt. "An Address before the Alumni Society of the University of Nashville," is a beautiful oration, replete with information, ability, and good taste, and a flowing and judicious use of ornament and erudition, well adapted to a popular occasion, and is as delightful as it is unaffected: by John Bell. Then come five double stanzas of "Recollections," written by a person of thought and sentiment, and taste of nature and of home—one who has used a pen before now; but this is only a play rhyme, the muse following out high fancies, as it were, by a cow-path. After expatiating with wisdom and reverence, it finishes its "Recollection" of a mother's instruction to her children with the mock ludicrous—

"And when with hunger we begin to mutter,  
She gives us all a piece of bread and butter."

Signed H. P., Cincinnati. "The Patriot's Grave," which seems to be a reminiscence of 1810, sets forth the Character and Forensic Eloquence of Joseph Davies, of Kentucky. On a subsequent visit, ten

years later, the writer, who is of Indiana, stumbled on the "grave" of the said patriot, who had fallen at the battle of Tippecanoe. This article is well written, engrossing some good description and graphic delineations of western manners and phraseology. "Steamboats of the West" is a piece learned in statements and statistics of marine history, and tells us how Mr. Shreve (Mr. "Snag" Shreve) "made a 'trip' in 1817 from New Orleans to Louisville in twenty-five days," and was complimented by a public dinner for the achievement. And, finally, two or three articles are set forth in advertisements, recommended with tact and editorial ability, which completes the book. Every article is original—every one worth reading. It is done in the comfortable, open, wide-shaped type used in English publications, with perfect punctuation, &c. Such was the book, which, it may be seen, compares with the best periodicals of its class now extant. I never saw a better "Knickerbocker," or "Western Messenger," or "Ladies' Repository," yet the last now succeeds admirably on the very ground where, ten years ago, the first named book could not live.

Since the expiration of this book, some seven or ten periodicals, of more or less merit, have successively taken the field, and all, in turn, have been compelled to surrender to "circumstances."

It is an anomalous fact, that the establishment of a literary issue depends not one half, or the half of that upon essential character for its conservation; but upon the amount of *funds* in abeyance to its necessities, especially in the outset. Therefore, it is not for an editor, however able, aided by whatever number or power of correspondents, and auxiliaries in every producing department, to say that a book shall succeed; but it is the public—the "staff" of *subscribers*, who, by uniform support, can control the decision, and give the book to live. C. M.

#### MAY SONG.

We've crowned our Queen. O, may she pass  
A happy, happy day!

We've placed upon her gentle brow  
The fragrant wreath of May.

A circlet o'er her temples gleams,  
Not wrought of gold or gems,  
But gentle flowers, fair nature's own  
Bright, glorious diadems.

They speak the language of our hearts;  
They tell to her each thought;  
They whisper words of joyous hope,  
And with deep love are fraught.

We know that thou wilt gently reign;  
We kindly own thy sway,  
And joyfully thus usher in  
The festive scenes of May.

L. H.

#### SAMSON'S MOTHER.

BY MRS. L. F. MORGAN.

It is rather as a wife than a mother that we would distinguish our present heroine; but as her son was more eminent than her husband, we have made her relation to him her designation.

The hard bondage and varied afflictions with which the Israelites were visited, in consequence of their rebellion against Jehovah, failed to teach them permanent obedience. After a brief space, they "did evil again in the sight of the Lord," and were punished by forty years subjection to the Philistines. But the God whose mercy they perpetually abused, was still mindful of his covenant with their more righteous ancestors, and even during their wearisome servitude was secretly providing for their future deliverance. But not to the chiefs of their tribes, if, indeed, in their debased condition, they yet acknowledged chiefs among them, was their intended release made known. An unpretending and pious female, united to a man of the family of Dan, is first permitted to catch a glimpse of the dawning light which was to arise on the darkened land. She was surprised by a visit from an angel, who announced to her that she would be the mother of Israel's liberator. She immediately imparted the tidings to her husband. His unquestioning confidence in the truth of her narration, is a proof that he knew her to be no idle dreamer, no vain enthusiast, whose sickly fancy often beguiled her into delusion. It also evinced his conviction of her veracity; and when we consider the apparent improbability of her report, and the want of all testimony to its correctness, we feel more sensibly the extent of his confidence. Truly was she characterized by at least one feature of Solomon's portraiture of a virtuous wife: "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her." Manoah supplicates of Heaven another visit from the mysterious personage whom his wife had described, not to confirm his belief in her communication, which the very language of his prayer shows was genuine, but that they might together be instructed how to educate the child who was to be born to so high a destiny. His petition was heard. "The angel came again unto the woman as she sat in the field." She hastened to apprise her husband of his appearance, who was probably occupied in the same field, though at a distance from her; and he now becomes the chief speaker: indeed, during both visits, the woman seems to have been more intent on observing with quiet reverence the deportment and words of the heavenly messenger, than in proposing questions to him, (notwithstanding the volubility attributed to her sex.) When the angel's mission was fulfilled, he ascended in the flame of the sacrifice they had offered, and "Manoah knew that he was an angel of the Lord." Hitherto he had believed

on the testimony of his wife—now his faith had become knowledge. The brief colloquy which followed the disappearance of the glorious messenger completes the portrait of the wife, and presents her in a most favorable light. Amazed and startled by the wonderful scene they had just beheld, Manoah drew a rash and hasty conclusion from its contemplation, and “said unto his wife, we shall surely die, because we have seen God.” He was evidently a good, and, in some respects, a wise man; but in this instance his apprehensions seem to have bewildered his understanding. The reply of his wife manifests a more discriminating judgment, and, at the same time, displays a womanly delicacy, which well became her, in the refutation of his assertions. She neither ridiculed the absurdity of his inference, nor expressed surprise, which is often equivalent to contempt in such cases, at the weakness of his reasoning, but with calm and simple confidence of manner and a brief but forcible detail of plain common-sense arguments, she cleared away the mists from his vision, and left him satisfied with the view thus presented, without feeling obliged to defend his own positions, which she had not attacked. Indeed, I do not remember that the Bible affords an instance of more conjugal trust and harmony of thought and feeling, than is exhibited in the history of Samson’s parents. This oneness of sentiment is again perceived in a scene of after years, when Samson requires their united consent to his marriage with a daughter of the Philistines. They unhesitatingly agree in their disapprobation of his choice, and endeavor to dissuade him from the pursuit. And then, when they find their efforts unavailing, they concur in their acquiescence, and both go down with him to Timnath, the place of the bride’s residence. Happy are they who, like them, bound by the nearest and most sacred of all human ties, can thus concur—who, when a difference of opinion arises, find in the stronger judgment support for the weaker, and whose mutual reliance precludes all mistrust. Their home is indeed the abode of happiness, whatever ills invade.

Domestic bliss—a beautiful theme,  
And oft by poets sung—  
The burden of the maiden’s dream,  
When hope and life are young—  
The wife’s intent—the husband’s aim,  
When first their vows are giv’n,  
Dearer than rank, or wealth, or fame,  
Or all beside, ‘neath heav’n.  
Its elements are love and trust,  
Good temper, pleasant words,  
Quick feelings with perceptions just—  
The peace which God affords—  
A peace which from religion springs,  
And purifies the heart—  
Which scatters blessings from its wings,  
That light and warmth impart.  
These *make* the music of our home,  
Its atmosphere perfume—  
These shed a charm where’er they come,  
And fill our life with bloom.

## NARCISSA.

BY CHARLES ELLIOTT, A. M.

“Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,  
She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven.”  
YOUNG.

HARD was Narcissa’s fate! The chilling hand  
Of death just nipped her in her opening prime.  
Her hopes were crush’d, her prospects buried low—  
Her earthly joys were blasted in the bud,  
Ere she had pluck’d their fading flowers, and wound  
A with’ring garland of terrestrial bliss.  
But she was virtue’s child: too pure for earth,  
She sought her native skies. Her rosy cheeks,  
On which love blushing sat, too pure for aught  
But angels’ lips, in dawn of earliest youth,  
Shook all their blooming roses in the tomb.  
Her soft and sparkling eyes, outvying far  
The stars in evening sky, clos’d on the scenes  
Of earth, too sickly to be seen, and op’d  
Among the blooming bowers of Paradise.  
Why thus? Why soonest fade the fairest flowers?  
Why virtuous souls such transient visits make—  
Just light upon the earth, remain an hour,  
Then quickly plume their wings and fly away?  
Ask not: it is not strange that gems so bright  
Should fear the filthy touch of hideous vice;  
That forms of virtue’s mold, wash’d in purer  
Than Castalian dews, should early languish  
In a sickly clime like this, where death speaks  
In the winds, spreads his pinions in the breeze,  
And taints the air we breathe—where wintry blasts  
Sweep o’er the fields, and strip the charming face  
Of nature bare. No! virtue only buds,  
But blossoms not below. Celestial plant!  
The sky’s its soil, where it perfection finds.  
Soon as its lovely germ appears on earth,  
’Tis pluck’d and then transplanted to the skies:  
There, in its own congenial, native clime,  
It flourishes for ever fair, and drinks  
The pearly dews that fall from Zion’s hill.  
This changing scene would be too pure, too blest,  
Could perfect, heavenly virtue here be found:  
’Twould draw our hearts from heaven—’twould win  
our love,  
And centre our affections in a world  
Where they should only just begin.

Therefore,  
To draw our hearts above, God takes from earth  
The fairest gems, and with them decks the courts  
Of bliss to lure and lead us to the skies.

## BE KIND TO THY MOTHER.

Be kind to thy mother—for lo! on her brow  
May traces of sorrow be seen;  
O, well may’st thou cherish and comfort her now,  
For loving and kind she hath been.



## THE PAST.

BY BENJAMIN T. CUSHING.

WHEN twilight shades are stealing  
 Across the sky,  
 And zephyrs, gently wailing,  
 Are wandering by,  
 Then sit I sadly dreaming,  
 With brow o'ercast,  
 While to my soul comes beaming  
 The holy PAST.  
 The PAST! how fair it rises  
 Before the sight—  
 Clad with unchanging graces,  
 Arrayed in light!  
 Moved by its visions glowing,  
 The free heart bounds—  
 Soft as a stream's sweet flowing,  
 Its music sounds!  
 Ah! then how many knew us  
 Who know no more—  
 How many who now view us  
 From heaven's dim shore!  
 The fond, the dear, the cherished,  
 Removed from day,  
 Their forms of beauty perished  
 In cold decay.  
 Our love could not enchain them  
 With bondage sweet—  
 Our hopes could not detain them,  
 As rainbows fleet;  
 They gave for earth, in leaving,  
 One yearning sigh—  
 One wish for those left grieving—  
 Then sought the sky.  
 The PAST! what joys enshrined it!  
 How fresh and fair  
 Were the flower-wreaths that entwined it—  
 Those moments rare;  
 Their odor yet embalms it  
 In beauty lone,  
 And when the present names it,  
 I sadly moan.  
 The past! its scenes are banished—  
 Its glories o'er:  
 Each blissful dream hath vanished,  
 To come no more;  
 Yet like the mournful blossoms  
 That deck a tomb,  
 Their memories in our bosoms  
 Will ever bloom!

## TO THE EVENING STAR.

I LOVE the star of even,  
 As it rises in the west;  
 Of all the lights of heaven  
 It pleases me the best.

'Tis the star of love and beauty,  
 Of aspirings deep and high,  
 And it wooeth me to duty  
 With its large and lustrous eye.  
 By my casement I am staying,  
 And the fitful breeze sighs low:  
 At every gust 'tis saying,  
 "All is woe—all is woe!"  
 And the forest dim replieth,  
 With a deep and hollow moan;  
 To the passing wind it sigheth,  
 For its early buds are gone;  
 And my tears are slowly falling  
 For one I cannot see,  
 Whose gentle voice seems calling  
 From the tomb, "O, come to me!"  
 Then I stretch my arms in anguish,  
 And I breathe a tender vow—  
 For smiles once mine I languish—  
 They cannot greet me now!  
 But I look up in yon heaven,  
 As it arches blue and far;  
 As a light of promise given,  
 I behold our guiding star.  
 It hath risen, mist-unshrouded,  
 From the wild and life-like main,  
 And it soareth all unclouded,  
 Like an angel, o'er the plain.  
 Then I think that she who parted  
 From my fond and yearning eyes,  
 Like that glorious star, hath started  
 For a journey through the skies.  
 And my heart hath ceased its wailing,  
 And my soul cast off its pain;  
 O, I would not view her sailing  
 On a stormy sea again.  
 But I feel, if firm in duty,  
 I shall meekly bear the rod—  
 I may clasp her peerless beauty  
 In the city of our God.  
 So doth the star of even,  
 As it rises in the west,  
 Paint the rosy hues of heaven  
 On the darkness of my breast. B.

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TRUTH AND ELOQUENCE.

WHAT power is that which curbs the angry will,  
 And makes the tyrant's soul with terror thrill?  
 What magic spell enchains the listening ear,  
 And startles from the eye the gushing tear?  
 What sweet enchantment bears the soul away  
 To realms of light and everlasting day?  
 I listen: when an answer from on high  
 Comes pealing far along the azure sky:  
 'Tis truth that constitutes its excellence—  
 'Tis truth that speaks with godlike eloquence.

B. M. G.

MISCELLANEOUS SKETCHES.

BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.

READER, we meet again, not as we were wont, in the cold months of winter, by the blazing fire, or around the cheerless stove, with the curtains drawn, and the wind whistling through the crevices of the room, and the storm beating without, but we meet in the garden walk, or by the pure streamlet in the greenwood. Here, where this little brook winds along the vale, let us sit down, beneath the budding branches of this old oak, and commune with nature. Look how the beech is putting forth its half grown leaves, and how the dogwood is decked with white, and the redbud with purple. See the wild flowers sprinkling the sod at our feet. There is a robin on that bush, singing his plaintive monotone, and a bluebird on the hollow stump, looking out a place for its nest. There is about us the busy hum of bees. Lovely sights meet the eye, sweet sounds fall on the ear, while the warm sunshine, and the gentle southwest breeze, diffuse an agreeable sensation over the body, and the whole scene produces a pleasant reverie of mind. Delightful is the merry month of May. In its annual visit it brings along pleasant associations of the past. To me it brings back the feelings, the thoughts, and the pleasures of childhood and of youth. On my native hills, swept as they are by the mountain wind, "winter lingers in the lap of May," and May-day is usually but the first opening of spring. The snow-drift on the mountain side yet gleams in the bright sunshine, and only in the sheltered dell may be seen the delicate footstep of spring. On the morning of May-day, all the children and youth of the rural region are up betimes, to go on a search for wild flowers in the woods; and fortunate is the fair one,

"Who may chance to spy  
Some small star-flower, with its silvery eye"

peeping out under a dry leaf on the sunny side of a hill.

I well remember my last May-day excursion. The world might, even then, have called me no longer young; for many a gray hair had already appeared on my temple. But my heart was yet young, and I went forth with the children, myself a child among them.

"A lisping voice and glancing eyes were near,  
And ever restless feet of one, who now  
Gathered the blossoms of her fourth bright year;  
There played a gladness o'er her fair young brow,  
As broke the varied scene upon her sight,  
Upheaved and spread in verdure and in light;  
For I had taught her, with delighted eye,  
To gaze upon the mountains, to behold,  
With deep affection, the pure, ample sky,  
And clouds along its blue abysses rolled—  
To love the song of waters, and to hear  
The melody of winds with charmed ear."

Beautiful was the scene of our rambles. Gentle reader, I would that I could exhibit to your eye the picture of that lovely landscape, as it is Daguerrotyped on my own heart. Suppose you take a walk with me to the summit of the "overlooking hill." Here is afforded such a panorama of hill and dale, mountain and valley, forest and field, streamlet and lake, as is not often presented to the eye of the traveler, even in Switzerland, or far-famed Italy. On the north there rises a range of grand mountains, stretching away toward the east, till their dim outlines are lost in the distance. The morning sunbeam is now lighting up their bleak summits, while night yet lingers among their dark ravines. Beyond is another range, on which hangs the blue mist, that distance always throws over mountain scenery, while still beyond is another, raising its snowy peaks far up toward the blue sky. Beyond that farther range, as the adventurous hunter tells us, is an unbroken forest, stretching away in gloomy grandeur and dreary solitude far toward the Arctic ocean. A little to the west of that long range, you see a lone, white peak, gleaming bright in the morning sun. You might at first mistake it for a cloud on the verge of the horizon. That is the topmost peak of the far-famed White Hills of the north. There yet tarries winter in stern severity. Around that bleak summit oft gathers the wintry storm and oft the summer thunder cloud. There sits old Æolus on a throne of granite.

There is an interesting variety in the ever changing appearance of mountain scenery. Sometimes the summits are covered with snow, sometimes with clouds, and sometimes they are surrounded by a thin veil of inimitable blue. Distance "lends enchantment to the view"—the asperities are smoothed—the rough appears plain—the precipitous cliffs and dizzy ravines are not observed. A nearer approach changes the scene from the beautiful to the sublime. I have stood on the overhanging rock at Niagara, and seen the waters tumble over the precipice, and listened to the deep bass of their incessant monotone, with feelings such as no pen may describe. But still more intense was the emotion of the sublime, when I stood, as I once did, on yonder distant peak, which you may just see on the utmost verge of the horizon, and found myself, though yet the summer was scarcely past, suddenly enveloped in a furious storm of wind and snow, and obliged to grope my weary way to the plain over rocks thrown together in the wildest confusion, and along the verge of dizzy precipices walling up dark ravines a thousand feet deep.

Those glorious old mountains, how they stand out as living monuments of the power of God, and as emblems of his immutability! The works of man, what are they, and how unequal to the task of resisting "decay's effacing fingers!" The cities of the Nile, of the Euphrates, of classic Greece, and of sacred Palestine, have crumbled away, and are

leveled to the dust. But these old mountains stand, defying the storms, and even time itself. They, too, have a language, and their history is written in hieroglyphics older than those of the Nile, reaching back to the time when the morning stars first sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy.

"O, mountain land, how my young spirit leaps,  
After long years, to tread thy heights again,  
And with clouds to hang along thy steep,  
And watch the river sweeping to the main.  
Long years! but not the necromance of time  
Can dim the shapes of memory sublime—  
Thy cliffs and waters—when with shivering breath  
I gazed through vistas of the rocking pine,  
And saw below the silent gulf of death,  
And over me as near the realms divine."

But, gentle reader, you may be weary with looking on that mountain scenery. Let us, then, turn to another part of the landscape. Here opens a view toward the sunny south. At our feet is spread out a tranquil lake. Its bright waters reflect the light, like a mirror of silver. Its shores are fringed with evergreens. The pine, the fir, the cedar, and the larch are growing there together, giving to the scene a beauteous variety, such as art may in vain hope to imitate. From the foot of the lake issues a small stream, which meanders through a quiet meadow, and then empties its clear waters into another lake. Beyond you may see a lovely vale, stretching away between the hills, until it spreads out into a broad plain. On that plain the light falls mellow and soft. The blue tinge of distance is diffused over the whole scene. It would seem that there might be the "happy land where care is unknown." A thousand times have I looked on that lovely valley, and yielding up my reason to my fancy, imagined it some fairy land, some region of the blest, some paradise of flowery beauty, where the winds blow not, the storms never come, where the sunlight of spring always shines, and sorrow is unknown.

But, fair reader, we must bid adieu to this scene of beauty. On this landscape we may look no more. The mountain, the vale, the lake, the stream, the garden, the greenwood, the neat village, with its white dwellings, the church, with its gothic spires, and the cottage on the hill-side, with its shrubbery and flowers, we must leave for ever.

Yet beauty exists everywhere. Our western homes may not afford us a distant prospect. The surface of our country is too level for any extended views. We have no mountains, and few lakes. But so fertile, and so easy of culture is our soil, so genial our climate, and so easy is it to cultivate fruits, shrubbery, and flowers, that we may, with little expense, and no great labor, render our homes so beautiful, that we may have no need of depending on our neighbors for a beautiful prospect. I would hope, gentle reader, that your home is not in the crowded city, where you are hemmed in on every

side by an unsightly mass of bricks and mortar, with scarcely room on your premises to plant a tree or a shrub. I like not a city residence. It is said that God made the country, and man the town; and for my part I like the works of God much the best. Instead of bricks and mortar, and lumber, I would look on the green woods, and the verdant pastures, and the waving corn fields. Instead of thumping drays, rattling carriages, and the hum-drum of discordant voices, I would listen to the music of the waterfall, and the song of the birds. Instead of paved streets, and crowded sidewalks, I would ramble along the cow-path over the pastures, and along the winding brook in the wild woods. If I must do business in the city, still let me have a quiet little home in some retired, suburban spot, where my children may have a little play-ground in the open air, and where I may retire at evening to commune with nature.

I would hope, then, dear reader, for your own sake, that your home is in the quiet suburbs of some fine town, or else in the open country, and that you have some acre or two at least around your house, sufficient to furnish you your own light and air, without having to use over again that which some neighbor has already used before you, and to afford space for a garden, orchard, and shrubbery yard. A very little labor, such as any lady of only tolerable health may easily accomplish, will, in a few years, make such a spot a very paradise. But you need not perform in person all the manual labor. Lay out your grounds according to your own taste. It needs the refined and delicate taste of woman to lay out a garden, or a flower-bed. Select the places where you will set your tree, or your shrub, or your rose-bush. Then your brother, or your son, or at least some friend of yours of the manly race, will break the ground for you, and prepare the soil for planting. If, in removing a tree or shrub, you would have it live and grow, let it be taken up carefully, with as many of its fine roots as possible; then let its roots be dipped in a vessel of earth and water mixed to the consistency of paste, and after this, plant it carefully in the earth, and it will grow right on, without ever seeming to know that it has undergone transplanting. You may easily obtain a great variety of annual, biennial, and perennial flowers, which will require only the attention of a few hours each week to furnish you an inexhaustible supply of flowers through the whole season.

Reader, are there *children* in your family? Have you little sons and little daughters, or little brothers and little sisters? If you would have them interesting in mind and in body, accustom them early to cultivate the love of the beautiful in nature. Take them out at morning and at evening, and let them see the glories of the season. For their sake, make your home beautiful. Embower it with shrubbery, crown it with flowers, and ornament it with shade

trees. If your home be pleasant, your children will be contented with it, and will not be inclined to go abroad. Nothing can be more injurious to the moral habits of children, than the practice of running about the neighborhood and the town for recreation and amusement. Let them have something at home to interest them, and it will be easy to keep them there.

A home made pleasant by fruits and flowers, will promote the cheerfulness of children. Cheerfulness is a virtue, and it should be cultivated by ourselves, and encouraged in our children. All nature is cheerful. The plants put on their beauteous colors, such as Solomon in all his glory could not boast. The insects are so happy they hardly know what to do with themselves. The birds sing a merry tune, all except the moping owl. Of all beings man should certainly be the last to be sad and melancholy. Most of all should the good be cheerful. If any should be sad, let it be the bad; for they have reason for it; but the good should promote cheerfulness in themselves, and especially in the little children intrusted by Providence to their care.

Home made pleasant by cultivated grounds promotes the health of children. Their nature requires exercise in the open air. Confine them to close rooms, restrain them in their play, and you do them a lasting injury. Entice them out into the garden, the orchard, the ornamented yard—accustom them to run about the garden walks, and to perform such labor as may be suited to their little hands, and you will develop a healthy body and a sound mind.

Familiarity with the beauties of nature has much effect in refining the taste, and developing the mind. A child brought up amidst shrubbery and flowers cannot well be coarse in manners, uncultivated in mind, and deficient in taste. The superiority of the ancient Greeks and Italians over other people, was greatly owing to the influence of nature over them. Their country was beautiful, their skies serene, their climate mild. By nature they were initiated into the love of the beautiful, and thus were led to excel in literature and in art. Their beautiful mythology, stripped of its poetic drapery, was but a deification of the powers of nature. It is true their religious system was defective. They worshiped the creature more than the Creator. They failed to "look through nature up to nature's God." This defect in their religious notions is not to be charged on their enthusiastic love of nature. It was the necessary consequence of the absence of the Bible. To us, who have the Bible, nature appears not God himself, as to them, but the agent by which God works. The works of nature illustrate the wisdom and the goodness of the Deity. The argument for the existence, the wisdom, and the benevolence of God, drawn from the proofs of contrivance in nature, may be made perfectly intelligible to the mere child, and will have more effect on him than a thousand dry moral precepts. Then, if you would give your child an

VOL. VI.—19

idea of the supreme Being, and a conception of the most interesting of his attributes, take him with you into the garden, and show him the flowers, and the marks of contrivance and design they exhibit.

We have another inducement to render, so far as possible, the home of our children pleasant to them. We thereby furnish them an inexhaustible fund of delightful associations in their after life. Home, "be it ever so homely," is still the sweetest word in the English language. When, however, there is associated with that word the idea of good taste and beauty, it has an inexpressible charm, that binds the heart as by a spell, for all future time. I would not lose the word from our language—I would not lose the memory of it from my heart, for the wealth "of Ormus or of Ind." Though from the home of my childhood my friends are all gone, though the stranger's foot is on the threshold, and I hear no familiar voice, and see no familiar face within the halls, yet my heart often instinctively turns to the spot. My reveries by day, and my dreams by night carry me back to the play-ground of my childhood's sunny days. Dear to my heart is the little brook that flowed by the door, the lone old apple tree that grew in the field, and even the rough granite rock that lay poised on the hill-side. While thus memory points me back to youth, a faculty of mind, for which we have no name in our language, points me on to age, and I see my own children, then grown to maturity, and scattered over the prairies of the west, turning back their thoughts to the little white cottage, the spring in the locust grove, the thicket of evergreens, the trellis of vines, and the bower of roses.

Say not, kind reader, that we have not time to attend to matters of taste, and to cultivate ornamental trees, and shrubbery, and flowers. We certainly should take time to educate our children, to improve their taste, and to make them healthy, cheerful, and happy. If we furnish our child with one new idea, or good sentiment, or one source of pleasant associations of thought in the future, we bestow on him a benefit which money cannot buy. And we may redeem much, very much time, from ceremonious visiting, and useless conversation.

Well, dear reader, we must part for the present. Our talk has already occupied the Repository as long as can be afforded. It may also appear to some rather small talk. But we need variety in the columns of the Repository. I told you in the beginning I had no story to tell you, no great questions to discuss, and no new ideas to develop. But if you will give me a kind and an attentive hearing once a month, we may yet have a pleasant acquaintance.

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THERE should be no superfine distinctions in morality. The person who talks much about "white lies," is probably not too good to circulate "black ones."

## THE EXILE.

"And such shall be my day  
Of life, unfriended, cold, and dead;  
My hopes shall slowly wear away,  
As all my young affections fled.  
No kindred hand shall grace my head,  
When life's last flickering light is gone;  
But I shall find a silent bed,  
And die alone—and die alone."

ONE calm, beautiful evening, in the beginning of summer, I was sitting beneath the shade of some China trees in the public walk before Natchez. The sun, just dipping in the western horizon, cast its rich mellow light over the landscape, gilding every leaf and flower of the gardens, and every ripple on the surface of the great "father of waters." Rich fields and dark green forests were seen in every direction, with their various hamlets, presenting an agreeable and pleasing contrast. The waters of a distant lake were rendered dazzling by the reflection of the sun's rays, giving a force and brilliancy to the whole scene. Cheerful groups of children filled the avenues, all life and animation, from the natural buoyancy of youth. Ardent and confiding, they seemed to think the world all bright and beautiful—a world of sweet flowers, of ease, and pleasures, as it appeared to be. How few, I thought, will ever realize the one hundredth part of the pleasures they anticipate, and how many will be buffeted by contrary winds on life's stormy ocean, bringing a blight over all their long cherished hopes and expectations! How often do we see the youthful aspirant, after toiling and struggling for awhile, at last overcome by some chilling wave of disappointment, and borne down by its weight! My thoughts led me back to those halcyon days when man, in unsullied purity, could enjoy all these scenes without the sigh arising from unsatisfied desires and blighted hopes; and I looked forward to that period when, having put off this mortal coil, the soul shall rest for ever, free from all care or trouble. These thoughts were awakened by an account of the trials and disappointments of a Polish baron, and an exile, whose remains I had just followed to their last resting place.

Sometime since I left C. for Charleston, by way of Philadelphia, where I embarked. As we left the bay, I took a seat on the deck to watch the shore as it gradually disappeared from sight. The sun was just setting, and casting over the watery waste that softened glow of which no one who has not been at sea can have any idea. I was a stranger to all on board, and, consequently, my emotions at that moment were confined to my own bosom. But as I cast my eyes around on the passengers, who were gazing on the same scene with me, and endeavored to read in their countenances the different feelings excited by it, my attention was arrested by the deep expression in the face of one young man standing aloof from all the others. There was a manly dig-

nity in his appearance; and the flashings of his full, black eye, to me betokened an intellect of more than ordinary capacity. Soon after the sun had set, the violent rocking of the vessel compelled most of our passengers to take to their berths. We were left almost alone. My curiosity was excited, and I made some remark to him, by way of introduction, on the wild appearance of the ocean, to which he replied, saying, that it reminded him of the fickle, changing passions of a nation when unrestrained. I found him even superior to my expectations—educated, polished, and dignified; and several hours were passed in pleasing conversation. Travelers easily make acquaintances, to pass away the dreary hours of confinement; but rarely are these lasting. The vessel reaches her port; and as each one goes to his separate occupations, all are forgotten, save that, now and then, in some leisure hour, the memory will steal back, and bring up some pleasant hour, some agreeable fellow-passenger, and the loud laugh as it was echoed from the dark waves, caused by the witty narrations of some jolly-hearted tar, on a bright moonlight night, with the thousand pleasant associations which cluster around such scenes. But the friendship we formed was not of this character. Though of only a few days, it was as lasting as it was true. It is true there were different hopes and desires leading us on; yet the similarity of thought and feeling seemed to have laid the groundwork. His mind was one of those master spirits which seem to take in creation at a grasp. I have never seen his superior—hardly his equal. But a heartless form of religion had brought him to disbelieve in the great and essential doctrines of the Christian's faith: in other words, he was what is commonly termed a French philosopher. He had drunk deep at those poisonous fountains of infidelity which for ages have blighted the hopes of the world, and have even found their way within the portals of the Church. As he looked upon the existing Church of his own land—a beautiful form, composed of exciting and pompous ceremonies—he was captivated, and gave full credence to all its doctrines. But as he grew older, his inquiring mind sought something farther than outward show—he sought in vain for that vitality upon which all religion must be based. The body, indeed, was fair and beautiful to the external gaze, but without that life-giving principle which alone can supply the cravings of an immortal mind. It is not surprising, under these circumstances, and without guidance and advice, he should conceive a disgust for the Church, and, thinking that all religion was alike—grounded and supported on the superstition and credulity of its followers—receive those poisoned sentiments which were scattered so widely over all Europe. Often did I try to point him to that true and living way where the mind may safely rest amid all the vicissitudes of life. And as I reasoned with him on the truth of the Bible, and the Christian's

hope, I saw that his mind was still unsettled, having a kind of apprehension that these things may, after all, be so, which led me to hope that his inquiring mind, at some future time, would search out that truth which makes us free—the children of God.

At my request, he related to me his early history—the trials and changes through which he had passed, and by which, as I afterward found, the great Head of the Church was bringing him to those fountains of living water, at which we may drink and never thirst.

“As you supposed,” he said, “I am a foreigner—a native of Poland. My father, who was from one of the most ancient families of that kingdom, and a baron in high favor at the Polish court, was ever distinguished for his strong opposition to Russian usurpation; and his immense wealth giving him great influence over the minds of our people, he was dreaded by the Russians, who continually sought some means for his degradation. Unfortunately, an opportunity offered, which was readily seized. My father, aware of the constant intrigues at the court for his destruction, determined to make one last desperate effort to rescue his unfortunate country from the power of a foreign despot. He leagued with many of the barons who were of the same mind, and a plan was formed for the general rising of the people, which was carried into execution as far as possible. We were unsuccessful, as you well know. My father was taken, condemned, and executed, and his estates confiscated. This was not all: his family, consisting then only of my sister and myself, were doomed to perpetual exile—never, under pain of death, again to see that land, though enslaved, which we loved to call our own.

“The property we hastily collected was sufficient to support us for several years in ease, and we retreated to Italy. There once more we found a home, with kind and sympathizing friends. Those were hours of pleasure we spent in the midst of our new friends—the calm, delightful though deceptive, which always precedes a storm. I could consent to forsake home and native land without even dropping a tear; but to lay in the dreary grave my only earthly relative—my sister—the companion of exile—and such a sister, was more than I could endure. Nothing could I find to support me under this trial; and for many days no one entertained any hope for my life. But Fate seems ever to have marked me a victim of her caprices, and she spared my life, to torment me still farther.

“Within a year after the death of my sister, I was betrayed into an act of indiscretion, in writing tracts favoring a republican form of government, just at the period of the insurrection in Italy. The tracts were reprinted and circulated among the people. At the suppression of the insurrection, I was banished with many others, among whom, as you know, was a descendant of Americus Vespucci, who took refuge

in this country. I, however, turned my steps toward France, where I remained several years. From the losses I sustained in Italy, my means of support became very limited, and I then laid a plan, for the completion of which I am now on my way to Savannah. America has ever kindly opened her doors to the unbefriended exile; so I resolved to come to this country and engage in the study of the law. I have letters of introduction to several individuals in Savannah, through whose influence I hope to succeed.”

At Charleston we separated: he left for his adopted home, and I, after the stay of a few days, returned to C., not, however, without having exacted a promise to write often. I received two letters, to both of which I replied. Nearly a year passed, and I heard nothing from him. I then wrote to a friend in Savannah to make inquiries concerning him. He did so; but all the information he gathered was, that he had left Savannah, but where he had gone no one knew, as he had lived almost entirely to himself.

Early in the spring, a short time after I received this letter, having occasion to visit the south, I stopped at Natchez; and as soon as my arrangements were made at the hotel, strolled out on the public walk to enjoy the soft, cool evening air, and view the surrounding country from so elevated a situation. Always, from my infantile days, nature was my favorite study, and its loneliest but lovely spots, I hunted out for my places of retreat. The little brook, with its flower-decked banks, tumbling over gold and ruby-colored pebbles, overhung by lofty, thickly set trees, converting full noon into the shades of evening—fairy forms, by which I supposed the little stream to be surrounded and protected, because I loved it—these and a thousand other natural objects employed my thought and pen. The present scenery brought all these early associations to mind. I thought of my far-off native shore, my friends, and the many pleasant scenes of a southern climate, when I was accosted by a servant, his hat in one hand, and a note in the other, with—

“Master, are you Mr. —?”

“Yes,” I replied, awaking from the reverie into which I had fallen, “that is my name; but what do you want?”

“Here, master, is a note I’ve brought you from a gentleman at the hotel, who is very sick, and wants to see you.”

“Do you know who he is?” I asked, turning the note over and over in my hand, and gazing at the direction, as if there was no other way of finding out.

“No, sir, only he’s very sick, and a stranger here. He called me to him, and told me to take this note to you, if I could find you out; and just as I was leaving his room, I heard him say, ‘Thank God! I shall see him yet once more.’”

As I half suspected, the note was from my old friend, the Baron. I hastily returned, and the grasp

of his hand I can never forget. Through a porter he learned I was in Natchez, and, as he said, on seeing me, his last wish was now granted. He was so pale and emaciated, I could scarcely recognize him; and evidently in the last stages of a rapid decline.

"I have been unfortunate," he remarked to me that evening, as I sat by his bedside, "in my temporal affairs, since we parted at Charleston; but I can now feel that all my trials and difficulties have been so many merciful providences crossing my path, in order to bring me into that living way where is true comfort and unfailing happiness."

I looked at him for a moment with a feeling of doubt, whether he was uttering the genuine sentiments of his mind. I pressed his hand warmly, and said, "You have found philosophy would not support you in the hour of darkness, then, and sought at the right place, where true wisdom only can be obtained; and has he not been a glorious Savior to you?"

"It was a long and painful lesson I had to learn. Through troubles of every character I have been brought to see the dawn of a brighter day, which will soon burst upon my view with all the brightness of heaven.

"I left Savannah on the promises of a friend, who wrote from New Orleans, offering to take me into partnership in the practice of law at that place. I reached New Orleans just in time to smooth his dying pillow, and follow his remains to the grave. Thus I was again left friendless in a strange place. I thought surely I was born in an unlucky hour, as misfortune had ever been my lot. This world seemed cold and cheerless, and the next

'A dark,  
Illimitable ocean, without bound,  
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and height,  
And time, and place are lost.'

"We were driven by stormy winds along the coast of Cuba, and on account of careless exposure during one of these storms, I took a very severe cold, of which, however, I then thought nothing. One Sabbath morning I was strolling through the streets of New Orleans, almost without knowing where I was going, thinking what plan to adopt in my future operations, when I found myself before one of the Methodist churches of that city. The Methodists had always been a most odious sect in my eyes, on account of the apparent want of discipline and regularity in their religious exercises; so I thought I would just step in to hear them shout, which would pass away a dreary hour, and afford cause for after amusement. As I entered, the preacher rose to announce the text, which was, 'Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he shall sustain thee.' A feeling of solemnity stole over me. My attention was arrested. I felt that I had a heavy load to bear, but knew of no relief. He spoke of the true Christian confiding all to Him who was willing and able to help all

that come to him; that there were no burdens too heavy for him to relieve. He then spoke of the unbeliever, who had no such recourse in trouble, and of that glorious rest above prepared for all those who accept of a crucified Savior. I felt for the first time the power of Gospel truth, and found no rest except on the bosom of the Savior, who has supported me in all my sufferings. I feel that I must soon, very soon put off this earthly tabernacle; but I have no fear, for I know my Redeemer lives, and has prepared for me a glorious habitation, beyond the shades and darkness of this world, where pain and sickness shall never more be felt.

"My cold had increased through inattention. My strength rapidly failed, so that my end seemed very near; but through medical aid I was partially restored. The physicians advised me to travel, by slow stages, on horseback, toward the north, as the weather was getting now warm. The fresh country air seemed to impart new life and strength, and I looked forward to a happy future. Not far from Natchez I was overtaken in a sudden shower of rain, so I was thoroughly drenched before reaching any house. My disease returned immediately with four-fold violence, and my physician has just told me I am beyond the power of medicine. But I am even happy: I have no fear: I long to depart and give this poor, frail body to the worms."

This account was given in a calm, clear voice; and as he spoke of his hope of a blissful immortality, a heavenly smile lit up his pale countenance.

O, how sweet were those hours I spent with him in his dying chamber! It was the house of God—the gate of heaven. The glories of the upper world seemed opening to his vision. It is true, sometimes a doubt would for awhile disturb his peace of mind, but that would soon pass away; and as the natural sun appears brighter and more beautiful after breaking through a stormy cloud, so did his hope increase and strengthen after every trial.

As the summer approached, his strength rapidly failed; but his faith and hope grew brighter and clearer as the outer man decayed, till he sweetly slept on the bosom of his Savior. The venerable Mr. W., pastor of the Presbyterian Church, who has since gone to that resting place in glory of which he spoke so fervently, daily visited him, as did also the Methodist minister. Feeling his end near, he desired that the Lord's supper might be administered to him, which was done; and never have I witnessed that ceremonial so solemn.

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It was a calm, lovely morning in June. All nature seemed harmonious, leading the mind from nature up to nature's God. I had watched with him through the night, and was looking out of a window in his room at the sun beginning to tinge the gardens before me. The air was laden with sweets from the orange and lemon yards, and the

flower gardens; the birds seemed to warble their softest and sweetest notes; and though each had a different tune, all was harmony. I had stood but a moment at the window, when I heard him say, "I am dying." I stepped quickly to his bedside, and saw death but too plainly stamped upon him—his last moments had come. "I thank you," he said, "for all your acts of kindness. May God reward you for it!" I then asked him how he felt in the near prospect of death. His only reply was, "Peace, peace, all is peace." A few moments after, he raised his eyes to heaven, while a smile of triumphant joy played upon his face, which even death could not steal away, and said, "I come—I come!" and his meek spirit passed away to rest on the bosom of its Savior. I could not but exclaim, as I followed his remains to the tomb, "Though I be doomed to witness my fondest hopes unrealized, to see my brightest expectations fail, O may I die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like his!"

D. W.

### THE PERSECUTED PASTOR.

A SKETCH OF SCOTTISH SCENES.

THE sun had arisen bright and beautiful, shedding a flood of light on the craggy sides of the dark rocks that rear their heads, as if in protection, around the lovely village of B. On this morn it lay as if calmly and silently reposing at their feet.

But why is all so still in that glen among the mountains? Why is not its hum of many voices borne to the ear? The plough stands still in the half made furrow, and all business has ceased. Have the peaceful inhabitants left their homes, and sought an abode in other lands? Or has the sword of persecution found out even this quiet spot, and with one fell blow laid all in the dust? No, it is the Sabbath—the day of rest, and all feel that it is holy time. They have worshiped God in those wild fastnesses of nature for years. Parents have brought their children to kneel at the same altar where they themselves in childhood knelt, and to lip their infant prayers within the same walls that sheltered their ancestors. The aged pastor who, in his younger days, guided their fathers, now breaks the bread of life for them. And they had fondly hoped to spend the remainder of their days in the same spot that gave them birth, and to be laid at last beneath the green sods of that valley which was so dear to them. But it was not so to be.

Their pastor was a man of distinguished piety and zeal. This of itself was sufficient to mark him as a victim for persecution. But so blameless was the character of this holy man, that, for a time, not even his enemies could find ground of accusation. Yet what character could long stand untouched by

calumny, or untarnished by misrepresentation, before such monsters in human form as those minions of despotism who so long deluged the fair land of Scotland in blood?

That loved minister of that humble parish was at length forbidden to speak again "in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." And this is to be the last day he is to stand among them to proclaim the word of God.

Slowly the groups gather, and fill the little church. The aged servant of God rises up in his place. His voice trembles as his eye wanders over his people. He is to bid them farewell—perhaps for ever. He thinks of the many happy, peaceful scenes they had enjoyed together within those walls—of the songs of praise that had been borne upward from that spot, which was no more to re-echo the sound of his voice, and of the opportunities he had enjoyed of gathering together that little affectionate band, to teach them the way to God. Many had grown old under his teachings—to many he was a spiritual father, and some who gamboled around him, in all the sportiveness of childhood, when he began his ministrations among them, were now leading their own little ones in the same path in which themselves had trod. Tears course the hard and bronzed cheeks of many as they grasp his hand; and streaming eyes are raised to his as Heaven's richest blessings are invoked to rest upon him.

The last farewell has been uttered—the last hand has been pressed; and he turns to leave the sanctuary. It is hard to sunder all those near and dear ties that have been twined around his heart; yet, at the command of God, he is willing to give up all he holds most dear, even life itself.

Their faith is now to be put to a more rigid test. Both he and his people are called to bear yet severer trials. They are driven from their homes by the red sword of persecution, and forced to hide themselves, in dens and clefts of the rock, from the sight of man. There they go—the mother bearing in her arms her infant trust—the aged leaning for support upon the strength of youth—while manhood's vigorous arm supplies a conveyance for the infirm and feeble. A sorrowful procession, yet rejoicing, they seek a shelter from the storm amid the rocks and caves of their native wilds.

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Amid the secluded mountain fastnesses they again met; and the grateful song of praise and the subdued accents of prayer again ascended to the ear of Him who lists to the mourner's cry, and who ever cares for those who love and serve him.

It is a bright, balmy morning in June. Nature appears arrayed in her brightest hues, and assumes her most smiling aspect. The pastor and his flock are again met for the worship of Him who had protected them thus far through the storm; for their cruel persecutors had, for a time, retired; and once



more, at least, they may meet without fear. No costly edifice, or marble pillars, rise around them. Theirs is nature's temple. The dark sides of the rocks rise towering above them, and the creeping vines and mountain flowers that grow amid the clefts, form a far more beautiful drapery than aught the hand of man could devise. No stately architecture rises around, to secure for their minister additional respect. The gentle breeze floats freely around him, and gently, as if in reverence, lifts the gray locks from his temples. At the appointed time he arises, and, lifting his hands, implores a blessing to rest upon the little band that are gathered around him.

The simple services are soon ended. But why move they not from their places? Look! from the crowd steps forth a young mother. In her arms she bears a sweet babe. She has come to this mountain fastness, where the eternal rocks form the walls of nature's temple, to dedicate her child to God.

No finely chiseled font is there to hold the baptismal water. No stately priest in white robes appears to administer the sacred rites. A natural form basin, filled with the drops of heaven, constitutes the simple laver, and their venerated pastor the officiating minister of the solemn scene. Taking the innocent one in his arms, and sprinkling the pure water on its brow, he signed it with the seal of the covenant. It was a holy sight. The circumstances, the scene, the occasion, all conspired to make it one of thrilling interest. A song of praise closed the interesting exercise; and all were soon embosomed again in clefts, which constituted their shelter from the storms of persecution.

LIZZIE.

#### A PILGRIM'S THANKSGIVING.

MR. EDITOR,—I transmit, for the pages of the Repository, the following stanzas, which I have just discovered among some forgotten manuscripts of one with all of whose interests and thoughts it is my happiness to be intimate. They were written many years ago, in a dreary tavern in the midst of a wild and sterile region, on the evening of the last day of a year mostly spent in protracted journeyings in search of health. They are interesting, and, I think, may be instructive, as the spontaneous and unstudied effusion of a spirit bruised by many sorrows, but strong and joyful in the supports and consolations of faith.

SPERANZA.

Now would I, Lord, approach thy throne,  
With humble love and filial fear,  
To make the grace and mercy known,  
That crowned my life the by-gone year.

O, may my grateful song arise,  
Like incense, to thy pure abode,  
And richer blessings, from the skies,  
Wake strains sublimer for my God.

The sun and moon, along their spheres,  
Were not more prompt to roll and shine,  
Than thou, O Lord, to heed my tears,  
And stay my heart with grace divine.

Through changing climes, a pilgrim, I  
Wandered afar in quest of ease;  
No friend was there, no brother nigh,  
To soothe the anguish of disease.

But thou, my God, wast with me there—  
The holy Comforter was mine;  
Nor could a brother's love compare  
With friendship, Jesus, such as thine!

Lone, desolate wastes and wilds I tried—  
The arid plain—the mountain high—  
Where yawning caverns loudly cried,  
"One step leads to eternity."

But He who sends his angel train  
To make the heirs of life secure,  
Made valleys hills, and hills a plain,  
And made my sliding footsteps sure.

I saw the angry tempest frown,  
And set his vengeful hosts at strife:  
He sent his dark tornadoes down,  
To gorge them on the spoils of life.  
Heavy the rumbling thunders broke,  
Fearful the lightnings blazed around;  
The stately pine and reverend oak  
Were rived, and tumbled on the ground.

But whilst the fury of the Lord  
Was poured on lifeless nature's breast,  
I claimed the promise of his word,  
And 'neath his sheltering wings had rest.

Jehovah rode upon the sky,  
And shot his arrow through the air;  
He let his angry lightnings fly,  
But knew a trembling worm to spare.

And when the breeze, which summer brings,  
Was poison like the Siroc's breath,  
And sunbeams bore, upon their wings,  
Contagion, pestilence, and death,

Unhurt, I felt the noontide ray,  
And drank the poison of the air;  
For God my refuge was by day,  
And midnight watches owned his care.

Being eternal! King of kings!  
Whose courts adoring seraphs throng!  
From whom the hope of mortals springs,  
To whom their songs of praise belong,

O, may thy providence and grace,  
Which blessed, sustained, and brought me here,  
Be still my strength and hiding place,  
Through all the changes of the year.

Then blighted hopes and fell disease,  
If these shall yet my portion be,  
Will but enhance to high degrees  
The bliss of immortality.

Or if the beams of health once more  
Shall cheer my heart, and nerve my frame,  
Then every breath, and every power  
Shall spread the honors of the Lamb.

Great God, my trust is in thy name,  
My plea the blood of Christ alone,  
In life and death my prayer the same,  
Father, not mine, thy will be done!

## THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

BY MRS. S. M. BAKER.

Ah! why this anxious thought—  
This melancholy stealing o'er the soul,  
When all is bright and joyous? E'en pleasure,  
With her gilded cup, allures the giddy sense,  
And nature, too, arrayed in loveliest garb  
Of brilliant hues, and tints of richest dye,  
As if lit up with heaven-born sympathies,  
Seems to invite to kindred joys—  
The mounting eyesight, with its upward gaze,  
Rests on the wide-spread arch of heaven,  
As pure, as bright as crystal founts that flow,  
Or pearly dew distilled on op'ning flow'rs.

But e'en the azure sky,  
With all its garniture, and lustrous light,  
Falls on the waiting sight, deep ting'd with woe;  
While every lingering cloud that rests  
Upon its tranquil ocean bosom,  
With more than thoughtful aspect marks  
The mournful tragedy of Nain.

The wail of mourning  
Vibrates on the listening ear, and tells  
Life's bitt' rest cup is tasted to the dregs;  
While fun'ral knell re-echoes on the breeze  
The woful dirge, and deeply stirs  
Fountains of sorrow in each bosom-cell,  
As teeming throngs, with brimming eyes,  
Attest the gushing sympathies of soul,  
Which consolation seek, and only find,  
Where angel pity, priceless boon of heaven,  
Commiseration lends to those who weep.

No plebeian sound is heard,  
Of mattock, axe, or weaver's patient loom—  
No minstrel's fairy song, or saw's harsh cadence:  
All, all is hushed to sacred stillness.  
And, lo! the pompous city gate is open wide,  
That eager multitudes may enter:  
But who is this in near approach,  
With journeyings faint, weary and destitute:  
No precious coin within his scrip—  
No scented robes of oriental dye,  
Nor mitre on his head, nor sandals mean  
Protect his way-worn feet:  
No herald's voice proclaims his coming—  
No princely retinue, with royal mandate,  
Waits to do him homage, or escort  
To where reclines some sceptred potentate  
On luxury's couch? The King of kings!  
But as the gate he essays to enter,  
A funeral train nears where he waits,

Bearing their dead. Mid the vast concourse,  
Lo! one mourner lone, in weeds of woe,  
And she a widow, the last sad tribute  
Of affection paying to her *only* son.  
How oft had this fond mother knelt  
Beside that son's sick bed, for weary days,  
And sleepless vigils kept, perchance to catch  
Some symptom faint of his recovery!  
How had expiring hope revived, and  
Fainter grown, with ev'ry throbbing pulse!  
Her practis'd eye with life's last fitting gleam  
Long since had grown familiar: her skillful ear  
Well knew the hollow touch of death's insidious  
Footsteps. What sighs, as though her heart would  
break,

When the last dying glance was faintly rais'd,  
And death's chill dew stood on his marble face!  
With wild appeals she clasped his hands,  
And press'd his brow with one long, bitter kiss—  
Her bowers of bliss were early riven.

The nectar'd cup of dawning joys,  
Erst youthful roses faded from her cheek,  
Was frittered in her sight.  
Her bosom's first beloved, he who,  
In Eden days, was sunlight to her home,  
Whose flute-like voice was music to her soul,  
Had fallen, in manhood's haughty prime,  
Beneath death's withering power;  
And, one by one, as primrose droops  
'Neath noontide's scorching ray, her household band  
With premature decay were blighted  
In vernal morn of life, and perished  
For ever from her sight.

Alas! what hours of anguish keen embitter'd  
That sad moment, when the sable pall was rais'd,  
That vaulted damp might cluster thick around  
Her cherished son.  
But in this tide of agony and woe,  
When stagnate at the fount life's current stands,  
A touch arrests the footsteps slow of those  
Who bear the corse from hence: the bier stands still:  
Her wilder'd gaze heeds not the hand;  
But tones of more than mortal pow'r to soothe,  
Fall on her anxious ear. And list!  
What words of balmy consolation  
To that aching heart: "Weep not, weep not—  
On thee I have compassion."

Then, as she raised her eyes beseechingly,  
The first to meet the Savior's pitying glance,  
A gleam of joy lit up her death-glazed eye,  
Only surpassed by that which swelled  
The bosom of our Lord, when death gave back,  
At his omnific word, and to that mother  
He restored from church-yard sleep her son.  
She knelt upon that consecrated spot,  
And, weeping, blest the Power that stilled  
The troubled fountains of her chasten'd heart,  
To one deep calm, of lowliest thankfulness.  
Was it not thus, in all his wanderings

On earth? He sought associates not where  
 Haughty monarch's curse breathes mildew blight  
 On all who scorn with honey'd words to weave  
 Garlands of praise for acts of murd'rous deed—  
 The meed of fame, but virtue's foulest blot;  
 But wheresoe'er the impotent or maimed  
 Implored, from avarice's frost-seared heart,  
 A scanty pittance, or cheerless one, with  
 Rayless eyes, by lonely wayside sat,  
 Imploring mercy's aid;  
 Or tarried in some desert place, for patient hours,  
 "Where no one comforted nor cared for him,"  
 To bless the countless multitude with healing touch,  
 And clothe with healthful vigor myriads,  
 Who groaned 'neath all the varied ill  
 "That checker life." Lo! here the Master breathes  
 The spirit of his mission; and fragments,  
 Multiplied to baskets full, are gathered up,  
 While thousand tongues, in one loud chorus join,  
 And on the stillness breaks, anew, the song  
 Which swell'd angelic choirs, on that glad morn  
 Which dawned upon his birth.

### THE HOME-BOUND GREEK.

BY MRS. DUMONT.

In the celebrated retreat of "the ten thousand Greeks" under Xenophon, we are told by the historian, that "they arrived at a very high mountain called Techas, from whence they descried the sea. The first who beheld it raised great shouts of joy for a considerable time, which made Xenophon imagine that the vanguard was attacked, and hastened to support it. But as he approached nearer, he distinguished the cry of, '*The sea! the sea!*' and when they had all come to the top, nothing was heard but a noise of the whole army, crying together, '*The sea! the sea!*' while they could not refrain from tears, nor from embracing their generals and officers. And then, without waiting for orders, they heaped up a pile of stones, and erected a trophy with broken bucklers and shattered arms."

DAYS, weeks, and months wore heavy on,  
 And still the Grecian bands  
 Their slow, but glorious pathway won  
 Through vast, barbarian lands.

Their *glorious* path, for not in fear  
 Turned they from the foeman's plains;  
 And still they met his hovering spear  
 With a might that mocked at chains.

But lingering want and toil have power  
 To tame the strong man's soul,  
 And a surer work than the conflict's hour,  
 Hath suffering's slow control.

Those men, who thrilled at the trumpet's blast,  
 The fearless and the true,  
 Grew worn and haggard as they passed  
 The desert's perils through.

O'er vast and trackless mountain snows—  
 Mid precipices wound—  
 On the river's bed, was the path of those  
 For home and freedom bound.

Yet on, still on, they sternly pressed:  
 How might *he* sink to die,  
 Who must give his dust to earth's dark breast  
 Beneath a *Persian* sky?

But while the still and gathered *soul*  
 The purpose strong sustained,  
 The eye grew tame that had flashed control,  
 And the haughty strength was drained;  
 And the warlike cheer was heard no more,  
 Through all the long array,  
 Though many a province trodden o'er  
 In lengthening distance lay.

Their step had lost the warrior's pride;  
 Yet on they moved—still on,  
 And their way now threads a mountain's side,  
 Whose steep the skies had won.

Slowly, with weak and weary limb,  
 They reach that mountain brow,  
 And their glance is turned, though with sadness dim,  
 To the distant vales below.

Fair gleamed those vales of smiling peace  
 Through summer's shining haze,  
 Outstretching far; but was it these  
 That *fixed* their straining gaze?

The sallow cheek grows strangely flushed!  
 The sunken eye has light!

With some strong thought their souls seem hushed—  
 Does mirage mock their sight?

Beyond those valleys still away,  
 A line of glittering sheen  
 Told where the blue *Ægean* lay,  
 With its isles of living green.

*The sea! the sea!* The strong sound broke—  
 Their souls shook off the doubt;  
 And the startled rocks of the mountain woke  
 With the loud and thrilling shout.

*There, there,* beneath that same fair sky  
 Did the fires of their altars burn,  
 And the *homes* where love, with fading eye,  
 Kept watch for their return.

All tender thoughts, all feelings high,  
 All memories of the free,  
 Found utterance in that long, wild cry,  
*The sea! the sea! the sea!*

As of meeting waves, the uplifted sound  
 Deepened in gathering might;  
 From rank to rank the shout profound  
 Swelled o'er the mountain height.

One only sound—the *sea! the sea!*  
 Filled all the echoing sky;  
 For ten thousand voices, high and free,  
 Blent in the pealing cry.

If such were the mighty burst  
 To an earthly home but given,  
 How shall the Christian hosts greet first  
 The glorious gates of heaven!

## MARY'S CHOICE.

BY REV. WM. YOUNG.

St. JAMES says, "Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only." Pious Mary "sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his word," not to speculate, but to practice. "Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her."

*The religion of Jesus* is "that good part." This is *intrinsically good*. It originated from a good being. As a system it is good, both in part and in whole. The marks of its intrinsic excellence stand out in bold relief on its very texture. It is holy—it is "pure and undefiled"—it is a stream from the great exuberant Fountain of goodness himself—it is "the treasure hid in the field"—"the pearl of great price;" "for the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold." "She is more precious than rubies, and all the things that thou canst desire are not to be compared to her." Some, indeed, affect to see no form nor comeliness—no beauty nor good in religion, that they should desire it. The defection, however, is with themselves: "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit: they are foolishness unto him, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." Religion is prized the highest—loved the most by those who know it best. *Religion is relatively good*. Temporal things are ordinarily esteemed good, so far as they are available for good purposes. On this principle religion merits our highest esteem. It produces good which nothing else on earth can—it "brings glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and good will toward man"—it makes believers wise, not particularly "in the wisdom of this world," but "wise unto salvation"—it brings them happiness, the great object of human pursuit. It does this by removing the primary cause of their misery—their guilt and moral pollution, and by pouring into their hearts the balm of spiritual consolation. It makes them rich, not, indeed, in worldly goods, but "rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom." It makes them useful. Those are the best friends to man who are true friends to God. Those who "love God with all the heart," will "love their neighbor as themselves." Who have founded our hospitals for the sick and the insane, asylums for orphans, for the deaf, the dumb, and the blind? who have established the various benevolent institutions of the day, which contribute so effectually to enlighten and bless society? Men governed by the principles of religion. Who traverse our streets, lanes, and alleys, to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and to administer to the wants of the suffering poor? who "visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction?" Men and women whose hearts are imbued with the pure and benevolent religion of Christ. However much *some* may be disposed to

VOL. VI.—20

aspere and vilify religion and religious people, society would be in a mournful predicament without them. "If men," says the judicious Dr. Franklin, "are so bad with, what would they be without religion?" *Religion is eternally good*. All earthly goods are temporal. Mutability is engraven upon them: "they perish in the using;" but the religion of Christ is spiritual, eternal, and its "goodness endureth for ever." Persons who are industrious and careful may succeed in laying "up treasure upon earth;" but here "moth and rust doth corrupt, and thieves break through and steal;" while those who make religion their choice, are not only enriched by its blessings here, but "lay up treasure in heaven, where moth nor rust doth corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal." The "careful" may make profitable investments in temporal things. Soon, however, death will call them to leave all behind; "for we brought nothing into the world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out." But the investment which believers make in religion will yield a permanent revenue both in time and eternity. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." Believers are, in this life, like minors: they receive, during minority, merely what is requisite for present use; but when they become of age, they shall be invested with their entire fortune, which comprises "an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for them."

Mary chose "that good part." The Savior did not irresistibly force his religion upon her consideration. It was the object of her *voluntary choice*. Your Creator has constituted you free agents. You possess the power of determining your own course: you are indeed, in a certain sense, the arbiters of your own destinies. The Savior will never exert any *irresistible* influence to preponderate your mind in favor of religion: you must make your own election. If, therefore, you would become possessed of the blessings of religion, you must do as did Mary, *choose* "that good part;" otherwise, you shall be irretrievably lost. *She chose it in preference to domestic care*. "Martha was cumbered about much serving;" but Mary chose to take her position at Jesus' feet, and learned from him the lessons of salvation. The claims of religion are prior to all others, and they should first be met. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." Choose religion first in point of time, and first in point of importance. Many regard it as a matter of mere secondary consideration. With them "the cares of this world" are of primary importance, religion least, and religion last; and by regarding it thus, alas! how many live and die without it. *She chose it promptly*. She did not wait until the usual hospitalities of the social visit were dispatched, and the Savior was about to depart; but, though chided for it by her sister, she forthwith attended to the "one thing needful." Religion has *long* claimed your

choice; yet, perhaps, you have as long deferred to make that choice. "The Master has come and call-eth for thee," and as you have not yet responded to that call, he may be on the eve of taking his final departure from you. "How long halt ye between two opinions? Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." "Behold, now is the accepted time." Reflect—the decision of the present moment may determine your destiny in eternity.

*Mary acted wisely in the choice she made. She chose all that was needful.* Religion and all necessary temporal good—"all these things shall be added unto you." "The Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory, and no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." Those act wisely who choose the greatest good. *She ran no risk*—"which shall not be taken away from her." Let none here suppose that she might not have voluntarily surrendered "that better part," or, by unfaithfulness, have lost it; for both were possible, as the Scriptures clearly show; but while she continued faithful to her choice, no adverse agency whatever could wrest her religion from her. Those who choose their portion from the world, always run a painful risk. If they lose that, which they are constantly liable to do, what have they left? what remains to sustain them in the storms of adversity? what to comfort them in the hour of death? If you, however, choose religion, and make it your chief care through life, like pious Mary, you will have nothing to fear. The violent or the fraudulent may take away your property; but neither can dispossess you of your "true riches." Disease may invade your system, and destroy your health; yet your "inward man shall be renewed day by day." Your pious and best friends may die and leave you; yet, in the light of Christian hope, you can raise your weeping eyes to heaven, and say, "There we shall meet again." Finally, death may terminate your own life; yet, while falling under his icy hand, you shall seize the boon of eternal life, and rise to share for ever with kindred spirits the bliss of the heavenly world.

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Nothing in nature is so well fitted to solemnize the feelings of man, and remind him of the great and lasting obligations which he is under to his Maker, and to remind him of the certainty of death, and the uncertainty of life, as to go to the resting place of the dead, and there call to mind some dear departed friend or companion, who in life warned him to prepare to meet the Judge of all the earth, and who, perhaps, had, on her death-bed, made him promise that he would prepare to meet her in heaven. Impenitent reader, if you have a friend or companion, who is now resting in the tomb, go and muse upon your promise made to him or her; and if you do not stifle your convictions, you will be made to cry, "O, Lord, be merciful to me a poor sinner!"

## UNANIMITY.

—  
BY THE EDITOR.  
—

IN union is strength. What built the pyramids? What gave Europe religious freedom? What gave Columbia civil liberty? Union. Combination is as important in the Church as in the world.

Christian union is likely to be the question of the age, and every intelligent friend of Jesus rejoices at the prospect. It is time for rival sects to look at points of agreement rather than of difference, and combine their energies against common foes, instead of wasting them in wars among themselves. Chalmers, Bickersteith, James, and kindred spirits, are sounding the alarm upon the mountains of Zion, and mustering Israel's scattered hosts.

Favorable for the Protestant cause as are the signs of the times, infidelity rejoices, and Romanism triumphs. The reason is obvious. Efforts at union press upon the world the question, "Why disagree?" the stumbling block of the skeptic—the palisado of the Pope. It is to this we ask attention.

It is necessary, however, to make some preliminary observations. Every man of sound mind, with the Bible in hand, can as readily maintain a proper relation to the *moral* world as he does to the *external*. The great truths, that there is a God, that man is a sinner, that Christ is a Savior, that repentance and faith are the conditions of salvation, that obedience to God is the way to heaven, are as easily understood from revelation as that fire will burn, and water drown, and food nourish, or that when the buds put forth we have spring, and when the leaves fall from the forest there is autumn. And, so far as these truths are concerned, Christians (few exceptions) harmonize—perhaps much farther.

The points in which Christians *agree* are more numerous than those in which they *differ*. While we are constantly seeking for differences, and turning our eyes from correspondences, we may fancy ourselves far apart; but place two differing Protestant Christians in Pekin, or on the banks of the Nile, and they will run to each other's embrace. As they lift the standard of the cross in the sight of heathen abominations, they stand shoulder to shoulder; and as they proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ, they are scarce conscious of any discord in their instructions.

The points in which they agree are in the Bible: those in which they disagree are out of the Bible, and in creeds and confessions of faith.

The points in which Christians agree are fundamental: those in which they disagree are of secondary importance. In the terraqueous globe, we see transition, secondary, and tertiary rocks overlapping one another in a long series; yet, at the profoundest depths, and the loftiest heights, we find the granite; so, though infinite the strata, and diversified

the forms, in which the revolutions of ages have deposited secondary doctrines, they all repose upon the flanks of primitive mountain truths, which underlie and overtop them.

It is matter of little consequence to a dying sinner how, or how many God has elected, if he has made his own calling and election sure. He that persevereth to the end, will not be damned because he has mistaken concerning the doctrine of "final perseverance." Would that we could draw the attention of the Church more to fundamentals—the region of disturbance is that of non-essentials. It is said that there is a bay in Lake Huron over which the air is so charged with electricity, that no person has ever traversed it without hearing peals of thunder; but that bay is out of the ordinary paths of commerce.

The points in which Christians agree are *facts*: those in which they differ are *theories*. There is a God: this is a fact. None denies it but the fool, and he denies it in his heart, not head. But if we venture into the fathomless question, *how* he exists, we may expect storms. There are three persons in the Godhead—another fact. Admitted. But the moment we begin to inquire how the Trinity is in unity, we speculate—we dispute. It is a fact that Jesus saves. Agreed. How? How many? Now we theorize. Beware, or we shall differ. The Holy Spirit operates in regeneration—a fact—a concord. The disagreement is on the questions, *how?* *wherefore?*

But we recur to the question, why, since Protestant Christians agree that the Bible is the only and sufficient rule of faith, and that whatever is not contained therein, or may not be proved thereby, ought not to be received, do they differ even in minor points?

1. There are original differences in mind. Variety beautifies all the Creator's works. In the mineral world we have hill, valley, desert, and plain: in the vegetable, the lichen of the reef, and the oak of the mountain, united with intermediate vegetation, blending by imperceptible gradations: in the animal, a similar series, from the polypus to the mammoth: so in the rational, minds range one above another: so in heaven, one star differeth from another star in glory. But unanimity on all subjects would imply *equality of mental power*. True, near objects, in a strong light, may be seen with sufficient distinctness to prevent dispute, by men possessing optics of different degrees of perfection; but let the objects be removed farther, or the light diminished, and the superiority of the sharp-sighted will be manifest.

We do not all survey things with *equal advantages*. Our *secular avocations* place us in various positions, plunging some through the shafts of the mine, and raising others to Chimborazoan heights. Our *training* differs. Some are left to look out merely with the mental eyeballs which nature has given them: others are furnished, by *education*, with every variety

of intellectual optical instruments. Some can scarce find *time* to reflect that there is a God: others have nothing to do but, in outer or inner temples, to gaze, and reason, and wonder, and adore.

Minds differ in *capacity*. Some, like sponge, are soon satiated: others, like water, which, all through the scale, has an undiminished appetite for heat, however high their attainments in science, are never without an ardent thirst. Some are *achromatic*: they refract light without dispersion; so that, however feeble the ray, or distant the object which radiates it, the vision is distinct; others, like the prism, decompose every simple beam they transmit, and hence array every thing in rainbow plumage. Happy souls, to them all is beautiful—nothing clear.

Minds differ in *tenacity*. On some, facts are inscriptions on the sand, on others pyramids in dog-tooth spar. So in *temperament*. One shoots his pistols with an icicle, another, like phosphureted hydrogen, takes fire at every puff, and always rises in a wreath of vapor. Thus, also, in regard to *consistency*. One, like asbestos, remains fixed even in the furnace, another, like the bay, fluctuates with every wind.

2. Among the most operative and wide-spread influences that warp the judgment, are the *moral feelings*. Their power is frequently alluded to in the Scriptures. Mark the effect of rebellion in the following passage: "Because that, when they knew God, they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful; but because vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened, professing themselves to be wise, they became fools," Romans i, 21, 22. Mark the influence of obedience: "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." Behold the blinding effect of avarice: "If our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost, in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them that believe not," &c. No man can see truth through a gold bandage. If one take up the Bible to refute it, ought we to expect that he will be convinced? A man has no right within a jury box when a prisoner whom he has prejudged is at the bar. The influence of passion upon judgment is discoverable everywhere and every day. The sluggard always sees a lion in the way. How difficult to convince the coward of a necessity for the sword, or to find an object of charity sufficiently forlorn to loosen the miser's purse-strings! Rooted hostility to God impairs the sinner's vision, while the increasing spirit of obedience clarifies the medium through which the saint looks at God's word. As he treads the path which shineth brighter and brighter unto the perfect day, he is more and more qualified to read; and pages which he could not decipher at all, at setting out, he can readily comprehend as he nears the plains of light. But we need not argue

this point, since it is one so generally admitted. How common are such expressions as these:

"Convince a man against his will,  
He's of the same opinion still;"

"The wish was father to the thought!" When we consider how various are men's moral states, how many are the degrees between the lowest and the highest grade of piety, we need not wonder that there should be various opinions in regard to moral truth.

Allied to the feelings are some mental habits which strongly influence the judgment. *Credulity* is a tendency to believe a statement without sufficient proof. This is natural: indeed, no child could be reared without it. What evidence has the child that water will drown? Our credulity in relation to matters of religion is stronger than in regard to any thing else. Hence, we find the faith of the father generally adopted by the son. Thus are transmitted many errors and absurdities. Some minds, when convinced that they are too credulous, run to the opposite extreme, and either deny the Bible, or rationalize its statements, until they make its miracles optical illusions or Mesmeric phenomena. This is the more dangerous and unphilosophical, and, in our day, more common extreme.

*Superstition* (considered subjectively) is a mental habit to which we are naturally prone, in the inverse ratio of our knowledge. It leads us to believe, without adequate reason, in the supernatural—ghosts, spectres, apparitions—phenomena often nothing more than the illusions of the fancy or the sense—or to ascribe to supernal or infernal agency events traceable to secondary causes, or which may, by reasonable analogy, be inferred to result from such causes. Disease, for instance, is often ascribed to witchcraft. Any thing which is clearly demonstrated by experience, or asserted in the word of God, we are bound to believe; and whatever is traced in the sacred Scriptures to supernatural power, it is madness to ascribe to physical causes. But we must guard against that tendency of our nature, which induced the heathen to trace every thing to superhuman power, and populate every mountain, and valley, and plain with divinities.

Superstition has given rise to much error and confusion in the Christian Church, by leading to a false interpretation of the Bible, and by perverting true doctrines. Lord Bacon has the following just observations on this subject:

"It is better to have no opinion of God at all, than such an opinion as is unworthy of him; for the one is unbelief, the other is contumely; and certainly superstition is the reproach of the Deity. Plutarch saith well to that purpose, 'Surely I had a great deal rather men should say there was no such man as Plutarch, than that they would say there was one Plutarch that would eat his children as soon as they were born, as the poets speak of Saturn.' And as

the contumely is greater toward God, so the danger is greater toward men. Atheism leaves a man to sense, to philosophy, to natural piety, to laws, to reputation: all which may be guides to an outward moral virtue, though religion were not; but superstition dismounts all these, and erecteth an absolute monarchy in the minds of men: therefore, Atheism did never perfect states; for it makes men wary of themselves, as looking no further, (and we see the times inclined to Atheism civil times, as the time of Augustus.) But superstition hath been the confusion of many states, and bringeth in a new *primum mobile*, which ravisheth all the spheres of government."

3. The Bible is often studied in a wrong spirit. Too great liberties have been taken with it. *Catechisms*, *creeds*, and *commentaries*, have their uses. If a man fairly deduce important truth from the word of God, he will have a desire that his children and neighbors should derive benefit from his labors, and his duty coincides with this desire. There can be no reason why he should not print as well as utter what he believes; and if he arrange it in interrogative form, he will have a catechism. If an ecclesiastical council agree upon the results of more extensive labors, why not embody and perpetuate those results in a confession of faith? If they disagree in their conclusions, there is a still greater reason why those conclusions should be expressed. There being in the Bible allusions to customs, manners, and events not generally understood, why not have a commentary? But all these productions should be cautiously made and used. In imparting divine truth, *arrangement* may be a very important matter, and surely that of the Holy Ghost is the best—the irregular, not the scientific, or geometrical. The enterprise of treating theology as a science was not undertaken until the seventh century; nor was it until the eleventh that the first production in the shape of a general system of theology (that of Anselm) made its appearance. We know not, however, that the first century found any more difficulty in understanding the word than the twelfth. Mode, also, may be of consequence. He who teaches by catechism or creed, adopts the synthetic: he who instructs by the Bible, the analytic. Revelation, for instance, nowhere announces the truth, "There is a God;" but leads us out to nature, and says, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." It nowhere formally says there is a Redeemer; but it introduces us to Jesus, and shows him dying on the cross.

It is the beautiful and just remark of Fourcroy, that the sciences are *studied* analytically, and learned synthetically. Is the Bible to be learned or *studied*? Moreover, it is not only a science, to be grappled by the mind, but a moral panorama, intended to move the heart. If you wished to impress your child with the beauties of nature, would you analyze your

garden, and present to him the fragrance in one bottle and the colors in another, the roots in this basket and the stems in that? or would you take him out, and let the living, blooming wonders regale his senses as he passed? Send youth into the garden of God. The Bible presents truth in a *certain consistence*; the catechism and the creed concentrate it; the commentary dilutes it. The range within which we may safely distil or weaken truth has its limits. Although our natural food may be variously dressed to suit our tastes, we may easily make it unwholesome. A farmer learning that the nutriment of hay might be extracted by boiling water, fed his cattle on decoctions, but soon found they were dying. The part he deemed useless, though without nutritious properties, was necessary to give the distension indispensable to healthy digestion.

The Bible should be primary, in relation to the creed, both in time and importance. If this order be inverted, the human production becomes the medium through which the divine is read. Look through a green glass: you see the sun itself green. Study the Bible through the spectacles of a creed or commentary, and you see eternal truth discolored. Look, therefore, at the creed through the Bible, not the Bible through the creed.

The Bible is often studied without a proper object. Many in searching the Scriptures do not find truth, simply because they do *not want* it. Their seeking of holy things, like the Pharisee's prayer, inflates them with self-consequence, and fits them to dispute. Some study *objectless*. Bernard rode all day along the Lemnian lake, and at last inquired *where he was*. So have we seen men travel with great pains through and through the Bible, and never know where they are. Such may be led anywhere by the sleight of men, or the cunning craftiness of the deceiver, who lieth in wait. Others read with a *vain curiosity*. The colonists of Jamestown once discovered a rivulet blushing with shining particles, which they took for gold. They immediately abandoned the culture of the earth to search for this pretended treasure, and soon loaded a vessel with useless talc. A famine was the consequence. The desire of imitating the wise induces thousands of ignorant men to seek for the shining dust washed down by the river of truth, instead of drawing the bread of life from its banks, and the water of life from its crystal stream. Foolish souls, they have many disputes over their span-gles, and finally famish. These are they ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth. We saw one distressed about the roots of "Gog and Magog." He lost the root of the *matter* in the root of the *words*.

Some enter upon the truth with a *spirit of wild temerity*. A designing or crazed priest blows a new horn upon the mountains. Thousands, charmed with the novelty, neglect their families and pursuits, and, with Bacchanalian cries, follow the strange

leader. Ignorant of history, they talk flippantly of the ancients; without study, they philosophize about sun, moon, and stars; without Hebrew, or Greek, or hermeneutics, they go through the fields of theology, Shamgars, or Jase, slaying every difficulty with an ox-goad, or a nail. Abroad in Matthew, they are at home in Daniel. Blind to plain truth, they behold with open vision where Gabriel might spread his wing over his eye. These are they to locate hell and unsettle earth, to name the father of Melchisedek, and fix, to a day, the birth of Satan and the death of the world. Presently "they come up with their cattle and their tents, and they come up as grasshoppers for multitude, and they enter into the land to destroy it." Finally, some one among them dreams of "barley bread tumbling into the host," and they are gone. Such men are proof against the resources of logic; for, in fancy, they bake unleavened cakes for angels; but they gradually yield to the slow workings of common sense. Their vagaries are, however, the seeds of future error and contention.

The spirit of *controversy* is unfavorable to truth. There are times when controversy in Zion is necessary; but ere we commence it, let us see that it is unavoidable and well-timed; that it succeed not precede investigation, and that it be conducted in the fear of God. Alas! how many theologians debate with less reverence than the mathematician bends over his equation, the statuary his marble, or the painter his canvass. When Sir Isaac Newton approached the solution of his great problem, he was so overcome that he was obliged to call upon a friend to complete the demonstration. With what solemnity should we handle the truth of God! While the bar and the forum serve as flues to let off unpleasant feeling, the pulpit often closes the moral chimney, and fills the church with smoke. Can men see truth when they contend for victory? Not were she to come visibly as an angel of light. In the battle of Thrasymene, the heated soldiers of Rome and Carthage fought in the bosom of an earthquake, and knew it not.

4. *Human authority* is often put in the place of Divine. The mind, conscious of its weakness, and averse to laborious inquiry, is prone to repose confidence in the authority of great names. This inclination explains the fact, that errors outraging common sense have been widely spread, and long perpetuated. For thirteen centuries Aristotle, unquestioned, gave universal laws to philosophy, and Galen to medicine. The Rabbis blinded the Jews to their prophecies, and the monks brought on the dark ages. There are systems of theology yet rearing their venerable heads, defying the assaults of reason, because shielded by the ægis of authority. Many, too, are the modern errors which survive, because they originated at universities, or are sanctioned by honored names. Often does error take



place of truth, because introduced by authority, whilst she herself is resisted, because unfashionable. For more than two centuries, fruitless efforts were made by argument and experiment, to bring the potato into use, until Louis XV., on a festive day, wore, amid his court, a bunch of its flowers. At once its virtues were acknowledged, and its use spread through all ranks and all lands. The pusillanimous youth, who, to ape some pseudo-philosopher, and exhibit his contempt for inferior minds, tramples the Bible in the dust, would press the treasure to his lips, if he should see some monarch or warrior wear a leaf of it in his hat. The crowning argument of thousands still is, "Have any of the rulers believed on Him?" Shame on poor human nature, that the millennium must delay until *kings* become nursing fathers, and queens nursing mothers in the Church.

Think not so meanly of your soul as to repose your faith upon another; nevertheless, remember that there is a *mad* independence. Let none condemn his fellows, or refuse their reasonable aid. There are who fail to discern between the budless and the blooming ensigns of authority, and defy Jehovah's earthquake and lightning. God teaches reliance on our fellows to a *certain extent*. There are limits within which the child *must* look to the father, and the youth to the tutor, and there is a point where reason *must* yield to faith. Nature is prone to extremes. Voltaire, prince of infidel darkness, long blinded by authority, bursting the brazen fetters with which his peerless powers had been bound, rashly seized the pillars of truth, and said, "I will be avenged for my two eyes." He was to be pitied; but not more than he who, in consideration of some authority he courts or dreads, bars the truth that struggles in the prison of his conscience.

5. *Imagination* has had much influence in perverting the truth. Men seek to introduce the fine arts into the house of God. Because Athens had her Jupiter, Rome must have her Peter—because Asia had her Diana, Europe must have her "Mary." The fine arts have their sphere, and it is great and gorgeous. Let the Athenian mold Apollo with his curling locks, his wreathed brows, and his armed hands—let Polycletus shape Juno with her broad forehead, and her large eyes, as she holds in one hand the pomegranate, and in the other, the cuckoo-surmounted ensign of royalty—let Phidias hew Jupiter crowned with olive, seated on his throne, with his sceptre and his eagle—or frame Minerva full armed, and carve battles on her buckler, a sphynx and a griffin on her helmet, and a Medusa on her ægis; let him sculpture even her golden sandals with conflicts, and represent a score of deities beneath her feet, we will not complain, nor shall we wonder, if on asking the poor Pagan, "For what intent?" he should reply, "To add new feelings to the religion of Greece." Nor will we curse him should we see

his own bald head stamped upon the buckler; but let the chisel and the pencil, if they would sport with eternal truth, think of "the men of Bethshemesh." The fine arts *may* have *sacred* uses. We quarrel not with the Moses of Michael Angelo, though we shudder at his living or dead Christ. Such things may be forgiven the dark ages, but what of *this* age if it turn God's revelation into pictures? But blasphemy stops not here. It would represent the burning bush before which Moses unbound his sandals, and the mount that burned amid blackness, and darkness, and tempest, even the glory that passed by when the Mediator of the covenant was hid in the cleft of the rock—it would lend coloring to the Invisible, and relieve to the Eternal—it would make a show of the Father, and lead us to love him by apparitions of his son. Restrain not that image of God which Scripture presents, and which because unlimited, admits of expansion for ever.

Many, from a laudable desire to make the truth attractive to the tasteful and the fashionable, have attempted to ornament it. Ornament! What! would you tie ribbons to the sun? The characters of Scripture have been made the interlocutors of the drama, and even represented upon the stage. Disgusting profanation—like administering baptism to a dog. The oracles which God hath immured with dread by putting into them his holy name—that name which rends rocks, shakes hell, emparadises heaven, have been borne on the shoulders of giant genius up the steep of Helicon, to be the sport of fantastic wanderings through illusive groves, and by intoxicating fountains. And poetry hath apologized for her daring, by assuming that the divine Being needed the aid of fantasy "to justify his ways to man." Behold absurdity married to recklessness! Poetry justify—argue—investigate? Poesy has her walk. She possesses wit, imagination, and sensibility. Bring folly and she can satirize—beauty and she can paint—vice and she can declaim; blow a trumpet, and like Achilles in Scyros, she'll rattle the armor; close all her senses, and she'll plume her wings for boundless flight. But in investigation she hath ever been as Polyphemus, one-eyed or eyeless. What of sacred poetry? That is an exception. David, Isaiah, &c., like the angel that appeared to Manoaah ascended upward in the altar's flames. I may be thought to despise what all the world worshipeth. Milton had an eagle genius, and its flights were of surpassing sublimity, but better had it perched in other garden than that guarded by cherubic sword—better spread its wing of light on other darkness than the "blackness of darkness"—better performed its gyrations in other firmament than that irradiated by the Eternal throne. I know he is considered steady in the main, and it is a wonder how his inflated spirit, in her sightless flights, could so well baffle the sportive winds. We will continue this subject in the next number.

## NOTICES.

**PHILANTHROPY; or, My Mother's Bible.** *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is an interesting and well written little work, designed to impress the heart with the duty of aiding the poor and afflicted. It is said to be founded on an incident which happened in New York, and we have no reason to doubt the statement.

**JOURNEY TO ARARAT.** *By Friederich Parrot, Professor, &c. With Map and Wood Cuts. Translated by W. D. Cooley. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—Great interest attaches to Ararat, and to its first ascent. The volume before us is full of instruction as well as interest. "The result of the late M. Parrot's scientific investigations are here given complete; but the figures and formulæ with which they were accompanied have been retrenched, so that this part of the work is reduced to one-fourth of its original bulk. On the determination of one physico-geographical problem of great importance—the relative level of the Caspian Sea—M. Parrot exercised, by observation and discussion, the greatest influence. His papers on this subject are, therefore, given at length, and a short account of the definitive settlement of the question is added in the appendix."

In this volume we see with what ease apparent impossibilities can be surmounted by vigorous and persevering men, urged on by scientific curiosity.

**THE HISTORY OF JOHN MARTEN.** *A Sequel to the Life of Henry Milner. By Mrs. Sherwood. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—We have not read the work, but presume it is a good one. The subject, we understand, is the trials of a young minister.

**MEMOIR OF THE LATE ALEXANDER PROUDFIT, D. D.** *By John Forsyth, D. D., Minister of Union Church, Newburg. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—Dr. Proudft was a man of great excellence and usefulness. The record of his inward and outward experience, and the exhibition of his self-denying labors, are calculated to promote the edification of the Church.

**NARRATIVE OF REMARKABLE CRIMINAL TRIALS.** *Translated from the German of Anselm Ritter Von Feuerback, by Lady Duff Gordon. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—The Harpers publish a great many good books, and not a few bad ones. Of the latter we consider the one before us an example. If we wished to produce crime, we would seize upon such works and scatter them broadcast over the world. We should anticipate, from such sowing, a harvest of thefts and murders with as much confidence as we should expect a crop of wheat from sowing that grain upon good soil. Familiarity with crime diminishes our abhorrence of it, while it increases our facilities and temptations to its commission. He who associates with criminals generally becomes a criminal. So contaminating is vice that, even in prisons where the inmates are forbidden to speak to each other by day, and are confined in separate cells by night, few men remain long without becoming confirmed rascals. Even the guards and keepers of chain-gangs and prisons often acquire both aptitude and inclination to deeds of daring criminality; for they lose all commiseration for the suffering, and all terror of the law. We generally pass over in disgust all accounts of crime, duels, executions, criminal trials, confessions, &c., with which our papers are crowded, and we usually burn, without reading, all pamphlets and books filled with such matter when they come into our possession.

We do not call in question the motives of the Harpers in publishing the trash which now and then issues from their press. Perhaps if we had their optics, and occupied their stand-point, we should see that such things are right; but we confess, with our limited powers, and means of information, we could not publish such works as Criminal Trials, Mysteries of Paris, Wandering Jew, &c., for the reason contained in the following:

"Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,  
That to be hated needs but to be seen;  
But seen too oft, familiar with his face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

How much better were the world if our literature, instead of holding up before the young exhibitions of human frailties and vices, presented only pictures of excellences and virtues for their admiration and emulation.

**GARDINER'S FARMER'S DICTIONARY.** *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is not only a vocabulary of the technical terms introduced into agriculture and horticulture from various sciences, but also a compendium of practical farming. It seems to have been compiled with great care and ability, and it must be a valuable if not indispensable book in the library of every intelligent farmer. The recent able works on agriculture cannot be fully understood by the general reader without such a work as this. Where, for instance, would he find an explanation of the term, "eremacausis?" Neither in the common dictionary nor the encyclopedia. By referring to the Farmer's Dictionary, he will learn that it is derived from *erema*, slow, and *kausis*, combustion; that it was invented by Liebig, to express the moldering or dry rot of organic matter freely exposed to the oxygen of the atmosphere, and merely moistened with water, &c.

It is folly to object to the introduction of new terms: they are the necessary results of advances in science. The farmer should, therefore, acquaint himself with them, in order to keep pace with the progress of agricultural information, and to be prepared to communicate to others additions to the stock of knowledge. In studying his vocabulary, he will find himself introduced into various departments of science, where he will be capable of giving as well as receiving light.

We rejoice to see attempts to establish a suitable nomenclature in agriculture, as it will bring into communion the scientific and the practical farmer, and greatly promote their mutual advantage. The author of the present work has availed himself of the works of Rham, Loudon, Low, Stephens, and others; but he has the merit of originality in arrangement, and he has done service by so modifying the essays he has introduced as to make them of increased practical value in this country.

**A GRAMMAR OF THE LATIN LANGUAGE.** *By C. G. Zumpt, Ph. D. From the Ninth Edition of the Original. Adapted to the Use of English Students by Leonard Schmitz, Ph. D. Corrected and Enlarged by C. Anthon, LL. D.*—This is an elaborate and philosophical work, better adapted to the college than the academy—the scholar than the pupil.

**A UNIVERSAL PRONOUNCING GAZETTEER.** *By Thos. Baldwin, assisted by several other Gentlemen. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blackiston.*—We are disposed to think this a very valuable book. In regard to orthoepy, the rule adopted in the work is to give the pronunciation

of all geographical names as they are pronounced by the well educated people of the respective countries to which they belong, with the exception of those well-known foreign names which appear to have acquired a fixed English pronunciation. In cases where the native pronunciation of other countries cannot be given by means of English letters, an approximation to their sound has been attempted. The patrials are generally given in the work. Some attention is devoted to the signification of names, particularly of those derived from the Greek or Latin. In regard to spelling, as names of places in oriental countries are often variously spelled, owing to the various modes in which the western nations respectively pronounce them, an attempt has been made in this work to give the true orthography.

In relation to descriptive, statistical, and historical matter, the work appears to have been carefully compiled from the latest and best authorities. "A great number of the latitudes and longitudes have been taken from the *Connaissances des Temps*, published by the Bureau of Longitude, Paris, in which work they are generally stated with extraordinary accuracy. The confusion into which many works have fallen, in stating distances, by giving measure, sometimes English, sometimes foreign, has been avoided in the work, in which measures are all stated according to the English standard."

#### EDITOR'S TABLE.

*Near Dayton, O., March 30.*

In the March number of the Repository, Professor Larrabee requested any of his readers who had a copy of a beautiful poem, commencing,

"My native hills, far, far away,  
Your tops in living green are bright," &c.,

to send him a copy. As I happen to have one in my scrap-book, you would probably confer a favor on him, and, at the same time, delight many of your readers, by inserting a copy in your excellent Repository.

ESTHER J. MATTHEWS.

#### THE EMIGRANT.

My native hills, far, far away,  
Your tops in living green are bright;  
And meadow, glade, and forest gray,  
Bask in the long, long summer light;  
And blossoms still are gaily set  
By shaded fount and rivulet.  
O, that these feet again might tread  
The slopes around my native home,  
With grass and mingled blossoms spread,  
Where cool the western breezes come,  
To fan the fainting traveler's brow!  
Alas! I almost feel them now.  
Would that mine eyes again might see  
Those planted fields and forests deep—  
The tall grass waving like a sea—  
The white flocks scattered o'er the steep—  
The dashing brooks—and o'er them bent  
The high and boundless firmament!  
Fair are the scenes that round me lie,  
Bright shines the glad and glorious sun,  
And sweetly crimsoned is the sky  
At twilight, when the day is done:  
And the same stars look down at even  
That glitter in my native heaven.  
On wide savannahs, round me spread,  
A thousand blossoms meet mine eye;

The red rose meekly bows its head,  
As balmy winds go dancing by;  
And wild deer on the green bluffs play,  
That rise in dimness far away.

Majestic are those streams that glide  
O'ershadowed by continued wood,  
Save where the lone glade opens wide—  
Where erst the Indian hamlet stood;  
But sweeter streams with sweeter song  
In home's green valley glide along.

And there, when summer's heaven is clear,  
Sweet voices echo through the air;  
For children's feet press softly near,  
And joyous hearts are beating there,  
While I, afar from home and rest,  
Thread the vast rivers of the west.

Oh, in my dreams, before me rise  
Fair visions of those scenes so dear—  
The cottage home, the vale, the skies—  
And rippling murmurs greet mine ear,  
Like sound of unseen brook, that falls  
Through the long mine's unlighted halls.

As down the deep Ohio's stream  
We glide before the whispering wind,  
Though all is lovely as a dream,  
My wandering thoughts still turn behind—  
Turn to the loved, the blessed shore,  
Where dwell the friends I meet no more.

**THE EDITOR'S RESIGNATION.**—Having received an appointment from the Trustees of the Ohio Wesleyan University, and having been requested by the North Ohio and Ohio conferences (explicitly by the former and indirectly by the latter) to accept it, I not only feel authorized to resign the editorship of this periodical, but I do not feel at liberty to do otherwise; more especially, since, by retaining it, I should seem to consult my comfort and pecuniary interest more than what my brethren deem the interest of the Church. A more pleasant post than my present one could hardly be assigned me.

As my brethren in the itinerancy are laboring under many cares, responsibilities, and burdens, when they ask me to assume my share of toil and trouble, I must do so without reluctance. I have not taken my pen in hand to write a valedictory; for I shall edit at least two numbers more; but to advise my readers and correspondents in due time of the change which will occur in this office. Professor Tefft, of the Indiana Asbury University, will succeed me; and, I have no doubt, will not merely sustain, but *elevate* the work. His habits, his taste, and his scholarship, all admirably fit him for the editorial chair.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—Our correspondents are not, perhaps, aware that, owing to our arrangements with New York, we are obliged to anticipate the issue of the work. The number for June is made up, and that for July is nearly so. It is not probable that we shall be able to use any matter which we may receive after the issue of the present number. Correspondents may, however, be assured that whatever they may send will be preserved and handed to our successor.

**TO READERS.**—Our readers, we think, will find this number good—better than usual. Bishop Morris' article will not only interest the reader, but will suggest many useful reflections. "Parental Duties" is from a skillful pen, and expresses the result of much experience in the training of youth. The *Exile* is thrilling. But read through and judge for yourselves.





LANDSCAPE FROM THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOUNTAINS.

## P O S I T O R Y .

846.

nizens of the forest, they have not *purpose* enough elicit character. But is not their inherent hardi- and activity evinced by their voluntary pil- nages, and forced marches—by their active sports, r tiltings, their feats of strength, and games of —by their fleetness in the course, and their un- ssary wars?—all expressive of the morbid hypo- driacism of unapplied and unappropriated ener-

Let alone their chief unhappiness, even did white man not meddle with them, yet would life not seem a felicitous one, not of sufficient se! Yet, in their heathen ignorance, they not how to better themselves. The Bible—to sealed book—contains not only the seeds of ,” but the germs of philosophy—precepts for sent life as well as promises for that which is e. “By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou This is read as a denunciation; but is it not compensating mercy for the forfeited Par- What engages and cheers like employment? these Indians, to give their life in detail: a wigwam of their own length in diame- the chimney in the centre, so placed, as it ead the smoke throughout the apartment— tanned hides for their couch—the pot of or more probably only of dried venison, for their repast. Their squaws and pap- atted about the mud floor, whilst the men, istlessness, disport themselves without,

“Like little wanton boys  
’pon a summer sea,”

orn. It is often made a controversy in  
be, “Whether does civilized or savage  
he most enjoyment?” A theme it may  
lity there can be no “question” wheth-  
happier with his capacities exercised,  
tastes, and aspirations striven for, if  
., or whether all these various cravings

of his nature be unaccounted of and unsatisfied.

And now I look again, I believe it is a female who works one of the oars; and her pappoose is crouching down beside her in the boat; for he is not strapped to her shoulders—that were unsafe should she be compelled to swim. He, too, if of twenty months, can swim like a duckling. And thus they live!



THE

# LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JUNE, 1846.

## LAKE PEPIN, UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

"LAKE PEPIN" is an expansion of the Mississippi river, about twenty-four miles in length, and from two to four broad—a mile below the junction with the St. Croix—one hundred miles below St. Anthony's Falls—latitude  $43^{\circ} 50'$ . This brings it somewhere between Iowa and Wisconsin.

Outward nature is indeed a prototype of humanity—its different features standing for the different qualities of the soul. Thus the expanse and elevation of mountains may indicate largeness of mind and free scope of ideas; the purity of the upper element shall stand for sublime and contemplative cast of thought; rapids, cataracts, and whirlpools may signify the passions, with their strifes and turmoils, always overborne of *self*! Swiftly passing rivers should liken talents, and enterprise, and progress; the pure lakes shall mirror truth; the green of nature shall stand for the affections of repose; and the mighty ocean, as ever, be the symbol of eternity and religious contemplativeness.

And how many of these features are engrossed in our little sketch? We will read it by the incontrovertible test of *impression*. It does us good to look upon a picture like this. The sweetness of the foreground imparts an emotion of placid contentment; and the distance produces that salutary expansiveness of mind which broad prospects ever inspire. At the same time we confess that unless our vocation were of a sylvan hermitage, we should not abide here too long: its peace would unfit us for the conflicts and purposes of real life.

The scene is yet of nature: no innovation of man has shorn its wildness, or defaced its beauty. The Indians, guiltless alike of improvement or of ravage, leave it untouched. For them a little birch bark for their wigwam or canoe, some dead limbs for their fires, the arrow for the forest, and the angle for the lake, with water from the brook, and they are satisfied, if not sufficed. This destitution is the meed, it is said, of their indolence. Perhaps so. But who, in their inane discouragement, shall blame them for it? But it is affirmed that savages are ever indolent. True it is that, in their best estate, as

denizens of the forest, they have not *purpose* enough to elicit character. But is not their inherent hardihood and activity evinced by their voluntary pilgrimages, and forced marches—by their active sports, their tiltings, their feats of strength, and games of skill—by their fleetness in the course, and their unnecessary wars?—all expressive of the morbid hypochondriacism of unapplied and unappropriated energies! Let alone their chief unhappiness, even did the white man not meddle with them, yet would their life not seem a felicitous one, not of sufficient purpose! Yet, in their heathen ignorance, they know not how to better themselves. The Bible—to them a sealed book—contains not only the seeds of "grace," but the germs of philosophy—precepts for the present life as well as promises for that which is to come. "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou live." This is read as a denunciation; but is it not in fact a compensating mercy for the forfeited Paradise? What engages and cheers like employment?

But of these Indians, to give their life in detail: they have a wigwam of their own length in diameter, with the chimney in the centre, so placed, as it were, to lead the smoke throughout the apartment—a few untanned hides for their couch—the pot of hommony, or more probably only of dried venison, or *Tasseu*, for their repast. Their squaws and papposes squatted about the mud floor, whilst the men, from pure listlessness, disport themselves without,

"Like little wanton boys  
Upon a summer sea,"

this early morn. It is often made a controversy in debating clubs, "Whether does civilized or savage life admit of the most enjoyment?" A theme it may be; but in reality there can be no "question" whether a being is happier with his capacities exercised, his appetites, tastes, and aspirations striven for, if not gratified, or whether all these various cravings of his nature be unaccounted of and unsatisfied.

And now I look again, I believe it is a female who works one of the oars; and her pappoose is crouching down beside her in the boat; for he is not strapped to her shoulders—that were unsafe should she be compelled to swim. He, too, if of twenty months, can swim like a duckling. And thus they live!



## UNANIMITY.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN the last number, after some general remarks on the subject of unanimity, we enumerated a few of the causes of disagreement in the Christian Church. We proceed now to indicate some others.

6. *Association* has frequently given rise to confusion and contention. It is often difficult to distinguish between the casual and the essential. Soranus, the cotemporary of Galen, prescribes as a remedy for the aphthæ of children, honey taken from *bees that hived near the tomb of Hippocrates*. Boyle, a distinguished naturalist and physician of modern times, in prescribing phosphate of lime, directs that it shall be taken from the *thigh-bone of a hanged man*. Is it wonderful that certain ordinances and graces, because they go *pari passu*, may be regarded as cause and effect; that where two or more conditions are required for a specific effect, one only may be regarded in accounting for the result; that a cause may be considered an effect, or an effect a cause, as in considering the subject of prayer? Is it wonderful that the healing influence of the balm in Gilead should be attributed in part to the cup in which it was administered; that we should often be sent for divine truth through the most revolting human errors, or that the purifying power of Jesus' blood should be confounded in the imagination of the sinner with the wood of an imaginary cross? Moreover, we are wont to regard with reverence whatever awakens religious emotion; nor is this tendency of our nature difficult of explanation. The home of youth, how dear! Whether we have been reared in the region of ice or of palm trees, in the ship-girded city or the solitude of the forest, beside the toppling glacier, or on the flowery banks of the Nile, the scenes where we first drank in the light, and caught our guileless hearts in love, are charming to the sense, because they awaken in the soul its earliest, liveliest, sweetest joys. Hence, the strange charm of maternity—hence the fond reminiscences, and the pardonable croakings of tottering age. Thus, too, every thing is sublime which the eye sees when the heart trembles and is moved out of its place. Thus, O God! when thou dost cause thy glory to pass before us, whether in the silent chamber or in the midst of the riven thunder cloud, the ground is holy. Is it surprising that we cling to the altar, the creed, the song consecrated by conversion, and the thanksgiving of our new-made hearts! Go, proud infidel, if thou canst reconcile it to the dignity of philosophy, survey the motley, ghastly, lengthened crowd of errors that religion, in her march of ages, has chained to her chariot wheels. By these would you fix upon her the stamp of folly or of mischief? Know, thou fool, that they are trophies of her matchless power—hostages for the fealty

of her subjugated realms. Show another triumphal car that can drag such a train. Christian, be not impatient to thrust the ploughshare of an avenging God through every wheat field that hath tares. Thy Savior taught a better philosophy.

7. Numerous as are the errors and disputes resulting from original peculiarities of mind, moral feelings, imagination, and association, they are less numerous than those resulting from causes more purely intellectual, of which we shall only mention a few.

*Misunderstanding.* Language is but an imperfect instrument of thought. Terms are liable to be employed in different degrees of comprehension, and to be used out of their common acceptation. They are ambiguous, either in themselves, or from being used in different intentions. Take charity and faith as examples. If words belong to a *living* language, they are subject to an entire reversal of their meaning. An example of this is the word "prevent," which, in the Methodist Discipline, means assistance, and, in common parlance, hinderance. Many a discussion might have been spared, if the disputants, before entering upon it, had defined the terms of the proposition to be discussed. Theologians have been too much in the habit of defining for each other instead of allowing each to define for himself. When sensible and pious Christians understand each other perfectly, they feel but little inclination to contend.

*Hasty generalization:* the fault of superficial and impatient observers. Werner, inhabiting Saxony, where the rocks, all stratified, evidently belong to the aqueous period, supposed the globe was deposited from water. Hutton, dwelling in Scotland, a primitive region, where the rocks are igneous, believed the world to have been made by fire. These theories for years divided geologists, who debated them with feelings into which more of the Plutonian than the Neptunian element entered. Thus, some theologians, observing the moral world chiefly in its more orderly aspects, have regarded its monuments of evil as depositions from a pure ocean, by the gradual influence of disturbing causes. Others, from a different but no less partial survey, trace all the scenes of the moral world, with the exception of a little spot around themselves, to the upheaving of hell's volcanic paroxysms. A comprehensive view shows both agencies: the fiery ocean of depravity and the cooling seas of grace.

*Wrong methods of interpretation.* It is impossible for men to educe the same truths from a book, unless they agree upon rules of exegesis. How various have been such rules for the word of God. In the first age succeeding the apostles, oriental philosophy sought a union with Christianity, and gave rise to the error of Gnosticism. Foremost among celebrated commentators on the Bible stands Origen—wayward in fancy, laborious in research, rich in learning, exalted in piety, but lamentably deficient in judgment. He laid down the principle that the Bible must not be

understood as it is written, but according to a hidden sense. This opened an unknown sea, and hid both rudder and compass. Every bark lunched upon it was the sport of the winds; and if two of its navigators reached the same port, the event was mysterious. In the third century came Manes, a Persian, who endeavored to form a union of the doctrines of the Gospel and those of the magi. God he considered to be light, the evil principle darkness, and Christ a messenger from God to hasten the return of the imprisoned spirits to the celestial country. Next came the scholastic theology, led on by Gregory Nazianzen among the Greeks, and Augustine among the Latins. This was a fusion of the Bible with the philosophy of Plato, and like the image of Nebuchadnezzar was, of course, of heterogeneous materials, presenting, however, the gold in the foot, and the clay in the head. At a later period arose the Biblici, who adopted a similar plan to that of Origen, aiming to express "the internal juice;" and the Scholastici, who subjected the Bible to the decisions of the Aristotelian philosophy. The Reformation, which attracted the human mind from the enchanted circle of logical processes to the highway of Biblical examination, did not emancipate it from metaphysics. Calvin, Luther, &c., were the profoundest metaphysicians of their age. Even now, men who investigate for themselves instead of following the track of others, first frame a system of mental philosophy, and then interpret the Bible by it. Better sit down to the Bible, take for granted what it takes for granted, or asserts, in relation to the human mind, and then interpret or frame mental philosophy by the Bible. Since the attention of men has been strongly recalled to the natural and exact sciences, other erroneous modes of interpretation have been adopted. Locke has a fine passage on this subject: "Some men have so used their heads to mathematical figures, that, giving a preference to the methods of that science, they introduce lines and diagrams into their study of divinity and political inquiries, as if nothing could be known without them; and others, accustomed to retired speculations, run natural philosophy into metaphysical notions, and the abstract generalities of logic. And how often may one meet with morality and religion treated of in the language of the laboratory, and thought to be improved by the notions of chemistry!" The language of the Bible is human language, and, therefore, needs no succession of authorized interpreters. Although it bears the impress of the times and nations in which it was originally given, on all great principles it rises above temporary and local peculiarities. It is to be interpreted by common sense, as other books are interpreted; but with three peculiar rules: First, no disconnected book of Scripture is perfect; second, prophecy must not be interpreted literally; third, typical representation must not be overlooked.

*Wrong methods of investigation.* A German philosopher has recently announced certain alledged discoveries, made, not by an observation of facts, but by a twenty years' meditation. This statement may excite risibility in the reasoning reader, yet it expresses the usual mode of investigation up to the era of Bacon and Descartes. Prior to this, men either constructed philosophy of pure abstraction, or beginning with experiment, soon proceeded to hypotheses. Hence, there were as many systems as there were reasoning philosophers, and those of one day became the sport of the next. No wonder the world slept for ages, only now and then opening her eyes to close them in deeper slumbers. Upon the bringing in of a better method, nature was studied, facts accumulated, inductions made, and systems framed by slow and cautious generalization. Then came harmony, activity, solidity, progress; onward we go in the natural sciences; onward over the hills, down the valleys, digging the mineral, breaking the rocks, gathering the fossils; onward, across the prairies, through the forest, up the stream, over the sea, collecting specimens of every plant, and bird, and beast, and fish; onward, from fact to fact, from figure to figure, from system to system, from science to science, from earth to heaven, from age to age, with footstep, slow, steady, sure, onward, onward.

Unhappily, the reform thus introduced into philosophy has not yet extended into theology, perhaps, because men are jealous of invasions upon consecrated forms. Theologians still soar into the airy regions of speculation, spin in fancy's flights their cobweb systems, and then return to the Bible, determined to find a basis on which to rest them. Under this inverted process, men are tempted to overlook the missing thread, and make a way with the present one, if it do not fall into the frame-work of their web. Mr. Addison relates the story of a portrait painter, who not having skill to paint from nature painted from fancy, and having finished his portraits, watched the crowd to find faces to suit them. Do you smile. Behold that man commencing his investigations by inquiring what, how, and why, God should teach, and ending by searching the divine word for proof of his vain conjectures!

The Bible is not a suit of abstractions, but a collection of facts. The creation, the fall, the deluge, the call of Abraham, the history of the Jews, and of him whom they crucified—every thing in the Scriptures, is fact, past, present, or prospective. If, therefore, there be a volume, above all others to be studied in patient detail, it is God's. Let men come to the Bible as Newton went to nature. Sacrificing preconceived opinions, curbing imagination, casting to the moles and the bats, the idols of original and reflected prejudices, let them sit with child-like docility at the feet of Jesus, humbly gather the rich truths which fall from his lips, and proceed by slow

and careful induction from particular truths to general principles, and from general principles to a system; then shall they have one, durable in material, grand and harmonious in proportions, resting upon the Rock of ages, and bearing upon its walls watchmen, who, so far as desirable and possible, see eye to eye.

But shall we ever attain entire unanimity? There is a way that promises to effect this, viz: Let one man think for the whole Church. This is the Pope's plan, but even he does not succeed. The Roman Church has been convulsed with controversy in every age, although she has made her elastic articles assume all shapes to fit the expansions or contractions of the religious mind. Compare the Popes, you will find one a Pelagian, proclaiming heaven for good works; another, an indulgence-peddler, offering salvation for good pay. The different patron saints are emblematic of the various phases of doctrine which the Catholic Church assumes in the countries over which those saints respectively preside. Even the Alps break the continuity of Catholic opinion. The different corporations of friars are each the embodiment of a distinct conception—each animated by a spirit *sui generis*. Indeed, the idea of restraining private judgment in religion is preposterous, for it must be exercised even in essaying to renounce it. Before becoming a Catholic, a man must settle the following questions: Religion or no religion, Christianity or some other religion, infallibility or no infallibility? Pope, or patriarch, or council? But suppose we could renounce private judgment, and thus secure unanimity, were it desirable at such cost? It is a general law that when action is proper, inaction is cursed. The teeth of the *rodentia* are perpetually growing, but are kept at the natural size, through the ordinary means whereby these animals procure food. A gentleman having domesticated some of them, as an act of humanity, shelled the nuts which he furnished them. The consequence was, that their teeth becoming semi-circular, they were unable to take nourishment. God meant that men should use their minds as well as squirrels their teeth, and if they violate this intention of the Creator they will suffer. The Pope, humane old gentleman, sat for centuries upon St. Peter's chair cracking spiritual nuts for the world, until at length, from mere inanition she well nigh died a spiritual death. She had better crack her own nuts at the risk of dispute.

Every political or religious body which locks itself up in unsocial exclusiveness degenerates. What is the stereotyped mind of China worth? What would have become of the Plymouth colony, if the barriers erected by the narrow policy of the Brownists had not been broken down. Glory, strength, and wisdom followed freedom of thought from Egypt to Greece, from Greece to Rome, from Rome to England, from England to Columbia.

Yet Mother Church would trammel immortal mind. Nor is the Pope the only ecclesiastical tyrant.

There are Protestants who cannot brook contradiction. Like the famous Attican robber, who fitted his guest to his couch, by stretching him, if too long, and clipping him, if too short, they would cripple or reduce all minds which do not fit the measure of their dogmas. We have no patience with these intellectual sons of Procrustes.

"Man talketh of himself as ignorant, but judgeth of himself as wise. His own guess counteth he truth, but the notions of another are his scorn. But bear thou yet with a brother, whose thought may be less subtil than thine own." Evils, we know, issue from religious liberty, but they soon remedy themselves, and at worst are less than those which spring from mental bondage. Better have error, enthusiasm, fanaticism, than stagnation of mind. But has the Reformation produced more of those dreaded results than the dark ages?

If the Supreme Being had desired doctrinal unanimity in the Church, would he not have made a confession of faith, or group of articles? Were a council of new-made men or angels called to devise a plan for making a world, they would probably fix upon a system. They would have all the hills here, and all the plains there, and all the waters yonder; they would put all the trees in one place, and the shrubs in another, and the flowers in another, and arrange all other things systematically. But what sort of a world would they find when they came to use it. If the Council of Nice had been permitted to direct in making a revelation from heaven, they would, doubtless, have had every thing straight; but God's ways are not ours. Man is brought into revelation as he is into nature. He opens his eyes upon variety, wild, gorgeous, infinite, alluring, on which he can gaze without ever being tired of seeing, and employ all his powers in exploring, without ever finding a limit.

Every age has its mission: that on which we are entering will be unspeakably important, especially in its religious aspect. Man is prone to extremes. The past half century having been ecclesiastically a period of division, the next will probably be one of union. There is reason to fear, lest in the effort at reunion religious liberty may be sacrificed. Let this point be guarded. Let us remember, that there is a circle within which men may be expected to differ; that we cannot move mind as we do matter—brains are not galvanic batteries—hearts are not blood pumps. Meanwhile let us promote a safe progress toward practicable union. This is to be done, not by pit debate, nor quadrangular discussion, nor great assemblies, in which the few are to be overawed and outvoted by the many, but by carefully avoiding the errors which have heretofore led to confusion, by cultivating fraternal intercourse, by incidental fireside conversation on disputed points, and by an increase of the spirit of devotion.

## REMINISCENCES OF EARLY LIFE.

BY REV. JAMES B. FINLEY.

It was on one of those balmy days of autumn, in the year 1788, when my father and his associates loosed their boats from their moorings at the mouth of George's creek, now Geneva, on the Monongahela, to descend the Ohio river, to the land of canebrakes, in Kentucky. These were dangerous times; for the constant, rapid emigration to that country had roused the western Indians into fury, believing the whites would soon take possession of their hunting grounds, and drive them and their families from their homes and their own native soil. They continually waylaid the two great thoroughfares, namely, the old Crab Orchard road, (leading from North Carolina,) and the Ohio river. Several boats had been captured the previous spring and summer, and their inmates either massacred or made prisoners. This made our company take precautions against attack. Every man and boy was furnished with a gun. All the boats, numbering sixteen, were put under the command of one man, who had been up and down the river frequently. The boats being numbered, were to proceed two abreast, in regular order, as far as circumstances would admit. On each of these boats were a captain and two steersmen. The rest of the men were coupled two and two, to pull the oars in regular turns, by day and night. My father's boat was to lead, and was commanded by Captain James Bartley, a man of great skill and courage. There were on this boat, besides my father, three Presbyterian preachers, Carey Allen, of blessed memory, Robert Marshall, and James Welsh. The notorious Richard M'Nemer, of Shaker memory, was then a boy, and under my father's care. You will say this boat had its share of divinity, and these men were for the weal or woe of many. Mr. Allen, like a flaming minister of the cross, preached Christ everywhere, and was the instrument of turning many to God. His zeal and labors soon wore him out, and he died triumphing in the God of his salvation. He was converted to God at a Methodist quarterly meeting held in Virginia, by the Rev. Bennet Maxey.

I shall never forget the parting scene. Many of my father's congregation were present, with the numerous friends and relatives of the company about to sail. My father stood on the boat and preached his farewell sermon to the crowded shore. His text will be found in Acts xx, 25, 26, 27. This was an overwhelming scene. Ministers and flocks were parting, parents and children hanging on each other's necks, weeping, and parting to meet no more until the judgment of the great day, and none knowing but in a few days all or part of the emigrants would fall a prey to the scalping-knife or tomahawk of an incensed

and savage foe. At the close, Rev. C. Allen arose and gave out that beautiful hymn of Dr. Watts:

"And let our bodies part—  
To different climes repair—  
Inseparably joined in heart  
The friends of Jesus are.

Jesus, the corner-stone,  
Did first our hearts unite;  
And still he keeps our spirits one,  
Who walk with him in white."

While this hymn was sung, the sobs, the sighs, and the smothered shouts of some, and bursts of cries in others, seemed to me, then a boy, to move earth and heaven. Then his parting prayer: (*all, yes, all* were prostrated on their knees: his strong appeals to God were awful. I had no doubt then, nor have I now, but his petitions were all lodged hard by the mercy seat in heaven. This was the second time in my life that I had ever heard any noise at meeting. I never had been at a Methodist meeting in my life. But were I now to meet with such an assembly, I would set it down, instantler, that they were Methodists. Many of the Presbyterian ministers of this day were experimental, thundering preachers. Sinners were awakened, and fell under the mighty power of God, and cried for mercy as on the day of Pentecost. They preached the Gospel: they did not read it.

At about two o'clock the boats loosed, and took up their line of march, according to their previous arrangements, and continued their course on the smooth bosom of the Monongahela, until they arrived at Pittsburg. There they were joined by eight or ten more flatboats. The scenery was all new to me, a lad just lanching into the almost unbounded wilderness of the west, there to act my part in society. My youthful spirit was all alive to the new scenes that were constantly presenting themselves to me: not then, as now, almost always in sight of some splendid farm, or flourishing city, or town. No, all was a dense wilderness, the habitation of savage men and the wild beasts of prey, some of which were almost always in sight. The timid deer, who had come from his lair to slake his thirst in the limpid stream, not at all accustomed to such a flotilla of arks, would stand and gaze, and snuff his native air, until some hunter from the boats would, with deadly aim, send the leaden messenger of death into his body, and make it a prey. Frequently they were seen to plunge into the river to swim across, and were taken by the expert canoe-man. Sometimes a turkey, in trying to fly across, would fall in the water and be taken. On one occasion a bear plunged in just before the boats; and I suppose twenty rifles were fired at him, but it seemed none could touch him. At length two men, in a canoe, put for the shore, with the design to head him; but he was out first, and having shaken himself, bid us farewell, departing for his native mountains. This was the first bear I ever saw. The Indians were frequently seen on the shore, watching

for an opportunity of attack; and, on one occasion, there was a desperate effort made by one who appeared to be a white man, to get some of the hindmost boats to land. He could speak English, and represented himself as a prisoner having escaped from the Indians, and in a state of want and danger. But this kind of stratagem would not answer; for it had been tried too often. The same spring, William Orr, with his family, had been betrayed, by perhaps the same person, to land, and were all killed or taken prisoners by a party of Indians lying in wait. And below the mouth of the Scioto three boats, traveling in company, were induced to near the shore for the purpose of relieving a person, as they supposed, in distress, and were fired upon by a large party of Indians lying in ambush; and, after some resistance, two of the boats were taken. The third pulled out into the stream; but while at the oars the men were all killed but one, a Methodist minister, going as a missionary to Kentucky, and he was badly wounded. The women soon plied the oars; and when they were out of gunshot from the shore, the Indians issued from the mouth of a small creek in a canoe, to follow them. The women loaded the rifles of their dead husbands, and Mr. Tucker, the wounded minister, with deadly aim, kept up such a destructive fire, that the pursuers were obliged to give up the chase or all die. So, after the loss of five of their comrades, they drew off to shore. This man lived to reach Limestone. He there died of his wounds, and was buried amidst the tears of the widows and orphans whose lives he had been the instrument of saving.

But we met with no attack from the enemy. Captain Bartley was an intrepid, fearless, and untiring officer; and if this company had been assailed, the enemy would have heard from them; for they were well prepared for battle.

An incident occurred the day before we landed, which made the deepest impression on my mind, and has never been erased to this day. My precious grandmother took leave of us for the promised land. She was an Englishwoman. Her maiden name was Pendergrass. She was married to James Bradley, with whom she had lived about sixty years. He was an athletic and powerful Welshman. They emigrated to America when young, and settled on the Delaware, above Philadelphia. My grandmother was converted to God under the preaching of the Rev. George Whitefield; and she lived a lively, growing, and zealous Christian to the time of her death. In the commencement of the Revolutionary War they moved to Carolina, and in that war lost all their sons, who fell fighting for the liberty of this country. My uncle, Captain James Bradley, fell at Gates' defeat, fighting by the side of the Baron De Kalb, and was buried in the same grave. Washington, when he visited the place, and stood by the grave of the Baron, exclaimed, while the tears rolled over his

manly face, "Noble stranger, who left your own country and happy home, to water with your precious blood the tree of American liberty!"

But to return. This grand parent first implanted in my infant heart the knowledge of a Savior, to whom she taught me to pray for God to make me a good and useful man. I never shall forget her death. While her family and friends gazed on the last struggles of life with bleeding hearts, she was calm and composed, and talked of death as of a near friend; and when all present thought her spirit had fled, she revived and repeated these lines:

"O, who can tell a Savior's worth,  
Or speak of grace's power,  
Or benefits of the new birth  
In a departing hour!"

Thus died my precious grandmother, on the Ohio river, in October, 1788, and the next day was buried in Limestone, now Maysville, to rest until the morning of the resurrection.

So, you see Mr. Editor, it is now over fifty-eight years since I took up my residence in the western wilds. I have seen the waste places filled up with the teeming millions that now live and sport in this fertile region. My father moved to Washington, where we wintered. Here we were neighbors to the intrepid Simon Kenton, and the Words, and the Chamberses. The next spring we moved out, and settled by Stockton's station, near where Flemingsburg now stands. Nature, in her pride, had given to the regions of the beautiful Ohio a fertility so astonishing that, to believe it, ocular demonstration became necessary. Every thing in this new world assumed a dignity and splendor I had never seen before.

From Maysville we ascended a considerable distance from the shore of the Ohio, and when we might have supposed we had reached the top of some mountain, ready to descend into some deep valley again, we found ourselves on an extensive level. On traveling farther up into the country, it seemed as if eternal verdure reigned: the evergreen cane-brakes covering the whole face of the earth. The vernal sun, pouring from the azure heavens his floods of light and heat on this prolific soil, produced an early maturity, which was both cheering and astonishing: flowers soon grew to perfection, and possessed all the variegated charms and odors which nature could produce, both in elegance and beauty. These wild and romantic scenes, with a forest just springing into life after a dreary winter, and fanned by the soft zephyrs breathing on this garden of nature, gave a glow of health and vigor that seemed to intoxicate the senses. The songsters of the forest appeared to feel the influence of the gladdening spring, and warbled their variegated notes in unison with love and nature. Here were vast droves of the wild buffalo and elk, the sport of the hunter, and food for the adventurer. Here, too, might be seen the sportive deer bounding through his native

wood, the calling turkey, the cunning fox, the wily panther, the sneaking wolf, the surly bear, the cautious wild-cat, the plundering opossum, the nimble, barking squirrel, the hooting owl, the chattering parrot; while in some limpid streams the wild-geese had convened and were holding their vernal levees. All nature seemed alive, but here was not heard the sound of the woodman's ax, no cheerful ploughboy whistling on his way to the field, no rattling of carts, carriages, or wagons; no, a silent awe hung over all these scenes of nature, and proclaimed that the God of nature reigned here. But, ah! there was a drawback on all the pleasures which the splendid scenery of this new world afforded: that was, in these wilds lay concealed a deadly foe. The Indian was seeking to avenge himself on the intruders into the land of his fathers, and the spoilers of his own home; and like the pestilence, which walketh in darkness, he fell upon and destroyed all that came within his power.

Much has been said about the barbarous modes of warfare adopted by these tribes; but let it always be remembered that they were nobly engaged in the defense of their country, their families, and their natural rights and national liberties. Never did men acquit themselves with more valor, nor, according to their means, make a better defense. They were ignorant of martial tactics, deficient in arms and military stores, and inferior to their foes in numerical strength; but how long and bloody was the conflict before they yielded to the new intruders, and with what reluctance did they submit to their numerous and increasing enemies, let history testify. Their bravery was proved even in their final struggles. The spirits of the red man are now broken, and he sits and smokes his pipe, and looks on his country as lost. The pleasant hunting grounds in which he used to chase the deer and the bear, and the luxuriant cane-brakes, where the elk and the buffalo fed, which furnished him and his family with meat and clothing, have fallen into the hands of strangers. The cheerful notes of the flute and the hoarser sound of the turtle-shell no longer make the groves vocal with joyful melody. The red man is no more seen stretched before the sparkling fire, nor is the tinkling horse-bell heard in the bluegrass plains. The Indian now sits and looks at the graves of his fathers and friends, and heaves a sigh of despair, while his manly face is bedewed with the silent tear. In strains of sorrowful eloquence he tells of the happiness of ancient days, and relates to his listening children the mighty achievements of his ancestors. Gloom fills his heart, while he sees at no great distance the end of his tribe. He walks pensively to the deep and silent forests, wrapped up in his half-worn blanket, and pours out his full soul to the Great Spirit to relieve his sufferings by taking him to rejoin his tribe in another and a better world.

## INDEPENDENCE OF CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

BY REV. R. W. ALLEN.

HAVING, in a former communication, noticed the nature of true independence, we will now invite the reader's attention to some of its advantages.

1. *It will secure the confidence of others.* Every Christian will feel the deepest interest in the welfare of his fellow-men. He will consequently desire to do them the greatest amount of good in his power. But in order for this, he must secure their confidence. This can only be done by living according to his profession—by consistently maintaining and carrying out Christian principles. Who will place any confidence in an individual as a Christian, who is constantly shrinking from duty, especially in time of trial—who, instead of taking the straightforward course of virtue and rectitude, is constantly moving in almost every direction, pursuing plans and adopting measures which are any thing but honorable, to throw off responsibility, or to avoid certain difficulties which he may be called to encounter? Such, however much they may say and do in favor of Christianity, will accomplish but little in the regeneration of the world. Their efforts are rendered unavailing for the want of the confidence of others. It requires something besides doubtful, unstable, and transient piety, to move the world to seek for experimental godliness. If you would, therefore, secure the confidence of those around you, and thereby be prepared to do them a greater amount of good, acquire true Christian independence.

2. *It will better enable us to discharge our whole duty.* A wavering, unsettled, and fettered mind, under the influence of fear, momentary excitement, and wordly opinions, is ill prepared to perform what God requires; especially, where the performance of a particular act calls for firmness and moral courage, and is calculated to test the principles of one's heart. Under such circumstances, there will be a yielding, and perhaps a giving up of those great principles to which the individual had previously professed the strongest attachment. Look at the magistrate, who, while under the most solemn obligation to execute the laws of the land where occasion requires, shrinking from duty, because he fears to give offense; or the professing Christian, who has sworn allegiance to the King of heaven, swerving from the path of rectitude! How unwilling to meet the opposition of the world, or the frowns of a party; how afraid to reprove sin, and maintain the principles of righteousness! Not so with the individual possessed of true Christian independence. Other things being equal, he is enabled to perform his whole duty, however trying and difficult. The German reformer felt it his duty to go to the Diet of Worms, and such was his willingness and purpose

to discharge his duty, though his friends would dissuade him from it, that he was led to exclaim, "I will go, if I am to meet as many devils there as there are tiles on the houses!"

3. *It is requisite to our security against temptation and sin.* Many have been led into sin and into acts of gross immorality, for want of true independence. Are not those crimes of which so many have been guilty, who once bore the Christian name, in most instances, to be attributed to this? See instances in the prevarication of Abraham in Egypt; the neglect of duty toward his children, in Eli; and Peter's denial of his Lord. True independence is a fort to the soul, always ready to protect and defend it against every enemy, amid all possible attacks and dangers.

A vacillating, obsequious mind, is always exposed to temptation and sin. The walls of the garrison are broken down; the enemy comes into the soul, and frequently takes undisputed possession. How many of the mighty have fallen! Fallen in an unexpected hour! Independence would have furnished them with a sure garrison against the bribes, solicitations, and temptations by which they were ruined!

4. *It gives peace of conscience.* "For our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience." An individual can only have peace of conscience when he does right—when he firmly and honestly does his duty. Conscience then approves and approbates. But a timid, servile, and fluctuating mind is always halting, and in suspense. However clear and plain duty may appear, it hardly knows whether to perform it or not. Outward circumstances must be looked at, the feelings, wishes, and views of others must be consulted, before it can determine on the course to pursue. If the plain course of duty would seem to militate against pecuniary interests, popular opinion, or the views and feelings of those much respected, why, it must be abandoned—at least partially. Such a mind is constantly reproached and stung by conscience: it enjoys no peace.

How delightful and pleasant to survey the scenes and events of past life, to such as have acted with a noble, Christian independence! They see no shrinking from duty, no giving up of principles, and no vacillating course to satisfy the caprice of others. All has been done resolutely, manly, firmly, in an honorable, dignified, and Christian manner. Their path has been as a *shining light*. Their course has been even, consistent, and triumphant. How delightful to retrospect such a life! And what pleasing emotions must such a retrospection necessarily inspire! Conscience acquits—God approves.

5. *It is indispensable to the attainment of true and permanent honor.* Most individuals are seeking, in some way, for honor. But the measures adopted for its attainment, evinces that it is for the vain, evanescent honor of the world. Who is seeking for true honor—the honor that comes from God? Are the

fearful, the fluctuating, and the wavering? Are those who will sacrifice their conscience to the notions of others, to the love of applause, and to the desire of advancement? No, true and immortal honor is never thus obtained. Those only will possess it, who, by a habitual, fixed purpose of mind, and unshaken confidence in God, pursue the *straight and narrow path*. Such was the course of the prophets and apostles, and such was the course of the Savior of mankind. They were above the pompous and ostentatious display of worldly glory—uninfluenced by the trappings of pride, or the embellishments of fancy. What is all the poor, short-lived honor of earth? Can it make you rich, happy, or triumphant? Rather seek for unfading, immortal honor; but this can only be secured by *patient continuance in well doing*. "If any man," said the Savior, "will serve me, him will my Father honor." Glorious honor!

6. *It is indispensable to our usefulness.* Every individual should labor to do the greatest amount of good—to make the world better—to add something to the mass of human happiness, and to lessen the amount of human misery. In order for this our course must be uniform, fixed, and consistent. We must possess that independence of character which will give us an ascendancy over the fear of man and every unholy influence—which will lead us to act, and always act—to feel, and always feel; and which will enable us to *endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ*. Such will not *run in vain, nor labor in vain*. They shall gather jewels to deck the Savior's crown at his general coronation.

7. *It will lead to a peaceful and triumphant termination of our Christian career.* It will bring all our religious labors to a glorious and successful issue. They will end in peace and triumph. Hear the apostle: "I am now ready to be offered; the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them, also, that love his appearing." How joyful! how triumphant! He had run for the prize: he was now about to receive it. His toils, labors, and sufferings were about terminating for ever. The crown of heavenly brightness already appeared in his view.

With this independence, all our labors must be crowned with complete success. Without it, they will end in shame and disappointment. Obtain, then, the independence of the Christian character, and with this pursue the path of holiness, until you hear it said, "Well done, good and faithful servant." Life's journey will soon terminate—the crown will soon be given. "Be ye steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord: inasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

## WOMAN IN SOCIETY.

BY REV. J. F. TUTTLE.

A POET has written words which, from him, are strange. From earliest infancy his mother had treated him cruelly. She had blasted the good tendencies of a heart not worse than other natural hearts, and had so brutalized filial affection, that at her death, the son coolly dispatched her corpse to the family vault under the care of some friends, and he meanwhile amused himself at a game of boxing! And yet this man wrote these words:

"The very first  
Of human life must spring from woman's breast;  
Your first small words are taught you from her lips;  
Your first tears quenched by her, and your last sighs  
Too often breathed out in a woman's bearing,  
When men have shrunk from the ignoble care  
Of watching the last hour of him who led them."

Perhaps in wandering over the earth, a wretched pilgrim, his sorrows had at times been softened by a woman's kindness. Strange, indeed, had it not been so. Perhaps his own mother sometimes forgot to be brutal, and let her woman's heart give way to unutterable tenderness toward her deformed first-born. Perhaps the misanthrope had seen a woman's gentleness and kindness in some family, making a father, a husband, a brother, or a son happy, and like sweet sunbeams falling on hearts without the circle of home; or perhaps his true soul of poetry had conceived an ideal of what a woman ought and might be, in a world too harsh, bitter, and inhuman, without some such antagonistic element to chasten and restrain. But be the cause what it may, such sentiments from Lord Byron seem strange; nor are they less true because he uttered them.

The love of the Savior for the family at Bethany was very great. One member of this family always is associated in our minds with ideas of purity, gentleness, and love: it is Mary. At the feast at which Jesus and the restored Lazarus were sitting as guests, Mary pours on the Savior's head and feet precious and delightful ointment. The act is peculiarly pleasing to him; but the disciples regarded it as a waste. The box of spikenard was worth forty-two dollars! Judas cannot restrain the urgency of his covetous heart, and openly declaims against such want of frugality. The Savior interposes. His words are touching. He is soon to leave them, and they can show him, personally, no more kind offices. Indeed, so soon is he to leave them, that this act of love may be esteemed his anointment for burial. Mary's work was one of love. The fragrance of her heart immortalized her story. And now, wherever Bibles and Testaments are read, the world over, this sweet incident is read and admired. The immortality of Mary of Bethany is more certainly gained and more widely trumpeted, than had she been entombed with

VOL. VI.—22

crowned heads, and men more kingly than kings, in Westminster Abbey. These names will perish; but the name of Mary never. At millions of family altars, and by all that hear of Christ, is this touching story read, and this true woman loved.

This beautiful incident furnishes my theme. The Savior is still in the world, and if there be a Mary, she may still do him kindness. The deed may not be recorded in Matthew's record of good news, but it may be engraven deeply on grateful hearts—it may be lisped by infant tongues—it may be told and retold at happy family altars, and, if not on earth, yet in heaven, be rehearsed as immortal, and clothe the author with fadeless glory. All men are Christ's brethren, in a most important sense; and when we meet the most debauched, besotted, abandoned man, we do not know but he will shine with lustre bright as Paul. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me;" and "inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it not unto me." Jesus Christ is still in the world, and the woman who sighs to emulate Mary of Bethany, in showing love to the Savior, and reap the reward, can do it. To treat with kindness any human being, however low he may be, because she hopes in him to see a friend of Christ, will secure to the Mary who does thus the the benediction of God, and immortality in heaven, as certainly as did that act at the feast at Bethany secure these rewards to the sister of Lazarus.

The influence which woman can exert on society is my theme. In developing this, I shall not hesitate to speak of her evil influence as well as her good. Let us see her power at the fountain heads of society. And here facts are more forcible than disquisition. Let me present two. I have alluded to the first already. Lord Byron was afflicted with a deformed foot, and when young, submitted to the most excruciating operations to have it restored. But it was of no avail. His mother was a proud, passionate, and wicked woman. Her passions burned so fiercely that they quenched maternal yearnings. There is no proof that her son was of worse disposition than other children. But in that boy's mind lay coiled up a fearful power to augment or blast happiness in the world. Let us see the fashioning which this young Boanerges received at his mother's hands.

All who have read the life of Byron must have shuddered to hear him speak of his mother, and in this must have seen the damning power this mother exerted at the very sources of life. Byron's biographer takes occasion, at least three times, to speak of this; and the passages are so remarkable that I will quote them entire. The first is brief, but it reads volumes of warning.

"On the subject of his deformed foot," says Moore, "he (Byron) described the feeling of horror and humiliation that came over him when his mother,



in one of her fits of passion, called him a lame brat!" A tigress gifted with power of speech would not have said that! What an education for Byron's heart! The second quotation is more at length, but equally pertinent:

"But in the case of Lord Byron," says the same biographer, "disappointment met him at the very threshold of life. His mother, to whom his affections first naturally and with ardor turned, either repelled them rudely, or capriciously trifled with them. In speaking of his early days to a friend at Genoa, a short time before his departure for Greece, he traced his first feelings of pain and humiliation to the coldness with which his mother had received his caresses in infancy, and the frequent taunts on his personal deformity with which she wounded him."

But the most frightful picture is here presented by the same pen: "He had spoken of his mother to Lord Sligo, and with a feeling that seemed little short of aversion. 'Sometime or other,' said Byron, 'I will tell you why I thus feel toward her.' A few days after, when they were bathing together in the Gulf of Lepanto, he referred to his promise, and pointing to his naked leg exclaimed, 'Look there! it is to her false delicacy at my birth I owe that deformity; and yet, as long as I can remember, she has never ceased to taunt and reproach me with it. Even a few days before we parted for the last time, on my leaving England, she, in one of her fits of passion, uttered an imprecation on me, praying that I might prove as ill formed in mind as I am in body!' His look and manner, in relating the frightful circumstance, can only be conceived by those who have seen him in a similar state of excitement." (Moore's Byron, vol. 1, pp. 21, 146, and 198.)

What an imprecation for a woman, and that woman a mother, to utter over her wretched son! The prayer was more than answered. Her demon's hand and her demon's prayer molded the mighty susceptibilities of her son, till mind and heart became infinitely more misshapen than his body. Look at that scowling misanthrope. He confides in no one. He looks upon gentle and affectionate daughters, wives, and mothers, and thinks of his own mother, till the last kindly feeling of his heart is turned to gall. His pen drips with venom and pollution. He compasses the ruin of innocence. He plunges headlong into vice. He immerses his most splendid works of genius into the blasphemous uncleanness of his own debased heart. The son of such a mother has written a book which lies on the prostitute's table, and with it abandoned women drug their souls to an insensibility which bids successful defiance to all terrors but those of hell begun. That one woman, Byron's mother, has poisoned a stream at which thousands have drank and perished.

To enforce this by way of contrast, let me quote a passage of this man's poetry, which shines like sunlight over his black pages. It shows what feel-

ings of tenderness were natural to his heart, and what he might have been had not a mother pressed the poison to his lips, and bid him drink. He is addressing his only daughter, whom he had not seen since she was old enough to remember her father. They make me sad to read them:

"My daughter! with thy name this song begun—  
My daughter! with thy name thus much shall end:  
I see thee not—I hear thee not—but none  
Can be so wrapt in thee; thou art the friend  
To whom the shadows of far years extend:  
Albeit my brow thou never shouldst behold,  
My voice shall with thy future visions blend,  
And reach into thy heart—and when mine is cold—  
A token and a tone even from thy father's mold.

To aid thy mind's development—to watch  
Thy dawn of little joys—to sit and see  
Almost thy very growth—to view thee catch  
Knowledge of objects—wonders yet to thee!  
To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee,  
And print on thy soft cheek a parent's kiss—  
This, it would seem, was not reserved for me;  
Yet this was in my nature: as it is,  
I know not what is there, yet something like this.

Sweet be thy cradled slumbers! o'er the sea,  
And from the mountains where I now respire,  
Pain would I waft such blessings upon thee,  
As with a sigh I deem thou might'st have been to me."

These are pleasant beams, come they from what source they may, and I cannot but think that a kind mother, with a true woman's heart, might have opened a different destiny before her son.

In contrast with this take another. See that boy standing at his mother's side. His eyes are kindled with an unusual intelligence. His eager inquiries extend to every subject. Look at the mother. Her countenance beams with uncommon benevolence; and as she watches her boy, she raises her eyes to heaven, in eloquent supplication for him. The boy drank in that heavenward look, and never forgot it. Day after day she leads his mind to think of Christ, until the whole story became familiar as household words.

Pass on a few years. Enter this crowded church, and listen to the fervid eloquence of the preacher. His words burn upon all hearts. As he proceeds, he seems lifted to the third heaven. His auditors tremble, admire, and, better still, act. When they leave the sacred house, the preacher's words still sound in their hearts. So deeply had this man drank into the spirit of the benevolent Jesus, that his auditors feel as did those ancient Christians: "Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?"

Did space permit, I would speak of this man's last hours. "Watchman, what of the night?" said an aged Christian to this dying man. "I should think it was about noon-day," replied the happy sufferer. Amid the most excruciating tortures of body, his soul was "perfectly, perfectly happy and peaceful, more happy than he could possibly express." "He seemed to swim in a flood of glory which God poured

down upon him." When the last agony commenced, he died like a conqueror, exclaiming, "Peace! peace! victory! victory!" Dr. Payson in life was a blessing to all; and to this day his works follow him, and will till the world has no more need of such apostles of goodness.

But what a contrast between Byron and Payson! The first, a malignant comet, shook from his fiery trail plagues and death—the second, a benignant summer's sun. Thousands in hell will load the memory of Byron, aye, and Byron's mother, with bitter curses! Thousands in heaven will shower their heart's best blessings on Payson, aye, and Payson's mother! But had Payson's heart been blasted by a mother's passions, and had Byron's heart been molded by the sweetness, the gentleness, and the love of such a mother as Payson had, the memories of these two men might share a different fate. Then Payson had been a plague-centro, and Byron a joy to men.

An attentive examination of the influences shaping the characters of men prominent in wickedness or goodness, will prove, in the majority of cases, that the mother's influence has been of a determining kind. She is the educator of the child for ten years; and a distinguished Frenchman says, "Give me the education of the children in a nation for the first ten years of their lives, and after that you may do with them what you choose." I insist on this point. Mothers work close up to the fountain head of life. They may make angels or devils; they may send from home Paysons or Byrons; in a word, the mother may make her offspring a fold of Christ's lambs or a den of vipers. I beseech every mother to think of it; for could mothers realize and act in view of their responsibilities, we might hail it as the sweet light of the millennial morning.

Let us now trace a woman's power in society at stages of life farther advanced than childhood. And here all history offers its illustrations. A nation may be sunk very low, but not so low as to strip woman of her power. A nation may be greatly exalted, but never so much, as to deprive woman of a commanding influence. Take the least important phase of her influence. Semiramis, Cleopatra, Isabella of Spain, and Elizabeth of England, were not destitute of a direct influence on the political destinies of the world. The wife of Louis XVI, by her ascendancy over her husband, without a doubt accelerated that awful series of tragedies—the French Revolution. The first statesmen bowed to her genius, and among them no less a man than Mirabeau. Peruse the history of the hero of Aboukir and Trafalgar. A true Englishman was Lord Nelson; but you have not forgotten the gross outrages he perpetrated at Naples, and among them that grossest one, the ignominious execution of the Prince Carraccioli, the splendid old admiral, whose honors and gray hairs ought to have preserved him inviolate. Where is the secret of this? There it is in that fascinating, profligate, revengeful woman,

Lady Hamilton, who had the control of the great Nelson. And never, never will posterity forgive the base temptress, nor her miserable dupe. Look in contrast with this tigress, at Josephine of France. Napoleon's passions sometimes drove him to the extremes of ferocity; and yet a very rare occurrence was it that he did not yield to the benevolent persuasions of his wife. Blessed had it been for his memory had he listened, when she besought him to spare the young and innocent Bourbon prince, Duc d'Enghein; and he had not now been lothed as an envious murderer. The power of Josephine at the court was great. It was felt in high life and in low life, in public life and in private life. It reached court and camp. She was the bright spirit of her age, and the regrets of the good will ever embalm the hard fate of this noble woman.

But I may not linger in this field, crowded full of flowers and thorns. The power of woman is supreme elsewhere. It fashions the outer garb of society. She, in great measure, regulates the outward decencies of society. The enforcement of the rules of general etiquet depends on her. The reason is obvious: she is mistress at home. The majority of husbands cannot introduce their companions within the precincts of home without the consent of their wives. The most young men may not introduce a promiscuous circle at home without consulting the empresses of the place. A sister can generally exclude from the domestic circle any companion of her brother whose society she dislikes. Here it is not the husband, the brother, or the son, who lends home its charm, and gives it laws. The wife, the daughter, and the sister claim this as their prerogative. In this one respect woman's power is tremendous. Every home becomes an armed fortress, from which the garrison may, if it will, protect society from the encroachments of the vicious, and encourage the virtuous. Here we see private society.

We move a step farther, and reach general society. Here, too, the case is plain. Woman charms here, and fixes laws which may not be transgressed with impunity. Her supremacy is undoubted. Take an extreme case in illustration. A wealthy and accomplished woman is accused of some misconduct—drunkenness, or something else. How like a fallen spirit! The females in this society are stern in their principles. Let this fallen woman, with all her accomplishments and wealth, upheld by all the gentlemen, enter a parlor full of promiscuous society. There may not be one word which violates the strictest politeness, and yet there is an indescribable something speaking out from each female's eye, and exhibited in her whole deportment, which makes this high-born Magdalene feel deserted; and, though her pride sustain her till then, when she reaches her own chamber, she will weep to break her proud heart. How happens this? Ah! woman, the empress of the evening has scourged the fallen with a whip of scorpions. And

what is most singular, and well nigh unaccountable, is, that this empress of society is so inexorable to sinners of her own sex, driving vicious women to very madness, whilst often men a thousand times worse are tolerated, if not caressed.

Here is another case. An accomplished and wealthy young man has been known to "drink himself drunk." That tongue so eloquent when sober, has uttered drunken ribaldry, and profane obscenity. The eye so mild and intelligent when sober, has been kindled with drunken passion, and the right hand, so often pressed by friends when reason reigned, has dealt blows, may-be, in the face of a friend. Then commenced the shameful row of some fashionable or low rum hole, of which the last is preferable. The still hours of night are desecrated by drunken shouts, which good people can hardly credit to that familiar voice. But rumor scatters the news, and magnifies the truth. Now let this young man mingle in a promiscuous circle, where there is a heightened virtuous feeling. Let all the gentlemen sympathizingly extend him their patronage, and seek to raise him up to a respectable standing. But he will meet the cool and distant recognition from one woman he cannot but respect. Another meets him with apparent cordiality, but hurries away on the slightest excuse. Another utterly refuses to recognize him at all. Thus it passes through the entire circle. Brave it out as he may, that society of ladies has driven a thorn into his heart, which sometimes drives him to the hither verge of insanity.

In too many cases females do not express their abhorrence of vice; and yet we may depend upon it that in private and public, if they choose, their power has a sort of omnipotence to check the outward manifestations of vice.

But we may proceed another important step. How hard is it to resist the importunity of a woman we respect, be she wife, mother, sister, daughter, or friend! Let the mothers, who have been the fountains of life to us, present a request to us their sons. Occasionally a brutal being, a monstrosity, does come to view in the community, who can scorn the importunity of the mother that bore him. But these excrescences are rare. Sons heed the voice of their mother. Her warnings, and love, and tears are eloquent to win back the wanderer. I well remember the words of the venerable Dr. —, when speaking of the conversion of an infidel son. The son wrote in effect to his father, "Never, in my most hardened hour, could I forget my mother's lessons!" "Yes," exclaimed the weeping father, "the mother had long passed into heaven, but she had thrown around the heart of her child cords he could not snap, even when plunging down the darkest abyss of infidelity." Have we forgotten a sister's power over us? Does no father remember the eloquence which reached his heart, as a daughter twined her arms around his neck, and spoke her request? Have we

forgotten the silent omnipotence of the look which some female friend cast on us as we approached the place of temptation? Has not a wife thrilled your heart in its sternest mood; and with an intuition sensitive to the approach of danger, reading, like a prophetess, the future, has she not laid hold upon your very heart and compelled you to escape? To every mother, wife, daughter, sister, friend, I say it solemnly, because I believe it, beneath the energies of God's Spirit there exists no such mighty agency to uphold virtue, and reach those already fallen into vice, or who are beset with temptations, as the influence of a pure, intelligent, affectionate, and pious woman.

But the picture would not be true to life if darker shades were not added. We have seen Byron's mother, like a malignant spirit, hurling her son down the pathway of ruin, and know full well that other mothers may do the same. We have seen some mothers pressing to the lips of their sons goblets of delicious poison, securing their ruin more awfully than to have driven the dagger into their young hearts; and we know full well that other mothers may imitate the same horrid example. We have seen mothers, and daughters, and sisters caress that demon, the seducer, or the profligate rake, instead of making him feel the burning glance of a virtuous woman's indignation; and we know full well that other mothers, and daughters, and sisters may act the same guilty part. O, we have seen the fair girl, whose enchantment rested on all hearts, whose heart glowed with warm life, which imparted itself to every heart within her reach—O, we have seen beauty kiss the brimming wine-cup, and with resistless fascination pass it to the young man, who has drank thence, when he would have tasted cup touched by no other lip; and we know full well that the beautiful and the fascinating may again become ministers of death! O, we have seen woman, in all the power conferred by beauty, loveliness, and intelligence, thoughtlessly or otherwise becoming very plague-centres, inoculating thousands with pestiferous virus, who otherwise would have been safe! If temptation must come, if Satan must assault us, God grant it may not come at the hands of a lovely woman. To every woman I say it solemnly, because it is a conviction of my heart, next to the mighty agency of Satan, a woman has a greater capacity to injure than all others. It is an influence we know not how to resist.

"If death  
Consort with thee, death is to me as life:  
So forcible within my heart I feel  
The bond of nature draw me to thine own."

It attacks us where we are least fortified, and love, traitorous sentinel, flings open the fortress gate. O, we think it cannot be possible that our venerated mothers, our sweet sisters, our heart's friends, they who seem so like ministering spirits of good, will exert an unhallowed influence over us! The enemy

finds the strong man sleeping, and binds him; aye, beautiful women have thus bound many strong men with chains, which neither they themselves, nor their miserable victims have been able to break, and then they have despoiled them of virtue, of nobility, of manhood, of heaven! The spoliation has been awful, irreparable, eternal, and the victims, manacled by fair hands, have sunk to eternal perdition!

And whilst speaking in this strain, I cannot forbear a remark concerning a custom very prevalent in our towns and cities—New-Year's calls. These are confined mostly to the young. Were the tendencies of the custom merely to make young men gluttons, I would not dread it so much. But in fashionable circles, the beverage good enough for the luxurious son of the prophet, generally is not sufficiently exhilarating for these occasions. The beverage must have the "multum in parvo" quality. An old year buried, and a new year born, constitute the occasion for the young to revel away a whole day. Here lies not the principal evil. The young, the beautiful, and the loved, press the wine-glass, or something worse, into the young man's hand, and he cannot resist. Beauty leads him to the first step, and the charm of innocence broken, the second step is easy, and the pathway of ruin is gained. To these very calls may be traced the ruin of many young men, and many a fair girl has become the innocent (?) enchantress to lure a friend to ruin!

Again, I repeat, that a young man induced to drink wine by an interesting woman, is in the most imminent peril. If the same hand were to offer him quick poison, with the same bewitching smile and sincerity, he could hardly refuse. Especially in the higher circles of fashion is this smiling charmer, perhaps ignorantly, making most terrible ravages. She, unwittingly, is made to cater to passion, to act as Satan's resistless recruiting officer, enrolling fresh recruits among young men, who shall keep that drunkard army full, three hundred thousand strong, albeit it be slaughtered and renewed every ten years! I speak earnestly, affectionately, fearlessly. I cannot refrain to speak, when I see woman, privileged to be an angel of light, made the demon's choicest seducer, to lead away men "into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown them in destruction and perdition." I know that every true woman shudders at the thought. She would sooner quench her sweetest smile in death, and tear out her eloquent tongue by the roots, than wittingly make that sweet smile, and that eloquent tongue, the spell-binding power to lead her dearest friends to ruin. Last summer, whilst on the seacoast, I saw a huge wreck of a ship. The tempest had driven it with frightful velocity high on the beach. There it lay a perishing hulk, so implicated in its own ruin, that no power could extricate it, that again it might ride the billows as a thing of life. My mind was profoundly sad as I contemplated it, and it recalled,

painfully, other and sadder wrecks. Men, of the noblest kind, who once proudly rode the waves of life's ocean, seemingly too choice to be wrecked—O, such men, by thousands, miserable wrecks, lie perishing on the shoals of vicious indulgence! They are driven, in ten thousand instances, too far and too high, ever to be extricated except by God's power. But my sadness became extreme, as I saw beautiful woman, bright as an angel, clothed in the witchery of smiles, lifting high her treacherous lights, beckoning hither those stately ships, herself never undeceived till she heard the breaker's roar, and saw them plunging madly into the precincts of death! The victim's last shriek broke her spell, and she then realized the ruin she had wrought. She may have done it unwittingly, but the wreck and the ruin were none the less terrible and certain!

The incident of Mary anointing the Savior's feet shall shape my closing remarks. I appeal to every mother: look over your little flock: study attentively each upturned face: then look into the future: gather up the destinies awaiting each: contemplate them in the world, mighty agencies of ruin or blessing: ascend to the judgment seat: see each child with golden harp and that new song, or raising an eternal wail of despair. But more. Look into that sweet face of your child, which kindles like a star at evening, as your smile rests upon it. Do you see no lineaments there to thrill your heart? Mother, look attentively, and in each child's face you will see the Savior, ready to receive kind offices at your hand, which shall be as immortal as the kindness of Mary of Bethany! "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me." Blessed comfort for mothers! Excellent consolation for the Church of God! Did mothers but thus look on their children, how completely might they, with God's blessing, forestall the destroyer in every shape! The next generation would be saved from the plagues that are consuming this!

I appeal to every woman, that lives in the sweet circle of home, and legislates for general society. I do not inculcate harshness, for it befits not a gentle woman. Firmness to support virtue is her prerogative. Shall the vicious move in your circles and not feel the eternal distinctions between purity and impurity? Shall the burning eye of a pure society never rest on the seducer and the profligate? The power is yours, and I appeal to you to make men know what it is to fall under this power and scourge. But do not forget that vengeance belongs to God, and that prevention and reformation are the objects at which you are to aim. In every slave of vice, remember Jesus Christ. He came to save the lost. "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." Do you see yonder fiery persecutor, his eye flashing with rage, and his whole soul possessed with malignity against the crucified? Suppose Mary of Bethany had seen him urging his way to

Damascus, how little could she have thought that a kind look, a kind word, a cup of cold water, would be precious in the Savior's eyes, as the fragrant spikenard she poured on his head just before his crucifixion. O woman, think that in every sin-bound captive you behold Christ, and shed forth on him the sweetest fragrance of a Christian heart, and your memorial shall live as long as that which the Savior erected to Mary of Bethany.

I appeal to young ladies. You are invested with a tremendous influence over young men; will you become their seducers to the downward path of ruin? Shall your lip touch the goblet of death, and with your fascinating smile will you press the chalice of death to your dearest friends? Your souls shudder at such consequences. But young ladies have done all this, and I pray you beware. If to save your friend from ruin, be not a motive of sufficient urgency, then turn your eyes to the feast at the house of Simon the leper. See the glorious monument erected to the young Mary by the Redeemer. Hear the story told wheresoever the Gospel is preached, and remember that it will live longer than the world. Then look on each friend over whose heart your influence is strong, and think that kindness to him may be kindness to Christ, and that Mary's eternal memorial may be yours also.

RELIGION added worth to a young friend, and gave increasing lustre to an admirable character. She was esteemed by all her acquaintance for her many Christian virtues; and on seeing her, one might have thought, "Surely she will live long to adorn her sex, and bless society wherever she may move." Strange to mortals are the doings of Providence. At the dawn of life she sickened. Was it "unto death?" Day after day she faded away, yet all within her mind was peace. Care, attention, and medical skill availed not; there she lay, lovely, though fading—friends watching over her—Jordan murmuring at her feet—the Holy Spirit comforting her heart—hope for a moment brightening her eye, it seeming to grow dim to our sight, though not to hers; for as the shores of time receded, and the portals of eternity opened to sight, she said: "Mother, bring the candle, for I cannot see; I cannot see you, but I can see Jesus." The nearer she drew to the Eternal city, the happier grew her spirit till it left us gazing on the cold clay. Who would call her back? Who would not rather say,

Celestine! art thou singing  
In that bright world above?  
While heaven itself is ringing  
In ecstasy and love?  
Sing on, thou happy spirit!  
We soon shall join the lay,  
In singing halleluah  
In that eternal day.

B. M. G.

## DUTY.

The thorns that grow

In duty's path, leave no corroding wound;  
While every leaf plucked hence, hath gift of balm  
Wherewith to heal the patient heart that bleeds  
From other wounds.

ANON.

WITH those in whose souls the *sense* of duty—that solemn principle, which is but the recognition of our obligation to divine laws, has been established, its adoption as an imperative rule of life, and its consequent fulfillment, at all times, would seem but a natural result. But the melancholy observance of our moral world, and the far sadder examination and retrospect of our individual life, afford us grave evidence of the fallacy of such conclusion. The passionate voices of our *human* nature overpower the still, small voice of truth within us. The impulse of habit—the world's importunate call to the eager race of pleasure, of wealth, of ambition, of amusement—of *mere escape* from the disquiet of our souls, is sufficient to deaden the ear to the faithful oracle within the deep heart. Yet how important is it, even to our daily being—how necessary to the highest and holiest enjoyments of our *present* life, that the smallest claim in the great range of duty be fulfilled. Its conscious remission carries with it a consequence, which, to the Christian, should be a dread, as of the most fearful penalty; for, alas! we need but look into our own souls to trace our lineage back with mournful distinctness to our first unhappy parent. Privileged as he had been, in the strength of innocence, to converse with his Maker face to face—to behold, unannihilated, that intolerable brightness, before which angels veil their faces, under the sense of his first disobedience he *hid himself from the Lord*. Among those shades upon which the trail of the serpent had already left the principle of decay, he sought to shun His eye who had planted the tree of life. Ages upon ages have rolled on, and myriad nations have successively peopled the then stricken earth and blended with its dust, and still we wear the same sign and token of guilty fear which that first transgression set upon the transgressor. Under the consciousness of the smallest violation of duty we *hide ourselves from the Lord*. As a consequence of that great fall, we are unable to endure that glory upon which the yet sinless inhabitant of the new creation gazed—not without awe, but with exceeding transport; but the pure in heart—they to whom His commandments are an everlasting law—are still permitted to *walk with God*. He is still to them a *presence*; and obscured though his glories be by the dimness of our mortal vision, yet does the soul still derive from its communion with him, a brightness like that which shone upon the face of the prophet, when he descended from the mount amid those tremendous revelations that shook the hosts of Israel. But this glorious presence, this

unspeakable communion, is not the privilege of those upon whom lies the weight of conscious guilt. The secret soul, which is the witness of its own violation of its Maker's law, is unable to meet his rebuking eye. It shrinks back *afraid*, and strives to hide itself among the recesses of the things of time. Will our Christian sister pause here and ask her soul if this be not true? Remembers she no season when she excused herself from the accustomed prayer? and was it not that some aberration from duty had made her soul *afraid*? Had not some disobedience, opposed to its immortal impulses, and rendering that which was of earth still more earthy, led to a strange feeling of alienation from Him to whose feet she had been wont to hasten? There are many such accusing memories rising even now upon the mind of the writer—many a remembrance from whose reproachful fidelity I would fain turn. Yet, no! it is better to "talk with our past hours," however accusing.

The reader will permit me to retrace *one* of these, for it is blent with those images of maternal tenderness that stir a ready chord in filial hearts. I would pause to contemplate the beloved and venerated countenance that the recollection brings before me—my mother! to whom, next to Heaven, I looked for pitying kindness under all life's trials. Yet, how inadequate is affection, though strong as death, to control the wayward tendencies of our poor mortality! I had given her a reply of impatience—of irritability—my aged and feeble parent! whose lamp of life was nearly spent—in whose heart resentment or reproach could find no place! How plainly do I see the look of wounded tenderness, instantly succeeded by that of meek and patient forgiveness, that passed like a mournful shade over her pale face. My heart smote me ere yet the words passed from my lips, and yet I left her without acknowledging my fault. The nervous hurry and excitement of a day of unwonted claims and perplexities, left me at the time little leisure for reflection. Yet more than once, through the toil and bustle of that busy and harassing day, did it recur to me with a quick pang. Still I tried to put it from me. "She has forgotten it ere this," I said, "and it were idle to speak of it now;" as if the soul *could* receive such a plea for the filial wrong! The day with its vexations passed. Its din, its toil, its turmoil were over. Yet my nerves remained still perturbed. The night brought the hour of repose to the weary frame, and of prayer to the weary heart; but I had forfeited the privilege of both the one and the other. I had parted from my mother, still *without acknowledgment*. I knelt by my bed as I was wont, for prayer, but the spirit's voice had no part in the words I mechanically uttered. There was an irritation, arising from the sense of unfulfilled duty upon my soul, with which it could not enter the presence of Him who is altogether holy. It shrank back *afraid*, and hid itself still among the cares that had overshadowed it

through the day. I felt that my prayer was mockery. How were *mere* words to reach the Almighty throne? I stopped—I pressed my hand upon my aching brow. For a moment I struggled to overcome the darkness and coldness that shrouded me, and then I rose to my feet with a sudden and joyful thought. Anxiety, weariness, past and incumbent cares were alike forgotten. I entered my mother's chamber with a quick step. I bent eagerly over her pillow and kissed her furrowed cheek, "Mother, dear mother, forgive me!"

Happy, most happy is the erring child whom the grave has not yet shut from the blessed privilege of such appeal—an appeal so full of trust, when poured out to the heart that can still forgive—so bitter when bursting from lips that are pressed upon the face of death. It were scarcely necessary to say *how* my pardon was accorded. What face has not felt the free and sanctifying tears of a mother's forgiving love? Mine *had*, doubtless, forgotten the fault of her too frequently wayward child, for the moonbeams that streamed through the curtains upon her aged brow were not softer than its calm. But this to me would have been all insufficient. It was the fulfillment of the *duty of acknowledgment* that restored my peace. And how full, how perfect was that peace as I now returned to my chamber—how freely did my soul pour itself out to the almighty Parent into whose presence it now also hastened with humble but strong confidence. A simple act of common duty, to which earthly affection had been sufficient prompting, had restored it to the highest privilege that brightens the spirit's bondage. And now I am led to ponder *how*, with this memory alone sealed upon my heart, I have again and again brought to the altar the *fear* of violated law—of neglected duty. Alas! we have need ever to watch and pray. But in proof of the loving kindness that goeth hand in hand with justice in the dispensation of our heavenly Father, beside the immediate penalty we have contemplated, we may behold the immediate reward. The path of duty is directly as well as essentially that of happiness. From the constitution of our being, its laws are in strict accordance with mercy. It is true there are stern and sacrificial duties which wring a great amount of agony from our human hearts, and under which our nature may faint for a season; but the gift of strength that prayer may win shall overcome the reluctant weakness, and the victory shall be by so much the more glorious as the conflict has been severe. But with our common duties happiness is so intimately blended, that our seeking for it elsewhere is but another proof of our descent from her who turned disquieted from the "Hesperian fruits" of "golden rind," to pluck those whose taste was death.

It needs no philosophic analysis of our nature to teach us, that the exercise of our faculties is enjoyment. We learn it from the smiling yet restless

babe, and, by analogy, even from the bird and the bee, whose summer life points to no future world for them of song or flower. Action is the element of life, and duty is action—action which, though essentially of our moral nature, involves that of all our powers; and its influence upon soul and mind, is that of healthful exercise upon the functions of our material being. Though it embrace but the tame routine of daily life, its claims are yet sufficient to bring into requisition the holiest attributes that belong to humanity. While a proud and vain theology, like the equally vain and arrogant philosophy of a dark age, busies itself in speculations that have no bearing upon practical life, the soldier of duty is pressing on in the fulfillment of specific action. Whether it be in the low vale, or among the more stormy elevations of life, in such steady pursuit the highest prerogatives of his nature shall be asserted. With this fixed aim, this unity and predominance of purpose, no overmastering passion, such as too often desolate the soul, can obtain the ascendant. Absorbed in an aim commensurate with his term of life, and extending in its results beyond the boundaries of time, in the attainment of which he has a full and free agency, that feverish solicitude so common to man for events beyond his control is necessarily lessened. To the weary sense of the vanity of all things—of the poorness, the insufficiency, the mockery of life that presses so heavily upon him who has trodden the rounds of selfish pursuit—to those intense, but vague cravings, attended by a morbid loathing of all things tried—to that sickness of the soul which grows from frequent disappointment and hope deferred, he is no longer subject. He has entered a field of exertion where there are no phantoms to evade, no sensual pleasures to pall, no pageants to excite the imagination for a brief hour, and then, melting upon the gaze, leave the sense of universal blankness. He is in no land of dreams, where, from visions of glittering streams, and bowers of beauty and fragrance, he shall waken to turn a cold, distasteful eye upon vapid and stale realities. He is in a world of unideal influences and objects. He is engaged in a life's conflict, to which his soul is vowed by a pledge far more binding than his who bound on his sword for the holy crusade. If he have put on the right armor, he shall be assuredly victorious. Every hour shall bring him a triumph over the pride, the uncharitableness, the envy, the slothfulness, the weakness, the infirmities, the *passions* of his nature. He can be at no loss for a *guide*; for his eye is turned from the dim mysteries of abstraction and metaphysical science to Him whose whole law is love, and who has defined from the mount the entire range of human duty. If he be poor, neglected, friendless, alone, he shall forget in this service that bitter sense of desolation—of the proud world's disregard, which is the bitterest part of such allotment. Obscure and feeble though he be, he hath a part in

that vast field of labor whose Lord and Superintendent is God. His plan and work are appointed him; and though no human eye take note of it, no voice approve, no smile cheer, yet he knows he

"Is ever in the great Taskmaster's eye;"

and his presence shall surely sustain him. If he be one upon whose soul there is still the weight of a lingering remorse for past crime, which, though blotted by penitence from the eternal records, has left its dark stain upon his memory, he learns confidence in the Divine mercy. As under the dispensation of an earlier day the accepted sacrifice was the token of Divine approbation, so the acceptance of this, his daily service, is to him the seal and testimony of his pardon.

In fine, among the many bitternesses of the cup of life, varied as it is, and fearfully mingled, there is none to which the fulfillment of Christian obligation shall not be as the foliage of the tree that sweetened the fountain of Marah. Duty is a perpetual link between the soul's deep musings and that world where trial is not; and to him whose course is directed by it, the sorrows of time must be blent with sustaining visions of eternity. The sacrifice it leads us to make of honor, pleasure, fame, whatever life proffers to dazzle the imagination, or gratify desire, is necessarily blent with hopes that are as the angels that ministered to Him who was tempted even as ourselves. The anguish of alienated friendship, the pang of unrequited affection, or betrayed trust, the agony with which love yields up the heart of answering love to the inexorable grave, are only softened by lifting the eye to that world, to which, though faith only can reveal it to our gaze, *duty* for ever points with an immovable hand. But for the direction thus preserved, faith itself would afford us but a fitful and uncertain vision. It is the fulfillment of duty that buoys it up to the very throne of the Most High. The soul, never afraid, but always rejoicing to meet its God in the *cool of the evening*, like the eye accustomed to earthly light, grows strong to sustain more and more of the glory of his presence. The *faithful* believer may thus finally behold Him, even through the dimness of mortality, as did those who were called up into the clouded mount, when *there was under his feet as it were a paved work of sapphire stone, and as it were the body of heaven in his clearness.*

So let the soul repose in humble trust,  
Whose wing immortal, springing from the dust,  
May upward tend, in steady flight sublime,  
Beyond the parting glooms and mists of time.

H.

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WHERE we see a character addicted to "excesses," it is a fair inference, in the absence of discretion, to believe that some "short-comings" balance the account.

## THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

A SCENE FROM REAL LIFE.

I saw her in her youth, when beauty's smile  
 Played artlessly, and with bewitching power,  
 Around her lips—when health glowed in her cheek  
 With hue more delicate than bursting bloom  
 Which decorates the peach tree twigs, when spring  
 Awakes all nature from her death-like trance—  
 When life, and love, and highest mental worth  
 Shone in her full moist eye, with lustre mild  
 As evening twilight of a summer's day;  
 And when upon her beamed a mother's eye  
 With fondest admiration, and a look  
 Of tenderness which knows no other source  
 Than deepest fountain of a mother's heart;  
 And when a father, too, beheld with pride  
 That earliest bud upon the household tree,  
 Expanding with a loveliness surpassed  
 By none—equaled by few; while childhood's voice  
 Was heard exulting, as, with gentle hand,  
 Two brothers stroked those blooming cheeks, and  
 seemed

To vie in ardor of their love and joy.  
 I saw her, and, admiring, felt the glow,  
 Within my soul, which beauteous innocence,  
 Blended with highest worth, must always cause  
 In those who have a heart to feel, and eyes  
 Undimmed by earth's bright sordidness.

\* \* \* \* \*

Again I saw her; but how changed! That eye  
 Still shone with mild effulgence; but its cast  
 Was pensive—sad—betokening inward grief  
 Not yet subdued. And oft anon a tear,  
 Unbidden, dimm'd its light, or traced its course,  
 Unheeded, down her pallid cheek, and fell,  
 Unnoticed, on her heaving breast. The rich,  
 Yet delicate and matchless glow, that erst  
 Adorned her cheeks, as if the evening sun  
 Had dipped his pencil in the rainbow tints,  
 And left its tracery on her lovely face,  
 Had fled; and in its place the hectic flush,  
 With its deep hue and fitfulness, appeared,  
 Contending with a death-like pallidness,  
 And told of sleepless nights, and feverish days,  
 And wasting strength, and hopes cut short, and fears  
 Unrealized as yet, perhaps, but sure.  
 Her countenance—once lit with joyous smiles—  
 Now wore Depression's mark; and Languor fixed,  
 Inwrought his impress there; and Sadness loved  
 To revel mid her features wan.

Her dress

Accorded well with these insignia  
 Of grief, deep seated in the heart. She wore  
 The sable robe and black habiliments  
 Which mark bereavement, when to death's dark

bourn

Vol. VI.—23

The loved are carried, never to return;  
 And desolation fills their place.

The cause

Of all was quickly sought, and found as soon:  
 That mother, whom she loved so dotingly,  
 Now slept, in peacefulness, the sleep of death!  
 A grief excessive on her spirits preyed,  
 Each day consuming life's remaining strength,  
 And fitting her, too, for the grave. This truth,  
 So thrillingly revealed, and in a way  
 So natural, the heart of sympathy  
 Touched deep. It was a MOTHER'S loss she mourned.  
 That eye, whose speaking lustre ever told  
 A mother's depth and tenderness of love—  
 That eye was dimmed in death. A mother's heart,  
 Which beat with such intensity for one  
 So lovely, now was stilled. The king of dread  
 His ne'er revoked decree had issued forth,  
 And bade its beatings cease—its throbs be still.  
 No longer may that gentle tenderness  
 Speak in the fond caress, which, night and morn,  
 And often through the livelong day, had sealed  
 Its impress on her glowing cheek. No more  
 That gentle hand may lead in paths of truth—  
 No more that voice in admonitions kind  
 Be heard. In sickness, and in sorrow's night,  
 Her soothing words are listened for in vain;  
 And when the startling dream, or midnight fear,  
 Finds utterance in a groan—a sob—a sigh—  
 No gentle accents lull again to rest—  
 "My daughter, all is safe—repose in peace!"

Such loss she mourns; and in her deep distress,  
 And agony of grief, all other sounds,  
 Than those which issued from maternal lips,  
 Seem harsh: all other hearts beat sluggishly:  
 All love seems cold: all sympathy devoid  
 Of depth, and wanting just intensity,  
 And oftentimes feigned—the child of fell deceit;  
 Or, if sincere, remits a chilling power  
 O'er all the soul, and wounds the heart afresh,  
 Awakening contrasts which but sink the mind  
 In deeper sorrow, and invest with gloom  
 More sable than before. At times, perhaps,  
 A real harshness mingles in the scene,  
 Proceeding forth from those who cannot feel  
 Such depth of woe, or sympathize with those  
 Whose heart-strings yield beneath such load of grief—  
 From those who, smothering o'er the glowing brands,  
 Deem such wild wilderness of grief but feigned,  
 Or meant to excite a livelier sympathy  
 In all around, and pettishly reprove,  
 As weakness, every tear wrung from the heart  
 By sense of utter loneliness in woe,  
 And drearest desolation.

Fiercely these prey

Upon her mind. By night she feels their power,  
 When darkness veils the sight to all without,  
 And bids the mind commune with its own thoughts—



By day, when in her lonely room she sits  
And counts the weary hours, as slow they pass  
To the pendulum's funeral beat, till, sick at heart,  
She sinks in deep despond. Beneath such round  
Life's ebb and flow grows feebler day by day;  
While the most insidious foe that e'er escaped  
Pandora's box, upon her vitals feeds,  
And gluts himself with her frail life's best blood!

\* \* \* \* \*

In the still hour of evening's twilight beam,  
A stranger, mid a city's crowded walls,  
Tarrying to spend the hours of holy time,  
I wandered forth and sought the place of tombs—  
The city of the silent. Here, my mind,  
Drawn forth by the investing scene—so fit,  
Amid the hours which mark the finished week,  
To call up all its powers of feeling—thought,  
In retrospection traced mortality  
Through all its course, from infancy to age.  
Around me slept, in holy calm, the young—  
The beautiful—the man of years mature—  
The infant in its mother's arms—the old,  
Whose silvered locks long waited for the tomb—  
The wise—the ignorant—the good—the bad—  
Friend—and unknown—all slept in quiet peace,  
'Like undisturbing—undisturbed. My thoughts  
Mused in this scene in silent pensiveness—  
My footsteps wandering as I mused. At length  
My course was checked. I stood before a tomb  
Whose tablet waked within, anew, a train  
Of melancholy thought. The lovely one  
I erst had gazed upon with such delight,  
Was sleeping 'neath the willow boughs which drooped  
Above my head. That heart the longed-for boon  
At length obtained; and once again her head  
Was pillowed by her mother's side. That heart  
Which oft had sunk in utter desolation,  
Had found, at last, repose. Grief, too severe,  
Had snapt its cords, and bade the spirit join,  
In mansions of the blest, the one it loved—  
Next to its God—with its most ardent love.  
Consumption *seemed* to do the work of death;  
And so her tombstone told to passers by;  
But bitter grief the ruin wrought, and laid  
The loving—lovely—the beloved—to rest,  
Where most she longed to be—close by the side  
Of her who gave her being, and whose hand  
Had trained her soul for immortality.  
In that blest world of peace and love—their hearts  
Again united, and their voices joined—  
In sweetest harmony their spirits beat  
Before the throne of God. Unknown, unfear'd  
Are partings there. One wishful thought alone  
Now swells her happy soul—the safe arrive  
Of those she loved on earth. EUSEBIA.

EARTH's proudest titles end in, "Here he lies,"  
And "dust to dust" concludes her noblest song.

## RETROSPECTION.

How oft the mind, with retrospective eye,  
Reviews what Time—mute chronicler—has traced,  
Of days, and scenes, and thoughts, long since passed  
by,

Which from the heart can never be effaced!  
And as each circumstance is then replaced,  
Which in the mind had long neglected lain,  
And e'en from memory's tablet seemed erased,  
Each one a link in life's full varied chain,  
We live again the scenes gone by of bliss or pain.

The blissful then appears more full of bliss,  
Than when the hours that bore it glided by,  
As moments wafted from a brighter world than this—  
The world of perfect joy beyond the sky.  
For then the tear which often dimmed the eye,  
E'en mid the brightest scenes of real life—  
The shade of sadness and the rising sigh—  
The rueful tokens of some latent grief—  
Then enter not the scene to give or ask relief.

The painful, less acute full oft appears,  
When Time has thrown o'er all his shading wing,  
And Grief herself a half-formed smile then wears,  
Which from her woe-worn face she fain would fling:  
And, though at best a sad and sombre thing,  
She sorrow often tints with rainbow hues,  
By rays that from the Empyrean spring,  
Which, e'en mid tears, those purer joys disclose,  
Existing in that world where all is sweet repose.

Thus retrospection oft may lend new joys,  
Life's wildering maze and thorny path to cheer;  
And while with brighter scenes the mind employs,  
Point upward whence alone flows pleasure pure,  
And by such glimpses seek the heart 't allure  
From all the sordid, fleeting scenes of earth,  
To those bright worlds where every good's secure—  
Where every joy is of invaluable worth,  
Not sprung from fleeting toys, but of immortal birth.

G. W.

## THE HAPPY HOME.

WOULDEST keep thy home a holy shrine,  
And still fresh wreaths around it twine?  
Wouldst thou that *there*, with each new hour,  
Love still unfold some precious flower,  
Diffusing through its gentle calm  
Soft odorous breath and dropping balm?  
O, guard it with a sleepless care,  
From stormy gust or chilling air.  
Wouldst thou its holy altar flame  
Should burn still on—through life the same—  
That its soft, wreathing incense still  
Should all home's sanctuary fill?  
O, guard thou, as the priest of old,  
The *sacred fire* with vigils held,  
So watch the flame *thou* wouldst keep bright,  
And trembling *feed* the wasting light.

## A TRAVELING JOURNAL.

CATHOLIC CEMETERY, NEW ORLEANS.

HAVING accompanied a party of ladies and gentlemen to the city—the “Crescent city,” I was induced, albeit not of my wont, to go along with them in their sight-seeing excursions about the place. Of all the several places resorted to, I was most gratified by my visit to the cemetery. It was the Catholic cemetery visited; and here I had expected, according to the stories of travelers, to witness a great deal of ill taste, and nothing else. But such is not the fact. This cemetery lies off about a mile west of the centre of the city. It consists, I know not wherefore, but probably by a motive of extension, of three distinct inclosures; each of these, as a gentleman estimated by his eye, a square of two hundred yards to each angle, though I would suppose it a good deal larger. All of these three lots, I think, are fully and densely occupied by tombs, allowing, probably, for some more tenants to each.

A good proportion of the “ovens” in the wall, however, of one of the lots, was at this time unoccupied. These cells are graves of brick masonry, four tiers high, being spaces left in the outer wall of the cemetery. This wall is, I think, on all sides, made of sufficient depth, say six feet, besides the masonry, to accommodate coffins in this way. And what is a horror to believe, but which several persons asserted to, on a certain day of each year, I believe on “All-Saints’ day,” such as are in arrears for their rent, or their purchase of the spot, are then *cast forth*, and disposed of in a more compact and general form of interment; making room for other occupants. But these instances are doubtless much in the minority, and composed of those unfortunates whom the chances of this city of desultory and precarious life, have left friendless and alone. And yet this contingency is, in some sort, the result of choice, and of sectarian belief. It is a proverb of universal acceptance, that every human being is entitled to his “six feet by two” of territory. But sectarian prejudice has here countervailed the privilege; and the revolting result I have mentioned is, in instances, the consequence. Why those who so strenuously insist upon putting the remains of their friends into *consecrated* ground, do not follow it up by some provision to meet all cases, is what has not been explained to me.

Yet the reader should know that the general impression given by the monuments, and the general arrangements of this spot, is in direct opposition to that of disregard or neglect of the dead; for most of them give token of a “memory”—of something beyond the mere decency of a grave having been afforded them. The ground, throughout, is divided by streets, or narrow passways, into squares of about fifty or sixty feet each; these again seem to be subdivided to separate families, each having a tomb. These tombs, at a distance of three or four feet from each other, the fronts all facing the same

way, and generally without inclosures, give the appearance of streets, and by association of ideas, impart to the beholder a sentiment of *neighborhood*, to these cities of the dead.

The tombs are almost all in good taste as regards form, construction, and material. There is, however, one exception to this, both as it regards appearance, and suitableness of character. That is, that the lettering is very generally *gilded*. This is in itself a finicality as applied to the subject, and it assorts not well with granite as a material. The inscriptions are generally good, possessing two of the first requisites of elegy—briefness and simplicity. Where the history of life is set forth in detail, it is apt to divert the attention, and blunt the sympathy; and it is rather life, than death, that is contemplated.

One inscription I thought particularly appropriate and beautiful. But I will first describe the tomb to which it belongs. This is a structure of the most polished and beautiful moon-colored marble, a perfect cube, of about the dimensions of twenty feet to a side. At regular distances the marble projected, describing an architectural ornament, the name of which I am ignorant of; however, it appeared simply like cornices of about twenty-five inches, with proportionate spaces between; these extended over the whole exterior, affording a sort of data to the size of the monument; and at the same time relieved it of that sameness and tameness, which the material at a dead level was calculated to impart. This monument belonged to a public association—Spanish—of a military character, termed “Cazadores.” It had been erected in 1823, and contained the remains of all belonging to the society who had deceased since that date, or perhaps since the institution of the corps; numbering, I think, one hundred and twenty-eight persons. This monument is beautiful in every particular, as a work of art, and also as regards its sentiment and intention. The spot was central in the ground, and the site artificially raised a foot or two from the level of the place, and inclosed by a high and handsome iron fence, placed about six feet from the tomb on all sides. At each of the four corners of this fence was a high shaft, supporting a large lantern, by which token we may suppose that interments often take place here by night. The top of the building, beyond the exact cube, rose into a roof not very steep, the centre from all the sides terminating in a square slab, on which rested a *shrouded urn*, beautifully wrought in marble, with the one word “silence” inscribed in four different languages, on the four several edges of the slab.

For myself, I admired this more than any other funeral monument I have ever seen. The ideal of “the art” appears just enough, without the impertinence of encroaching upon, or overpowering the proper subject of the erection. One can never like those ambitious monuments, where mythology overpowers nature; where an allegorical “grief”

claims the eye, and distracts the attention from that which is true and natural within the bosom. But here all was beautiful.

Close neighboring to this, I am sorry to say, was a little priggish-looking erection; the material was plaster, and painted in different colors; a portico in front with mottled wooden pillars, and a slate-colored floor. Within was a peep at a place like a little parlor, and further on a peep at certain allegorical figures done in wax, of diminutive size, and redolent of gilding, gauze, paint, spangles, and other trumpery matters; the whole designating nothing but the bad taste of its founder.

Nothing struck me more than the great amount of longevity, as evidenced by the inscriptions. Seventies and eighties were quite numerous; whilst on one line, about three removes from each other, was one aged one hundred years, and another of one hundred and six years. Most of these aged had immigrated from Europe or the West Indies. It is also a fact that the French and Spanish population of this city attain to great age. The yellow fever, which is almost the only malady of the place, they know well—the French physicians in particular—how to manage, and a very small proportion of patients die of it under their treatment.

Amongst the memorials in this place, *one* should not be forgotten, that of Alexander Milne, the philanthropist. A Scotsman by birth, he came to New Orleans at an early date of the city, poor, and by diligence amassed a large fortune, all of which, at his death, (having no family himself,) he bequeathed to different charities in the city where it was gathered. Like nature, he rendered back what he received, to the most beneficent effect. The monument itself, though large, and in this respect imposing, is devoid both of beauty and character.

A plain, purely white slab on the wall has this inscription, "*Ma pauvre fille*," (My poor daughter.) At the entrance we read a placard requesting persons visiting the ground not to meddle with the flowers and other preparations about the tombs; and this, I believe, is religiously complied with. We saw, in many instances, flowers freshly supplied to the little vases prepared permanently for them in the tombs. We heard the sweet, pure twitter of birds, their nests within a hand's reach, and every other evidence of forbearance and respect. Passing in and out, we saw, this early morning, several groups of the bereaved seeking this pleasant spot. And we ourselves passed out, my heart aching most of all, for that dear one whose grave is in another land!

#### THE LITTLE MONKEY.

One of the most touching incidents I witnessed whilst in the city, was the deportment and condition of a *monkey*. This little animal, diminutive even for the diminutive species to which he belonged, was the property of a show-man, a grinder of music in the streets. This little creature had been taught to ex-

hibit the tricks of sympathy, until he not improbably participated in the feelings. As I passed the corner where his master was performing to a very motley audience, I was constrained to stop by the pressure of the crowd, and thus was treated to a sight of this little wretch. There was an air of ever-enduring sadness, blended with the quizzicality of his lineaments, which really, as Sterne would say, or might have said, "went to my heart." The air now played was of a plaintive tone, and whenever the rhythm recurred, the little creature would first look up pathetically to his master's face, and then declining his head, rest it for awhile upon his arm.

This state of things, this suborning from nature, particularly in the case of an animal whose bent and character is signally of frolic and fun, went directly to my heart, from the most touching of all considerations—that of *life in a false position!*

#### CHARACTER.

There was one lady present who always appeared highly dressed, and luxurious in her habits as well as her habiliments. This may have been in conformity to the modes of the city; yet I observed that she was in matters of conduct independent and discriminating. She did not join the dance, which was every evening repeated on the boat. She was doubtless a gay woman, that is, one of gay life, yet as her husband was not with her, I admired her for this refraining. Several other minute instances grew upon me, as marking a character superior to mere circumstances. When we arrived at Cincinnati, whither this lady had come to visit her young son, I had occasion to observe a degree of ability that surprised me, and showed that, if conforming in externals, she had not at least become enervated by her long residence at the south. She had, I believe, joined a chance party for the trip, who did not stop in the city, and whom she did not choose to trouble by any thing in which she could help herself. We arrived here before light in the morning; and by sunrise this lady was not only astir, but had already, without disturbing the early slumbers of her party, made all her preparations for landing. She seemed to have a good deal of luggage. By the assistance of servants she had procured a carriage, and looked personally to the removal of all her articles; had negotiated through the chamber-maid, and paid her passage, and received her receipt, &c. And bidding adieu to the females present, and a message to her party to breakfast with her at the "Broadway," was "off" in a tangent. Adieu, and the "top of the morning" to her! Her rocking-chair and lap-dog had prefigured any thing else but this *ability*.

C. M. B.

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He that "converteth a sinner from the error of his way," is a greater man (according to the word of God) than he that conquers and rules a kingdom.

## THE FATHER'S REWARD.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH.

BY PROFESSOR JOHNSTON.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap."

"We take no note of time but by its loss,"

Chanted the solemn bard whose inspiration rose with the thickening gloom of night. A kindred sentiment is embodied in that other line of equal beauty,

"How blessings brighten as they take their flight!"

So, from the same principle of our nature, we are apt to see in ourselves the tendencies of a vicious course only by its unhappy results. It is only when the problem is wrought to its conclusion, and the fate it predicts can no longer be averted, we see the fearful but legitimate consequence of causes which we have put in operation.

Thus was it with the inhabitants of the old world, that, not till the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the rising waters had filled the valleys, and covered all the plains, and sweeping over the hill-tops, were walking with a vengeful majesty up the mountain sides, did they awake to the reality of their guilt, and the truthfulness of Noah's warnings. Thus were the cities of the plain, in the midst of their scoffing and their abominations, surprised by the descending bolt of vengeance, and the sheets of flame, and the opening gulfs of fire. Thus, too, when the Savior of man "came to his own, and his own received him not," after he had accomplished his mission, and was in the act to consummate the universal sacrifice, the doomed race which rejected him, protested their readiness to believe on him, if now he would grant them this further proof of his power and godlike nature—to "come down from the cross," to which they had nailed him. It was too late. The cup of their iniquity was full. The exhaustless mercy of Heaven deigned not to comply with so unreasonable a demand.

The simple tale I have to relate illustrates, though on a smaller scale, yet, with a practical bearing, and an individual interest, the same principle.

\* \* \* \* \*

In one of the eastern districts of Georgia, where pride of ancestry, and the pomp of wealth, and the ostentation of hospitality, constitute the prime virtues of society, few names could lay higher claim to such inheritance than that of A. That one of the line of whom I write, added to these accessories those personal qualities of heart which render the man amiable, affectionate, and truly generous; and if an erroneous estimate of that which constitutes true honor and gentlemanly character, would lead him to avenge a personal insult at the point of the sword, it was rather the fault of his education and the times, than of any sanguinary disposition of his. A natural haughtiness, fostered by the habitual

exercise of mastership from infancy, and softened by contact with society, contributed, with his native amiability, to that courteous yet stately dignity of demeanor which imposed on the stranger an instinctive sentiment of high respect. Thus endowed by nature and inheritance, feared by the coward, courted by the brave, flattered by the vain, the *recherche* of every gay circle, Gregory A. grew into manhood, the envied model of the southern gentleman.

Equally happy in his domestic relations, the mistress of his mansion and the mother of his children, by her charms of person, her piquancy of wit, and a womanly dignity and grace, gave to his entertainments an unrivaled eclat.

\* \* \* \* \*

Colonel A. was become the father of manly sons, and a beautiful daughter, in whom he already seemed to enjoy the gratification of his fondest hopes. Brilliant was the fete and loud the peals of mirth within that hall; but amidst the festivities constantly wandered the eye of the father wherever that blooming daughter, just bursting into womanhood, moved through the giddy throng with a faultless ease; or, perhaps, encircled by a selecter crowd in a retired nook, by the fascination of her swimming eyes, by the native music which distilled from her lip, and by a negligence of posture which displayed to the height the voluptuous fullness of her softened form, she seemed subduing the hearts of the proudest as with the power of the enchanter's spell.

Nor scarcely was his pleasure less, when heading a band of choice spirits, he led forth his sons to the harder exercises which, according to his creed, became youths of their rank. The sports of the field and the turf occupied their days, as did the card-room or the gay saloon their nights. It is true that, sometimes, when indulging in the meaner vices inseparably connected with these, or when some new invention of profanity burst from his lips, a momentary flush of paternal shame would rise to his cheek, and a scruple whether such were examples befitting the father would slightly disturb his conscience; but the voice of that silent monitor was soon drowned in the shout of a joyous pursuit, or in the revels of the Bacchanal board. And the world pronounced Colonel A. a happy man—happy above his equals, and only to be envied. Nay, he considered himself the happiest of mortals—supremely blest in the gift of such a daughter and such sons, and having to fear only the caprice of envious Fortune.

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It was in the mellow depths of autumn, of the year 18—. The idle fields, and the unyoked mules, and the lengthened grin of the Ethiopian, proclaimed throughout the district a general holiday. In Gregory Hall, the hurry of busy feet, and the cautious activity of busy hands, seeking to give a new elegance to whatsoever they touched, betokened an unwonted expectancy. The garniture of the ample

saloons received that day additions of surpassing richness and magnificence, and all was adjusted with an exquisite and oft-repeated care. The viands, too, were of the most costly and delicate kind. The fruits of all climates, and the products of the lands and the seas contributed of their bounty; and art vied with art to perfect and vary the sumptuous repast. In fine, whatever wealth could command, or taste and ingenuity could devise, was freely lavished on the occasion.

Every object seemed to have caught, from the general display, the air of a livelier gayety. Even the apron of the attendant slave was whiter than usual, his bow was more obsequious, his compliments more profuse, and his frequent laugh modified to his choicest notions of *gentility*.

What mean these novel preparations and this busy array? They celebrate to-day, at the paternal mansion, the reception of the bride and the marriage festivities of W., the younger of the two sons of Colonel A.

The sun was not much past the meridian, when, from the neighboring plantations, the equipage, the chivalry, and the beauty began to centre in toward Gregory Hall. A full hour before sunset the company was collected, and impatient eyes were straining toward the direction whence they expected the maiden stranger and the happy youth. Presently, bending round a hill, which, at a short distance, limited the view along the main road, was seen a company of men on horse, who were immediately recognized as the van escort and attendants of the groom. Behind these a carriage, gayly freighted with the favorite companions of the bride, who had the distinction to assist at the ceremonies. To these followed another carriage, led by a span of milk-white steeds, and bearing the nuptial pair, attended by a single couple of their intimate friends. On each side of the carriage rode a waiter, black as Egyptian night, and tricked out in a kind of fantastic livery. In the rear, at a moderate interval, came two men, grave witnesses and authors to the alliance which was then being consummated. One seemed in the fullness and vigor of manhood, and, by his lofty bearing, and scarcely less by the proud step of his well-reined steed, betrayed a lordliness of spirit which acknowledged to no superior. The other, who was by many years his senior, possessed a form equally erect and imposing, and in his manner a dignity not inferior, but subdued to a gentleness which presented, even at the distance, a striking contrast to his companion.

The waiting and the arrived are entered together into the drawing-room. The formalities of presentation are over. We cast our eye over the groups, and mark the prominent figures of the scene.

First, as the principal centre of attraction, and to

whom, for that evening, at least, the first homage shall be paid, now standing at the upper end of the saloon, the young and lovely bride. She was, perhaps, in her twentieth year, of regular features and symmetrical form, fair but not beautiful—at least she would not be called such in that circle. She was not a *belle*—she never had been—she did not aspire to be; but there was in her open countenance an expression of loveliness, one might almost say of native goodness, and in her manner an unstudied gentleness and simplicity, which won involuntary deference and kind regards. There were in that assembly eyes that flashed brighter, tresses of more raven blackness, tongues of a bolder if not a readier wit, and forms more gracile and sylph-like; but from all these, and the intoxication of their charms, the eye and the heart turned with a sense of relief to the simpler beauties of the youthful bride, and listened, with an intellectual relish, to the music of her silvery voice, through which spoke the soul and the spirit of a furnished mind. The easy dignity with which she received the adulatory attentions that were lavished upon her, and the freedom with which she moved through the crowds, bestowing on all the sunshine of a subdued cheerfulness, showed that she was not unused to the refinements of society, nor a stranger to its conventional forms; yet an occasional surprise, or a shade of disapprobation, that rose on her brow so slightly as to pass unnoticed by the casual observer, betrayed that the glitter and pomp of so much parade, and the air of so much *gratuitous* gayety was not congenial with the deeper sentiments of her heart.

And he, the favored possessor of so much excellence, on whom Fortune seemed specially to have smiled in that hour when he won the hand of Isabella H., he seemed divided between the fruition of the present, and golden dreams of the future. He was happy! Aye, who shall doubt it? He would have sworn he had received from Heaven an assurance and a guaranty of unalloyed bliss for the rest of his life.

And Colonel A., the noble and the proud! he was too conspicuous to require further remark than that, bending from his imperial air by the combined influence of joy and wine, the unequalled flattery of his condescension and urbanity made him, with the fair sex, young and old, the acknowledged lion of the day. His progress through the assembly was marked by the moving mass of admirers revolving around him, who thought it a sufficient distinction to have gained some token of favorable regard from the master of Gregory Hall.

But who is that venerable one, whose arrival was noticed in company with Colonel A., and who is already recognized as the father of Isabella? He stands apart from the multitude, and seems rather an observer than a participant of their joys. There is a manly beauty in his chiseled features which the

furrows of age have not been able to destroy, and a something approaching to sublimity in his high and expanded forehead, boldly relieved by the thinned and whitened locks which float gracefully back over his shoulders. His erect mien, his saint-like serenity and comeliness seem, in contrast with the lightness around him, heightened to an almost angelic expression of dignity and meekness. The few formal attentions directed to him, were courteously received, and answered with reserve; but when some, more familiar, addressed him as *father H.*, and pressed upon him their warm congratulations, he smiled upon them with a benignity which showed how well he merited that appellation.

But who was father H.? Forty years previous to this date, he was looked upon by fond friends as a youth of high promise, according to their worldly hopes; and he was filling that heart, capable of such noble development, with all vain projects of wealth and worldly aggrandizement. Through a humble instrumentality, the Spirit of God touched his heart, and brought him to repentance. Nursed into spiritual life, and furnished in word and doctrine by the teachings of an Asbury and a M'Kendree, he had spent the strength of his manhood in the work of the Methodist itinerant ministry. His praise was in all the Churches. He was everywhere honored for his work's sake, and loved for his many virtues.

Almost any other man would have thought himself largely honored, that alliance had been sought with his family from such a source; but father H. had penetrated, with a deeper knowledge, into the true interests of life; and he evidently looked upon the scene before him with increasing concern. When his daughter drew near, which she often did, as if to cheer him from a sadness which she felt was in his heart, and by her filial caresses had waked the tremulous melody of his clear-toned voice, his face lighted up with a saintly expression of benevolence, which impressed a something of reverence on the mind of the vainest. But when his eye followed her movements through the room—for it seldom rested on another—one would have thought, from his changing countenance, that he was struggling with an unseen adversary, or was laboring under the excitement of powerful emotion; and in brief interludes of conversation in which he participated, there was a perceptible agitation of the voice, if not of the frame, quite unusual to him. Yet he affected to wear the semblance of composure.

*"Curis ingentibus aeger,  
Spem vultu simulat, premit altum corde dolorem."*

\* \* \* \* \*

The hour of ten was at hand, and father H. was in the act to retire from the room, when Colonel A. added, "But, father H., (for I must still call you by a title which so befits you,) if neither kindness nor persuasion will prevail, I must make known that, on these premises, my *jurisdiction* is acknowl-

edged"—a fondness for legal technics was a weakness of his—"and by the *authority* in me vested, I do *enjoin* your farther proceedings of this sort; and, in the name of the people here assembled, do hereby *decree* that you grant us the favor of your presence for the 'balance' of this night." Wine was, for once, getting the better of Colonel A.'s dignity, and he closed up this formality with the air and emphasis of one who fancies he is triumphing in the argument. Father H. replied, in his meek tone, "I promised brother —, who lives but a mile off, that I would spend the night with him. I have need to seek early rest; for to-morrow I have a long ride to perform in order to meet an appointment at four o'clock. For thirty-five years, through sunshine and storm, over good roads and bad, with the common share of sickness and health, of joys and griefs, I have not failed at an appointment in my Master's work; and Colonel A. *is not the man to persuade me to the first delinquency.*"

This seemed to the Colonel too much like his own notions of *honor*, and he could make no farther resistance, but added, in compliance, "I will send you over, then, in my carriage—it will be easier for you, and your horse shall remain undisturbed. Poor beast! he must be fatigued with the day's journey. A servant shall lead him over at any hour in the morning that you will name."

"Pardon me, Colonel A., I appreciate your kindness, if I cannot accept it. I prefer to go on my own animal: the faithful creature is become a sort of companion—he must go with me."

"I will at least send a servant to accompany you—some accident might happen by the way."

"Nay, leave the old itinerant to his accustomed mode of wayfaring—it suits him better."

"Leave us, then, your blessing, reverend man, and go with our kind thoughts and wishes for your welfare;" and Colonel A. turned back to the whirl of giddy life around him, conscious that the world united to call him happy beyond his equals, and only to be envied, daring to pronounce himself the happiest of mortals, and having to fear only the caprice of envious Fortune.

Father H. withdrew, accompanied by his daughter. They walked slowly across the spacious court toward the gate, whither his horse was to be brought. The freshness of the evening air met their exhausted spirits with a reviving influence. The moonlight rested on the fields and woodlands softly and quiet as a sleeping infant on its mother's bosom. A few autumnal flowers diffused an agreeable fragrance, and a mild south wind was stirring lightly in the grass, and among the leaves of the shrubbery around them, as it were the footsteps of the rustling wings of attendant seraphim. Isabella clung to her father's arm with a childish fondness. She rather bounded than walked by his side. She pressed his hand convulsively to her lips, and tears—whether of joy or grief it would have puzzled her to tell—gushed forth

spontaneously. The novelty of the occasion, the unwonted brilliance of the apartments, the courtly magnificence of waving plumes and glittering guns, the romance of knightly gallantry bending obsequious to the majesty of beauty, and the idea of the part which she acted, and the rank she held in this moving pageantry, all came rushing through her mind with a spell-like power, and she seemed rather in the midst of a dreamy enchantment, than of sober reality. She yielded to the intoxication, and her heart was a prey to tumultuous emotions undefinably strange and various. One moment she fancied the delight it must give her father to see her thus honored: the next thought was of grief at their separation: the future flashed suddenly up before her: a pang of foreboding fear went like a shudder through her limbs, and mingled itself with the confused current of her soul. It was a relief when the words of her father broke this painful silence; for there was in his voice a tone of sadness which called her back to the *real*.

"My daughter," he said, "I had reserved for this hour my final admonitions, but my heart is too much oppressed."

"Say not words so ominous, dear father," she began, more with the intent to relieve him than to reply; for she perceived that emotion was choking the old man's utterance, but as soon found herself unable to control her own. The wild tumult of feelings which thronged her heart was, by those familiar tones of tremulous affection, gathered back into the channels of grief; and the sound of her own voice seemed to lift the flood-gates that restrained the swelling tide. At this moment the path, conducting them round a clump of bushes which concealed them from view, brought them suddenly in front of a little summer arbor. They entered the recess, as if by instinctive consent, and falling on their knees, remained some moments in the silent agony of prayer.

Having thus gathered strength from Heaven, the old man, being seated, proceeds: "Listen, my daughter: I am now calm, and shall speak briefly. You know my solicitude, and the fears I have entertained, which—I grieve to feel it so—the scenes of this evening have little tended to dispel or to quiet."

"And you know that I never reproached you for those fears and that solicitude, and how long I shared them, and how slowly my conscience yielded assent to other feelings. But surely, my father, I now think there were no just grounds for such apprehensions. The new mother I have gained, and my new sister, whose influence in the family is so great, are they not both members of our Church? They speak freely of religion, and commend it to all. I feel great hopes, and am only anxious for you, father, to feel the same, that the influences of my new relation will not be so unfavorable to a spiritual life."

"True, daughter, many of your new friends are *religious*; but the religion which your poor father has tried to preach, and in which your sainted mother instructed your infancy—that religion which so purified and sweetened the whole current of her life, and bore her gently, as on angel pinions, to the land of rest—it could not mingle itself so far with the spirit of the world, and did not place the precepts of the Gospel on a level with worldly maxims, or make them yield to spurious notions of worldly honor."

"But that which gave, and still gives me confidence, is the voluntary assurance which W. made me, that he would never oppose any obstacles to my religious life; but that he had always respected me the more, and he believed that, as a wife, he should love me the more for my religion."

"That he do not oppose you is something; but—"

"But with such feelings on his part, and such promises voluntarily given, shall I not soon win him to the Savior? O, father, I believe I shall! With your prayers I know I shall. You will soon see him a praying man. And who knows but that he—so youthful and strong—so courted and flattered by the world—who can tell but the hand of Providence is in all this, and that Heaven is preparing, by this means, for my loved and almost worshiped father a *successor*, when he shall have shed from his shoulders the mantle of prophecy which now adorns them? O, do not blame the thought! for if any one *could* be worthy to be named successor, surely it were he. I have here a kind of faith. It is a feeling somewhat indefinite, but *strong*; and it seems to me like *unyielding faith*! Father, shall it not be so?" and her expression rose with the words into a lofty and determined enthusiasm, which seemed for the moment to carry assurance to the hearts of both. But when her words had ceased, and the glow of feeling she had imparted began to subside, the cold waters flowed back on the old man's heart.

"Ah! would it might be so!" he at length responded, "would he were now a man of prayer! Heaven speed the day he may become such! for till then—" and his frame shook again through every limb, his muscles became rigid, his eye glanced wildly at his daughter, whom he drew suddenly and strongly toward him. "The Gospel says," he continued in an altered and solemn tone, "*they twain shall be one*;" but how can that be when the heart of one is in daily communion with her Maker and Redeemer, and the other is in rebellion against him? No! The world and the authority of man may pronounce them *husband and wife*, but *one*, in the sight of Heaven, *they cannot be*. You know my doctrine. I forbear to give name to such a relation; but I shudder to think that my daughter, my Isabel—" and his utterance was again stopped. He earned her convulsively to his bosom, with the frantic earnestness of one who had snatched his only child from the jaws of a lion, or the brink of an awful precipice, and only ejaculated, at intervals,

"But Heaven is merciful! May he accomplish for thee the prayer of thy faith!" and it was sometime before either had regained sufficient composure to resume the conversation.

We will not attempt to exhibit further that solemn parting interview, nor the mirthful scenes of the hall. We could not fairly represent the feelings involved in the one, and have no desire to return to the other. Enough has been detailed, to give us some adequate notion of the characters before us.

The conversation of father H. and Isabella, the substance of which, if not with verbal accuracy, we have endeavored to present, reveals several things worthy of notice. We see that pious girl, under the restraint of an enlightened conscience, hesitating long in the step she was about to take, and struggling against the feelings common to humanity. The rank and ancestral honors of the youthful suitor's family, his own high promise, and rising ambition, and yet more, perhaps, his winning manners, and delicate flattery, having captivated the fancy of the less experienced Isabella, opened thereby a ready access to the heart. We see her, however, in the act of yielding, not surrendering, her good conscience, but making compact therewith, on the faith of promise voluntarily given, that she should find no discouragement to her religious life. We see her fully persuading herself into the hope, as doubtless every pious maiden in similar circumstances does, that she will soon win her husband on from the approval to the practice of piety; and thus they will be able to fulfill the holy conditions and purity of that relation, even according to the exalted sentiments of her revered father, whose judgment, in regard to the doctrines of the Bible, she is accustomed to consider as unerring.

Whether the refined views of father H. be fully warranted by the letter of the Scripture; or whether they may not seem too transcendental ever to become practicable, we do not pretend to say. We think, however, it may at least be doubted whether ecclesiastical authorities which have relaxed their regulations on this subject, in conformity with what they are pleased to denominate the advancing liberality of the age, have not in fact been herein retrograding in their doctrine and practice of Christianity.

But let us follow Isabella in the work of converting a husband engrossed with the vanities, and accustomed to the common license of men of his class in the world. She soon found she had a task peculiarly difficult, and purposed to proceed with caution. She would not offend his refinement and liberality by a puritanical rigidity, but would win him by the attractive gentleness of religion. She would not alarm him by a revelation of her ultimate object, but would lead him, unsuspecting and

gradual, into a new mode of life. In order to gain his entire confidence, and to establish herself fully in the control of his heart, she would at first use a prudent compliance, to a certain extent, with his tastes and habits. It is not possible, however, to come in daily contact with the fashionable world, and not yield something to its charms, and more to its authority. The power of fascination, which had at first bewildered her imagination, began to steal insensibly over her spirit with a kind of transforming influence. The desire of convivial excitement, which, once indulged, becomes like the inebriate's thirst, sought renewed gratification with increasing ardor. The house of prayer became less attractive than the gay assemblage, though she perceived it not, and excused her neglect of the former in favor of the latter, by the necessities of her relation, and the "claims of society." By the same plea she reconciled herself to practices, which in her father's house she would have feared to touch. She soon learned to join in the *innocent* amusement of cards, and thought it no harm. She learned to quaff her quota of champagne with a grace that merited applause, and thought it only a mark of higher life. She learned to delight with an Epicurean gusto in the gratification of the palate, and would maintain, with an Epicurean logic, the superiority of shell-fish to land flesh, and did not perceive in all this, any lack of feminine delicacy.

These are some of the changes wrought in the character of Isabella in one short year, so gradual as to be imperceptible to her. She flattered herself that she was abiding steadfast in the faith, unchanged in all, save that her views were somewhat expanded by a juster liberality, till she was ready to accuse herself of having been previously under the domination of a bigotry which forbade her to estimate the many virtues of the world.

But neither was the change only on her part. On the anniversary of their nuptials, the fond husband recalled to her notice the manifest influence of her Christian temper on his character. He considered himself in many respects a reformed man, and encouraged her to continue in the ways of piety. Gradually did her gentleness gain upon his nature, till, in the course of another year, the change became so marked as to attract the attention of all. His friends, however, instead of recognizing an approximation to a Christian life, saw only a deterioration from the ancient pride and spirit of the family. They rallied, they scoffed, they threatened him, but to no purpose. At length an incident occurring, in which they thought he had not maintained, with becoming spirit, the honor of the name, he was, in the heat of their indignation, disowned and irrevocably banished from their presence.

At this time the tide of emigration was setting strong toward the opening fields of Texas. He resolved to throw himself, with his wife and little ones,



into the moving current, and seek for them a home far from kindred and native land. Let us at least hope, that in those western wilds, as in a prepared sanctuary, Isabella would at length realize the accomplishment of her faith and prayers.

\* \* \* \* \*

We turn now to the other members of this family, lately moving in unbroken harmony, and, in all worldly circumstances, happy almost beyond the lot of mortals.

This first calamity touched the heart of Col. A. with a brief sadness. Fortune seemed to have stricken him in his most sensitive part, as if to show her power to sport with man's hopes against his boasted security. In all that pertained to sentiments of honor and manly pride, he had thought the education of his sons perfect. To have failed, therefore, in this, was a disgrace he had little expected. But his spirits were still elastic, and grief was soon expelled by the near approach of another event which suffered no shade of gloomy reflection.

The idol daughter—the pride of his life—who for ten years past had reigned in the world of fashion with the tyranny and caprice of an acknowledged *belle*, now in the ripening beauty and chastened elegance of her twenty-fifth year, more queen-like than ever, Clarence A. was arrayed in her bridal vestments, submissive to the hand of the gallant Major F. The reader's imagination will readily conceive the decorations and splendor that visited Gregory Hall, to give to the expected solemnities a fitting reception. It is sufficient to know that Col. A. considered this the crowning point of his earthly felicity, and resolved that the array of circumstance and pomp should adequately express the occasion which his plenitude of wealth could celebrate but once in his life.

And Major F.—was he brave? was he wealthy? was he chivalrous? was he ambitious? Enough that he was the accepted suitor of Clarence A., to know that in all these, and in whatsoever else was deemed a virtue, he excelled his numerous and distinguished competitors.

\* \* \* \* \*

The grand era was past. As a victor in his triumphal return laden with spoils, the young husband led the joyous procession of friends, who honored him with their attendance, to his paternal residence. The journey was, perhaps, two-thirds accomplished. As they were entering a little town, situate on the bank of a small river, beyond which, on a neighboring plantation, a sister and other impatient friends were awaiting their arrival, looking down the street, Major F. saw at a distance a man, between whom and himself there existed an irreconciled feud. He ordered the coachman to stop, leaped from his seat and demanded the whip, observing, with apparent *nonchalance*, that he "must give that scoundrel a horse-whipping," and marched off with

the air of one who rejoiced in this early opportunity to demonstrate to the eyes of his wife that his character as a "*gentleman*" should be unquestioned, and in his keeping "*honor*" was safe. The enemy halted and coolly expected his approach. No word was spoken. One raised the lash, the other his pistol. Ere the uplifted hand could descend, the fatal lead pierced his vitals, and a spectacle to all, he gave one rending shriek, one spasmodic leap into the air, and fell breathless to the earth. O, the shock of untold horror! the sudden blight, and the wave of unutterable woe that seemed to bury her soul! and then the rage of unappeasable anguish that met the heart of that bridal widow! ask me not to describe it!

The nuptial procession is become a funeral train, though waiting and eager friends, who now chide their tardy motions as they see them approach, know it not. Foremost, the bounding sister comes forth to greet a happy brother, and receives instead a bleeding corpse. Reader, dost thou expect me to say that reception house was filled with lamentation, and weeping, and sorrow? Nay! there is a madness which is not grief; there is a raving cry for revenge which hath not tears. There is a burning power of passion which dries the fountains of the soul, and sears its tenderness. But to see this maddening thirst of revenge excited in the breast of gentle woman over the lifeless and bleeding body of a brother—to see it flashing from her eyes, agitating her limbs, and bursting in imprecations from her livid lips—we turn from the painful spectacle.

\* \* \* \* \*

Father H., now trembling on the verge of the grave, felt his desire yearly increasing to see his Isabella once more. Her letters had been less frequent of late, and for this he found a ready excuse in the accumulating duties of a rising family. She was his only earthly care.

What time his thoughts were not in heaven, they were with her in her western home. In imagination he saw her gather the little ones around her nightly, to instruct them in lessons of piety and direct their infant minds to the Lamb of God. He saw the converted father listening with devout gratitude to their simple questions, or leading his little family in their morning and evening devotions, with the reverence of one who had learned the true dignity of his station. He would visit them once more, and be comforted together with them before he should go hence for ever.

To resolve was, with him, to execute. Though passing through a strange country, he soon found he was not wholly among strangers. Scattered westward, he met everywhere the children of his spiritual labors, who welcomed him as a messenger from heaven. His presence under their roofs they received as an earnest of prosperity and future blessings; and they delighted to show to their children

the man they had such reason to honor and love. The renewal of these friendships, and such tokens of affection from the dispersed members of his flock, seemed like entering already upon the final reward of his labors and faithfulness. One earthly hope and one desire remained. And each repetition of the joys that met him and cheered him on his way, served but to quicken his heart to a livelier anticipation of that which awaited him.

The days of weary travel were at length accomplished. The veteran itinerant reined up his steed before a rustic dwelling, to which he had been directed as the residence of W. A. His arrival was evidently unexpected, for the daughter, which should have flown to his arms, did not appear. A feeling of sadness, whether of disappointment or foreboding, weighed on his spirit as he walked solitary across the yard, unwelcomed by the loved ones whom he longed to embrace. A couple of little boys, that were playing in the sand, looked timidly at him, and when he endeavored to speak to them, ran round the house toward the "quarters." As he reached the door a servant came out, but she was a stranger to him.

"Is your mistress at home?" he inquired.

"No, sir; missey not at home dis day, I warrant you."

"She is at the camp meeting, I presume?" said the old man; for he had passed a camp meeting a few miles back, and had learned there, it was on the land of his son-in-law.

"No, massa; she are not at dat camp meeting, when are such a ball as dat great one in town dis night. And aren't missey Isabel the prettiest lady there! I dressed her myself with these hands. And when she were gotten on all that rigin' what massa just got from Orleans, and they say it come away from some other big place, they calls Parry or France. May be as you know, massa, whar that are; but I was 'raised' in Orleans, and have seed 'the big ladies goin' to the balls many a time, but I never seed one so splendid and so pretty as—;" she held up her breath, seeing the stranger turning to leave.

"I have mistaken the direction they gave me," said he. "This is not the house I wished to find." He was at first so shocked, he could not sooner interrupt her lingo; but having recovered from the sudden emotion, and fully persuaded that he was mistaken, was in the act to move away, when, recollecting the name the servant had used, fear again flashed across his mind, and he hesitated.

"Did you call the name of your mistress Isabella?" he asked.

"Yes, massa, I calls her missey Isabel, and sometimes—"

"And your master's name?"

"His name are W. A. Don't every body know

massa W. and missey Isabel?" It was enough. The dreadful reality broke upon him. He sunk back upon a bench. He felt as if it would have been relief to have wept, or groaned aloud, but his heart had no power to move. Only a cold shudder, as in the arbor on that nuptial night, went through his frame, and he sat stiff and motionless.

The kind-hearted negress, seeing the distress of the stranger, brought him into the house, and offered him water and refreshments. Being a little recovered, he inquired if there was a boy on the premises that could go for her mistress.

"Yes, massa, Pomp can go them five miles mighty quick; but you mustn't spec' see missus dis night till clean day to-morrow. I know how she sticks it at them balls with all them fine gen'lemen round her."

"Be quiet, girl, if you please, and call Pomp for me." He would gladly have stilled her, for her words went like daggers to his heart.

Pomp soon made his appearance, bowing and crouching, with his hat under his arm.

"Pompey!" said the old man.

"Yes, sah, massa."

"Will you go to town for me this evening?"

"Yes, massa."

"Can you go quick? I am in haste."

"Yes, massa."

"Go to your mistress, then, Pompey, and ask her if she wants to see her father."

"Yes, massa;" and Pompey bowed himself out.

"O, old massa!" cried the negress. "You miss Isabel's father! How missus will fly to see her old father! When massa W. fust bought me, when he had fust came to this country, and I had just came from Orleans—and p'raps as he had a liking for Orleans niggers; howasever that mout be, I know he paid fifty dollars more for dis critter than for any nigger what were sold that day—missey Isabel used to talk so much then of her *dear pa*, and her *poor pa*; and every time the 'circuit rider' came round and stopped here, they talked so much of that dear, good old father! O, old massa! I b'longed too then, and was a good Methodist then, and I thought, O, if I could only wonst see that angel of an old man!" And she affected to hide the tears which did not start. "And now tank God, I lived to see the day! tank God, for brought my dear old massa so far to see missey Isabel, and massa, and the children, and dese poor niggers! But the preachers don't come here no more; never since massa W. went off to that buffalo chase and were gone three days, and came home again, and didn't get nothin' at last, and I told missus so afore he started; I know'd he couldn't shoot them critters: he never seemed kind to missus any more, nor the babies, till missey Isabel, she begins to go to them big parties with him, and all the dances and balls; and if you could wonst see her fixed up in all that new gear from Orleans

or Parry, O, old massa, she look so fine, 'twould do your old heart good;" and her brightening expression showed that the delight she manifested, and fancied she was imparting, was not feigned. The old man had to motion her quiet again, for even the patience of apathy was well nigh exhausted. He requested to be left alone, and to be served simply with some tea for his supper.

\* \* \* \* \*

Solitary and waiting! O, the sense of utter desolation that reigned in that breast! He tried to pray: the heavens seemed as brass over his head. He recalled the precious promises of the word: faith seemed dead. He remembered her youthful piety: hope revived. The rattling words of the negress rang in his ears again: his faint hopes vanished, and he sat down to count the heavy moments requisite for his daughter's return.

He sought, at length, through the open window, to inhale a fresher breath. The scene without seemed the reflection of his inner self. Dark clouds, which had been gathering fast toward sunset, now overspread the heavens, drear and murky. The air was motionless. Here and there a straggling beam of starlight was struggling downward through the gloom, to redouble, by its sympathy, his sense of loneliness and woe. He strained his ear to catch the sound of a distant hoof, but in vain. The stillness and the darkness were awful. The spell of a mighty dread was upon him, and he feared to move.

Hide not, Christian reader, this ancient servant of the cross, for any lack of steadfastness or abiding trust in his God. None has a deeper trust than had he at that moment. But none, save he who has proved the strength and quenchless ardor of a father's love, can know how like a blight upon his soul fell this sudden extinction of his final hope.

Ten o'clock came, and brought him a new disappointment. In momentary expectation, he watched the weary hours. Twelve o'clock—the daughter yet delayed. Two o'clock—and his solitude was unbroken. He labored to prolong his vigils, but a drowsiness gradually stole over his senses, and he sank upon the couch in profound forgetfulness of his sufferings.

\* \* \* \* \*

Isabella—why did she not hasten to a father's embrace? Her conduct may seem, to some, strange: it may seem unnatural; nevertheless, I must record the *facts* as I have learned them.

By the unquiet stimulus of a conscience but half consenting to her vanity, she was urged into every excess of gayety and effort to please. She soon found that, with her endowments of person and of mind, it was no difficult task to establish herself, in the phrase of adulatory cant, "queen of hearts." The incense of a strange homage became grateful to her senses; and she took a cruel delight in sporting with the crowd of obsequious flatterers that

thronged her presence. It was in the midst of a scene like this she was met by the message of honest Pompey. With an electric start she rushed from the room in confusion. Overwhelmed with shame, she dared not come into the presence of that venerable man in that gay attire. Little to be envied was that night with her, filled rather with dread than remorse—more occupied with regrets than repentance. O, how the world will *harden* the heart, despite our best intentions!

\* \* \* \* \*

The morning was considerably advanced when father H. was awakened by the sound of approaching wheels. His deep slumbers had refreshed him, and he was calm. He had risen from his couch, and was leaning against the window, where the fresh morning air came in laden with the fragrance of the sweetbrier and the jasmine, when his door opened gently, and Isabella stood before him. The meeting was in silence and unutterable pain of heart. It was long before he could either speak freely, or find relief in tears. Her manner was forced and almost formal. Though they suffered together, during his residence with her, hours of tearless anguish, he yet had the consolation to see his daughter often melted to penitence, abjuring her follies, praying earnestly for forgiveness, and craving, as it were her last hope, his blessing upon her, and his intercession.

The old man's stay was briefer than he had intended, and more painful than he had believed himself capable to endure; and bitter was the lamentation of his soul as he looked, for the last time, on the face of her who had for years constituted his only hope and only concern of earth. "Would to God, my daughter," he uttered, in broken sentences, "would to God, thou wert resting with me in that peaceful vale beside the ashes of thy mother! Would I had laid thee down in the soft sleep of death, in thy youthful innocence and purity! Then would thy spirit be happy, and even now attending my approach to the paradise of God. But, ah! thou hast brought down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. Desolate and comfortless, I pray only for strength to carry me to that consecrated spot in which repose the ashes, Isabella, my daughter, *of thy mother*. I charge thee, think sometimes of us two in heaven." The parting, as the meeting, was in silence. The farewells were unsaid; and when they mutually turned, after he was mounted, to look a last look in each other's face, a still deeper pang went through the old man's heart, which would have brought him to dismount, and lay down his life where she stood, but his horse was already in motion, and he had no power to restrain him.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

THERE are other *idols* than those of wood, or brass, or stone.

## HOPE EVER.

BY MRS. DUMONT.

O, THOU, whose spirit dark and worn, is shaken  
 With dim perplexing doubts, and fainting dread—  
 Deeming thyself of light and heaven forsaken,  
 Lift up in trust thy bowed and sinking head.  
 Thou hast, for guide, life's fading splendors taken—  
*All is not darkness*, though their glare is fled.

As the bewildered traveler, sadly turning  
 From wandering night-fires, lifts at last his eye  
 To some clear star, in quiet radiance burning  
 From its high watch-tower in the vaulted sky,  
 And now his course by that true light discerning  
 Joys on his way, though dark shades o'er it lie;  
 While mid the calm that all his spirit filleth,  
 His quickened sense, from each wild blossom near,  
 Notes the sweet scents the heavy night distilleth,  
 And tones, before unheard, awake his ear—  
 Some sigh Æolian the soft leaves that thrilleth,  
 Some silvery streamlet murmuring low but clear;  
 So he, that thus, life's glittering lures resigning,  
 With solemn questioning turns to truth's pure  
 light—

The eternal lamp on man's dim pathway shining,  
 Through time's dark watches still serenely bright,  
 Shall journey on in peace, still unrepining,  
 Though desert glooms stretch far upon his sight;  
 And, mid the hush of passion and of folly,  
 Shall hear, through all the troubled jar of earth,  
 Low under-tones of music, soft and holy,  
 That from the chords of love and hope have birth;  
 While pale, meek flowers, that bloom but for the  
 lowly,  
 Shed round his feet a sense of odorous worth.

## THE SLANDERER.

BY A. HILL.

"Their throat is an open sepulchre: with their tongues they  
 have used deceit: the poison of asps is under their lips."

ST. PAUL.

"The tongue is a fire—a world of iniquity."—ST. JAMES.

O COME not near him! his foul breath will cleave  
 To thee as Egypt's filthy plague cleaves to  
 Her sons. The sarcophagus that contains  
 The loathsome body, putrid with disease,  
 Is not more foul than is the *slanderer's* throat.  
 His tongue, accustom'd to deceit, can coin  
 Such honeyed words, that, ere you are aware,  
 You'll find yourself within a serpent's coils,  
 And he, vile monster, hissing in your face.  
 His bosom boils with such a hellish rage,  
 That language scorches on his fiery lip:  
 'Tis thus the venom of his crafty soul  
 Stings, like the death-pang of the hated asp.

The highway robber and the prowling thief  
 Are saints in virtue, when compar'd with him;  
 For they afflict the body—he the soul:  
 They steal the purse; but *he* the precious name.

Whate'er is holy, excellent, or good,  
 He treads profanely 'neath his cursed feet.  
 The injured sensibilities of men,  
 The grief and sorrow that misfortunes bring,  
 And disappointment incident to all,  
 Affords rich food for appetite like his.  
 His most engaging smiles are fraught with death:  
 He kisses, but to stab thee to thy heart.  
 The peaceful village and the quiet home,  
 The choicest circle, the selectest friends,  
 Are chang'd at once by his polluting touch.  
 He breathes upon the flowers, and they die,  
 As if a winter's frost had fallen on them.

The gushing fountains of the heart, that rise  
 Respondent to another's woe, in tears  
 Recoil, as if the icy hand of death  
 Had met them on their way, and drove them back.  
 All honest motive *he* repels, and stamps  
 Each harmless action with some dark design.  
 He makes the heart of innocence to bleed,  
 Then, with a *fiendish* grin, looks on and smiles.

O, if there be on earth the duplicate  
 Of that dark place, where damned spirits dwell,  
 It is his breast; for there the nestling brood  
 Of hell find residence!

A fiery sea,  
 Swept by ten thousand storms, his bosom is—  
 A frightful flame, where oft, in fury, burn  
 Malignant passions, kindled from below—  
 Incarnate devil! locomotive hell!

## THE OLD PICTURE.

It had hung on the wall for many a year,  
 And its dark-looking features were strikingly seen;  
 To me it became a grim object of fear,  
 More terrific than mortal would ever have been.  
 The picture I always expected to see,  
 When up stairs on an errand by grandmama sent,  
 Like the statue of fable, nod gravely at me,  
 With a thoughtful, mischievous, malicious intent.  
 I would call up courage and quicken my pace,  
 Resolved, but in vain, not to see it at all;  
 For, dead to my feelings, the much dreaded face  
 Still looked down upon me from the side of the wall.  
 The senseless canvas that excited my fear,  
 No power to hurt me had ever possessed;  
 But never I thought that the terror it bore  
 Proceeded alone from my own maddened breast.  
 I think of the picture, when prone to invest  
 Some temptation with ills that were never its own;  
 In a world of illusions it surely is best  
 That the wiles of the fancy be thoroughly known.

EMMA CHARLOTTE.

## NOTICES.

**ANNUAL REPORT OF THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.**—We have been favored with a copy of the last Report of the American Bible Society, from which it appears that the year just closed has been one of signal prosperity. We are gratified to learn that, for sometime past, there has been an unusual readiness among seamen, boatmen, and emigrants to receive the word of life, and that, throughout the land, there is an increased demand for the Bible as a school book. Not the least valuable of the labors of this society is the preparation of Bibles for the blind. Any one who reads the reports of this institution, will be astonished at the amount of destitution which exists in some parts of the country. Very numerous and valuable have been the Society's grants to prisons, benevolent societies, colleges, missions, and private individuals. In some cases, it has made grants of money, to aid in the translation and distribution of the Scriptures abroad.

The Bible Society is one of those grand schemes in which all Protestant Christians can unite; and its influence in producing harmony and good will among the Churches is by no means of inconsiderable importance. But whilst all denominations cheerfully co-operate in accomplishing its glorious designs, no one seems to exert itself with energy; and perhaps we can account for this fact without difficulty. We have often heard the remark, that what is the business of all is the business of none. Almost every other eleemosynary society has some Church to whose sympathies and patronage it has peculiar claims; but the Bible Society has no special friend. We rejoice, however, to see that it annually receives a large amount in the form of bequests. But its chief reliance is upon its agents, who appear to be, generally, men of great energy and perseverance. The two able and worthy brethren who are operating for it in this region, Messrs. Strickland and Mitchell, are, we learn, successfully prosecuting their labors. We have had the pleasure of attending some of the meetings held by the former, and observing the zeal, tempered with prudence, and the power, mingled with pathos, with which he advocated his holy cause. We congratulate the Society upon the appointment of these agents.

We know not how to close this brief notice, without expressing our surprise that the Bible is not distributed a thousand times as rapidly as it is. Is it any less precious to the human soul than when it was worth a thousand dollars a volume—any less dear than when a man would give his whole fortune for one of its pages—any less important than when a neighborhood, at the hour of midnight, would gather secretly in some cellar, and dig up, from a deep subterranean excavation, the holy volume, to read its blessed news? If, when the Bible was worth five hundred dollars a copy, and a dollar was equivalent to three dollars at the present day, it had been announced, in a pious intelligent assembly, at St. Paul's, that copies could be obtained in any quantity at thirty cents a piece, what would have been the result! Could a statement of the means and intelligence of these United States, together with the facilities we enjoy for making and distributing the Bible, be drawn up, and then, in a parallel column, the amount given for that object be set down, what reason should we have to blush! Reader, by simply dropping thirty cents in a basket every Sabbath, with a suitable request, you can have it go to New York and come out a Bible, and you can have that Bible sent to any quarter of the country,

with all its rich revelations, and placed in the hands of a fellow immortal. Will you do it? By placing fifty cents a week in a suitable place, you can have it come out a Bible in China, Hindostan, or Africa, throwing around it light over physical, intellectual, and moral science pointing benighted men to God, and duty, and Christ, and heaven.

Do you tremble for your country? Distribute the Bible. Are our civil liberties in danger? It will preserve them by teaching equal rights on the authority of God, and enforcing them by eternal sanctions. The corner-stone of Bible morality is, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." Do you dread a dissolution of the Union from the influence of faction, or the conflicting interests of distant sections? Send out the Bible, and it will weave a common cord around contending parties, and make them love as brethren. Do you fear the progress of immorality? Circulate the Scriptures, which throw around virtue the charms of heaven, and kindle around vice the fires of hell. Do you anticipate a period of darkness, predicted by prophecy, and betokened by Providence? Scatter the holy Oracles; and when the darkness covers the earth, there will be light in *your dwellings*.

We perceive that the ladies, in many places, have organized female Bible societies. Although we do not like to see the tender sex often step forward into the public gaze, yet we conceive that there are reasons why they should, especially in large towns, aid in circulating the Bible. They can find access where the other sex cannot, particularly in the chamber of sickness, the home of distress, and among female servants and apprentices everywhere.

**THE LIFE OF FAITH, in Three Parts: embracing some of the Scriptural Principles or Doctrines of Faith, the Power or Effects of Faith in the Regulation of Man's Inward Nature, and the Relation of Faith to the Divine Guidance.** By Thomas C. Upham. Boston: Waite, Pierce & Co.—This is a work kindred in character to the "Interior Life." It embodies, indeed, many of the statements and principles there given. We have not had time to peruse it, but have no doubt of its excellence. The name of the author is a sufficient guaranty of its clearness, its correctness, and its tendency to promote holiness.

**THE NORMAL TEACHER: containing an Improved System of Illustrative Teaching, with Moral Readings.** By Albert Pickett, sen., and John W. Pickett, M. D., LL. D. Cincinnati: J. Ernst.—This is a great improvement upon the common spelling-book. It introduces the child, by a very natural manner, into the first principles of grammar, exercises him in tracing derivative words to their primitives, in forming compound words, &c. The moral lessons are very attractive and useful. It is a philosophical school book, and we recommend it to all teachers.

**OUR TIMES. A Sermon.** By Rev. William M. Daily, A. M.—This is a timely, able, and spirited discourse. The writer first enumerates our national blessings, noticing particularly the fertility of our soil, the salubrity of our climate, the civil and religious liberties secured by our excellent Constitution, and the peace we have so long enjoyed with all nations. He next adverts to some of the evils which afflict and threaten us, namely, the influx of foreign population, the prevalence

of a lawless spirit, and the tendency to idleness and extravagance. He closes by suggesting two remedies against all our woes, to wit: education and religion. He notices, particularly, among the means of applying these remedies, the circulation of the Bible, and the multiplication of Sabbath schools.

As may be imagined, the discourse is rather discursive; but it will be found full of profitable suggestions, made in a humble but manly tone. As a specimen of the style of the author, we quote the following. We have no space for farther extracts:

"*The abuse of the press.* This is an evil prevailing to an alarming extent. Not the *freedom of the press*, but its *abuse*. The press is a mighty power, capable of great good in its *freedom*, but capable of great evil in its *abuse*. The freedom of the press we shall ever defend as one of the brightest features of our republic; yet we are equally bound to declaim against the deleterious influences of an abuse of the press. The abuse to which we refer, is exemplified in a wholesale detraction and slander of both public and private character—in that rancor which prevails and is manifested by one party against another. The suffrages of a free people, in the choice of their rulers, is considered one of the safeguards of our liberties. But while the ultra partisan press is chiefly intent on blackening the characters of all who may differ with them, what becomes of the freedom of elections? But we will not enlarge, only to say, we, *the people*, we who have 'come to the kingdom for such a time as this,' must regulate this matter. There is so much of *self* in the world, that men will cater to popular appetite; so that the demand among the people for such writings must be diminished; then the supply will cease. God has said, 'Thou shalt not speak evil of the rulers of thy people.' Yet it is true, 'when the wicked bear rule, the land mourneth.' So that corruption should be exposed, both in governments and in individuals. But we deprecate this indiscriminate abuse and detraction of public and private character, so common with demagogues.

"In this connection, we would just refer to the abuse of the periodical press, by the publication of vulgar and profane anecdotes, and vulgar tales of vulgar fiction, which can only tend to taint and corrupt the young, by destroying the tone of moral feeling, and rendering familiar the hideous face of vice. The religious press is not altogether free from censure. There is too little love—too much party strife.

"Having said this much of the *abuse* of the press, we dismiss the subject by saying, that we regard the unrestrained freedom of the press, when wielded in the cause of truth and virtue, as one of the greatest safeguards to free institutions; and hence our anxiety to see it reformed from all abuses. We do not wish to see it employed as an instrument to scatter, broadcast, the seeds of hemlock and nightshade throughout the land."

THE AMERICAN PULPIT continues to visit us. The contents of the last number are: "Perverse Estimates of Human Life, by Rev. Samuel B. Swain; The Inspiration of the Scriptures, by Rev. R. W. Allen." This periodical, which has heretofore been published by Rev. Richard S. Rust, A. M., its editor, will hereafter be published by Samnel Chism, Worcester, Mass. It will, however, continue under the editorial supervision of Mr. Rust, who assures his readers that no pains will be spared to make the second volume "more valuable and interesting than the first."

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

JOHN BEMO, THE SEMINOLE.—We had the pleasure, last night, of hearing, in Wesley chapel, from this young man, a brief sketch of his life. He is a Seminole Indian, and was born about twenty-one years since in Florida. When quite young his father took him to St. Augustine, where his tribe were accustomed to sell their furs. In the streets of that city his father met with an old and familiar friend of the same tribe—King Philip. After exchanging salutations, these attached acquaintances repaired to a grog-shop, or, as John describes it, "a poison-shop, where they hang the red curtain behind the door." After drinking freely, they quarreled, and were pushed fighting into the street, where, for a long time, they were the sport of a crowd of white men, who gathered around them. Having fought to exhaustion, they sank down, gory with wounds, upon the pavement slippery with their blood. When they had somewhat recovered from their fatigue, the whites, by signs and taunts, provoked them again to combat. The second engagement was more protracted and bloody than the first. At length John's father fell, and King Philip, after staggering a few paces, fell also. The crowd now dispersed, and John took a seat by the head of his father upon the bloody pavement, weeping and begging to go home; but the father made no response. Toward evening, however, he arose, and silent and staggering, led his son to a deserted house on the shore, where he lay down, and placed by his side his boy, who was still begging to return home. In the morning the child arose and found his father dead. He remained seated by his side, and weeping, until some persons came with a wagon, dragged the corpse into the woods and buried it. Upon the grave John seated himself to weep over his father, and think of his mother. But soon, becoming alarmed, he started to look for King Philip, to take him home. He found that the chief had gone. What was he to do? He had heard that all white men, except the William Penn men, were enemies to the Indians. He walked the streets, and looked into every lane, and habitation, and store, but could see no broad hats. In several windows, as he walked through the town, he saw cakes and loaves; but, though pinched with hunger, he dare not ask for them. Walking down to the beach in despair, a sailor met him, invited him on board a vessel, and gave him a biscuit. At this he was astonished. "Why," thought he, "here is one good white man, who is not 'a broad hat.'" Presently others came around him, and treated him with equal kindness. He counted them, and found there were eight. "Now," said he within himself, "if ever I get home, I will tell my nation that there are eight good white men beside the William Penn men, and that I have seen them all." An interpreter was brought on board, through whom he was informed that, if he would stay in the vessel, he might go round to Key West, and afterward return home. To this he assented. Next morning he woke up and saw nothing but sea and sky. "Ah!" thought he, "this may be the way to go home, but it does not look like it." He sailed from port to port for many years, and visited Europe, Asia, and Africa. At length he became much distressed on account of his sins. Day by day his agony increased until he became unable to do any thing but mourn. An old pious sailor inquired into his case, and found that he was convicted. "Don't grieve so," said he, "your Savior has died for you—for all. You are

young, and have had no opportunities of doing much wickedness. I committed many and grievous sins; but when I went to Jesus, he forgave them all. He will forgive yours." After much reflection, he went into the hold of the ship to seek his Savior. "When I sank down upon my knees," said he, "there was a great world of light. In the distance was a very beautiful, smiling image, and I called to it, but it would not come. It pointed to my feet. On looking down I saw all my sins—every little boy that I had fought with, every bad word I had said, every thing, all around me. I wept and prayed for forgiveness. I took up one sin and held it up, and said, 'My Jesus, I did this: will you forgive me?' and another, and said likewise, and so on, until I felt that all were forgiven. Then my Savior made a door in my bosom and entered in. I then went on deck and told what the Lord had done for me. The sailors gathered around me and wept at my words; and I wanted to open the door in my breast to let them peep in and see my Jesus. God has been my father from that time." He would have returned to his mother long since, but for the Florida war. After sailing several years, he met, in Philadelphia, with a mariner's preacher, who persuaded him to attend a school among the Friends. Here he remained a year, and learned to read. He then proceeded to rejoin his people, who had been removed to their new home in the west, when he found them in great want and distress. Upon inquiring for his relatives, he ascertained that they had been killed in the war. He commenced laboring in the Sabbath school, the day school, and the pulpit, but found it necessary to quit these labors of love for the purpose of going east to make an appeal to the whites, that he might obtain food and raiment to preserve the Seminoles from starvation. He succeeded in raising four thousand dollars for this object, which was converted chiefly into goods, and shipped. The vessel in which it was sent was sunk, the goods being uninsured. Thus he was compelled to renew his appeals.

There were several things pretty clearly developed, incidentally, in the course of the young man's address:

1. *The unjustifiable character of the war upon the Seminoles: in which \$50,000,000 were consumed, and many valuable lives lost.*

2. *The warmth of attachment felt by the savage heart.* "When," said he, "a white man loses his wife, he sheds a few tears, feels sorry a few days, and wears crape on his hat a month or so, and all is over; but when a Seminole loses his companion, he buries her in front of his wigwam, and fences up her grave. He goes to his native mountains to gather wild flowers, to plant upon the place of her rest, and watches year after year, that no bird, nor beast, nor child shall find footing upon it to disturb its quiet, or trample upon its flowers. If he is driven from his country, he goes to that grave, digs up the bones that it conceals, wraps them in his blanket, and bears them on his back until he finds another resting-place for himself and his dead." This attachment to the graves of their fathers is the great reason why they are so reluctant to migrate.

4. *The cruel manner in which Indians are generally treated by the whites.* A civilized city saw the Indians referred to battle each other just as they would have seen dogs fight. They saw the savage gladiator creep into a deserted house to die, without offering to bind up his wounds. They saw the lone and fatherless child wander their streets, without offering him a morsel of

bread to appease his hunger, or a shelter under which to repose his head. A few sailors alone had pity upon him; but mark the obtuseness of their feelings, or the laxity of their morals. Would they have taken away a white child without making efforts to restore it to its friends? What sympathy had they for the heart of his savage mother! Had they heard the boy describe his mother, and his last parting with her, they must have known something of the strength of an Indian mother's love, as well as an Indian son's attachment.

The above is a very imperfect sketch; nor can I pretend to have given the language used. The day may come when the American will blush at that page of history which will record the origin, the progress, and the termination of the Florida war, in which human beings were hunted by blood hounds, and driven from a sunny home, entombing the dead they revered, to a cheerless, sterile wilderness toward the setting sun. Well may it be said of the Indian—

"His heraldry, a broken bow—

His history, a tale of wrongs and woes."

#### EXTRACTS FROM OUR CORRESPONDENCE.

*Danville, Mo.*

I am left to the meditations of my own heart, for a season, and its promptings are to send, from my far-off forest home, a few lines to the Repository.

I was born in Missouri, and, up to this time, a period of twenty-two years, have spent but four years out of her borders. They were, to me, long years, spent in yearnings after home. My spirit, as a caged bird, longed to soar to its native mountains. I love Missouri, and I love all connected with her—her rivers, woods, and prairies. There seems, to my fancy, something in the very character and aspect of nature here, calculated to give elevation to the mind, whilst the simplicity of manners and general intelligence of the people, engender purity of heart.

My home is in a plain little village; but there could scarcely be found one more pleasant. The inhabitants are sociable, kind-hearted, intelligent, and, as far as necessary, refined. They are not cramped by the ceremonies of fashion, in dress or manners. If things are neat and becoming, they have reached the popular standard; and the height of our ambition seems to be, to encourage every thing calculated to elevate the mind and improve the heart.

In Missouri we find every variety of character and habit. This is the natural consequence when a population is gathered, as ours, from different quarters. The young, ambitious aspirant comes here, thinking, in a short time, to build up a fortune and a name; but he finds the bar, the pulpit, and, indeed, almost every position occupied by powerful minds, which must first be grappled with.

Men often come here, broken down in fortune, in their old age, that their children may have the benefits of our state—advantages which seem to increase yearly.

Here, also, are found young couples who, having plighted their faith in a far distant land, and left parents and friends, have cast their lot among us. In the face of such I always feel intense interest.

But I find I must here close. I am aware that what I have written is exceedingly desultory; and I would not have written at all, had I not noticed that there is seldom, if ever, any thing sent you from Missouri.

MARY.





THE TOWN OF ST. LOUIS



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# THE TOWER OF THE TOWER.

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to an actual war!

ans—are they port officers? or are  
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lsome and significant item in the



THE

# LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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JULY, 1846.  
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## MONT SAINT MICHEL.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

THIS is, doubtless, the most superior *print* that has been supplied to the book; yet what can we say about it as a scene? We can attest, even by the eye, that it is both striking and singular—even unique. The site upon which this castle stands is still more extraordinary than the structure itself. Impregnable by natural position, we may suppose it ranks next to Gibraltar in this respect.

All we know by authority, is, that "St. Michel's Mount is a hill in the English channel in Mount's bay, near the coast of Cornwall; that it is surrounded by the sea at spring tides; that it has an extension pier or mole, where a great number of ships may clear and refit; and that it is called by the Cornish men, '*Karah lux en Lews*,' that is, '*the gray or hoary rock in the wood*.'" There is not a word said about the castle; this, indeed, is able to speak for itself. The scene we may suppose extends widely seaward.

It is asserted that every description of scenery imparts a similitude of character to its habitants! How then shall we read these people? The Cornish men have not waited until this time of day, to have a character ascribed to them. From the date of the earliest settlement of the country, they have been known as a fearless, adventurous, and toilsome people. Having but a sterile soil, and delighting in their maritime position, their coasting expeditions have rendered them so skillful in the element, that they have come to be looked upon almost as an amphibious race.

This building is beautiful in architecture; the Gothic suiting better than any other order to castelline erections. Concerning the age of this fabric, our print gives no specific date, nor affords any data, whereby we might "guess" concerning it, as does the Yankee, by computation. Its good state of preservation, with the fresh appearance and business-like look of all around it, would suggest a somewhat recent date; whilst its style, and particularly its consistency of style, contradicts this idea. It is at once too isolated, and too extensive for any thing but a feudal structure. This is, perhaps, our

VOL. VI.—25

best "guess," and for this we should carry it back to the time of the feudal ages. We cannot, therefore, mistake over a few centuries, more or less. *N'importe!* Who built it? Who lived there? Who paid for it? In those days it sometimes happened that there was more state than treasure, more service than ability, to be calculated upon.

As for the surrounding buildings, we may suppose them to have risen up in some succeeding age, by an impulse of traffic, on the very site which was originally the lordly demesne of the castle alone. And just as these two varieties of buildings compare with each other, just so do the character and purposes of their owners compare. The first is of state, and grandeur, and pretension; of selfish despotism, and of selfish defense; without any wider scope, or purpose, or permission, or intention. The latter are more lowly, more general, of a more errant and enterprising character; of more liberal intercourse of life, and of more individual ability; with the motto, "Live and let live," marking the true distinction between the "many" and the "one."

How entirely singular is the topography of this spot! Who has ever before seen so high, abrupt, and distinct a mound, seated on the dead level of the sea beach? The margin of our picture might perhaps make revelations! But it *does not*; therefore are we necessarily in terra incognita, the land of the supposable.

Nor will we suppose any gentle reader so hypercritical, as to suggest that a geologist and a geographer would soon let us know our latitude and our region, and set us right. *Truth* is a good thing—the best good thing under the sun. But if we insist upon verities in trifles, allow no play of fancy, no scope of speculation, no free banter; in short, if every thing must be by plumb and line, a boundary question of fifty-four and forty, and nothing else, we shall soon find that we have come to a stop still of all free intercourse, if not to an actual war!

Those equestrians—are they port officers? or are they of her national cavalry, the guardians of order at home, and of aggression abroad? Either way, they make a handsome and significant item in the draught.

## THE DIGNITY OF PROGRESS.\*

BY REV. JOSEPH F. TUTTLE.

YOUR aim is improvement; and when you resolve this, I imagine that the improvement of the young will be found to be the precise business of your association. The habits of the middle-aged, and aged, have become fixed, and it is very doubtful whether you can essentially improve them. If they are indolent now, they will continue indolent. If their minds are undisciplined and unfurnished now, they will refuse to be disciplined and furnished. If they are vicious now, God's grace may reach and save them, as by fire; but it is very doubtful whether this or any other association can do much to better them. The Ethiopian's skin and the leopard's spots have become fixed facts, which you may not change easily. But the young have their characters yet to fashion. Their habits, for good or evil, are not fully formed. Influence exerted here, may assist in molding character, and in developing permanent habits. That character, according to its fashioning, may become a plague centre, or a spring of sweet waters.

We live in a world of aristocratic tendencies. By this, nothing invidious is advanced. The tendencies of society are to accumulate wealth and influence in the hands of a few, and these do not a little to give society its fashions, and its dogmas. A brilliant temperance lecturer once startled his audience with the proposition, which he intended to demonstrate, that the drinking of intoxicating liquors in a large city was mainly attributable to a small circle of wealthy families. The principle, from which he reasoned to a great extreme, is a plain one. Wealth, talent, every kind of aristocracy, excites admiration among the masses, and admiration begets imitation, real or aped. Accordingly, the aristocracy of dressed existences in New York Broadway, parade the "unloveliness of love-locks" streaming adown their backs in studied negligence, and bury in the profound obscurity of hair and whiskers, faces made to see the light of day; and, forthwith, a multitude all over the land ape the custom. Byronic bare necks, and the "eye in fine frenzy rolling," are too trite to need more than an allusion. Your rich man daintily takes his Burgundy, Port, or Champagne, and the imitators, in case of need, make merry over Albany ale, or the juleps of some low "breathing-hole of the pit," or decided luxury, the "topee heel-tap wine," so abundantly manufactured in our large cities. The same propensity, in some degree, is observable in all good enterprises. The few set the fashion, the many imitate, or ape.

Nor is this spoken cynically, but merely to get at a fact, which in such a country as ours, is likely to

be baneful to the masses. We acquire fortunes rapidly in this country; and though the rich man of the first generation may have too fresh a recollection of his awl, or jack-plane, or anvil, or the small beginnings of a tradesman's life, to utter a sneer at those compelled still to use these implements, yet the rich man of the second generation has forgotten, may-be, that his father was a shoemaker, or carpenter, or blacksmith, or a penniless trader, and in heart and action makes a mock of honest labor, looking upon it as a great calamity and a despicable condition. This is common in some parts of our land; perhaps your town is an exception. That such a feeling is foolish and unsafe is evident. Ask the lordly young man coming from yonder mansion, where his father reached such wealth. Perhaps he never heard that his father once dealt in a small way in spruce beer, candies, and other nicknacks, on the river bank. You stop before another princely mansion, and it is quite doubtful whether that fair girl ever heard that her father was once an errand boy. Go to another town and admire those splendid grounds, and the palace so magnificently furnished. There is a bare possibility that the second generation may be able to tell you that the father commenced his upward course by swinging a vigorous axe at a rich man's wood pile. Among us, the wheel turns rapidly. The wood chopper may become a millionaire, and the millionaire's children, and at farthest his grandchildren, may earn daily subsistence by the sweat of their brow. The ragged salt-boiler boy, or printer boy, may become the favorite of a nation, haranguing senates, and standing in the presence of kings, whilst the senator's sons may be lost in the masses, as lightly esteemed as though a coal heaver were their father. The lowest may soon become the highest, and the highest, lowest, and the origin of high men, and their sneers when fortune smiles, will never be forgotten, should the wheel bring them to the bottom. Scorpion stings cannot be so envenomed as the sneers of a rich man repeated to him when poor.

And yet, despite this fact, there is a tendency in society leading men to despise honest labor as a hard condition, and a mean fate, from which all would escape, if possible. For this reason, gentlemen, I have selected, *the dignity of progress*, as my theme.

It will be perceived that this theme is not confined to a particular class. It embraces all. Allusion has already been made to some men high in society; and this was not done invidiously, but simply to accord honor to that which really deserves it. For instance, this anecdote was related to me, not long since, concerning one of the most splendid business men in the state. Many years ago, a Yankee, in accordance with the customs of his fatherland, had drawn up to his door a great pile of wood, which, in due time, must be cut up and stowed away in the wood-house for the next winter's consump-

\* An address delivered to the Mechanics' Association of Delaware, Ohio.

tion. One afternoon, when the sun was about two hours high, a robust young fellow, with a small bundle and an axe, inquired at the door of the farmer for work. "Yes," said the farmer, "I have this wood pile to cut up, and *to-morrow morning* you can go at it." The young man had been walking all day, and it was now near night; but mark his reply, for it contains the talisman of his prosperity, "But why can I not begin *now*?" In a moment his coat was thrown aside, and his axe rung merrily in a large log. That short answer comprised his character as a business man—energy, promptness, perseverance. He died worth five hundred thousand dollars. The man who could utter such an answer heartily, could not be kept down, unless by the buffetings of Providence. Now the sentiment I would enforce is this: that man never, in all his life, did a nobler or more notable thing than that prompt act at the wood pile. To be capable of making such a reply, and make action correspond, was a higher honor, and more deserving of admiration, than to be worth five hundred thousand dollars. Progress was the law of his life, and the law he obeyed like an anchorite. The upward and steady progress of that young man from poverty to wealth, by his own indomitable skill and energy, creating his own means, conferred on him patents of nobility and dignity, which no King Mammon, or King Fashion, or King Power could confer. In his own right he was a nobleman; and that right consisted not in his dollars, which were a mere result, but in his own progressive spirit, which grew strong under the pressure of difficulty, and rose to eminence in the teeth of opposition.

And this leads me to notice at some length the influence of such a spirit. I shall not confine myself to any occupation in illustrating this point. The principle is the same in all. It is applicable to that Marietta printer boy battling his way to the high places of a party; or to that rugged salt boiler, who displays the same energy at the Kanawha salt furnaces as when swinging a senatorial sledge hammer; or to that strong-hearted wood chopper, pressing his way to fortune; or to that indomitable blacksmith, who rung the notes of industry on his anvil, and conquered, meanwhile, fifty languages; or to that other young blacksmith, who kindled a fire so hot about intemperance that Deacon Giles' demons might fairly envy its fierceness. In fact, this fire which blacksmith Beecher set to crackling and roaring, is too hot even for fire-cased demons, and they doubtless wish heartily that it was extinguished.

Now look at the effect of this enthusiastic devotion upon a mind controlled by it, no matter on what pursuit it may have entered. Such a mind has not the word laziness in its vocabulary. Neither by word nor by action does such a one utter that contemptible index to imbecility, "I don't care." He cannot but care for every thing affecting his

darling pursuit. Every energy is strained to its utmost. Hope, that bright morning star of the soul, beckons him onward. The effect of such a devotion is to be traced among the urchins on the playground—among the eager aspirants for the honors of a college—among philosophers agonizing for the immortality of new discoveries—among all who are reaching after eminence.

Take the life of Kepler as an illustration. Papal bigotry and royal parsimony offered no successful resistance to his progressive spirit. His enthusiasm had been kindled by gazing upon the heavens with Tycho Brahe, and to this single science he consecrated his life—to unravel the mysteries of the heavens, and demonstrate the wisdom of the great Architect. Before him lay a vast and chaotic mass of astronomical observations made by Tycho. From that chaos Kepler sought to evolve laws so general and so perfect as to account for every phenomenon. For nineteen years he addressed himself to the task. Speculation after speculation failed. The labors of years resulted in disappointment. The enthusiastic devotee seemed to gather new strength from successive defeats, to grapple with some new and more difficult theory—in its turn to disappoint its author. Every trial made him a nobler man, and the conflict with obstacles exalted him higher among the world's chosen great. The devotion of such a mind must triumph; and at the end of nineteen years he deduced and demonstrated three astronomical laws, which have secured to him the magnificent title, "Legislator of the Skies."

Tycho, for years, patiently making and recording observations, Kepler vanquishing obstacles, Newton demonstrating immortal truth, Galileo, at the age of seventy, compelled by "infallible" ignorance, "upon his bended knees, his right hand resting on the holy evangelists, to detest, and curse, and abjure" the splendid truths his mind had grasped; these, and a thousand like them, prove the result of an enthusiastic devotion to one pursuit in invigorating to the utmost the individuals so possessed. We look with admiration at these giants; and yet, as Newton himself intimates, the secret of their greatness is to be sought in their devotion to a single great idea.

The same may be illustrated by the agencies of evil. For example, look at the blasphemy and irreligion rolled over France by a few men, of whom Voltaire was chief. His mission was one of death, and in it he labored zealously as possible, to realize the utter extermination of Christ's Gospel. The work was diabolical, but the worker became a giant. The greatness of this man's mission will never be known, until the Judge of all reveal the woes of a nation severed from God, its religion flung to the winds, its purity sacrificed, its bosom reeking with blood, and its entire self most loathsome in its own horrid leprosy.

The history of Elihu Burritt is in point. He has

not yet reached middle life. He has worked at the anvil day by day, and at such moments as a determined will could rescue, he has conquered language after language. That creaking bellows, that hot fire, that ringing anvil, that sturdy arm, lend an emphasis to the triumph. Other men slept, and ate, and worked, and died. But the blacksmith concentrated his will on one point. It was his stand point. From that he resolved and acted. What availed opposition? It only blew a heated blast into the fire of his enkindled mind, heating to white heat the iron realities of life, and then with the heavy hammer of a resolute soul he forged from the glowing mass his present enviable fame.

Another American name is enrolled among the distinguished of the earth. He has made some of the most wonderful experiments of modern times. Not long since I took up a French treatise on philosophy, in which this man's name is mentioned with the highest encomiums. Last summer I stood in his laboratory. He repeated experiment after experiment, on light, heat, galvanism, and the like. He showed me a little instrument, by which he could detect and measure heat reflected from a white house one mile distant. Here he exhibited another, which told him almost articulately of flashes of lightning, not discernible to the eye, several miles distant. From one thing he went to another, till he became intensely excited. Sometimes he pursues his investigations regardless of food or rest. His whole being glows under the excitement of this single pursuit. But who is he? Honor to whom honor. He is a mechanic. He was not educated in college. He can read French with facility. By the energy of his own great will he has strangled the opposition of poverty and business, and has raised himself to his present position. He is Professor Henry, of New Jersey College, formerly a goldsmith in Albany, and called to the chair of natural sciences in this institution, entirely on the ground of his self-attained merit. Burritt and Henry are both too great in their elevation to despise the mechanic. The first still stands by his anvil; the second employs his ingenuity in making his nice instruments for experimenting.

But in addition, let us see another result of this progressive spirit. And here again the world is before us, and no matter whence we take the illustrations, the leading thought is the same. Such a course always secures the respect and admiration of men. If you please, see yonder enthusiastic Jesuit traversing the streets of a heathen city, imploring the wretched to take the mercy proffered by his Church. He gathers around him the young, and seeks to mold their hearts. The plague-stricken never cry to him in vain. He never scorns the beggar. He plunges into the midst of the battle, and holding high his idol crucifix, passionately implores the God of battles to bestow victory. Amid the wild out-

bursts of popular frenzy, he is unmoved. The earth trembles beneath him, the elements mingle in fierce conflict around him, the volcano rolls its liquid fire before him, but he is calm. He crosses seas in a frail boat. He visits cities and navies smitten with the plague. No labor is too arduous, no self-denial too oppressive, no danger too great for him to encounter. With a cheerful heart and zeal he presses forward to the accomplishment of a single object, the supremacy of Rome, through the agency of the new-born society. One idea reigned in his mind, and one purpose animated his heart. Now I suppose that we all disapprove utterly of the doctrines and the practices of the Jesuits, of whom the East Indian saint was one, and yet we accord to him respect involuntarily. Such a purpose as drove Francis Xavier to the accomplishment of great things, challenges the respect and admiration of all. But his was a misdirected purpose, resulting in no permanent good to the race. Had he not forgotten Jesus Christ and Paul, instead of remembering only the Pope and Loyola, the love of all generations would have embalmed this man's name, and his canonization would have been sanctioned by saved and loving hearts, instead of a heartless form at Rome.

Now take the resolute zeal of Burritt and Henry, see them grappling with opposition, bending every energy to a single favorite pursuit, and, as in the case of Xavier, you find yourself paying an involuntary tribute of respect. You cannot but pay this tribute to the greatness of an energetic will bent on the attainment of some worthy end. In other words, the resolute determination of these men, to make progress in spite of difficulty, and to secure eminence in spite of opposition, is esteemed by all both dignified and noble, and worthy of imitation.

Such is the feeling of mankind. But it may be objected that although this is a true law among extraordinary minds, it is not true among ordinary minds. Hear analogy. An atom conforms to the laws of gravitation as really as a planet. A blade of grass feels the influence of light and heat, just as certainly as the oak of centuries. The rippling streamlet conforms to fixed laws as absolutely as the "Father of Waters." A humble apprentice is subject to the same influences and laws that control the great of the world—the Keplers, the Beechers, and the Henrys.

Thus far I have spoken in general terms. An important modification is here to be made. Progress, to be dignified, must have a worthy aim. I can show you a man in this very state who has been haunted with the idea of finding gold and silver mines. For years his soul was absorbed in this idea. If he conversed with a countryman about his land, it was merely to seek some evidence of the presence of treasure. If he questioned some intelligent traveler about this and that distant mountain, each ques-

tion converged on the same golden point. Sometimes, and indeed not unfrequently, he would leave his family for weeks, and climb over mountains, with a gun on his shoulder, and a half-starved horse to carry his mattock and shovel. He was given to tedious night examinations of particular spots. All his operations were conducted with commendable secrecy, and with the sternest resolution. He has never yet found the "hid treasure." He is still a poor man, and wife, children, dogs, and horses, betoken the misdirected energy and poor pay of a visionary gold seeker. Kepler was no more in earnest than this man. Thomas Ewing labored no harder than this man. John Brough had no more resolute will than this man. Lyman Beecher manifested no more enthusiasm than this man. What is the difference then? Simply this: these men exerted their powers in pursuit of worthy objects, our gold seeker in pursuit of an unworthy object.

Suppose you should see a brawny laborer carrying soil by the shovelfull to the top of some rocky mountain, and that he worked diligently as the ant, would you praise him? You would esteem him a fool, and tell him of the broad and fertile acres at the west, which are crying for the care of the laborer. Suppose you should see a blacksmith striving to convert some waste pieces of cast-iron into horse-shoes; or a shoemaker, with untiring diligence stitching together small scraps of waste leather, to make boots and shoes; or the worker in wood, with the enthusiasm of our gold seeker, gluing together the mahogany sawdust to prevent waste. You could not restrain your laughter in such cases; and the more earnestly the men worked, and the more resolute their determination, the more certain would you be that they were fools or madmen. Why? Because their aims are visionary and unworthy.

Nor is history silent here. St. Simeon Stylites thought to merit heaven by the mortification and torture of himself. His mode was ingenious, and his will most resolute. He had an iron collar riveted about his neck, and to this was attached a chain fastened to a stake. His daily toil was to pile up stones in the form of a pillar. Day by day the column rose higher and higher. Every night the wretched creature slept on its top. The superstitious villagers furnished him his food; and there on that column's top he lived for years. Tennyson has not erred widely in making this "Christian Fakir" thus describe his own feelings:

"But yet,  
Bethink thee, Lord, while thou and all the saints  
Enjoy themselves in heaven, and men on earth  
House in the shade of comfortable roofs,  
Sit with their wives by fires, eat wholesome food,  
And wear warm clothes, and even beasts have stalls,  
I, 'tween the spring and downfall of the light,  
Bow down one thousand and two hundred times  
To Christ, the Virgin Mother, and the saints;

Or in the night, after a little sleep,  
I wake; the chill stars sparkle; I am wet  
With drenching dews, or stiff with crackling frost.  
I wear an undress'd goat-skin on my back;  
A gnawing iron collar grinds my neck;  
And in my weak, lean arms I lift the cross,  
And strive and wrestle with thee till I die:  
O mercy, mercy! wash away my sin."

You feel a pity for such a misdirected devotion as this, because in a world of active charities—of wretchedness enough to task the benevolence of "twelve legions of angels," this poor wretch withdrew himself from the active benevolence of the good, and wasted life in doing what the world will never thank him for. It was a pitiable zeal which led him thus to exist, instead of living—to be a suffering automaton, instead of a Christ-like man "going about doing good." And may the world never again see the wasteful repetition!

This has a wide applicability. I am addressing mechanics, and there is a peculiar propriety in applying the thought to them. But let me not be misunderstood as saying that other classes are exempt. All fall under the same condemnation. Thousands labor as aimlessly or unworthily as St. Simeon Stylites. They chain themselves to an eternal round of mere stone gathering and pillar building, and like him exist on the pillar they are building, instead of *living* in the world of souls. Is this harsh? If so, I crave pardon. Let me apply it to those who are mechanics, leaving it to the other classes to make the application for themselves. Take this boy who has just begun his apprenticeship. He wishes to acquire the skill to make a good shoe, wagon, or panel-door. Now search that boy's mind and ascertain his aims. Is there any reaching after something better? Sometimes, and indeed oftentimes you will find that that long apprenticeship is to accomplish no more than to reduce the boy into a human machine, to manufacture articles of mechanism, as any steam-driven machine does. There is no fixed and noble purpose in his heart to become a good mechanic, in order that he may become a good citizen, a promoter of all good things in a bad world. What is existence of such sort worth? The horse and the cow live as nobly. They breathe, and eat, and work, and die, and what more does a human animal, who aims not to live for some worthy end? Not a whit. Take another mechanic. Bad habit is winding about him its toils. He lives; but for what? To get money to squander on lust, or dress, or carousing. As for the first aim, he is lower than most reasonless animals; as for the second, the peacock exists nobly as he; as for drunken carousing, he sinks beneath all animals; for these last "sleep o' nights," except beasts of prey, and even these keep sober in all their midnight prowlings. Why mince matters, when dealing with facts, and our aim is improvement? Here is the naked reality as it may be seen all over the world; and were it not



stepping aside from a proper course, other automatic existences, of both sexes, should feel the same lash, for all classes are disgraced with just such. I do not mean to say that this animal existence for passion's sake is confined to mechanics. By no means. The like is observable everywhere. Dr. Young has written four lines, which every young man—I will not restrict it—every person in the world ought to memorize, to goad him to right action.

"We waste, not use our time; we breathe, not live.  
Time wasted is existence; used, is life:  
And bare existence, man, to live ordained,  
Wrings and oppresses with enormous weight."

But to guard against misapprehension, suffer a remark. We have been speaking of the dignity of progress. Some may infer that in order to make progress, every mechanic, or merchant, or laborer, must aspire to leave his business and step into some higher sphere. This is not the idea of progress. Undoubtedly it is a fact, that some choice spirit may be swinging the sledge hammer, or pushing the plane, or handling the awl, and for such a one to be confined to that occupation, although an honorable one, would be a decided loss to the world. Such was the case with Roger Sherman, and Professor Henry. But "diamonds are not buried in every toad's head," nor are pearls forthcoming from every oyster. Diamonds and pearls are too precious to be common. As for such diamonds as Beecher, and Sherman, and Henry, it were better far for royalty and beauty to fling their sparkling coronets and jewelry into the fire to be consumed, until the world had not one left, than to chain such minds even to the noble position of a high-minded mechanic. The world would not be much poorer were its diamonds burned, but it would suffer an infinite loss, should it fail to summon its great spirits to spheres of highest usefulness, to govern, to counsel, or to save men.

But the majority of those who move in particular circles are fitted peculiarly to fill certain posts in society, and it would be an injury for them to change. Many a man will fashion a neat and strong boot, but would be a bootless botcher in fashioning the understandings of men. Many a man can weld iron together strongly, and forge out what he lists, who would be a sorry welder of legal arguments, and would forge out wretched briefs. There is many a man who would mend your wagon neatly, and if needs be make a new one for you, and yet he would be a horrid bungler in mending broken limbs, or healing diseased men. Many a man might cultivate the earth with great skill, who might prove himself to be a sad agriculturist as a minister in Christ's vineyard. In fact we know that many occupations are thus greatly defrauded. Strong bones and muscles, and a mind fitted for a particular pursuit, are too often taken from where they are

needed, and placed among pill boxes, or law books, or in the pulpit, for which they have no adaptation. The wrong is reciprocal. Many a man is thrust into a profession for which he has no adaptation, and many a man may be confined to a pursuit for which nature never intended him. In each case a grievous wrong is done, because our world is such, that when each one acts well the part for which he is best fitted, it has ample work for all. And when such misapplications take place, a vast amount is left undone, and the world at large is the sufferer.

In this respect, the principle is beautiful, and the great Teacher himself has illustrated it. The servant with five talents, and the servant with two, each having doubled the money committed to him, received the same reward: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." The slothful servant was plunged into outer darkness, not because he had only one talent, but because he did not improve that one. The apostle Paul strikingly sets forth the same thing in the offices performed by the different members of the body. In fact, the faithful mechanic, the faithful farmer, the faithful professional man, all who fulfill their own duty, are on a more complete level than most imagine. He who does his duty fully, beside his anvil or work-bench, may stand by the side of Paul or Wilberforce, and receive the same greeting from the Savior. And many a faithful mechanic will stand far higher in the grades of heaven, than some men of genius, whose eloquence has led men captive, and whose deeds have been heralded to the world.

"He who does all he can, does well,  
Acts nobly: angels can no more."

This leads me to advance one step farther. Progress in goodness, whenever or by whomsoever made, is especially noble. This is the object of living. For the attainment of this end among his creatures, Jehovah has fashioned and furnished worlds; for this he created the bright, shining sun of Revelation; for this he sent such ambassadors as Abraham, Moses, David, and Isaiah; and last of all he sent his Son, saying, they will reverence my Son. The history of all nations and all men; the judgments and the mercies of God; the rise and ruin of kingdoms; the song of the morning stars when the world was born, and the glorious repetition of that song when Christ was born; the bursting of civil and religious chains; the drowning of Pharaoh, and the decapitation of some kings since then; the growth of science; the discovery of a world; yea, all the lights of history, human and divine, are gathered by this lens in one splendid focus, the making man better—making him what he would have been had not sin marred the Creator's handiwork. For no other purpose could our Maker have tolerated the frightful scenes enacted in this our world. But for this

purpose, earth had long since been swept of her inhabitants.

To you, gentlemen, this thought is commended as worthy your serious attention. Take just views of life, and act accordingly. I have sometimes at night looked over your town, and have seen the sparks fly up from the blacksmith's fire. For a single moment they glowed brightly in the darkness, and then expired. They were existences of a moment. But what is he, that rugged smith with his strong right arm, and his resolute will? The spark which flies up from his own fire, is a fit emblem of his continuance on earth. The meteor flashes not more suddenly across the sky, than shall that strong man pass away. I have stood by the determined plane-pusher, and have seen the shavings, like beautiful ribbons, thrown down as useless things. Saturday night comes, and dust and shavings are cast out to be consumed or trodden under foot. But what is he, the strong man that drives that plane? How long shall he remain, himself so noble a piece of mechanism? A few days more shall pass, the Saturday night of life shall come shortly; and then that body, a poor tenement, shall be put out of sight, deep in the grave, and neither mother, wife, nor child, will venture a word of remonstrance. I have seen the sinewy mechanic carving out his own fortune, amassing wealth, reaping honor, entrancing senates, and my mind has become sad to think how soon that wealth will belong to others, and that honor be forgotten, and those entranced senates, with him who cast the spell, be dead. The places that now know them shall soon know them no more for ever.

This is full of wisdom to him that is wise, but it may seem babbling to others. Gentlemen, I honor every laboring man, be he John Bunyan, the tinker, or Thomas Corwin, "the wagon boy," or John Brough, the printer. I honor the man who can commence his fortune at a rich man's wood pile when the sun is two hours high; or the one who becomes so bent on rising to eminence, that he can wield an axe sturdily, and tend the roaring salt furnace, and in the presence of such raking batteries as poverty and business, can reap his appropriate reward. I honor, and every one honors, blacksmith Beecher, goldsmith Henry, shoemaker Sherman, printer Franklin, and every mechanic great man. I contemplate the progress of a resolute man with intense satisfaction. A steamer crossing the ocean in the teeth of wind and tide, driven by its huge engine over mountain waves, and against adverse storms, is not half so magnificent a spectacle as that of a man without means creating means, without wealth creating wealth, without a name creating a great name.

But to stop here were cruel indeed. This splendid destiny awaits not the mass. Yet no less do I honor the man, be his rank in society what it may, who

does all he can—who is not living as the horse or ox, to breathe, and eat, and work, and die—who is not educating himself into a mere machine—who is not, with the infatuated gold-seeker, grasping after splendid bubbles—who does not imitate the wretched St. Simeon Stylites, chaining himself to a mere stone gathering and pillar building, squandering life in a mean asceticism, cutting the sinews of active benevolence in a world that needs all it can get and much more, and dying unregretted by a world none the better for his having existed in it. Every man shall receive honor, who is too noble to toil for money which he may consume on his lusts, or to trick himself out as a mere dreamed existence, or to inflame passion to very madness by debauchery and carousing; who abhors in his deepest soul the degradation of being a mere breathing machine, a passion-inspired automaton. His is a higher end. Society has claims on him, which he from pity fulfills like a man. His own mind has a God-endorsed claim on him for cultivation, and he eagerly seizes the moments of invaluable time to discipline and develop his mind and heart. In a word, every blow he strikes, every stitch he takes, every thought he originates, every moment he spends, all go to round him into that most splendid creation, a man; and such a one shall have honor of me, albeit he wear a coarse garb, and cannot conceal hands hard as horn. But if in addition to all these, he looks upon life as a dream, yet crowded to its utmost tension with living and eternal realities—if he lifts his eyes to God's throne and worships—if he looks on Christ's cross and loves—if he casts an eager glance over a world of perishing immortals and acts, his is an honor higher than man can render. Him the ever-blessed Trinity claims as an honored child, and coheir with the Son of God to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and which fadeth not away.

Gentlemen, the race is before you: the prize awaits your efforts: the good of all worlds urge you forward. Live to do good. Consecrate yourselves to all the sweet charities of life. Reach upward. Look upward. Press upward. *Progress in all goodness*, be the noble and dignified aim of your existence, and you need not be anxious as to the result. Jehovah and the whole universe—with some miserable exceptions—will hand your course as noble, and accord to you a commensurate reward.

#### PRAISE TO MESSIAH.

ALL hail the Lamb for sinners slain,  
Ransomed our hearts we raise;  
While from our lips in loudest strain  
Burst songs of cheerful praise.  
Extol his name, below, above,  
Let pole respond to pole,  
And anthems to redeeming love  
Around creation roll.

## CHRISTIAN LITERATURE.

BY REV. J. R. WILSON, D. D.

"TRAIN up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." This maxim of heavenly wisdom is verified, as really in the primary school education, as in the academical and nursery training. If the teacher is a man of God, the books read by the classes of a Christian complexion, and the pupils moral, parents may plead in faith the promise, that their children nurtured in such schools of Christianity, will not, when old, depart from the way of holiness. But if the preceptor is an irreligious man, the class-books have nothing of Christ in them, and the pupils are immoral, there is reason to fear that however good the discipline of the nursery, the child trained up in irreligion will not depart from it when old.

No class-book can be found equal to the Bible for the religious culture of children in the schools. It is not a sectarian book. All who call themselves Christians profess to believe that it is the best book in the world, and a very great majority that it is given to us by the Holy Spirit—that its amanuenses were "holy men of God, who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." Its style is characterized by great perspicuity, simplicity, beauty, precision, and force. It is, in all respects, admirably adapted for a class-book. Were it read on the forms, in our common schools, it would cheapen education—its price is so low compared with any other book—and would purify the fountains of learning.

Since these things cannot be gainsaid, it is to be deplored that the Bible is so little read, as a manual of common school education. Certainly all good people, who have the fear of God before their eyes, will be desirous to see a reformation in our system of common school training, by imparting to it a Christian complexion. All the nurture of our dearly beloved sons and daughters, from their most tender years, should have respect to the welfare of those immortal spirits, with which our Creator has endowed them. What will all education profit their souls if they are lost at death? Nothing, much less than nothing. It will only increase their capacity for the enduring of misery. Let parents and young people pause and soberly reflect on this suggestion, which they must admit to be indisputable.

Is there not as much, and even more need of a reformation in the higher departments of education? Have we been judicious in the selection of the authors taught in our academies, colleges, and universities, as class-books of Latin and Grecian literature? Is there any good reason, in the nature of the human mind, in the condition of the Church, or state of society in Christendom, that the Latin language should form the basis of literary culture? If any good reason can be given for the preference

of Latin before every other language, can any one offer an argument that will pass at the bar of him who judges the quick and the dead, for the use of Pagan books and not Christian? It is presumed these questions will be hard to answer in a manner satisfactory to Christ's true disciples.

We may fairly presume, that the Hebrew original of the Old Testament, as it is the work of the Spirit of the Lord that garnished the heavens, possesses greater beauty of literary finish than any work of man, and, especially, more than any heathen composition. One who has never learned any but the vernacular tongue, ought to come to this conclusion by reasoning *a priori*. Those who have read *well*, both the heathen authors taught in our colleges, and the Hebrew Bible, will arrive at the same result, *a posteriori*. Why then not prefer it as a place of beginning in our literary curriculum? Even were it admitted, which may not be, that the style is not so elegant as that of the heathen books now in use, surely the moral results ought to recommend the word of God before them.

1. The learner is daily in communion with the minds of holy men of God—Moses, Joshua, Samuel, and also the prophets. In them "he beholds as in a glass the glory of the Lord, and is changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

2. He is brought into fellowship with the blessed author of this divine book. The thoughts that occupy the mind of our Father in heaven are presented to the learner in every lesson. The pupil "is sanctified by the truth: God's word is truth." It is fellowship with God that makes the saints holy.

This will be an objection to the minds of those who are far from God and dislike piety; but not so to those of devout parents. What is there on earth that a good father and a mother more ardently desire and pray for than the sanctification and eternal salvation of their children?

3. The pupil learns to know the law, truth, and salvation that are of God. By daily and intense attention, which must be given in order to be prepared for recitation, what he reads in God's word is deeply impressed on his memory; much more so, as every scholar knows, than if he reads it in the vernacular tongue.

4. By reading the Hebrew Bible, the scholar learns the history of the Church and of the world, from the giving of the first promise to the time of Malachi.

5. By the use of maps, which every good teacher employs, and illustrations of the word drawn from the volume of nature, and from collateral history, the mind of the learner is taught to expatiate over vast and delightful fields of useful knowledge. By these means our sons and daughters\* will be qualified

\* Our young ladies should learn Hebrew as an accomplishment.

to adorn and bless society on earth, and be prepared for mansions of glory beyond the skies.

There are grave objections to the heathen books, especially for children.

1. They lead away the mind from Christ and the way of salvation. It would be superfluous to add that there is no allusion to our Redeemer from Cæsar to Horace, from Xenophon to Homer.

2. These books teach idolatry. The learner is in habitual fellowship with Jupiter, Juno, Venus, &c.—the former and the latter infamous for their vices. The mind is insensibly imbued with false conceptions of the object of adoration.

3. A spirit of unholy ambition is cherished altogether adverse to Christian humility. The *immensus cupido laudum*—immense desire of praise—is the highest motive known to the heathen moralists.

4. In the best of them there is gross licentiousness. Virgil is the most chaste of all the poets. Hear him: "*Pastor Corydon ardebat Alexin deliciis*:"\* the shepherd Corydon passionately loved Alexis, his darling. The shepherd is the poet himself. Alexis is—my pen refuses to tell who. Good parents will prefer the sweet singer of Israel to so licentious a poet.

### THE INFIDEL.

BY REV. A. B. WOMBAUGH.

"The pompous sons of reason, idolized  
And vilified at once; \* \* \* \*  
While love of truth through all their camp resounds,  
They draw pride's curtain o'er their noontide ray,  
Spike up their inch of reason, on the point  
Of philosophic wit, call'd argument;  
And then, exulting in their *taper*, cry,  
"Behold the sun!"

O, THE treacherous human heart! Who can fathom its deceptions?

As an illustration that it is "deceitful above all things," look at—what we rejoice is rarely found—an infidel. Observe, he is a professor of the natural sciences, engaged with a class in astronomy. He directs you to his orrery, and while the machine in motion beautifully represents the various movements of the solar system, he places a music-box in operation by its side, that his enraptured class may listen to "*the music of the spheres*," as they revolve in obedience to their Maker's will, through their respective orbits. Thus, by a pleasing association, to impress all with the perfectly harmonious movements, and wonderful regularity of the worlds rolling in fields of illimitable space. But, alas! though compelled to acknowledge the existence of a great First Cause, *he is not a Christian*.

Such was the habit, and such the character of one, once the preceptor of the writer. He had a

mind ready to conceive, and, with delighted admiration, contemplate the order and silent harmony of "the spheres." He had an ear to drink in this heavenly music; but no heart to feel, nor faith to admit that "*our God*"—the God of the Bible—was that great Original.

By what means were these doubts and objections brought upon his mind? The Bible points out the cause, in the *perverted* state of the sinner's heart. By it we trace all his skeptical doubts to this one corrupted and fruitful source of unbelief. The same book affirms, that the *invisible* things of the Creator, even his eternal power and Godhead, are from the creation of the world clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made. So that they who doubt are without excuse, if living in unrighteousness.

Certainly this argument of the inspired penman, that the visible creation leads *reason* up at once to an invisible Creator, whom we are bound to serve and love, is as simple as it is sound and reasonable. But though the Bible points out the seat of unbelief, let us, for a moment, trace the *process* by which doubts are, in the face of the plain teachings of reason, induced upon the mind—doubts whether the Creator is a God whom man is bound to love and obey. And let us note the point at which the work of blinding the mind and perverting the heart begins.

We can readily admit the fact of a great First Cause. From the things that are made, we clearly understand there must be a maker. We have only to follow the leadings of a most simple argument, to arrive at this result. Indeed, we know not how the mind that is capable of reasoning in this matter, can come to any other conclusion, unless improperly influenced.

But the simple admission of a First Cause, while we deny to it moral attributes, or, what is the same thing with regard to man, assert that whatever be those attributes, they are totally unknown to us, will not involve responsibility and obligation to love and obey that Being or Cause. For, if the Creator do not possess these attributes, or man be not a moral agent, there is no responsibility or obligation. But if man is endowed with moral capabilities, and his Creator possess moral attributes, the conclusion is irresistible, that we are held responsible by his authority. But the God of the Bible is possessed of these in infinite perfection. And every view of him as there exhibited, shows that we are bound, by the highest obligations, to "fear him and keep his commandments." Yet it is a fact of thrilling importance, that there are those who do not like to retain *this* knowledge of God. The secret desire of their soul is, to be independent of Him, whose known moral nature involves the obligation to serve him. Here is the point of commencing resistance. Desiring to be freed from these restraints, and to avoid the idea of the resulting consequences of a bad

\* Eclogue x, line 1.

life, the heart summons its energies, and brings into requisition its resources, to throw off all sense of obligation which arises from an acknowledgment of the God of the Bible. An ignorant mind might encase itself in its own darkness, and affirm, "There is no God," and thus publish its own shame; but the intelligent man cannot, without some show of argument, or pretense of reason, make the declaration. His mind is too much enlightened, but, alas! *his heart is not willing*. Hence, he cherishes all that can produce doubt and perplexity, and permits that which is dark and inscrutable in the moral world to come over his mind as a valid objection against our religion. There is evidently enough that is *plain*, to guide his conduct and show him how to live, that he may enjoy the favor of God. But to *take and act upon this*, and let the other remain, until God shall unfold them to the gaze of a wondering universe, and "justify his ways to man," does not suit his purpose. He cannot comprehend our God; therefore says, he will not believe in him. And in asserting this, he tells us the difficulty rests precisely where the Bible places it, in the *perverse-ness of the heart*. He can comprehend the God of the Christian as thoroughly as he admits the existence of a great First Cause.

There are, for aught we know, difficulties as inexplicable in the natural as in the moral world. But these do not involve moral agencies; and, therefore, he feels, and correctly too, that no unresolved point is to be admitted in natural philosophy against what is known or understood, or as being in the *least* a ground for doubt in regard to the whole system.

Now, why adopt a different principle in morals? Why urge in reference to God, difficulties which cannot be explained, when there is enough to show us how to live—enough for faith, for hope, and love? Why, because of these difficulties, will men deny our God? Simply, because they do not like to retain a knowledge of him; but wish to free their heart from a sense of obligation. Therefore, the most trivial objections weigh with their minds, and pervert their hearts in regard to the Bible, because that book teaches man's obligation to God. The point of resistance in the *heart* is, then, where the force of moral responsibility, connected with the character of God, meets them; and they feel it impossible to escape this obligation, but by shaking and darkening their minds in respect to that character. Infidelity can fix doubt upon the mind; but this is all. It cannot *prove* the irresponsibility of man to that God, who is the maker and upholder of all things.

Alas, poor Infidelity! thou canst *ruin* souls; but canst not save them. Thy character is sin. Thy wages *death*.

"Wrong not the Christian, think not reason yours:  
'Tis reason our great Master holds so dear;  
'Tis reason's injured rights his wrath resents:  
To give lost reason *life* he poured his own.  
Believe, and show the reason of a man;  
Believe, and taste the pleasure of a God!"

## THE FATHER'S REWARD.\*

A TALE OF THE SOUTH.

BY PROFESSOR JOHNSON.

FLORIDA was at this time fast filling up with the better class of citizens from Georgia and the Carolinas; and among the rest, the family of Col. A. had emigrated. It was during those memorable years when the majesty and power of the twenty-six united, sovereign states of North America were waging an inglorious war upon a handful of harmless Seminoles, in which was consumed more treasure, to hunt them from their barren swamps and inaccessible everglades, than served in a better cause to wrest the thirteen colonies from monarchical oppression, and establish our constitutional liberties. Augustus, the elder son of Col. A., was become the leader of a political party. General R., who commanded a division of the army, an intimate friend and habitual guest in the family, was at the head of the opposite party. These two men, united in cordial friendship, were diverse in character as in their creeds. The one possessed the haughtiness without the moderation of his father: the latter was mild by nature, and, by culture, urbane and conciliatory. Next to the interests of self, it was the happiness of each to see the other honored and prosperous. Political aspirations, however, at length introduced jealousies—jealousy grew to hatred, and hatred sought revenge for fancied wrongs. Strange suspicions came suddenly up in the minds of each whether his sometime friend were a "*gentleman*," and a man of "*honor*;" and this point must be tested according to the rules of "*the code*." General R. was willing, indeed, to believe the character of A. such as he had always understood it to be; and was ready to concede or do whatever was consistent with the character of a "*gentleman*" to promote reconciliation and peace. But the passionate nature of his opponent, who knew but one way to settle so important a question, left him but one alternative. He must either, in violation of his country's laws, and in defiance of the laws of God, take arms against the life of a fellow-citizen, or he must lose his *cast*, resign his station, and retire in disgrace to some country not blessed with so nice a "*sense of honor*." As a citizen, he could have made the election which would preserve his conscience and his *Christian honor* untarnished; but as a *soldier* he felt bound to succumb to a sentiment which he despised, and which he knew to be an outrage upon humanity, and decorum, and civil rights.

When, alas, shall the world cease from these miserable misnomers! To call the one who insults his neighbor, provokes a quarrel, and enforces bloodshed, regardless of the civil peace, and the happiness of

\* Concluded from page 188.

families, a gentleman! To call the open day assassin, or the murderer *a la code*, "*a man of honor!*" To brand with the epithet of *coward*, the man who has the moral courage to withstand the force of a perverted public sentiment, and, in order to preserve his soul's purity, willingly bears the opprobrium cast upon him by those who know not to estimate true virtue! We aver it fearlessly, because it is the truth, that while the one party in such encounters seeks the gratification of a fiendish hate or a sudden passion, the other, in most cases, *fights because he is a coward*.

But I linger in reflections thus provoked by mortal folly, while the action of my narrative proceeds. All things were duly arranged for "the meeting," and the day, which according to modern usage *must* prove fatal to one, was arrived. General R. had indeed, till the last, used such efforts as he dared, to avoid the rencounter, but the imperious will of Col. A., (for the son, too, was advanced to that title,) bore him onward with the strength and precipitancy of a moving avalanche. Not forgetful of his prudence even in the midst of revenge, he had forced the other party, by every possible insult, to give the challenge, that he might choose his own means and mode of attack. He accordingly selected the weapon in the use of which he was acknowledged to excel, and in which the skill of General R. was known to be inferior. Armed with such advantage and confident of success, he sought to cover by a spirit of levity, real or assumed, the deep purposes of hate, or the occasional fear that agitated his inner soul. Invited friends were present, whether to sustain his spirits for the unpardonable deed of death, or to share in his joys and his triumphs, his unsettled heart could hardly have told. There was the political aspirant, who sought, by an opportune approval of his course, to advance his own interests in the favor of his political captain. There was the hungry sycophant, who hoped, by his timely flattery and boast of his master's courage, to secure another year's bountiful pension. There was the acknowledged "*bully*," who vaunted, in mock feats, his skill with the sword, the pistol, or the knife. There was the braggadocio, who had been suspected of cowardice, vociferously extolling the merits of "*the code*;" his own readiness to avenge an insult; and that no man was a "*gentleman*" who would not "*fight*." And, not to name others, there was Clarence, widowed in her incipient nuptials by a calamity so signal; now the wife of another; and, in the high noon of womanhood, bearing her beauty and unrivaled empire in the world of fashion with a yet prouder mien than ever. All these, taking the cue from their host and champion of *honor*, affected to think lightly of the occasion of their gathering. The wine flowed freely, and in aiming at cheerfulness, they exhibited an unnatural merriment.

But there was one who had no part in this scene. The wife of the duelist felt that too much was at stake to give room for thoughts of mirth. Of a delicate constitution, and a gentle temper, she was oppressed with an undefinable dread. She loved her lord with all a woman's ardor, and, therefore, she feared; for it is yet as true in nature, as in verse,

"*Res est solliciti plena timoris—amor.*"

On parting for the scene of action, the husband endeavored to cheer her; and assuring her that he would return as soon as he had dispatched that *dead dog*, wished her to be prepared to entertain his friends with a sumptuous dinner. She hastened from his presence to her private room, and unable longer to support the dreadful weight of her feelings, resorted to an opiate, which soon rendered her insensible, and it was feared would endanger her life.

The sister, who was in fact the ruling spirit of the whole affair, was now left to do the honors of the house; and she caused the preparations to be enlarged and hastened, as if about to celebrate the anniversary of some great holyday.

The hostile parties had sought the field. Insa-tiable in his revenge, A. had determined, if not successful at the first shot, to repeat the charge till he had slain his antagonist. It has already been said that General R. was not skilled in the use of the rifle—for that was the weapon chosen—but life is dear; and the brief time intervening between the "*preliminaries*" and "*the meeting*," was faithfully occupied to practice his hand and eye; and to what purpose soon appeared. At the first fire the haughty provoker of the quarrel fell, to close his eyes in a few moments in death. He had just enough of life to see his murderer approach; to witness his apparent distress and his proffered kindness, which the dying man repulsed with a more bitter expression of hate than seemed possible to gather on the lips of a mortal.

The proud one, the scorner, the hater—is fallen; but, as yet, the widowed and orphaned house know it not. The restless Clarence, already exulting, moves through the preparations for the triumph with increasing haste. So sanguine and determined was her hope, she refused to believe the messenger of ill. Even the solemn approach of the company which bore the victim failed to convince her. Her brother could not die at the hands of such a man; he should not; there must be life. She besought, or rather commanded the surgeon, with impatience and almost with blasphemy, to restore him. But when the corpse was extended in the room adjacent to that of the senseless, and perhaps dying wife, she became calm, and gazing in fixed posture at those features which had ceased to move, it seemed doubtful whether her heart would flow with the tenderness of a sister's love, or burst in contempt, as upon the carcass of a coward, that he had dared to fall in

such a contest. Presently her mind seemed wandering, as if laboring to descend from the height of her recent anticipations to so deep a gulf of disappointment and despair. But when at length the ball was extracted and placed in her hand, she started suddenly as if instinct at once with all the furies of the infernal regions. I have no words to express the violence of her emotions. She raved like a lioness robbed of her whelps. She rushed from apartment to apartment, like a sweeping tornado, gathering strength as she moved; casting insult, and defiance, and hate, at every object she met; and with imprecations, which sound doubly fearful from the mouth of woman, swore that that bullet should drink the heart's blood of Gen. R. Reader, this is the once lovely Clarence, and to this capability of uncontrollable madness had she come, by a course as natural as that by which the mountain rivulet finds the level of the ocean.

Revenge is quick to devise the means of its gratification. There was yet a brother—the banished W. The foolish passion which had caused his estrangement had long since died away, and they were ready to embrace any pretext for a reconciliation. It was determined, that to avenge his brother's death should be the price of the atonement.

Strange contact of virtue and vice in this world of ours! A bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, with a single traveling companion, was returning from his distant field of labor, across the unfrequented plains of Texas. The streams swollen by the recent rains, and their ignorance of the country, had impeded their progress, and not knowing well where they were, or how far distant from their destination, they saw the night closing in upon them. While seeking to ford a little river, which threatened to embarrass them, they were overtaken by two men better acquainted with the passes and the roads. With southern urbanity and western freedom, conversation waits little on ceremony. Finding it impracticable to gain the point they aimed at that night, one of the strangers hospitably invited our travelers to his house. It was an humble one, he said, and could afford them but few conveniences at present; for he was about to move from the country, and his goods were already packed. But he had provender for their horses, plenty of food, and a shelter for the night, if no bed; and to such as he had, they were heartily welcome.

They arrived at their proffered home at that most pensive hour, when the shades of twilight were just deepening into night. It was a rural cottage on the borders of a solitary plantation, surrounded by unbroken ranges of forest, of that luxuriant growth which is seen only within or near the tropical region. In the door sat the mother of the family, gazing out upon the magnificent scene before her, with an expression, that could not be mistaken, of the deepest

sadness. Was it her regret at parting from that secluded spot, endeared to her as the scene of her homefelt cares and joys? Crouched by her side were two or three little boys, apparently touched by some childish dread which made them fear to stir. Within appeared the emptiness and disorder always attending such preparations as they were making for a hasty removal. The whole aspect of things would have seemed to any but to Methodist itinerants to offer little promise of enjoyment for that night.

The good lady, roused by the approach of strangers, evidently found relief in the duties of hospitality. Soon the steaming urn and smoking biscuits, strongly lighted by a blazing pile of lightwood knots, gave a new aspect to the face of things. Cheerfulness returned to the little group. The kind attentions and urbanity of their entertainer, soon caused our travelers to forget the meagerness of the accommodations. On learning that they were ministers of the Gospel and Methodists, the hostess made mention of *her father*. His name and history were so well known in the Church, that the strangers, through that mediation, soon became friends together. The conversation was directed mainly on the subject of religion, in which the family joined with interest, or listened with profound respect. At a suitable hour in the evening, the gentleman brought forward a Bible and a Methodist Hymn-Book, and invited the bishop to honor his house with the exercise of family worship.

The conversation had revived to the memory of a little son, some six or eight years old, the early lessons of piety he had heard from his mother; and during prayer he became so affected that his little heart was melted down, and he wept profusely. When they endeavored to soothe his feelings, and inquired the cause of his emotion, he could only answer: *he loved God, and he loved to hear that good man talk and pray*. The mother was deeply moved at this simple declaration, and could only, with much effort, regain her composure. She had indeed, with difficulty, effected, during the whole evening, to cast off her sadness, and her manner, at times, seemed to indicate that she was desirous to reveal to these messengers of God some important secret, and implore their interposition and their aid. But they felt not authorized to invite her confidence, or multiply inquiries. They only learned that the name of their host was W. A.; that he was preparing to take his family to Florida where his friends resided, and where business of importance demanded his immediate presence. It was observed, that whenever the removal was referred to, Mrs. A. was particularly affected, and hastened to put the subject from her thoughts.

The few facts I have further to state, shall be dismissed as briefly as possible. The avenger of a brother's death was arrived, and sought, by every

possible means of indignity and insult, to provoke a quarrel which should lead to an "*honorable meeting*." Continually foiled in his attempts by the prudence of General R., at length, impatient of delay, and goaded on by his yet more impatient instigators, he resolved to descend from the *honorable* to the necessary; for the blood of his foe he must have at all hazards. He accordingly sought by ambush and surprise to accomplish his work in secret.

The duties of General R. frequently brought him to the capital of the territory. His wife resided with her father, a few miles from the city, and it was known to his steady pursuer, that he would daily pass along the road leading to the plantation of his father-in-law. A little shop, just in the outskirts of the town, on this road, was rented, and in this the high-minded avenger, armed with a rifle, took his station. For several successive days, General R. passed in company with other men, or after dark. But desire failed not. Like a faithful sentinel he held his watch. At length he had the gratification to see his prey riding alone, returning home, at the early dusk of evening. He made ready his gun, braced his nerves, and planted his foot for the onset, waited till the other was fairly past, then suddenly threw back the door, and coming behind the unconscious man brought him lifeless to the ground.

Should the assassin flee? Should the murderer seek to escape detection? Nay, he would triumph publicly. He went into the city, and delivered himself to the magistrate—was committed for trial—was bailed, and, after vaunting his success sufficiently, returned to Texas. This plan of evading justice was previously arranged. They who were so eager for revenge, were willing to pay a price for the blood of their enemy.

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The brief paragraph that follows, I would gladly omit, but that it forms a link in the narrative.

The fate of the once amiable W. A.: the youthful husband of the gentle and pious Isabella H., and whom she had hoped, in the ardor of her early confidence—ah! how much she hoped has been already told. Let us see the end of her "*faith*."

He had now advanced far upon a course which he could not retrace. The torments of an uneasy conscience hurried him down the abyss of wretchedness and crime with fearful celerity. How generally odious he soon made himself, the event will show. We pass by the various deeds not connected directly with the end.

Riding alone one day, he met a man against whose life he had registered an irrevocable oath. The man was accompanied by a nephew, a lad of about fourteen years. The parties halted, as if to deliberate what degree of technical "*honor*" should be given to the "*fight*," on which both were bent. W. drew from his pocket, and handed to the other a paper, which contained a written warning that he

must defend his life or lose it. Under this shallow pretext of *honorable* dealing, as soon as he saw his adversary engaged in the reading, he elevated his pistol, not withdrawing it from his pocket, and directed the point so successfully, that in a moment he sent the fatal lead to the vitals of the unsuspecting man. His enemy was dead at his feet. Leaping from his horse, he disarmed the lad, who bore a rifle, and ordered him with threats, which he dared not disobey, to follow him. They rode to the nearest town, and the murderer again delivered himself to the magistrate. But he had now raised a storm he could not control. With difficulty was the excited mob restrained from tearing him limb from limb. While the civil authorities were conducting him to prison, the infuriate lad who had witnessed the deed, had recovered his rifle, and coming behind the culprit, fired upon him through the crowd, only wounding him in one of the extremities. Without farther harm he was lodged in the "*calabouse*." That evening witnessed an assemblage of the "*sovereign people*," to *deliberate*, not on the execution of the laws, but the "*administration of justice*!" It was determined that the prisoner should be brought out, and whoever wished should have the privilege to wreak his vengeance upon him, in such form as he chose. A strong guard was set for the night, and in the morning, the victim was led forth upon the common, where he fell, pierced by thirteen rifle balls, and was rolled into the ditch to rot!

Alas, for thee, Isabella! Thus widowed in the prime of womanhood! And thy little ones thus orphaned! Alas, for thy once ardent hopes and thy seeming faith!

There was yet one actor in this mournful tragedy. In a part of the territory of Florida, remote from the busy world, was a little opening in the wilderness, which might be taken as the beginning of a new plantation, or as the place chosen for the retirement of some one sated with the pleasures of the world, disgusted at its follies, or broken by calamities, and who wished to avoid even the intrusion of friends. Here, at the bottom of a gentle vale, stood a rudely constructed log cabin. Some half-dozen magnolia's of native growth, left standing by its side, interwove their summits in lofty arches over the roof, and might seem, to a ready imagination, like sentinels planted by Almighty care as guardians of the spot. A weeping willow, with its long pendant branches, nearly covered one end. A variety of fragrant shrubs and vines clustered around its sides, and the jasmine and multiflora threw their pliant arms so profusely over the roof, that the little cottage was almost buried in the dense masses of verdure. In the rear, stood two or three huts for the negroes, who performed the menial offices of the place.

The cabin was divided into two apartments; of which one served as the eating and sleeping room of



the solitary inmate; the other might have served as an office, but that he had ceased wholly from business; or a reception room, if by any chance his solitude should be interrupted. It held, in confused order, the relics of a former establishment, once evidently magnificent. Over the rough floor was thrown, for lack of a better place to store them, three several carpets, the upper one of the richest Turkey manufacture. On one side, suspended from pins in the logs, hung an unstrung guitar, a golden-hilted sword, and a hunting apparatus, quite rusty from neglect. Another side was adorned with a suite of family portraits. Besides several of a former generation, there was a woman, in the prime of life, two youths, and a beautiful maiden. In one corner, a piano, its strings corroding by the weather; in another a pile of lamps and other ornamental parlor furnishings. In the centre of the room, a marble-top table, with a few books, paper, and an open ink-stand upon it, were ordinarily the only indications of life or human presence.

This gloomy abode was, on the night to which I refer, lighted by a single lamp, which threw its beams faintly upon the dusky walls. The unsteady movements of the occupant, now sitting, now pacing to and fro with unequal step, betrayed a powerful agitation of mind. He was a man upon whom the weight of cares more than of years had made a deep impression. His visage was emaciated and wan; his eye, once fiery and commanding, glared from the half-filled socket, with an unnatural lustre. His nerves were strongly shaken, but his step was yet elastic, and his manly frame unbent. Suddenly he stopped before the table: his trembling knees and quivering lips showed that a paroxysm of keener anguish had seized his soul. His eye wandered, but vainly, as if for some object to divert his attention; then, raising his clenched hands, and lifting his face toward heaven, he cried, "But, *God is just!*"

The sound of his own voice seemed to break the spell; and he sank into the chair, exhausted by the violence of his emotions. Presently he removed to the open casement to get a fresher breath. The darkness without was fearfully dense. The heavy roar of the winds in the deep forest that begirt his loneliness, might have been called sublime; but it sounded to his ear with a solemnity too awful for such an epithet. It seemed as the dirge of a perishing universe; as did the overhanging blackness its funeral pall. Under a scene so in unison with his feelings, he grew calm, and reproaching himself for the weakness he betrayed, as if disgraced in the eyes of the world, he rose, as he flattered himself, with a stouter heart. As he turned, his eyes were arrested by the pictures upon the wall, and the arrows of remorse again entered his bosom. "Nay, I have said it," he exclaimed. "That name, which from infancy I have scarcely named but to blaspheme, I have uttered it once with fear if not with reverence—*God*

*is just!* There ye are all. Thou fairest of daughters! with thee my real afflictions began. Thy calamity was my calamity. But bravely we buffeted, as we then thought, the bitter surge, and lunched again into the world's wide sea of pleasures. Clarence! thou wert lovely; thou wert more than a queen; thou wert a goddess among mortals! And now, what art thou? But I will not reproach my fallen self too far. I did not oppose thy religion. Was there not some merit in that? Nay," he continued with a sudden expression of bitterness, "but I fostered thy vanity till it banished the thought of religion from thy mind. And now the legacy I leave thee is, a hardened heart, a seared conscience, days of dread and nights of remorse. But not so remorseful as mine; no, heaven forefend such a wosome doom be thine.

"And thou, the wife of my youth! do not reproach me thus! That mild look goes like an army of daggers to my heart. Spare me, while thou mayst, the pains of eternal torture!

"And there art thou, my eldest born! That lip, with its haughty curl, and that lifting brow, were once my delight. I *taught* thy infant tongue to blaspheme. Ah! bitter drag in life's chalice—to excel in profanity was a glory! I taught thee the lesson thou hast faithfully practiced, to the irretrievable shame of my sinking age.

"And there is my W., with more of thy mother's meekness in thy youthful face. I once sought to crush that gentleness that might have been nurtured to goodness. When thy little saint of a wife would have won thee from the ways of thy father, I banished thee my presence. I gave thee a father's curse for thy portion, and in awful retribution has it now returned upon my head. Alas, that it should have come to this! The last of a line whose boast it was to bear a name of untarnished *honor*—to have perished as perishes the vilest dog! But I see—there is a God; and I have my reward—for *God is just!*" and he reeled wildly and almost frantic across the room, till the paroxysm having spent its violence, he again threw himself into his chair, in a state of apathy.

It were needless to repeat further the details of the stricken life of the once proud man with whom our tale commenced. He continued his sorrowful pilgrimage some years, with a softened, if not a better heart, and confessing to the few he met, that the retribution which had reached him was *just!*

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MANY of the old English proverbs are admirable for point and power of language. "Avarice devours the soul." How true it is that this disposition where it obtains, not only assumes a paramount and leading place in character, but also tends to check, to repress, and finally to overwhelm and absorb every other quality of the mind, not akin to itself.

## CHARACTER OF DAVID.

BY MISS C. M. BURROUGH.

THE twenty-ninth chapter of the first book of Samuel, though seemingly but a historical chapter, is particularly pleasing in regard of its philosophy of character. It will be remembered that David, notwithstanding his faithfulness, had been persecuted by Saul, king of the Israelites, with intent of death, "even unto strange cities"—to a city of the Philistines; and here his characteristic integrity was accredited by the noble candor of Achish, king of this people, even to the granting him an asylum and support among them, although he was known aforetime to have been the slayer of their champion, Goliath. When the faithfulness of David is commended, it would refer to his personal character generally, his faithfulness to his engagements, and the accordance of his sentiments to all those matters which he esteemed duties.

Some young reader may, perhaps, suppose that David in respect of *patriotism* should be compared with the Swiss soldiers of modern times, who, though hirelings to various foreign countries, are ever found faithful unto the death to the cause they may have espoused, equally as if they were fighting for their *own*. But no comparison can, with propriety, be instituted betwixt persons acting under the "old" and the "new" dispensation, each having its distinct propriety in the nature of things. In the old time there was direct communication afforded by God to his creatures. Neither should David be called a hireling; for his motive in quitting his own country was purely of discretion, without selfishness: he fled to save his life; and his life, under existing circumstances, could not be rendered useful to his country. Also, as may be seen in a former chapter, he sorely deprecates this necessity: in his remonstrance to Saul, with strong and proportionate indignation, he says, "If the Lord have stirred thee up against me, let him accept an offering: but if they be the children of men, cursed be they before the Lord; for they have driven me out this day from abiding in the inheritance of the Lord, saying, 'Go serve other gods.'" (This latter clause should signify, that he intended, wherever he should be, always to *worship*, and that a conscious religion was a necessity of his soul.) It will be remembered that he fled from the persecutions of Saul, only after repeated experiences of his want of truth in promising him (David) forbearance. And although he had ever refrained from interfering with the rights of Saul, as king of Israel—a thing which it had been easy for him to do—yet he could not, probably, help looking to that country, which he was destined, ultimately, to possess and govern. More than all this, his moves were overruled by the direct dictation, which he ever sought, of God.

When David fled from the coast of Israel, he brought over with him six hundred men, his followers. And Achish gave him, permanently, the town of Ziklag, for his possession. And now the time has come when the Philistines are gathering together their hosts and marching against the Israelites. "And the lords of the Philistines passed on by hundreds and by thousands; but David and his men passed on in the rear-ward with Achish."

It is remarkable in the whole history of David, what intuitive confidence he inspires in characters of a like stamp with his own: throughout we notice the yearning of Jonathan's heart toward him, and now is Achish, notwithstanding circumstances, alike impressed by the power of his truthfulness. But the princes of the Philistines were not of this way of thinking; they were of another sort, and believed in the policy of character alone. They demanded of Achish, "What do these Hebrews here?"—which, indeed, trusting to circumstances alone, seemed only a proper prudence.

Achish's defense of David, again, is characteristic of his own openness and absence of suspicion; for he adduces the very circumstances which might create distrust: "Is not this David, the servant of the king of Israel, which hath been with me these days, or these years, and I have found no fault in him since he fell unto me unto this day?" But the princes were not satisfied, they were "wroth" and said, with a worldly good sense, to be sure, "Make this fellow return, that he may go again to his place which thou hast appointed him, and let him not go down with us to battle, lest in the battle he be an adversary to us: for wherewith should he reconcile himself unto his master? should it not be with the heads of these men?" And furthermore, they said, "Is not this David, of whom the people sang, saying, Saul slew his thousands, and David his ten thousands?" Upon this Achish calls to David, and with apology for remanding him home, bestows commendations on his faithfulness since ever he has been with him; and, also, disclaims all suspicion against him in the present case, adding, "nevertheless the lords favor thee not: wherefore return and go in peace, that thou displease not the lords of the Philistines." Again, David offers remonstrance, professing what Achish had allowed of his faithfulness, and urging that he be allowed to proceed. And again, Achish iterates his commendation, "I know that thou art good in my sight, as an angel of God: (how beautiful is the poetry!) notwithstanding the princes of the Philistines have said, He shall not go up with us to the battle: wherefore now rise up early in the morning with thy master's servants that are come with thee: and as soon as ye be up early in the morning, and have light, depart." And David did so.

Here we may remark the imperative tone in which these princes address their king. This may have been the order of the time, but it was, more

probably, of the exigency of the times: these princes were now accoutred for battle, they were in cohort, and felt their own consequence and power. Mark, again, the quiet compliance with which the king submits his wishes to theirs. He did not array his *veto*, or his *will*, against their sensible remonstrance, but as they might be the sufferers, according to their conceit of David's possible treachery, conceded his authority, and notwithstanding their uncourteous language, acquiesced in their decision. This shows a goodness of morality in the individual—an absence of obstinacy, a considerateness, a self-dignity, a freedom from the littleness of personal requiring—traits, all akin to the general candor of Achish's character, and which proved the *man* superior to the *king*.

But of David. We have seen how gracious were his gifts of character, in which seemingly opposite excellencies were combined. It is seldom seen that a great warrior is a musician, and still less a poet. Yet David, the exterminator of nations, was still the "sweet singer of Israel," and no less for this was he the author of the book of Psalms. Did not he frame the lament over Saul and Jonathan, saying, "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women." And again, "Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided." This is thought the most tender and beautiful poem that was ever written.

Of the magnanimity of David's disposition we have many instances: notice his manly disdain of unequal conflicts, "As when one doth hunt a partridge in the mountains." Neither could he ever be suborned from justice by any selfish advantage: notice his instant punishment of Rechab and Baanah for destroying Ishbosheth, whereby they thought to please David. And yet David's faithfulness, however admirable, was not the distinguishing trait of his character; neither was his valor; neither was his justice, nor his candor; nor was his gift of poetry, or his music. One quality there was, if one it may be called, higher than all these, incomparably higher—his crowning excellence was *piety to God*. Mark his respect for whatever is reputed holy. And his ever refraining at repeated opportunities of vengeance against his persecutor, Saul; and always because he is the "anointed of the Lord." Mark his frequent sacrifices, his instant expiations, his use of the "ephod" when he would present his prayer, his continual ascriptions of praise, his constant denial of self in his achievements, and his thanksgivings. And when "athirst," three mighty men break through a host, and, at great peril, procure him water, he would not drink it, but poured it out unto the Lord, in thankfulness that their lives were spared who brought it. Much grace no doubt was vouchsafed to David; but that grace he cherished and honored.

And still David was, by nature, like other men in regard to certain annoyances. At the time he became established in his kingdom, it will be remembered that he went with much state, to bring up the ark of the Lord, from the house of Obed-edom the Gittite, to his own city; "and as the ark of the Lord came into the city of David, Michal, Saul's daughter, looked through a window, and saw King David leaping and dancing before the Lord; and she despised him in her heart." Albeit he was dancing "before the Lord," yet she "despised him," which is evidence that she had herself no religious impressions; or could not understand that one of David's enthusiastic temperament, under high religious impressions, could be wrought upon, even to this effect. She must, also, have been possessed of no discretion, and have had an outbreking temper; for she incontinently reproached him, even in the moment of his happiness and success—a moment when the heart alike, as in misfortune, calls for sympathy and gratulation. But she reproaches him, and we are taught thereby, how alienating is derision, how intolerable are irony and scoffings; for even David's forbearance is disturbed by them; and, changing the whole current of his emotions, "for he had returned to bless his household," he is provoked to answer her, even in the same strain.

It may be remembered of this woman, that when David took her away from her present husband, Phaltiel, the son of Laish, that her husband went with her along, weeping behind her, to Bahurim. And little did David then imagine what a bitterness he was preparing for his own bosom, by receiving her. Although no positive injustice can be charged upon this act, for she was David's wife before she had been given to Phaltiel, yet it may have been from a motive of pride rather than of affection, that he disturbed the regard of the other by recalling her.

How careful is David, after his accession to the throne of Israel, in seeking for, and cherishing the relatives and dependents of Saul, showing thereby his sense of the rights of possession and place, and his gratitude to God for his own advancement, with a tender recollection of his beloved Jonathan, in the especial care of his son, Mephibosheth.

Assured of his own authority, how free is he from the littleness of personal assumption, the urging of unnecessary claims to honor; how even docile to the dictation of others in cases not involving consequences. He is never afraid that any will tax him with cowardice, and defers in instances to the discretion of others, and refrains from joining the battle.

How instant is he in restitution and atonement. How does he seek to expiate the sin of Saul aforetime, against the Gibeonites, who had sought to slay them in his zeal to the children of Israel and Judah; and though these people will accept nothing but blood, which, indeed, was but atonement in kind, demanding that "seven men of Saul's sons be

delivered unto us, and we will hang them up unto the Lord in Gibeah of Saul, whom the Lord did choose." And to this demand, David promptly replies, "I will give them." And this he did, that they being satisfied, might bless the inheritance of the Lord. David's care of Saul's descendants has been reverted to, and it should also be here explained, that the Lord had now, in David's reign, signified his displeasure at this act of Saul, by a three years' famine over the land of Israel. And David had inquired of the Lord concerning it, and the Lord answered, "It is for Saul and for his bloody house, because he slew the Gibeonites." The expiation being made, it says, "And after that, God was entreated for the land:" i. e., these people returned to their prayers.

Of these seven victims, the grandsons of Saul, none were the sons of Jonathan, because of David's covenant with him, of "kindness to his house for ever;" and this they had mutually sworn before the Lord, in the early days of their friendship. We might go on to quote examples, and to multiply instances of David's righteousness, of his goodly dispositions, and goodly deeds; but we forbear—enough has been said.

It is not without reluctance, that we name any exception to a character of so much general excellence as that of David; yet he, in common with other men, was not free from every vice of disposition. One instance there is, which would seem to involve all his better character, and for the time to obliterate even his habitual truth and fairness. No reader can pass without abhorrence over his wicked betrayal of Bathsheba, followed by his atrocity toward her husband, Uriah. The example shows what a fatal *bias of character* may be effected by the indulgence of incontinence and vice; and although David was made sorry for this act, and became self-convicted by the beautiful parable of the ewe lamb, as expounded to him by the prophet Nathan, yet we do not easily forget his sin. We remember it the rather for the great grace which has been vouchsafed to him; and now, as then, the example should "give great occasion for the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme;" yet should they not forget the great and signal punishments which this crime drew after it; and of all things should they not forget David's instant acknowledgment of sin. Whatever else he forgets, even himself, yet he forgets not God. He seeks him alike in sin or in obedience, when he would render acknowledgment or thanksgiving. We nowhere admire him more than in his humiliations: the graciousness of his submissions, and the sincerity of his self-abasement, are peculiar evidences of his piety. Could any thing be more lovely than his behavior in the instance, where his child, whom God has stricken for the sin of the father, is lying sick? He then mourns bitterly, tasting, as it were, every morsel of his punishment. He fasted, and besought God for the child, and lay

VOL. VI.—27

all night upon the earth. And when the elders of the house sought to raise him up from the earth, he would not, neither did he eat bread with them. But on the seventh day the child died, and then "David arose from the earth, and washed, and anointed himself, and changed his apparel, and came into the house of the Lord and worshiped." How significant is all this of the candor of a Christian soul!

My young reader, probably, knows that David wrote the book of Psalms, not one of which I have here quoted from.

Finally, it is wise for us all to remember that the "New Testament" is our exemplar—contains our covenant. It is also expedient that we forget not that taking David for ensample, some might be betrayed by self-love, to make partial allowance, and excuse themselves by David's faults, at the same time that they fall short of his excellences; or make the equally pernicious error of commuting our sins for our merits. This has not been promised to any, and we have no right to make our own rule. "God prefers whom he does prefer;" besides that, he hath given to us "a law both pure and perfect."

## MIGNION.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

Mignon, a young and enthusiastic girl, had been stolen away in early childhood from Italy. Her vague recollections of that land, and her early home, with its graceful sculptures, and pictured saloons, are continually haunting her, and at times break forth in the substance of the following song. It is evident, from the many circumstances she relates, that if not some nobleman's daughter, at least her parents were in very high life.

Dost thou know that land where the citron blows—  
Where mid the bright leaves the gold orange glows—  
Where myrtle and laurel grow freshly and fair,  
And scatter their sweets on the summer air?  
Dost know that land?

There let us flee:

I wish there to live, there die with thee.

Dost thou know that house? see its gay saloon,  
And white pillared halls 'neath the clear full moon.  
The cold marble statues now seem to say,  
"O, why do you linger so long away?"  
Knowest thou the place?

There let us flee:

Father, stay not, I'll live there with thee.

Knowest thou the mount with its thick cloudy brow?  
There toils the mule still; I e'en see it now—  
The dark, cragg'd caves, and the wild, rocky shore,  
Where the waters still roll, and the ocean roar.  
Knowest thou that place?

There I would flee;

O, there I would live, there die with thee.

## MISCELLANEOUS SKETCHES.

BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.

AMIALE reader, again we meet to hold our monthly talk—a plain, straight-forward, informal talk. We must, however, use the hand and the eye, instead of the tongue and the ear. In plain words, our talk must be a scribble, or, I would say, a *write*, if English grammars would allow us to use *write* as a noun; but this they do not allow, and the grammars are the power behind the compositor's "throne, greater than the throne itself." I imagine not myself writing to the public, or for the public. The public is altogether too staid, and dignified, and learned, and ceremonious, and critical, and aggregate a personage for my taste. But I write to you, and for you, my gentle and fair friend, the dutiful daughter, the devoted wife, the good mother, who may choose to follow me in my eccentric and devious wanderings, steering "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." In my free and easy interview with you, let me not be cooped up in the presence of logical reasoners, and hair-splitting metaphysicians. Forced all day to be solving equations, and developing functions, and deducing differentials, and summing up integrals, and measuring triangles, and moving about in conic sections, I must at evening, when I sit down to commune with the gentle and the fair, have a respite from what men call science and reason, and must cultivate the sentiments and the affections—the noblest part of human nature.

And now, my dear friend, how do you do? and how have you been since last we met? Has May indeed been to you the merry month? Merry has it truly been to beast, and to bird, and to insect, and to flower. Merry should it be to man, merry to woman, merry to child. But the human heart is subject to influences, which the seasons may not control, and it may be sad, while all else is cheerful. And, perhaps, it is well. Sorrow has sometimes a good effect. It smoothes the ruggedness, and softens the hardness of human character. It even renders the taste more delicate, and the feelings more tender. A cup of pure joy, without one mixture of sorrow, might become insipid. All light and no shade might mar the beauty of the finest landscape. Sorrow is a part of the inheritance of man. "As the sparks fly upward, man is born to trouble." Happy is he, and deeply grateful to Providence should he be, who may pass one single month, without one sigh of sorrow, one groan of grief, one shade of sadness. When we least expect it, some anxious expectation is disappointed, some ardent desire thwarted, some long cherished hope abandoned, some fond aspiration smothered, some glorious vision faded, some loved one lost, some dear friend buried.

And now, kind reader, I will not conceal from you, (for why should I?) that since last we met, a deep, sudden, but not transitory wave of sorrow has

sadly disturbed the tranquil cheerfulness of my own heart. A gentle being whom I loved—an angel of mercy and of kindness, whom long time ago heaven sent athwart my devious path, as my guardian from ill, and my guide to virtue in youth, and who, in my maturer years, became, in affection, and by God's holy ordinance, my mother, has gone for ever from among us. And I could not visit her in her affliction, could not watch by her bedside, could hold no cooling draught to her parched lips, nor bathe her burning temples. I heard not the words of blessing which she invoked on my poor self, nor looked on her face, pale, placid, and even beautiful in death. I listened not to the words of the man of God, as in the old village church he administered consolation to the mourning ones. On her grave I may never plant a flower, or drop a tear. The last time I saw her was the hour of separation from her children and grandchildren, who were accompanying me to the west. The farewell words had been spoken, the farewell kisses given, and the carriage, which contained the emigrating members of the family, had started from the old homestead, I was lingering behind to adjust some miscellaneous business, intending to overtake the family at their first resting-place. Gazing wistfully at the carriage, as it rose and disappeared over the hill, she sadly exclaimed, "Ah, my children, how many hills and valleys you must wearily cross, before you reach your distant, far distant journey's end." Alas, those hills and valleys still separated us from her in her dying hour, and we had no part in the rites which affection performs in memory of the departed.

Andromache, the wife of the renowned Hector, exiled from the land of her birth, and the grave of her hero, by the side of a little stream, which she called the Simois, the name of that which flowed by her childhood's home, erected a mound, and built an altar in memory of him who was buried far away, and there she went annually to weep for her loved and lost one. The sentiment which prompted this act is a part of the very constitution of human nature. It lives in the human heart, whether that heart beats in the bosom heated by the fiery sun of the south, or chilled by the icy breezes of the north. I confess myself held in willing subjection to this sentiment. I would not resist it if I could, and I know I could not if I would.

It was, perhaps, partly by the influence of this universal sentiment of humanity, that we, children by birth, and by marriage, whom Providence had unexpectedly and strangely drawn together here, on the very verge of the western prairies, met together, one lovely afternoon, with such friends as chose to drop in, to hold religious services in memory of our mother. There was no visible object before us to remind us of her, but her portrait hanging from the parlor wall. The man of God, who never opens his lips on sacred things but to utter words of deep

devotion, melting sympathy, and rapturous eloquence, stood up among us, and spoke to us of love, and of hope, and of heaven. Then we mingled our tears in sweet communion, and talked over the virtues of our departed mother. And virtues many and great she had. Her heart was a fountain of kindness, and her whole character, an embodiment of meekness, gentleness, and benevolence. The poor rose up and called her blessed. The orphan called her mother, and all called her friend.

Gentle reader, you will, doubtless, agree with me that the virtues of domestic life, and those of quiet, unobtrusive, unostentatious benevolence, are those which most adorn the female character. A woman may, it is true, be a useful and efficient public agent. She may exert influence in politics. She may make public addresses on moral reform, and public lectures on science. She may be excellent in exhortation, and in public prayer, and she may even preach. But all these things can be done a great deal better by men than by women.

I cannot say that I value a woman much more highly for being particularly active in public matters, and for being able fluently to discuss politics and theology, though I would like to have her understand such subjects. I never could like the *heroic* woman, in whatever way she might choose to act the hero. I am aware that my notions on this point may seem heresy; but no matter, since you are to consider them as only my private opinions, designed only for your ear. So far as the public is concerned, the editor may, if he pleases, put in a *caveat*.

But there are, however, scenes in human life, in which woman is the only proper actor. There are positions in society, which she only can properly occupy. In the domestic circle she holds a charm. She needs no words of incantation to make it work. Her own sweet voice of domestic love is enough. She needs call no "spirits from the vasty deep." Her own gentle spirit is all powerful. She throws enchantment over the scene, and holds all about her in a spell. Her virtues may best be exercised in making home pleasant, and comfortable, and peaceful, and happy; in training and educating the children, and in diffusing a gentle, and benevolent, and gracious influence all along her path. As a member of society, she may exercise the benevolent virtues in visiting the sick, in distributing to the necessities of the poor, and especially in educating the young. The cause of education is one particularly appropriate to her genius, taste, and habits. Constituted as society is, much, very much of the education of the young must devolve on her.

It is, however, a sad reflection after all, that no virtues, however eminent, can, for a moment, redeem one from death.

"With noiseless step death comes on man;  
No plea, no prayer delivers him;  
From midst of life's unfinished plan,  
With sudden hand it severs him."

Go to the grave-yard of your native village, and you will be deeply affected at the rapid increase of population in that village of the dead. I remember the opening of a new grave-yard in the rural neighborhood, which was my home when a boy. It was a neighborhood of industrious, healthy, moral, and, as I then supposed, long-lived people, scattered over a beautiful agricultural district. I was present at the interment of the first tenant of that cemetery. It was an old man. For many a year he had occupied the same seat every Sabbath at Church, his white locks falling in ringlets over his shoulders, and his form, once tall, erect, and manly, bent forward with old age and decrepitude. Standing apart from the company around the grave, and looking on the scene, I wondered how long the old man must lie there alone. Soon I left my boyhood's home, and amid the interest of new scenes thought no more of the grave-yard and the lonely old man. A quarter of a century passed, and I returned. I was surprised to find the grave-yard become so strangely populous in so short a time. There I found inscribed on slabs of marble the names of many, and many a one whose face I sadly missed in my wanderings over the neighborhood. I found I had more acquaintances among the dead than among the living; and I felt more at home among this quiet congregation of the dead, on the open hillside, than among the stirring congregation of the living, in the old church.

Many and mournful are the changes which time works among familiar things. Returning after years of absence to the home of your childhood, the very face of nature seems changed. The field, which seemed a domain worthy a king, has contracted to a few paltry acres. The brook, which to childhood's eye seemed a great stream, has almost dried up. The house, which seemed to you a palace, has dwindled to a small cottage. And that house, too, is occupied by strangers, and no familiar face meets you at the door; or, what is worse, it is not occupied at all, but is left deserted, desolate, and decaying. You wander through the vacant rooms, and hear no sound, except that of the cricket beneath the hearth-stone, and see no living thing, except the little mouse scudding off at your coming. A deserted house, especially if that house has ever been your happy home, is the most desolate of all desolate places, and the most gloomy of all gloomy objects. I once had a pleasant little cottage, which had for years been my home, and the home of my little children. I had rendered the spot beautiful, by ornamental and useful culture, and I really loved it, for its own sake, and for its associations. Often, in my busy life, after a long and dreary ride, I had reached, after dark, the top of the hill, and looked down on the lights streaming forth from the window. The lights of home—the lights of home falling on the eye of the benighted, way-worn, and weary traveler—nothing but the lights of heaven, that stream

forth from the throne of God, to cheer up the pathway of the Christian, as he passes through the valley of the shadow of death, can equal the lights of home. Since my removal from that cottage, I have visited it once again. I arrived, as usual, at evening on the brow of the hill, and looked down, but no lights met my longing eye. I drove up to the house, but all was yet dark and silent. I knew that my wife, who used to meet me with her gentle smile, and my children with their merry laugh, at that cottage door, were quietly reposing in sleep, in their new home in the west, more than a thousand miles away, yet I seemed to expect to meet them there, as formerly. I knocked at the door, but received no answer. I walked around the house. All was silent, gloomy, desolate. I never wish to go there again.

There are seasons, however—seasons of sorrow and sadness, when the heart instinctively turns to the scene of its former associations, however far removed by time or distance, and however desolate and forsaken the place may be. There are moments when the sensations of the past are revived with such distinctness and freshness, as to appear real. Familiar sounds, long since forgotten, are echoed back, and familiar sights, long since faded from the eye, reappear to the imagination. It is said by a late traveler in the east, that after journeying many a day in the Arabian desert, as he was riding along beneath the burning sky, under the scorching sun, and over the hot sands, weary, hungry, thirsty, and sick, thinking of his home and his mother far away, he suddenly heard the merry peal of the church bells of his native village. He stopped and listened. Those merry peals still rang on as they used to do in his childhood, of a Sabbath morning, ending in the sweet and solemn toll, that calls the wanderer to the house of God.

After all, it may be well that the heart, though it searches incessantly for it, should find nothing on earth on which it may surely, and with unfailing confidence, rest. God designs not earth for our permanent resting-place. He has stamped mutability on all tangible things, that we might raise our souls to things above. While change comes over all our relations, and "decay's effacing finger" is on all around us, God yet kindly permits us to look, even with mortal eye, on some objects which seem to change not. The sun, the glorious sun shines on the eye of age as on that of youth. The moon, the fair silvery moon, looks forth in the heavens, fair as she did to the eye of man in paradise. The stars, the brilliant constellations in the heavens, unchanged and unchanging, maintain, from age to age, the same place in the sky. The heavens exhibit the same appearance to us, as they did to Newton, and to Galileo, and to old Abraham, when, on the Chaldean plain, God told him to number them, if he could. There are, also, immaterial ideas, or conceptions of the soul, which are immutable—ideas of the

good, the beautiful, and the true, which know no change nor decay.

By these, God teaches us that there is, beyond the stars, a world which knows no change—that there are things which are eternal. Happy, then, is he who sets his affections on things above—on things heavenly and divine—on goodness, and on truth, and on God.

#### A BOOK FOR THE CENTRE-TABLE.

A LITTLE time since, upon entering the parlor of an intelligent and literary lady, I laid my hand upon what I supposed an elegant copy of the holy Scriptures, but upon opening, I was surprised to find I had mistaken for the word of God, what proved a *novel*, by Cooper, "The Spy." A few days subsequently, I made a similar mistake at the centre-table of a pious gentleman of rank. What I supposed a beautiful Polyglot Bible, was, in reality, a splendidly illuminated "Shakespeare." In either instance, I would rather have met, if elegance were the object, with a richly bound, and highly illustrated Bible.

In this age of books and authors, the press teems with works of imagination, taste, and utility. Quite too great a portion is unfit to be read at all; many demand but a hasty perusal; but a precious few are well worth our closest and most serious study. At the head of such a list must stand the *Bible*. Of its excellence, it would seem, one need hardly to speak in our land of Bibles, and age of moral and intellectual light. There is, perhaps, no other volume in existence which is capable of presenting to view every variety of style, and treating upon every known subject. There is, probably, no character or situation to which some portion of this volume may not particularly apply. There is no other which bears the impress of divine origin—no other which conveys to his subjects a copy of the laws by which the universal Sovereign governs his creatures—none beside which treats so fully of the primal origin, whole duty, and final destiny of man. The first circumstance which recommends this book to our most candid attention, is that of its coming from an infinitely high source. It has for its author an all-powerful and everywhere present Being, whose existence is from eternity to eternity. To various classes of readers it has much to recommend it. To the lovers of *story* it presents some of the most thrilling tales ever published, among which is the affecting narration of the prodigal son. For her who dwells on the *marvelous* with peculiar interest, there are startling accounts of the sick healed, the dead raised, and evil spirits cast out. As an instance of this kind of reading, let her note the well-pictured terror of the conjuring woman, who "saw gods ascending out of the earth." Is the reader delighted with the soft lays, the easy numbers of the poet?

Let her listen to the majestic muse of Moses, David, Asaph, Job, Isaiah, or Jeremiah. Where will she find a more sublime specimen of *epic* poetry than the triumphal song of Moses and Miriam? or a more beautiful *duet* than that of Deborah and Barak? Where will she look for more elegant *lyrics* than those of the "sweet singer of Israel," or a more sentimental *allegory* than the songs of Solomon? Where will she find a more highly metaphoric composition than those of heaven-inspired Isaiah? or more pathetic tenderness than weeping Jeremiah sings in his *Lamentations* over his country's captivity? And what a theme for the poet's pen! Search where you will, you will find the noblest subjects of song contained in holy writ. Cowper, in his "Task," considers such topics as "The Sofa." Homer, in his *chef d'œuvre*, sings of the quarrels of two petty chiefs. But inspired writers have used their pens on the most exalted subjects.

One of the most admired among the British poets employs his muse upon the "Merry Wives of Windsor," "Love's Labors Lost," &c.: the eastern poets of inspiration, on the contrary, sang of God and his people, his goodness and their frailty. The Grecian poets, who were the most sublime among heathen nations, employed their rare talents upon ridiculous sports, vain warfare, and a false religion, which taught men to sacrifice to gods more beastly than themselves; but the Hebrew poets proclaim the works and attributes of a God who is all purity, beauty, and sublimity.

An eminently able commentator on the Bible says: "The whole collection of Psalms forms a sort of heroic *tragedy*." Contrast this, then, with "Othello," or "Macbeth," and how do the much admired tragedies of Shakspeare sink into insignificance! The latter sings of jealousies, murders, and ghosts; the former gives us the wise prophet, the anointed priest, the powerful king, or the three in *one* glorious and immaculate *Jesus*.

Does the reader look for moving *eloquence*? Let her peruse *Judah's speech* to Joseph, and if her heart be untouched, then indeed is nothing, to her, truly eloquent. Does she study the annals of painting, sculpture, or architecture? There is the accurate description of the tabernacle, or the temple, constructed for glory, and for beauty. Is the intellect interested, and the heart improved by *biography*? That of Abraham is unparalleled; that of Joseph, replete with thrilling adventure; that of Christ, matchless in interest. Is she aided in her researches by the regularity of *chronology*? Let her admire the beautiful order of "The Acts."

Does she pore over the living pages of *history* with riveted attention? Where is the history of such amazing interest as that penned by *Moses*? He wrote the earliest and most authentic narration of events ever published. With the other sacred historians, he gives us an account of that first great

event, the creation of the world, and a history of Adam's race down through a subsequent period of about four thousand years, to that still greater act of Divine goodness, the redemption of fallen, guilty man. Where shall we look for so extensive and comprehensive a narrative as that given by the illustrious "son of Pharaoh's daughter," the prince of historians? He records the lives and daring exploits of distinguished individuals, the rise and fall of nations, and the important and absorbing events of future ages. The *style* of sacred history is various. Sometimes it is animated poetry; at others, sober prose; but always in simplicity, not incompatible with grandeur. At one time the style of this inimitable work is *epic*, at another *dramatic*. Now it is a touching *pastoral*, then a flowing *lyric*.

Has the eloquence of the *logician*, or the simplicity of the evangelist led her captive? Under the logical reasonings of *St. Paul*, the listener is enchained. Even of the Roman governors, *one* trembles as this man of God reasons, another fancies, "Much learning doth make thee mad," and a bigoted king is almost persuaded to be a Christian by his eloquence. Follow him to Athens, and hear him successfully preaching "Jesus and the resurrection" to the literary, the patriotic, the chivalrous, but idolatrous. Pagan warriors, statesmen, poets, and philosophers, were among his edified listeners. Although he was a "setter forth of strange Gods," the learned and idolatrous hearkened to the Gospel he preached from the spot where they had been accustomed to hear the harangues of heathen philosophers. He quoted their own poets, as he declared the thrilling truths of Christianity. And with such success did he speak, that among others, under the first sermon, a man of high rank and education, an Areopagite, was converted. What modern pulpit oratory can compare with this? Does any seek for a *perfect code of morals*? Moses and Solomon have given for our instruction a wise and practical system of *laws* and *proverbs*. Add to these the unique and spiritual *sermon on the mount* from the lips of the Divine instructor, and she has a perfect and explicit rule of life—a *recipe for holy living*. M. J. A.

#### THE SNOW-BIRD.

There is a bird, God bless its feet,  
That chirps a music very sweet

Upon the snow.

Let other warblers come in spring,  
Amid the flowers their notes to sing,

And plumage show;

But give me yet that little bird,  
Whose cheerful voice is often heard

In winds that chill:

Blest emblem of God's child of grace,  
Whose soul the storm of woe can face,

And carol still.



## PLANETARY SYSTEM—MERCURY.

BY PROFESSOR WATERMAN.

BEFORE entering upon a description of the individual members of the solar system, a few statements may not be inappropriate in reference to them, viewed as a whole.

In the first place, they all move within a narrow zone or belt of the heavens, extending, with the exception of the asteroids, only to about seven degrees on either side of the ecliptic. Hence they are never seen north of the zenith in this country.

Again, the surfaces of all the planets are diversified by hills and vales. This is evident from the fact that they appear with a face like the moon, when seen through the telescope. That this appearance proves that their surfaces are uneven, may be easily illustrated by holding any perfectly smooth surface, as a polished metal ball, in the sun. If the surface be perfectly smooth, the ball will appear simply as a luminous point. If, however, it be rough, it will reflect light to the eye from every point, and, hence, present an entire hemisphere illuminated.

The plane in which the Earth moves around the sun is called the ecliptic; and although all the planets revolve also around the sun, none of them move in the same plane with the Earth: in other words, the planes of their orbits are all inclined to the plane of the ecliptic. The angle of inclination varies in each case; or, no two make the same angle. Thus, the angle included between the plane of the ecliptic and that of Mercury's orbit is about seven degrees. Venus' orbit makes an angle of three degrees and twenty-three minutes; Mars', one degree and fifty-one minutes; Jupiter's, one degree and eighteen minutes; Saturn's, two degrees and twenty-nine minutes, and Uranus', only forty-six minutes. The inclination of the orbits of the asteroids is considerably greater, one of them (Pallas) being no less than thirty-four degrees and thirty-four minutes! These planets, however, are not visible to the naked eye.

The *apparent* motions of all the planets are very irregular. Sometimes they appear advancing among the stars, sometimes stationary, and again retrograding. These motions are not uniform. Sometimes some appear advancing, while others are retrograding, and vice versa. The question may well here be asked, to what is this apparent irregularity owing? Have they a real orbital motion? If so, is it so irregular? or what causes this irregularity? The answer to this is two-fold. It arises from their own real change of position, and from the change of position of the observer. That the planets have a real motion of their own, is a fact now well ascertained. A different theory for a long time prevailed, previous to the time of Copernicus. This we shall have occasion to refer to more at large in the next number, when we come to speak of the Earth

as a planet. If, now, the position of the observer were stationary in reference to other bodies, their motions would appear regular, continually advancing until they had completed the entire circuit of the heavens and returned to the same point to renew their course. (This applies only to the superior planets, or those more distant from the Earth than the sun. Those between the Earth and sun would appear advancing and then retrograding, regularly.) If, however, the bodies themselves were stationary, and the position of the observer only should change, this of itself would effect a change in the apparent position of the planets as seen among the stars. This change would be regulated entirely by the law of change in the position of the observer, and the relative situation of the two bodies in respect to each other. A simple fact will illustrate this: if a person riding along a road, should select any object close by, to which he could make reference, all objects around it would appear in motion, those beyond moving in a direction opposite to his own, and with different velocities, owing to their relative positions in respect to the observer and the object of reference. Now if we suppose the planets to remain stationary, and the Earth to move around the sun, the stars beyond each planet would all appear moving in a direction contrary to the one the Earth was taking; or, which amounts to the same thing, the planet would appear moving among the stars, in an opposite to the Earth's annual motion around the sun. Let us suppose both of these causes in operation at the same time; that is, that the bodies themselves are in motion, and the position of the observer continually changing, the result would be, that while each, acting separately, would produce regularity in the apparent motions, the two acting conjointly, or at the same time, must necessarily produce very great irregularity. Thus does theory correspond with observation. And we can here see the reason of one fact which is often difficult of comprehension, viz., that the planets may really be moving in a direction *contrary* to that in which they *appear*, to an observer on the Earth, to be moving.

The *real* motions of the planets are in orbits around the sun. Copernicus supposed these orbits to be circular, and that the sun was situated at the centre. Newton ascertained that some were ellipses or ovals. But it was reserved for Kepler to demonstrate to the world the great laws of planetary motion, and which have since borne his name. The first of these is, that the planets might move in any one of the conic sections; that is, their orbits might be either circles, or ellipses, or parabolas, or hyperbolas. Subsequent discoveries have shown that nearly or quite all the planets move in elliptical orbits, having the sun in one of the foci. The shorter the distance between the centre of the ellipse and either focus, the nearer does such an ellipse approach to a circle. This distance is called the

eccentricity. The eccentricity of the planetary orbits varies, being in some only about six ten-thousandths of the longer semi-axis of the orbit; while in others it amounts to one-fourth of the semi-axis. The second great law of Kepler is, that the squares of the periodic times of any two planets is proportional to the cubes of their mean distances from the sun. For example: we know, from observation, that the periodic time of the Earth is a little more than 365 days; its mean distance from the sun is about 95,000,000 miles. By observations we ascertain that the periodic time of Jupiter, or the period occupied in passing from any point of its orbit to its return to the same point, is little more than 4,332 days, or nearly twelve years. Now, by the law of Kepler just named, we can readily ascertain, to a very near approximation, the true distance of Jupiter from the sun. Thus: as the square of the Earth's periodic time (365 days) is to the square of the periodic time of Jupiter, (4,332 days,) so is the cube of the Earth's mean distance (95,000,000 miles) to the cube of the mean distance of Jupiter. This mean distance is found to be a little more than 494,000,000 miles.\* This result has been verified by other methods, particularly by that of parallax, which we shall notice presently. By knowing, therefore, the distance of any one of the planets from the sun, and its periodic time, we can readily ascertain the distance of any other, if its periodic time be only known; and this is easily obtained by observation. The third law of Kepler is, that the radius vector, or the line joining the centre of the planet and the centre of the sun, passes over equal areas in equal times. The chief use of this law, we shall have occasion to notice and explain more fully hereafter.

There is one singular fact in reference to the periodic times of all the planets, which deserves particular notice. *Between no two does an exact ratio exist!* The periodic times of Jupiter and Saturn are nearly in the proportion of two to five. Jupiter's being 4,332.5848 days, and Saturn's, 10,759.2198. The ratio of no other two are as nearly expressed in whole numbers. La Place has demonstrated, that were it otherwise, no stability could exist in the system! Who, but an omniscient being could have known this beforehand, or have so exactly adjusted the different parts of this complex whole, as to insure its continued stability? Verily the heavens declare the wisdom of God, and the firmament shows his handiwork.

We have already stated that if the distance of one of the planets from the sun be accurately ascertained, the distances of others may be calculated by the second law of Kepler. But the query may arise, how is

the distance of this first one to be ascertained? This introduces to our notice the subject of *parallax*. If any object be seen from two different points not in the same straight line, the angle formed by joining the points of sight with the object, or the angle formed by the two visual rays, is called the angle of parallax, or, more simply, the parallax. This angle will depend upon the distance of the points of sight from each other, and from the object itself; for any given distance, the farther apart the points of sight are, the greater the parallax; and for any given distance between these points, the more remote the object the less the parallax. In viewing the heavenly bodies, the distance between the points of sight is generally the diameter of the Earth, and then only half of the observed angle is taken, to which the same name is applied. If the body be in the horizon, the angle of parallax is called the *horizontal parallax*. These things being premised, a slight knowledge of trigonometry only, is necessary to make the whole subject clear and intelligible. If we suppose the spectator, the centre of the Earth, and the centre of the body then in the horizon, all to be joined by right lines, we shall have formed a right-angled triangle, the base of which will be the distance between the spectator and the centre of the distant body; the altitude, the radius of the earth; the hypotenuse, the distance sought between the centres of the two bodies; and the angle at the base, the horizontal parallax. If this angle were only known, the hypotenuse could easily be found. Now, to find this angle, let us suppose two spectators on opposite sides of the Earth, viewing the same object, which, for illustration, we will suppose to be the planet Jupiter. Owing to its nearness to the Earth compared with the stars, the spectator at one point will see it in a different position with reference to those stars near it, from that in which it appears to the spectator on the opposite side of the Earth. If these positions be accurately noticed, the portion of the arc of a great circle comprehended between them, can be readily ascertained. This arc measures the double parallax, from which we can easily obtain the parallax itself. From the principles of trigonometry we have the proportion: as radius is to the sine of the horizontal parallax, so is the distance of the two bodies to the radius of the Earth. Thus the distance becomes known. And having been thus ascertained for one body, it may be found for others by the method of calculation before stated.

One thing still remains to be elucidated. We can readily ascertain the diameter of the Earth, the Earth itself having been repeatedly circumnavigated. But how are we to discover the magnitudes of the planets, after we have become acquainted with their respective distances from the sun? This gives rise to a new series of observations and calculations. Let us take the moon for an illustration. If we direct the telescope successively to the upper and

\*  $365^3 = 133,225$ .  $4332^3 = 18,766,224$ .  $95,000,000^3 = 857,375,000,000,000,000,000$ . Then  $133,225 : 18,766,224 :: 857,375,000,000,000,000,000 : 120,771,111,111,111,111,111,111,111$ ; the cube root of which is 494,296,590. It should here be noticed that the nearest whole numbers in every case have been used.

lower edge of the disc, we shall find the visual rays, drawn to the extremities of the vertical diameter, will form an angle of little more than half a degree. But the true length of this diameter will vary with the length of that portion of the visual ray joining the eye and the extremity of the diameter. Thus, if the visual ray were 1,000 miles in length, the diameter would be little more than nine miles; if 100,000, it would be 930 miles; if 240,000, (the moon's mean distance from the Earth,) it would be 2,232, which is very nearly the moon's true diameter. But if the object were 95,000,000 of miles, the true diameter would be no less than 883,500. Hence, the magnitude of distant bodies cannot be ascertained without knowing their distance from the observer. This being known, no difficulty occurs in finding their true dimensions.

Having detained the reader thus long with preliminaries, we proceed to take up the planets in order, beginning with

#### MERCURY.

This planet is the innermost one known. That there may be others beyond it and nearer to the sun, is by no means improbable, although we have no means of ascertaining their existence, should they have any. But from the fact that Mercury is invisible from the planet Saturn, it is by no means certain that our inability to discover them should be taken as evidence that they do not exist. It is a thought rather humiliating to the pride of human intellect, that the extremes of even our own system are beyond our grasp, even assisted by the most perfect aids to vision yet invented.

By the methods just explained, Mercury's distance from the sun is found to be about 37,000,000 miles, and its diameter about 3,200; so that its surface contains about 32,000,000 square miles, being about one-sixth of the extent of the Earth's surface.

This planet is seldom seen by the naked eye. Copernicus never saw it. Other astronomers have seen it three or four times only during a number of years of observation. So that for all our knowledge of it, beyond the simple fact of its existence, we are indebted to the telescope. And in fact we know less of Mercury, even with the aid of the telescope, although when nearest it, to the Earth it is only little more than 50,000,000 of miles distant, than we do of Jupiter, which is more than eight times more remote. The principal reason of this is found in the following fact: Mercury's orbit being interior to that of the Earth, it appears, when seen from the Earth, to oscillate back and forth, sometimes transiting the sun, and sometimes being eclipsed by it. The most distant point from the sun to which it appears to move, is about twenty-nine degrees on either side. Within this space it appears to oscillate six or seven times in the year. The consequence is, that the greater portion of the time it is sufficiently near to the sun to make it difficult of observation, on

account of the extreme relative brilliancy of the solar rays, and the fact that, being near the sun, the haziness of the horizon prevents, oftentimes, obtaining any thing but a distorted view. Several important facts have, notwithstanding, been discovered, the principal of which we shall now state.

Mercury is the densest of all the planets, being nine times denser than water, or about as dense as lead! The means of ascertaining this fact were stated in a former article. It revolves around the sun in an elliptical orbit, whose eccentricity is no less than 7,000,000 miles, or about one twenty-fifth of the whole transverse axis. Its period of revolution is eighty-seven days and twenty-three hours. Its motion in its orbit is the swiftest of all the planetary bodies, being no less than 109,800 miles per hour, or little more than thirty every second. In addition to its orbital motion, it revolves on its own axis every twenty-four hours, five minutes, twenty-eight seconds. The length of its day, therefore, does not differ much from our own.

Mercury's density being so much greater than the Earth's, the weight of bodies on its surface would be proportionably greater if it were as large. But the Earth contains material enough to make fifteen globes as large as Mercury. The two influences operating together nearly counterbalance each other; so that a pound of matter on the Earth's surface, if transported to this planet, would weigh one pound eight and a half drams.

Being so much nearer the sun than we, its light is much greater. The quantity of light enjoyed by the *Mercurians* is about six and two-thirds times greater than falls to the lot of Earth's inhabitants. The quantity of light on Uranus is 360 times less than on the Earth; so that the sun's brilliancy, as seen from Mercury, is 2,400 times greater than at the other extreme of our system. This excessive brilliancy, as before stated, militates very much against observation of this planet. Of the solar transits of Mercury, we shall have occasion to speak when we come to describe those of Venus.

Schroeter, an eminent German observer, states that he has distinctly seen mountains on the surface of this planet, the altitude of two of which he succeeded in measuring. One he found to be nearly one and a quarter miles high, (1 mile and 372 yards;) the other nearly eleven miles, (10 miles and 1,378 yards.) The method of ascertaining the height of mountains is two-fold—by means of their shadows, and by the distance of the bright spots from the dark part of the disc.

The length of this article, already, forbids an entrance upon a more full explanation of this subject at present. At a future period it will receive a more complete elucidation. From what has been already said, we can see something of that endless diversity and variety which marks the works of Deity. What a blissful theme for study during the ever-revolving ages of eternity!

## MEMORIES OF THE PAST.\*

BY JOSEPH M. GREENWOOD, A. M.

O'er the vast waters of the boundless past,  
 Where age on age hath ta'en its rapid flight,  
 What glittering ray is o'er its surface cast?  
 'Tis the warm beam of memory's beacon light.  
 It streams from some loved, solitary spot,  
 Where hope was bright, and friendship ever green—  
 Where every zephyr sighed, "Forget me not,"  
 And naught but joy was heard, or smiles were seen.  
 Time's ever-changing scenes may hide from view  
 The images once bright on memory's page;  
 But golden thoughts, as drops of morning dew,  
 Yet gild this spot, the best of boyhood's age.  
 We tread again these loved, familiar halls,  
 And turn from the strange throng the filling eye:  
 The sound of giddy mirth unwelcome falls  
 Upon the ear, and drowns the deep-drawn sigh.  
 O, tell me not 'tis weakness now to weep;  
 For fancy's wings my musing soul hath led  
 To by-gone scenes: there let it calmly sleep:  
 Too soon 'twill wake to find that they have fled.  
 I had a dream. The visions of the past  
 Were bright around me. Each familiar toun  
 A listless rapture o'er my senses cast,  
 And forms once loved on earth now heav'nly  
 shone;  
 But one bright, angel form came fitting by,  
 Enrobed in fancy's glittering attire,  
 And on her brow the impress, "Memory,"  
 Shone as if kindled by celestial fire.  
 She came the leader of a chosen band,  
 Whose hearts were bound to ours by friendship's  
 ties.  
 Ah, Death! how soon he chills the clasped hand!  
 'Tis when love's flame glows brightest that it dies.  
 Though they were earth's no more, around each head  
 The circling wreaths of friendship yet were green;  
 And Death's dark, cheerless tracery had fled  
 From forms now glowing bright with heav'nly  
 sheen.  
 Methought the stirring music of their lyres  
 Recalled the blissful memories of the past,  
 And roused into a flame the kindling fire  
 So long suppressed beneath death's chilling blast.  
 My soul, enraptured, drank the flowing strain:  
 The trembling heart-strings chimed in unison:  
 Fain would my soul for ever there remain,  
 To hear the songsters as they thus begun:  
 Welcome to our sacred shore,  
 Thou wanderer from earth,  
 Join our little band, and o'er  
 Earth's dreary desert roam no more,  
 Far from thy native hearth.

\* Delivered at the annual meeting of the alumni of America Seminary.

What charms around thy spirit twine,  
 Enticing thee to stay!  
 The flowers of youth will quickly pine,  
 And hope's bright planet cease to shine,  
 Cheering the dreary way.  
 Come while hope is brightly beaming  
 In thy young and tearless eye;  
 While thy heart is vainly dreaming  
 That those hopes will never die.  
 Come while thy life's a sinless stream,  
 Unruffled by earth's madd'ning care,  
 And o'er its surface hope's gay beam  
 Falls heav'nly bright, serenely fair.  
 The music ceased; but oft their murmuring song  
 Plays 'mong the trembling chords of fancy's lyre.  
 O, memory! to whom these strains belong,  
 E'er warm this altar with thy kindling fire.  
 Let sorrow's gathering clouds o'erspread the soul,  
 And make it shudder 'neath the threat'ning blast;  
 But hide not from my vision memory's scroll:  
 O, may that picture brighten to the last.  
 The strong, resistless currents of the heart,  
 The ever shifting course of passion's wind,  
 That spurn the feeble guide of reason's chart,  
 And leave naught but a roving wreck behind:  
 Here may the wandering soul a refuge find,  
 Securely staid by memory's magic chain,  
 Around whose varied links are close entwined  
 Joys that have fled to come no more again.  
 The past! How sad it falls upon the ear!  
 The winding sheet of millions in the tomb,  
 Ambition's requiem, proud glory's bier,  
 It spreads over all its deep oblivious gloom.  
 The troubled surface of time's rapid stream  
 Hath closed o'er myriads in the passing year,  
 And life, to them a troubled, transient dream,  
 Hath ended, and our tribute is a tear.  
 How sadly on the ear of musing thought  
 Falls the remembrance of departed years!  
 The pride of conquest, glory, fame, are naught  
 But a slight record, dimmed with sorrow's tears.  
 Where now those valiant kings, who, ages gone,  
 Swayed with a mighty arm the conqueror's sword?  
 Where now the myriad hosts, who, brave at morn,  
 At eve were weltering in commingled blood?  
 Where now Jerusalem, whose mighty wall  
 Frowned in defiance o'er the wreck of time?  
 Well might her altars totter to their fall,  
 When stained with human blood, and steeped in  
 crime.  
 A few lone, moss-grown columns now remain  
 Of all that Greece could boast of wealth or art.  
 Go view her ruined splendor, nor restrain  
 The bitter tear that will unbidden start.  
 The conqueror's wreath lies moldering in his clay:  
 Inspired lips are silent in the tomb:  
 Thus do earth's gaudy trappings fade away;  
 And this, vain-glorious victory, is thy doom.

Stand by the marble slab that marks the grave  
 Of freedom's foe, ambition's servile son,  
 Where Helena's lone willows sadly wave  
 O'er the cold relics of Napoleon.  
 Swift as the passage of a falling star,  
 He rose, he fought, he conquered, and he fell.  
 While yet his meteor splendor shone afar,  
 He, a lone exile, bade the world farewell.  
 A bleeding nation groaned his funeral knell,  
 And burning cities were his funeral pyres;  
 Death only could his restless spirit quell,  
 And quench ambition's burning, withering fires.  
 But mid the dark war-tempests of the past,  
 High in the arch of fame, shines one bright sun:  
 No clouds their shadows o'er its splendor cast:  
 Peerless it beams—the orb of Washington.  
 Grant me no greater pride, no higher aim,  
 Than worship at thy altar, Liberty!  
 To feel the heart-strings vibrate at thy name,  
 And sing the anthem, Washington and thee.  
 I ask no jeweled crown to deck my brow,  
 No ermined robe, or empty pageantry;  
 But crowned with freedom's chaplet, let me bow  
 Before her shrine a humble votary.

I strayed among the chambers of the dead,  
 And saw the wreck of human pride—a name;  
 Where proud Ambition laid his restless head  
 Beside the beggar's weary, tottering frame.  
 But, hush! tread lightly! hear that heavy sigh,  
 And see the weeping maiden kneeling there.  
 Earth's greatest charm, love's strongest, holiest tie  
 Is broken, and she bows her head in prayer.  
 No more the rose of joy illumines her cheeks,  
 Love's diamond brilliants sparkle in her eye—  
 No more the halls of gladness now she seeks  
 To quench the anguish of her burning sigh.  
 O, who can tell the sorrows of that soul,  
 Whose very life was nurtured by its love,  
 When death's cold shadows 'round the loved one roll,  
 And he lies buried while she weeps above!  
 She waters with her tears the op'ning rose,  
 But lately planted on his new-made tomb,  
 Tinged with her lover's blood, that brightly glows  
 Upon the petals crimsoned with its gloom.

And are all here? Let memory recall  
 The scenes of other years—our schoolboy hours,  
 When hope's false, flattering mirror showed to all  
 A certain future, strewn with joy's gay flowers.  
 Whose eye more dazzled with its inward fire?  
 Where kindled rosy health on warmer cheek?  
 Where swept the strains of love a sweeter lyre,  
 Than in that form we now too vainly seek?  
 What if, at parting, flowed the tears of sorrow—  
 What though our bosoms heaved the bitter sigh!  
 We hoped, though parting now, to meet to-morrow,  
 And could not dream that they so soon would die.  
 Is there a heart around whose inmost chords  
 Their mem'ries float not like a mournful strain?

How deep with feeling were those parting words,  
 That bade a "farewell till we meet again!"  
 O what a cloud of sadness darkens o'er  
 The soul's bright surface at the word farewell—  
 To feel that we can hear that voice no more,  
 Whose sweetness thrilled us with its magic spell—  
 To know the last, low, trembling word is spoken,  
 That like a death-knell chills the aching heart!  
 Then the fond dream of happiness is broken,  
 And unavailing tears unbidden start.  
 To some loved ones the last farewell is given,  
 Whose hopes were brighter, hearts than ours more  
 gay:  
 The charm that bound us Death's dread scythe hath  
 riven,  
 And they are mingling with the senseless clay.  
 Who has not laid in memory's inmost shrine  
 The name of some beloved, departed friend,  
 Round which the heart's strong chords will closely  
 twine,  
 While life and memory their beams extend?

But cease, my muse, thy theme, nor longer sigh  
 O'er the cold grave of long-departed years.  
 The Present beams its light on every eye,  
 Bright'ning at once her joys, and sorrow's tears.  
 Amid time's passing clouds it bright appears,  
 And decks the future with its rainbow light—  
 The arch of hope, that high its splendor rears  
 Above the portals of that depthless night.  
 Unending hope! when sorrow's tempests rise,  
 And spread relentless o'er the trembling soul,  
 Thy bow of promise kindles in the skies,  
 And gayly tints the future's mystic scroll.  
 Thy ray can pierce the midnight dungeon's gloom,  
 And brighten to a smile its dark despair,  
 Dispel the deathly shadows of the tomb,  
 And beam in quenchless radiance e'en there.  
 When the soul's dewy sadness fills the eye,  
 And earthly joys shrink tremblingly away,  
 O how it longs on angel's wings to fly,  
 Directed by hope's ever-kindling ray.  
 Hope on, my ever-trusting spirit, still,  
 Drink in the music of that heavenly strain,  
 Whose joyful notes the trembling heart-strings thrill,  
 "We'll meet in heaven, to part no more again."

## THE JUDGMENT.

BY REV. T. HARRISON.

THE judgment day will come—  
 The last loud trumpet sound—  
 The dead shall rise—the Judge descend,  
 With power and glory crowned.

Man's sentence shall be passed—  
 Nature's great fabric fall—  
 Christ's mediatorial reign shall close,  
 And God be all in all!

## CONSECRATION OF CHILDREN.

BY MISS M. E. WENTWORTH.

BAING them to Christ—what offering is more meet  
 Than the sweet meed of childhood innocence?  
 Shall the pure heart be touched by early sin  
 Before ye give it back to God, who lent  
 It you spotless and pure? or will ye wait  
 Till guilt has garnered up its stores of wrath  
 Against a rebel soul? or else till care  
 Has fettered fast your thoughts to earthly good,  
 So that ye have no sacrifice for God?  
 Or would ye bring out from the rust of wealth  
 The cankered gold, or from the hard-wrought  
 mines,  
 Where slaves weep tears of blood o'er polished  
 stones,  
 Your hoarded stores, peerless to worldly eyes;  
 But to the gem that gilds an angel's crown,  
 A timid light, shamed by resplendent day?  
 Or would ye bring treasures of knowledge deep?  
 Or classic lore that wins an earthly name,  
 For which ambition sells eternal life?  
 Gold for the crown that fades when the fleet pulse  
 Lies still in death! Fame for the wreath that smiles  
 In summer suns, then dies like beauty's flush  
 Consumed on hectic cheeks! These for the world!  
 But not for God! Could gold increase his wealth,  
 Whose jewels are the stars—whose crown the sun—  
 Whose truth-taught mirrors are the glassy lakes—  
 Whose gorgeous halls, strewed with a thousand  
 flowers,  
 Are valleys fair, or wooded hills upreared  
 To heaven—teachers and witnesses for God!  
 Could the mild dew that weeps on summer flowers  
 Add to the rain that floods the thirsty earth—  
 Could a tear swell the ocean's broad expanse—  
 Could time fill up eternity's abyes,  
 Then might ye bring for God the wealth of schools:  
 For him whose eye notes every fleeting thought,  
 And catches from the tables of the soul  
 The trace it leaves, as limners sieze the shade  
 On canvas left.  
 Mountains of gold, or glory's proudest name,  
 Weighed with a sinless heart, outbalanced sink!  
 Dear, meek-eyed mother, with your gentle babe—  
 Father, whose pulse is bounding high with love,  
 Come to the shrine of God—your offering bring!  
 The passions hushed, the will subdued, like waves  
 In sunlight calm, lulled by the wind's low song—  
 The rush of thought across the wondering brain,  
 Soothed by the beating of the light-winged pulse,  
 Asleep, in dreams of innocence and heaven!  
 Who for the sinless Dove such offering brings?  
 Who from his household flock will bring a lamb  
 For God? Droops the soft lash on dimpled cheek,  
 Like withering petals round their stems, so thirsts  
 The fainting soul for heaven's baptismal dew!

## PARTING.

To part with those we fondly love;  
 To utter faint the word *farewell*;  
 To feel the heart's quick throbbings beat;  
 To view the heaving bosom swell;  
 To press the lips with tearful eye,  
 And place affection's signet there;  
 To feel the hand with trembling seized,  
 While clasped to breathe a silent prayer,  
 Is sad indeed.  
 But Hope speeds Time's more sluggish step,  
 And brings the distant future near:  
 She spans the intervening space,  
 That its bright scenes the heart may cheer:  
 She shows affection's warm embrace,  
 Where heart to heart thrills joyously,  
 And love unchanged—save by increase—  
 Revealed by either sparkling eye,  
 Which greets return.  
 And then the long up-treasured tale,  
 Which mutual joys and griefs revealed,  
 And thoughts too deep for utterance,  
 Which till that hour had been concealed,  
 And all the heart's pure wealth of love,  
 Which each for other had preserved,  
 Now mingle in one common stream  
 Of social bliss, pure, undisturbed  
 By fear of change.  
 Thus Hope relieves the present pain,  
 And soothes the anguished, riven heart;  
 Thus breathes her genial influence o'er  
 The scene, when friends are called to part.  
 Blest herald of a happier day!  
 I greet thee with a heartfelt glow:  
 May thy predictions be fulfilled—  
 Thy visions realized below—  
 I'll ask no more.

G. W.

## THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

O ENVY not the child of mirth,  
 That revels, as the summer bee,  
 Upon the fading flowers of earth:  
 Let heaven-born Hope thy solace be.  
 Sometimes to taste affliction's cup,  
 Perchance may be thy bitter lot;  
 'Tis then this Hope will bear thee up,  
 And give thee joys that earth hath not.  
 E'en in life's rudest, wildest form,  
 This is the Hope can whisper "peace"—  
 Can succor thee amid the storm,  
 And bid the raging tempest cease—  
 This is the Hope that can illumine  
 The dark, lone chamber of the grave—  
 Chase from the future all its gloom,  
 And buoy thee up on Jordan's wave.

W. N. H.

## NOTICES.

**DOWLING'S HISTORY OF ROMANISM.**—This is a spirited, well written work, compiled from creditable though not, as we suppose, original sources, and ornamented with very fine steel engravings. Printed on fair type, and on excellent paper, it forms a neat and attractive octavo of some eight or nine hundred pages. It contains some expressions which we should have been reluctant to use, and something of that spirit of censoriousness which characterizes many of the works on this subject. The records of the Roman Church present many black pages; but we should not forget that they are fringed with light. The history of popes is a history of revolting errors; but we must distinguish between the faults of the time and the faults of the men. Calvin burnt Servetus; the Puritans once persecuted Quakers and killed witches. The cardinal principles both of the doctrine and government of the Roman Church we believe to be wrong; yet we cheerfully concede that the former contains much truth and the latter much excellence. Although we are not without serious apprehensions in relation to the increase of Romanism in the United States, we do not entertain as much fear as many. We believe that the spirit of the age will either subvert the institutions of Romanism, or very essentially and beneficially modify them. Who are fiercer or more jealous democrats than the Irish and German Catholics among us? Can they who are accustomed to the exercise of civil rights be long held in ecclesiastical bondage? Can they who enjoy a free interchange of opinion on political topics, and listen to harangues on republican principles, be long blinded and silenced by a priesthood, however ingenious and united? Do we not, in Catholic churches in this country, hear the rumbling that precedes the earthquake, and witness here and there an eruption that indicates pent up and agitated fires. Protestantism is in more danger from Catholic schools than from any other quarter. These, perhaps, indicate design on the part of the Catholic Church more clearly than any other stroke of her policy. She does not found such institutions in Catholic countries, as Spain, Italy, or Ireland. Nor does she establish them here for her own ignorant youth. If we have been correctly informed, even her orphan asylums are filled with the children of Protestants, while many of her own poor are unprovided for. Her plan of alluring youth to these institutions is indicative of guile; and her policy in proselyting those within them, however insidious, is generally effectual.

We have sometimes thought that in this country too much importance was unwittingly given to the Catholic Church, by declaiming against her political designs, and magnifying her political power: the sure way to make her combine her influence, and to cause politicians to bid high for her suffrages.

Protestants, who have confidence in their principles, are not afraid to meet Catholics upon a fair field, only give us an open Bible, and an unfettered tongue. How does the Catholic priest tremble when he sees the word of life among his people! If Luther cut his way through hosts of enemies in a dark age, and with only the sword of the Spirit, what have we to fear?

It appears to us that any thing calculated to repel the Catholics is fitted to strengthen them; whereas, that treatment which will win their confidence and give us access to them, will surely secure us the victory. And our facilities for this purpose are great. Most of our

Papists are laborers, dependent on Protestants, and many of them are living in the bosom of Protestant families. Let them, then, be treated in the spirit of kindness and charity, and they will soon be capable of reasoning and of being reasoned with on all matters pertaining to their faith.

There is no resisting the light that is pouring in floods upon the world. The institutions, both civil and ecclesiastical, which originated in dark ages, must be modified or overthrown. Names may be retained, and buildings and garments may appear the same; but in principles and spirit old things must pass away—all things must become new, save truth, which is eternal, and, like God, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

Apparently, indeed, the Catholic Church is putting forth unwonted energies, and making amazing advances; but does the appearance correspond with the reality? While she is gaining *extrinsic* influence is she not losing *intrinsic* power? The more she increases her *centrifugal* force, the less becomes her *centripetal*. How feeble is her hold upon France and England! By how attenuated an attraction does she draw the turbulent masses of the United States! Her recent conquests among us are like the victory of Pyrrhus over the ancient Romans: they will lead her to sue for peace. They have opened a communication to the heart of Austria, through which Protestant, democratic America will pour hot streams of argument that neither her Church nor state can endure. Already has a second Luther arisen in Germany, who is likely to be a consuming fire to Roman despotism. In vain may European governments suppress American periodicals. If this channel be closed, the stream of republican feeling and argument will break over Catholic Europe through private intercourse; for it is not in Germany alone that it is felt: Italy herself sits upon a political volcano.

We have wandered, and must return. Dowling's work will be found interesting and useful, and, we doubt not, will be extensively read. Perhaps it is better adapted to the popular reader than the work of Dr. Elliott, but will not, we judge, compare with it for accuracy and depth of research. Dr. Elliott had access to original sources, and his work is a monument of scientific labor.

**FIRST BOOK OF DRAWING: being Exercises for Children on the Slate and Black-board.** By W. and R. Chambers.

**INTRODUCTION TO THE SCIENCES.** By W. and R. Chambers.

**RUDIMENTS OF ANIMAL PHYSIOLOGY.** By Dr. G. Hamilton.

These are numbers two, three, and four of Dr. Reese's improved edition of Chambers' Educational Course. Published by Sorin & Ball. We are very much pleased with these school books. They are designed to introduce the young mind to an acquaintance with nature, and admirably are they adapted to this end. We hope they will be taken into our school-rooms generally. They will awaken curiosity, excite habits of observation and inquiry, and store the mind with much valuable knowledge.

**A YEAR WITH THE FRANKLINS; or, To Suffer and be Strong.** By E. Jane Cate. Harper & Brothers.

**BOARDING OUT; or, Domestic Life.** Harper & Brothers.

We suppose these tales are well written, and designed to convey a good moral.

**PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND:** *being a History of the People, as well as the Kingdom, down to the Reign of George III. To be Completed in Forty Numbers.* New York: Harper & Brothers.—"The leading design of this work is to present a history of the people as well as a history of the kingdom, pursuing the investigation of the past, and the progress of the country and its inhabitants in various interesting directions, to which the authors of the most popular of English histories have only slightly and incidentally referred." It will form four elegant volumes, imperial octavo, and, we presume, constitute a very valuable book.

**JOURNAL OF RESEARCHES INTO THE NATURAL HISTORY AND GEOLOGY OF THE COUNTRIES VISITED DURING THE VOYAGE OF H. M. S. BEAGLE ROUND THE WORLD.** By Charles Darwin, A. M., F. R. S.—This is one of that interesting series of books now in process of publication under the title of Harper's New Miscellany. The voyage of the Beagle was performed for scientific purposes, and under the direction of the British government. The author of the book before us, it seems, accompanied the vessel under the sanction of the admiralty. In this work he has given a narrative of the voyage, and a popular sketch of his scientific observations, particularly in natural history and geology.

**THE WESTERN LANCET AND MEDICAL LIBRARY.**—This is a monthly journal, published at Lexington, edited by Professor Lawson, and devoted to medical and surgical science. The last number, being the first of the fifth volume, is before us, from which we are happy to see that the work has been increased in size, improved in appearance, and elevated in tone. So far as we may be permitted to judge, we have no hesitation in pronouncing it creditable to the medical profession in the west.

In turning over the pages of the present number, we thought we discovered a feeling of jealousy flowing through portions of the work, and particularly transparent in the review of Dr. Gross' *Elements of Pathological Anatomy*; a book which, with all its sins of omission and commission, is an honor to western medicine, as well as to its indefatigable, philosophical, and enlightened author.

**LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.**—This is one of the best periodicals of the times. It consists of selections from the ablest journals and reviews of the English language, chiefly British. Some of its tales are too long, many of its scraps too short, and much of its poetry too flat; but generally its pages are at once beautiful and profound.

**THE CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER AND SOUTHERN METHODIST** has become a graceful monthly. It is still edited by Rev. E. Stevenson, and devoted to religion, science, and art. The first number in the new form is before us. It has an air of cheerfulness, an exuberance of fancy, and spirit of independence with which we are pleased. It eschews not the delicate subject of slavery, but discusses it with a manly boldness, yet in meekness of wisdom. These remarks are restricted, of course, to the original department; for the work is partly made up of selected matter. We wish brother Stevenson great success in spreading the truth, and a generous support for his labors.

The second number of the **QUARTERLY JOURNAL AND REVIEW** has been issued, and is as creditable as its

predecessor. We congratulate the editor upon his commencement, and can, with some confidence, assure his patrons that they will find the work improve under his management. An independent thinker, an indefatigable student, let him but guard well the spirit of his pages, and he will always commend himself to an enlightened and virtuous people.

On many important subjects we disagree with the *Journal and Review*; nevertheless, we like to read its views. Let us have free discussion.

We are astonished at the low price of this periodical, namely, one dollar per annum. Who now is too poor to take a quarterly?

**THE BIBLICAL REPOSITORY AND CLASSICAL REVIEW** has fully sustained its high character under the able editorship of Rev. Mr. Agnew, and we are sorry to see that he has left his editorial chair for a professor's seat; but we congratulate the University of Michigan on the acquisition of so valuable an addition to her faculty.

**THE METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW** is, we think, steadily improving. The last number came unusually well freighted. But it needs no commendation at our hands.

**THE KNICKERBOCKER** has visited us regularly since we came hither; and its editorial table has often alleviated our dyspepsy, by quickening our diaphragm. Notwithstanding the numerous richly embellished magazines which have sprung into existence lately, we still think that the *Knickerböcker* maintains its place as prince of the periodicals of its class.

#### EDITOR'S TABLE.

**VALEDICTORY.**—My readers are already apprised of my resignation, and the cause of it. I must now bid them farewell. Not being acquainted with the usual form and topics of an editor's valedictory, I am somewhat at a loss. The dictates of my heart lead me, at the outset, to return thanks to friends to whom I am indebted. And first to those who have kindly interested themselves in extending the circulation of this work, particularly brothers Shaffer, Goodfellow, Ward, Weekly, Phillips, and others, of the western conferences. Perhaps the reader may wonder why I feel any gratitude for such services, inasmuch as my salary has not in any degree depended upon our subscription list; but if he should ever become an editor himself, he will readily solve the problem. An increase of subscribers to a periodical encourages the editor, enlarges the sphere of his usefulness, and enables him to ask for his salary with less reluctance. I am very thankful, also, to my correspondents, who have so ably and cheerfully contributed to the columns of the *Repository*. A few have been paid a paltry sum; but most have written without compensation or hope of reward. In selecting from the numerous offerings presented me, I have no doubt often been partial and injudicious. Let him who is perfect in judgment, and free from the bias of friendship, cast the first stone at my window. That some of the authors of articles which I have rejected have taken offense I am well aware; but the kindness of others, who have taken pains to convince me that my condemnation of their productions has not diminished their friendship, has more than compensated for any pain which the unforgiving have inflicted. The highest favor I



have received, since my connection with the Repository, came from the hand of a beloved brother immediately after I had declined the publication of an article of his. To many of our exchanges I am much indebted for their friendly notices. To none perhaps so much as to the Lutheran Observer, whose approbation we believe no publication can earn, if wanting in good sense, or a catholic, Christian spirit. Much favor from exchanges the Repository had no right to expect. Too religious for the secular, and too secular for the religious, too volatile for the serious, and too serious for the volatile, the utmost we can expect from most of our contemporaries is, that they will not assail us. This they have not done, although we *know* we have been very vulnerable; and we heartily thank them for their mercy. From our own periodicals we had a right to expect kindness, and we have not been disappointed. The present editor came into the office at a period of division and strife; but he is happy to say that the Repository has been permitted to circulate in all sections without meeting the opposition of any.

We stated that we should impress the work with its proper denominational stamp; not that we intended to employ it as a vehicle for advocating sectarian peculiarities, but that our contributions would generally bear marks of Methodistical modes of thought, and feeling, and illustration. How could it be otherwise? Hence, we had reason to fear the petty jealousies of other denominations. That we have not encountered them we are pleased, and that any periodicals of other Churches have welcomed and commended our pages, is evidence that they stand upon a lofty summit, above the fogs that encompass most of us. May editor and reader "go and do likewise!"

That I have made no mistakes I cannot hope. Coming to the office without any editorial experience, and destitute of the cultivated taste and the habits of accuracy which are required in an editor, it were strange had I committed no blunders.

Within the limited walk assigned the Repository, it is exceedingly difficult to find attractive themes. Could we enter the arena of political or religious warfare, we should soon become an object of interest with thousands within the borders of our denomination, that now scarce know of our existence, so busy are they taking care of the universe. But the Repository is bound to avoid the scenes of agitation and contention—to discard the noisy elements of discord and strife. Could we become the special advocate of the peculiarities of the creed, or of the ecclesiastical organization of any Church, we should find favor with multitudes who feel at present no interest in our pages—zealots, too busy to read any thing which has no *direct* relation to the tone or accents of their shibboleth. Or if we could indulge in fiction, we could please hosts of love-sick swains and lasses, and intoxicated dames, who are too far beyond the sober, reasoning world to be pleased with any thing that is real or natural. But we have limited ourselves strictly to the realms of truth.

The Repository aims to be too pure for an ungodly age—too calm for an excited one—too liberal for a bigoted one. Popularity, therefore, it need never expect. But it has received a support—we are happy to add, increasing favor. It has yielded enough to make glad the hearts of many an aged pilgrim, who, having spent his days in preaching the Gospel without compensation, is without means of support in his declining years, and

many of the widows and orphans of such as have gone down to the grave, leaving no legacy to their families but the praise of all the Churches.

We would fain hope that our pages have been of some service besides procuring pecuniary aid for the needy. If we have contributed in any degree to recall the prodigal to a father's arms, to restrain the dissolute from scenes of dissipation, to save innocence from defilement, and beauty from the deformity of wicked passion—if we have beguiled the hours of sickness with profitable amusement, or those of leisure with peaceful meditations—if we have prevented the introduction into the families of our subscribers of a periodical literature poisoned with infidelity, or tinctured with immorality, or imbued with intoxicating or enervating influences—if we have contributed to the peace, and quietness, and affection of that loveliest of all earthly spots, the family hearth, or led out its youthful minds to the contemplation of nature and science, and, above all, the glorious and momentous revelations of the Bible, surely we have done something—all we hoped.

In reviewing what we have written, we see lines which, "dying, we might wish to blot." We are happy to say that we have written nothing in an unkind spirit. If we have wounded the feelings of any one, we crave pardon. Sure we are, we have penned no line for the Repository when our hearts could not sincerely have prayed for the whole family of man. We know no enemy: we *will* know none: God forbid that the sun should ever go down upon our wrath, or rise without finding us praying, "Forgive our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us!" We may, however, have indulged, at times, in a spirit of levity unbecoming our calling, and the character of our work. If so, we are sorry, and would fain neutralize any improper influence it may have exerted. Religion should be *cheerful*; but they who are first to accuse her of gloom, are last to forgive her if she assume an aspect of gayety.

It is a painful reflection that what is written cannot easily be blotted out; but the reader should reflect, that he as well as the writer is every moment making impressions more enduring than brass. The web of thought may be immortal as the soul that weaves it. "Sweet speech" may either waft spirits to the skies, or blast them in eternal death. Nor are we accountable merely for what we do, but also for what we leave undone. If the gentle dew distilling upon the tender grass bespeaks the Divine benevolence, and we heed it not—if the earthquake proclaims God's wrath, and we are deaf to the voice—if the heavens declare his glory, and we close our ears to the revelation—if the firmament showeth his handiwork, and we turn our eyes from the sight, shall we not, nevertheless, be accountable for all these sources of instruction? If we can save a sinner from the error of his ways, and do it not—if we might lead the saint to higher degrees of holiness, and we fail to put forth our efforts—if we might show the spicy hills of Zion, and the streaming blood of Calvary, and we fail to point them out, shall not God for all these things bring us into judgment? In view of these principles, mournful is the retrospection of an editor's life. How many the sources of valuable knowledge placed within his reach! how numerous the minds brought under his influence! Pardon me, gentle reader, if I betray emotion when I remember how much moral land God has permitted me to cultivate for the past two years, and how little its fragrance

has been "like the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed." Still may I not hope that I have planted some flowers of paradise, some roses of Sharon, some trees of heaven? My prayer is, "Awake, O north wind, and come thou south: blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out."

And yet there are pleasant things in the life of an editor. We like to look over our subscription list. We find the names of many friends of our childhood—now far distant—rarely heard of—but often brought to mind with cherished recollections—companions with whom we studied *hic, hæc, hoc* in the morning, tossed the ball in the common at noon, and trundled the hoop through the streets at night. And then we have not forgotten those other early friends, the partners of our less noisy sports—happy days when the earth wheeled us round the sun in no time. Pleasant were our anticipations of spring; for then we could go to the sugar-camp together. What sport in crossing the little run on the old sycamore log! how we laughed when one, in displaying his skill and gallantry, made a misstep and fell into the swollen waters! And then, as we stood around the camp-kettle, how much sweeter were the words we spoke than the waters we stirred—the lips we looked at than the cups we filled for them. Buoyant were our expectations of summer, because then we could make engagements, at morn to brush the dew from the grass, at noon to sit side by side in the shade of the old tree behind the school-house, and at evening to gather hazelnuts by the road-side, or strawberries on the plain, or wild flowers behind the grave-yard, looking through the fence as we passed to gaze upon the new-made graves. Joyous were our hopes of fall, because that was the time to wander along the river bank, to gather the fruits of the wilderness, competing for the admiration of the lasses by climbing the trees and filling the baskets, or starting the deer from the water's edge, or killing the snake that lurked in our pathway, and holding up his rattles as a trophy. But most of all we wished for winter; for that was the season for spelling-matches and corn-huskings, of snow-balls and singing schools, of big meetings and big backlogs, of short lessons and long sleigh-rides. Alas! modern refinement has almost rendered the names obsolete. But we remember. Well, the dear companions of our juvenile pastimes, where are they? There lies one, who slowly withered under the breath of that angel whose commission is to destroy the loveliest of the lovely, who wreaths roses as if in mockery around his victim's brow, and strews poppies in her pathway to the tomb. There is another, the victim of a more fell destroyer: he lives—a walking corpse. There lies one, who, in her pride of beauty, and of excellence, died of a broken heart, seeking refuge from unendurable sorrows in the oblivion of the grave. But here and there is one struggling for wealth, or distinction, or surrounded by cares and anxieties, or looking round upon a happy, rising family. Well, it is pleasing, very pleasing to think, when I write for the Repository, that they will feel an interest in reading. And then how many others have I on my list, the acquaintances of riper years, whose hospitality, and sympathies, and counsel I have enjoyed, and to whom I have sustained relations holy and endearing. Some of them have smoothed my pillow in sickness, and cheered my heart in sadness. Many dear on their own account, are doubly so on account of deceased parents. I have many whose acquaintance I have formed in this office.

Pleasant lines have we read sometimes, which the public eye hath not seen. I really feel sad in bidding farewell; nor need we wonder. It is painful to part from even inanimate objects that have long been associated with our agreeable friends and happy hours. The captive Jew hung his harp upon the willows of Babylon, and sat down upon its banks to weep when he thought of Zion. How much more painful to part with friends with whom we have taken sweet counsel, and walked to the house of God in company. But change is the law of our being. The scenes which know us now, will shortly know us no more for ever; for here we have no abiding place. We are strangers and pilgrims, as were all our fathers, moving steadily and rapidly to the "narrow house." Well, though we have here no continuing city, we seek one to come. My hand begins to tremble. May writer and reader meet in that land where the inhabitants never say, "I am sick." Farewell, printer, reader, correspondent, friend—an affectionate farewell!

E. THOMSON.

NOTES OF PROGRESS.—Within two years past the following new arrangements have been made in this work:

1. The insertion of regular monthly embellishments.
2. Simultaneous publication at this city and New York.

3. The work has become *entirely* original. It has been original in the main from the beginning, but not exclusively so, until within a year or eighteen months past.

4. Many and important additions have been made to the list of correspondents.

I propose, with deference, the following additional improvements:

1. Let the embellishments be the portraits of distinguished and pious females, accompanied with brief and lively biographical sketches.
2. Let the work be increased by the addition of eight pages.
3. Let the matter be of a more light and agreeable character.

I shall still feel a deep interest in the Repository, and I sincerely hope and believe that its subscription list, which has, for sometime past, been steadily increasing, will continue to increase until it reaches 20,000. Let the ladies take an interest in its circulation. It is theirs: let them see that it be well sustained, as it is specially intended to please, to edify, and to improve their sex. They can render it as beautiful, as pure, and as charming as they please. Let it not be said that the ladies of the Methodist Episcopal Church are deficient in literary taste or enterprise.

OUR PRESENT NUMBER.—The first article, we need not say, is from an able pen. Though not precisely adapted to our work, we inserted it with cheerfulness, knowing that, though the ladies may not be particularly interested in it, they have acquaintances who will be happy to read it. The next article is well worthy a prayerful perusal: it is not the croaking of the slug-gard, but the warning of mature age and ripe scholarship. We do not, however, subscribe to all the writer's views. His first objection to the classics proves too much: it would equally apply to the natural sciences. His second, as we conceive, is founded upon a partial view: it overlooks the counteracting influences which are found in the colleges of a Christian land. Is it not impossible to induce one acquainted with Christian literature to regard in other than a proper light the idols of mythology? A similar answer may be

given to the third. It supposes that classical studies are the exclusive ones. The fourth and last shows that certain books should be expurgated before they are used, or laid aside entirely. Well, there are plenty of good works left, such as Cicero's Orations. Of this, however, our readers can judge as well as ourselves. We commend the whole article to their favorable consideration. It is worthy of its author, and with the exception of the concluding paragraphs, on which we have commented, has our cordial approbation. The article of Professor Johnson of the Ohio Wesleyan University, concluded in this number, will be read with interest, as well for the beauty of the style as the thrilling nature of the narrative. M. J. A. is a new correspondent, whose continued favor we bespeak for our successor. Neither editor nor proof-reader will have any trouble with her communications. But the neatness of her manuscripts and the beauty of her penmanship constitute her least praise. Our faithful correspondents, Miss Burrough, Professor Larrabee, and Professor Waterman still write with spirit. Brother Wombough's article should be read. Miss Wentworth is a new correspondent, and one that subscribers will be happy to hear from again.

#### THE CHOCTAWS.

*Chakta Yakni, April 15.*

And what of the Choctaws? They know the use of the axe, the saw, the *frœe*, the drawing-knife, besides many other such like tools. With the axe they fell the forest trees, chop their wood, and their timber for rails, sawing, and building. The saw is used in preparing shingle-bolts and boards, and also in sawing plank. With the *frœe* they rive shingles, and sometimes boards, and with the drawing-knife they prepare them for use. Their dwellings are usually made of hewed logs, one story high, with a piazza in front. And not unfrequently two houses are placed so as to form a passage between, all under one and the same roof. The houses usually have floors, and also the piazzas and passages. All have chimneys to their houses. But only a few of them have windows, except it be a small hole cut in the wall, which may be very properly called the "peep-hole." So that, in winter, if one would enjoy the satisfaction of reading and keep himself comfortably warm, he must seat himself close in the corner, and use the light through the chimney, as they do out among their white neighbors.

In reference to their worship (if my gentle readers are satisfied, from the foregoing, that they are entitled to the appellation of human) I will now speak. They have great respect for the sun, both men and women seldom covering the crown of their heads from his effulgent rays. When he arises and looketh abroad smilingly upon the earth, with its leafy bowers, merry songsters, and gurgling rills, and opening flowers, they go forth to greet him, viewing the sparkling gems tremulous on the quaking leaves, and exhaling the fragrant odors wafted on the morning breeze. Then it is their hearts responsive exclaim, "That is the bright messenger of the Great Spirit. All nature is refreshed with his presence. His kindly influence wakes up a cheerful spirit in all animated creatures." When the "queen of night," with her starry train, keeps silent vigil, the lord of these beauteous wilds, as once of those fertile, crowded lands, lies wrapt in slumber, dreaming of bygone days and chivalrous ancestors.

The true God is known and worshiped by very many

of this people. Quite recently we had the pleasure of attending a meeting among them. It was spring. The earth was robed in her green attire. The blossoms unfolded their beauteous corollas, and perfumed the passing gale. The rumbling thunder and the lowering clouds portended approaching showers, which, ere long, fell profusely; but in the interval, the people, old and young, gathered to the sacred spot designated for the meeting. At twelve on Saturday, a native minister preached in his own rude language to an attentive congregation. No sooner was the first hymn sung than the most fearful flashes of lightning, and terrific peals of thunder, commenced, which continued until the discourse was ended. At candlelight the house, holding some two or three hundred persons, was crowded to excess with attentive hearers. On Sunday the weather was quite pleasant; and the congregation so increased, that the house was more than filled at love-feast. Many arose in this love-feast, and spoke of their religious feeling and hopes, while the gushing tears descended their tawny cheeks, significant of their deep emotion. In arranging the congregation for public preaching, the house could accommodate only the females, while the males were seated in front of the house. One old brother, who had embraced the Christian religion in the old nation, (one of the first fruits of the mission there,) and who had seated himself in the house with many other brethren, was just taking his staff and hat to leave the house for the accommodation of the women, at the request of the person appointed to seat the congregation, when the presiding elder, seeing him so ready to comply, and no doubt feeling an inward veneration for the old pilgrim, gave him an invitation to occupy a seat near the ministers, which offer he humbly accepted, but not without many a hearty *ya-ko-ke*, that is, I thank you.

After the twelve o'clock sermon the eucharist was administered to about two hundred communicants, most of whom were unable to pronounce a single sentence in the English language correctly. But their expressive countenances told plainly they knew the language of Canaan and the voice of the Savior.

At night the meeting was truly thrilling. A large number of broken-hearted penitents came forward at the invitation of the minister, and kneeling besought the throne of grace with strong cries and tears, while others stood and wept in sorrow on account of their sins, ready, yet fearing to start. O, that vacillating spirit! How many has it destroyed! While the mourners wept, the saints earnestly prayed in their behalf. Shouts of victory were heard in the camp, and many of God's children were enabled to praise him. F.

#### BALDWIN INSTITUTE.

Rev. E. Thomson—Dear Brother,—We are much obliged to you for your favorable notice of the Institute in your last number of the Repository. We fear, however, that your charitable supposition, that "its debts are but nominal," will convey to the public an erroneous idea. The institution is not in debt, and it is a settled policy with the Board of Trustees, in accordance with the wishes of the conference, not to incur any debt whatever. The prospects of the institution are more encouraging than were anticipated.

Yours truly,

H. DWIGHT.

THE FEMALE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE is running a career of great prosperity, and it will soon, we hope, be accommodated in its newly purchased buildings.





L. Threlk.

And T. B. Cross

*Superstition*

# R Y :

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are a great many things against this idea, we throw  
it out: the style, the luxuries, the costume, the vol-  
umes, all forbid it—it belongs to another age.

The delineation proper is excellent, and is certainly  
an imitation obtained of the old masters in the art.

VOL. VI.—29

of assurance which piety anchors to reason, as con-  
tained in the sacred Scriptures. But the sentiment  
of superstition is fast wearing away. Its vogue is  
past. Well if it be not superseded by a faith as much  
too free and lax as this was narrow and occult.



THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

AUGUST, 1846.

SUPERSTITION.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

OF the particular legend which this plate should represent, we are entirely ignorant. Assuming, then, the prerogative of the Yankee, we must "guess" it out as well as we can. Its title is of rather sinister omen; yet it needs not, therefore, to be devoid of instruction: all that is baleful is not useless. In physics, one form of poison is antagonistic to another; and as, in mortal combat, *both* gladiators are sometimes killed, so two poisons sometimes *neutralize* each other. It is the chemist who masters them both.

The countenances in this piece are all of the English branch of Saxons, as are, also, the convenient, snug arrangements of the chamber. The rank of the chief character is high. Letting alone the rather partial Byronic test, "the aristocracy of the hands," there may be seen that in the mien and presence which assures us of this. The dress, though a *dis-habille*, is still rich: a man of letters, too, and a scribe. As for his present mood, it is certainly absent, or in a "brown study." Those excursive eyes are not of his surroundings: they are far away, though we know not whither. If the mouth deprecates, it is not with bitterness or solicitude. The gloom of "superstition" has not yet beclouded that fair and open front. And we may hope that the influence of that sinister figure behind the chair, is of too inferior a cast to be listened to, whatever may be the effort of prompting.

As for the gentle, placid damsel who presents the letter, we fear nothing from her. If she were of other guise, and did not "fardels bear," we could even believe her to be the old gentleman's daughter. The features of both are remarkably alike; yet giving no impression of *mannerism* in the painter: she seems but "the softened image of her sire."

As to the chronology of the piece, from its title we might place it in the "dark ages." But as there are a great many things against this idea, we throw it out: the style, the luxuries, the costume, the *col-umes*, all forbid it—it belongs to another age.

The delineation proper is excellent, and is certainly an imitation obtained of the old masters in the art.

How life-like is the figure of the young girl! how well does its lightness contrast with that of the heavy, ponderous senior! The costume is felicitously chosen: it is not classical—as in common subjects it should not be—nor yet is it *a la mode*—liable to become superannuated in a twelvemonth. It is so simple that it calls for no change, and provokes no criticism.

We would suggest one alteration, (though taking a rather uncommon liberty with a picture:) suppose the middle figure were expunged from the piece, and it certainly looks like an interpolation. It is as inferior to the other figures, in point of art, as it is probably intended to be in point of standing. If it were effaced, the picture were the better for it in all particulars, excepting one, that is, the grouping. However, as we presume her to be the witch of "superstition," suppose we "cast her out."

Then there remains a benevolent old gentleman immersed in some ideal speculation for the good of all—rejecting some Bentham schemes of saving, and adopting some Cobbett plan of diffusing, and so deep in the economy of both, that he takes not the least notice of the proffered letter.

The letter carrier is used to submission; she is patient, and no fretful elements within disturb her own repose, or that of others. Yet this letter may *be* of moment: delay may nullify its promissings; and then a vain regret, the shadow of hope, of worldly promise, is all that is left to him, being, perhaps, the very rebuke he needed. This latter was but the semblance of a thing which had no other reality; for perhaps all is not of "happening" which we suppose to be so!

Is it not strange that such a principle as superstition should ever obtain, that is, be allowed to obtain in the human mind? In the *mind* properly it does not obtain, but only in the disordered spirits of such as are too anxious upon forbidden subjects, or improper purposes, or of such as neglect that source of assurance which piety affords to reason, as contained in the sacred Scriptures. But the sentiment of superstition is fast wearing away. Its vogue is past. Well if it be not superseded by a faith as much too free and lax as this was narrow and occult.



## LITERARY SKETCHES.

BY THE EDITOR.

## ROBERT HALL AS A PREACHER AND WRITER.

THE most celebrated pulpit orator of the last and present century was the Rev. Robert Hall, of England. He was a minister of the Baptist denomination, but was universally admired by all sects of Christians, for his masterly eloquence in the pulpit, and for the elegance and dignity of his style as a writer.

Though always delicate in health, Mr. Hall had a large, round, full form, and was uncommonly graceful in his general appearance. His head was not so towering as that of Daniel Webster, nor was his forehead quite so broad and elevated. But he had the eye of an eagle. His look was keen and penetrating, and, to a weak man, it was perfectly impossible, without pain, to endure it. His mouth was remarkably expressive, and his whole countenance beamed with intellectual radiance.

In dress, without being at all finical, Mr. Hall was always neat and becoming. Though one of the most truly pious Christians of his day, he never thought it necessary to differ in his apparel from other gentlemen. There was a cleanliness, however, about him, which Mr. Wesley would have taken as one good evidence of his piety. When standing in the pulpit, he must have presented a very commanding and prepossessing figure. Strangers would be led to expect from his lips something corresponding to the elegant dignity of his person.

In the earlier part of his ministry, his audiences were, in this respect, frequently disappointed. The genuine modesty of his feelings would often unman his self-possession. On one occasion, being invited to preach to a select audience, for a particular purpose, he repeated his text with propriety, and proceeded with his discourse much to the delight and edification of his hearers; but, in a few moments, he began to hesitate, stammered, and was finally confounded by his embarrassment. He covered his face with his hands, and exclaimed, "I have lost all my ideas!" Finding himself utterly unable to collect them, he sat down in deep and lasting mortification for his failure.

The ultimate effect of such temporary disgrace was highly salutary to his character. Conscious of the liberal endowments with which nature had blessed him, he might otherwise have become vain and supercilious; but these repeated and humiliating failures, acting upon a mind of extraordinary sensibility, at length divested him of every foible of this description, and rendered him ever afterward as humble as he was great.

From his childhood he evinced uncommon precocity of talent. He was not born a genius, as the term has been defined by Mr. Coleridge; nor was he

the least part of a prodigy, such as we are accustomed to witness in this country. He was only a child of great mental power. He learned to read, by the help only of his nurse, from the grave-stones of the public cemetery of Arnsby; and from that moment he began to devour books, as if they had been his food. Continuing to make the grave-yard his study, he would retire each day from the sports of his equals, spread his books on the clean grass, and then lie down and read them, until the shades of evening compelled him to retreat to the house.

At school and college, Mr. Hall was distinguished for his great industry. Being a very early riser, he would generally complete the tasks of the day before his class-mates had taken their breakfast. All his remaining hours he devoted to close reading. As an illustration of the kind of books he perused in his childhood, he is said to have made himself familiar with the profoundest works of our own Jonathan Edwards, and with Butler's Analogy of Religion, before he was nine years of age. His spare time at the university was spent in studying the Latin and Greek classics. Of the ancients, Plato was his favorite author, and next to him, Sophocles and Homer, the two master poets of antiquity.

His admiration of the classics may, indeed, be regarded as a prominent trait in his mental character. Their severe and refined taste, sound thoughts, and manly style, were very likely to command the attention of a mind more like the best Greek or Roman model, than perhaps any other of modern times. The same studies which kindled and kept alive the genius of twenty centuries—which revived the literary flame of Italy, and afterward of Europe, prior to the Reformation—which gave being to the majesty of Milton, to the splendor of Pope, to the sweetness of Addison, and to the high qualities of all the leading intellects of the old and new world, imparted, also, to Robert Hall the high finish of that noble and powerful eloquence, whose echo is yet ringing, and the remembrance of which will never die. Without this classical training, he might have stood high as a man of native endowments; but, with his mighty impulses, there would probably have been a certain rawness of taste, and a kind of boisterous and inflated manner of expression, which hardly any thing than the classics can more effectually remove.

There is one fact of his history, not yet noticed, which I have never seen recorded of any other man. A long time after he had completed his academical studies, and had been for several years preaching the Gospel with the greatest success, he resolved to begin anew the work of his education, and pursue it with the same system and completeness, as if he never had had any advantages of this kind. Indeed, he very much enlarged the circle of his ambition. It was now to include the substance of every thing worth knowing, as the sciences were understood and taught in his day. Whether he derived this

conception from the universality of knowledge, so conspicuous in several of his Greek models, or from his warm appreciation of Bacon's sublime genius, and the frequent perusal of the famous *Augmentation of the Sciences* of that philosopher, we have now no means of deciding. But one thing is certain: he prosecuted his new plan of study to the latest period of his life; and from the day of his undertaking it, he was a stronger and a loftier man.

Another fact, very characteristic of his temper, is almost equally rare in the history of great men. Whenever, in the progress of his studies, it became expedient or desirable to read any book written in a language which he had not yet acquired, with the ardor of fifteen, he dropped every unnecessary avocation, and threw his whole soul into the work of removing the impediment from his way. In this manner, and for this reason, he mastered the four great languages of modern Europe, and made himself conversant with the best thoughts of the best authors of every age. In a very few years, after this practice was begun, his mind became a perfect cabinet of gems; and, to those who, in after life, could appreciate his acquisitions, not only the outside, but the very penetralia of his soul, flashing under the radiance of his own native genius, seemed to be lighted up with a splendor almost too dazzling to behold.

But Mr. Hall was not a showy man. He spent not his time in plucking flowers, and stringing pearls, and uttering pretty words merely to be admired. He had great depth, grandeur, and solidity of mind. He dealt almost entirely in great thoughts, and sublime principles, and profound facts. According to the enlightened testimony of his class-mate at college, Sir James M'Intosh, who ever afterward continued to be his warm admirer and friend, Mr. Hall was the ablest metaphysician of his age. Dr. Gregory also declares, that he followed the track of MacLaurin, Barrow, and Sir Isaac Newton, in their celebrated mathematical treatises, and was never satisfied unless he could comprehend both the analysis and synthesis of every proposition, as it passed under his view. He was no shop-keeper of a scholar, arraying his possessions in the most eligible manner for the public eye. His mind, so magnificent by nature, and well-stored by art, notwithstanding what I have just said of him, might, with more justice, be styled a kind of temple of human knowledge. The entrance to it was marked by two majestic columns—strength and beauty—both equally characteristic of the treasures within; and the jewels gathered from the literary world were more like the chain of pomegranates suspended transversely from the capitals of Jachin and Boaz, as a chaste ornament to the passage-way into the great temple of old.

It requires no great stretch of imagination for any one to anticipate what sort of a sermon such a man would preach. His text would be deep, beautiful, or sublime. Whichever it happened to be, the facility

of his genius would immediately adapt him to his work. If his path lay down in the profounder depths of Christianity, he would tread along its obscure windings with the fearlessness and majesty of a giant. If a beautiful or lofty thought was presented in his subject, he had a fancy capable of sustaining him in the highest flights. If the topics presenting themselves were merely argumentative, or didactic, he never permitted himself to fly into a passion, and let his imagination or feelings carry off his logic. He could preach an entire sermon without manifesting any considerable emotion. He could pass along a whole chain of reasoning, and remain all the while as cool as a philosopher in his study. But other styles suited his temperament better. He was naturally impetuous in his feelings; but what I wish to say is, that he never suffered them, even in his most impassioned passages, to push him off into boisterousness and bombast. He always kept himself under the most perfect self-control. The mightiest bursts of his eloquence were always chastened and subdued. His voice never broke, his gestures were always graceful, and nothing of extravagance, of rant, or roughness, was ever for a moment exhibited in his style.

With all his knowledge, he was not a pedant. He was not one of those historical preachers, who, in a single sermon, will deliver out a whole volume of facts in history, mostly illustrating the extent and variety of their reading. He knew full well how easy it is for the most ordinary and unsanctified intellect to get up a reputation in this manner. It requires only diligence in reading, and good memory, to do it. The knowledge of Mr. Hall, wonderful as it was, was coy and modest. In all his published discourses, a critical reader will barely be able to get here and there a glimpse of his acquisitions, and that only in spite of his efforts to conceal them.

Mr. Hall generally commenced his discourse by a few very plain statements, delivered in a low, feeble tone. His voice was naturally light, and the entire introduction of a sermon would be only just audible to the larger part of his congregation. His first sentences were apt also to be rather broken, and every stranger to his eloquence, for the first five or ten minutes, suffered a degree of painful disappointment. After the exordium, he laid out his work in the most artless manner. You saw what he would be at rather by implication, or, to use one of his own expressions, by the light which he threw on the angles of his thoughts, than by any direct and elaborate division of his theme. In this way, he reserved to himself more liberty for invention when his passions had kindled up his soul; and he also incurred less mortification, if his imperial imagination should, by any means, sway him from his original design.

But, though this might have been prudent for a man who knew what risks he ran, not from the weakness, but the strength of his faculties, the

precaution was seldom if ever needed after all. His reason was the commanding power of his mind; and his imagination and passions, subdued and chastened by an inexorable taste, continually looked to it for their law.

The argument of his subject was always undertaken in a very cool and deliberative way. Here, as always, reason took the lead. As the great points began to be developed, and an intellectual interest in the matter was excited, a more rapid utterance, and a more forcible style of expression, evinced the kindling fervor of his soul. His phosphoric imagination, true to itself and to the power that gave it liberty to burn, glowed with an increasing ardor, as it felt the growing heat of the mind. Soon, when the speaker had reached his master point, every faculty of his mighty intellect was rallied; and from that onward, till the last word of the peroration, his audience sits breathless and amazed by the overwhelming splendor of his style. His reasoning remains as sound and unanswerable as before. His memory, in revenge for the restraint laid on it until then, confirms the argument by facts rapidly adduced from the four quarters of the literary world. His imagination, equally restive under control, and equally joyous in the freedom given, perfectly revels in its work, and throws coruscations of light, and wreaths of resplendent beauty, on and around every thing in its way. The whole person of the preacher—his head, face, eyes, arms, hands, and his very feet, are full to overflowing with the inspiration and glory of his theme. When he sits down, you remain bound by a spell to your seat; and when all is over, for months and years afterward, whenever you revert to the scene, you are again in the midst of it, and the rockets of that exhibition of intellectual fireworks are again shooting, and dancing, and blazing on every side.

The well-known Mr. Foster, who has given us a short but elaborate sketch of Mr. Hall as a preacher, assures the world that, in all this astonishing excitement, physical and mental, he was never known to transgress the severest rules of good taste. Every thing in his style, though round and full to perfection, was just and correct. The hearer was not less amazed by the overpowering strength and fervidness of his address, than that any man could pass through such a tempest of passion, without losing for a moment his rigid self-control. But the secret was familiar to his friends. It lay in the uncommonly strict discipline of his mind. "It is probable," says Mr. Foster, "that if his studies had been of slighter tenor—if his reading had been less, or more desultory—if his faculties had been suffered to run more loose, his discourses would have more abounded with ideas starting out, as it were, singly, with an aspect like nothing ever seen before. His mental ground was cultivated too industriously and regularly for substantial produce, to leave room for those often

beautiful wild flowers which spring spontaneously in a fertile, half-wrought soil." But there is also another fact not here adverted to by this keen observer of his friend. Mr. Hall's sermons were perfectly wrought out in his own mind before he attempted to deliver them. He carried no manuscript, nor brief, nor even scrap, into the pulpit. But the whole train of his thoughts and illustrations, and sometimes his very words, were accurately arranged in his mind. When he rose to speak, he had only to set his intellectual machinery at work, and then every thing proceeded according to the laws prescribed and established by himself in a more reflecting hour. Whenever he appeared in the pulpit, his audience could assure themselves that he had something to say; and when the sermon was concluded, they felt thankful that they had not been listening to the sudden, crude, and perhaps but half correct conceptions of the moment; but they carried away with them the settled convictions of a great mind, carefully scrutinized and approved, and laid them up for future use in the secret treasuries of the soul.

There is one objection started by Mr. Foster against the sermons of his friend, which, instead of detracting from his merits, will give him an increased reputation with a large portion of the world. It is the charge of extravagance in his exhibitions of the privileges and capabilities of the Christian character. It seems that the great orator, in the more fervid portions of his discourses, would expatiate with singular enthusiasm and delight on the wonderful power of true faith. He would picture, in the most glowing colors, the happiness of a life on earth, when the soul is absorbed in divine love. With rapt eloquence he would unfold the mysteries of the blissful reign of the Messiah, and surround every genuine Christian, whose heart was indeed the temple of the Lord, with almost the splendors of the upper world. Being but half a believer, as he says himself, in the old and now obsolete doctrine of decrees, or rather not believing in them at all, he was prepared to offer the whole Gospel to his hearers, and to promise almost a heaven this side of heaven to those who would perfectly comply with its terms.

The character of Mr. Hall as a writer can be sufficiently indicated in few words. Nearly every thing I have said of him as a preacher, might be justly repeated in respect of his style. His written sermons differ from the judgments reported to us of his extemporaneous discourses, not so much in their substance and matter, as in the rhetorical dress in which they are attired. It was a cold business for Mr. Hall to write. The moment he exchanged the pulpit for the pen, in one important particular, he was another man. He immediately lost his more popular qualities, and fell into a certain stateliness and grandeur of expression, which is the farthest possible from being adapted to the common mind. But there

is a good apology for him, not mentioned by Mr. Foster. In his day, and even afterward, in England, the common people were not readers. This business was reserved exclusively for those of leisure, and the learned. Speaking and writing, therefore, were, as Mr. Hall undoubtedly perceived, very different things. When he spoke, he was addressing himself to the many—when he wrote, to the few. But, with all this abatement, he has been pronounced, by Sir James M'Intosh, his friend, and by Lord Brougham—an aspirant for the same kind of fame—the best writer in our language of his class. His writing is chaste, pure, elegant, and dignified. His periods flow along like a grand and overflowing stream. There is nothing sparkling, and leaping, and prattling, like the course of a streamlet, in his style. His sentences, as English, are more like those of Livy in Latin, than any writer's I have read. There is not the life, and vivacity, and sweetness, and versatility of matter and manner in his works, which so charm the classical reader in the best productions of the Athenian muse. Nor has he the turgid Latinity of Johnson, to give his periods a great sound and swell. Every thing is purely Saxon. Nor have I ever been able to see why an American professor, the author of a popular book of rhetoric, should have classed him with Dr. Channing. They have certainly no feature in common, but a certain dignity of thought, which is evident in nothing so little as in any supposed similarity of style. One carries the length, the other the brevity of sentences, to the last verge of safety, of naturalness, and of ease.

But from the history of this great man there is an important moral to be drawn. Properly reflected upon, it may be of more use to the reader than any thing I have said. It cannot, it need not be denied, that, in early life, Mr. Hall was far from being distinguished for those amiable qualities, which afterward spread such a charm round his name. From his childhood, he was passionately headstrong, impatient of control. Even after he had finished his college studies, and entered upon the great duties of his profession, there was a tartness, sometimes a satirical bitterness in his retorts, and even in his ordinary conversation, which must have rendered him a very disagreeable companion at that time. His enemies have also charged him with manifesting contempt for his Bristol colleague, Dr. Evans, whose talents bore no comparison to the genius of young Hall. Not only the preachers, but their Church members, were divided, in consequence of the misunderstanding thus begun. Frequent collisions of a similar character continued, for several years, to embitter his feelings, and impede his success. But the good Dr. Ryland, under God, had the happiness of completely eradicating this root of bitterness from the heart of his young friend. He sent him several faithful letters. He told him plainly of his faults, and warned him of his danger. Did the

young preacher resent this reproof? If any youth should happen to read this question, let him answer to himself what he would have done. What Mr. Hall did is fortunately on record. It is a model for all. He read Dr. Ryland's letters with great care. He reflected seriously on his temper. When he saw his errors, he allowed the shaft of conviction to sink to its own depth into his soul. He resolved to amend his life. He sent his resolution to his kind reprover. With his characteristic ardor, he undertook this moral reformation, as if it had been the only business on his hands. The result is well known. From that period he was one of the most amiable of men. His humility almost took possession of the opposite extreme. His life teaches us, not to suffer ourselves to visit the errors of a young man upon his riper years, unless we have the clearest evidence that he yet cherishes them in his heart. He may have become as much alive to his failings as yourself. Forgive his faults, as you wish to be forgiven for your own; and, whenever a parent gets discouraged over the profligacy, or other ill promise of a favorite son, whatever else of our theme may be forgotten, let him or her remember the encouraging and illustrious example of the Rev. Robert Hall.

#### LAST WORDS OF JULIA.

ERE summer's early blossoms fade,  
I shall from hence be gone;  
The scenes where I have sportive played,  
The walks where I have pensive strayed,  
Will breathe the sigh—"Alone!"

Think not of me when I'm away,  
As one to distance gone—  
I'll hover near my loves by day,  
And when you kneel at eve to pray,  
You'll not be all alone.

When through the dark and dreary vale,  
I would from earth be gone,  
I will not, in its shadow, pale:  
His rod and staff shall never fail—  
I walk not *there* alone.

'Tis Jesus calls—I cannot stay—  
I must from hence be gone:  
From these fond ties to brighter day,  
Loved ones are beckoning away—  
Shall I be *there* alone?

W.

#### THE WITHERED FLOWER.

ALAS, how frail! in a few short, fleeting hours,  
Thy life, thy fragrance—both have fled.  
Emblem thou art of beauty's transient bloom,  
That lives and charms us but a day,  
Then withering sinks into an early tomb,  
And from the memory fades away.

## MISCELLANEOUS SKETCHES.\*

BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.

WELL, friendly reader, how do you enjoy the summer? Summer—sweet, joyous summer, how many delightful associations are linked to the word—associations of childhood, and of home. I have read a story, in some old school book, of little Frank, who, on the return of each of the seasons, would wish that particular season to last always, and the little fellow received a scolding from his father, for indulging in what the old gentleman pleased to call inconsiderate and presumptuous wishes. But I never could find it in my heart to blame the child. In autumn he was delighted with beautiful skies and mellow fruits: in winter, with his hand-sled and skates, he amused himself on the ice and snow: in spring, the green grass, fair flowers, and beautiful birds made him leap for gladness; and in summer, the waving fields of grass and grain presented new scenes of pleasure before him. Nor was it unnatural, that he, child as he was, should think each season more pleasant than the former, just as every mother thinks her youngest child the most interesting of the family.

Summer has beauties not inferior to those of spring, though following so closely upon spring, it does not present so strong a contrast to the preceding season, and, therefore, it makes less impression on us. The fields of summer exhibit exquisite beauty. To stand at this season on some gentle eminence of our prairies, and look over many thousands of acres of green corn and golden wheat waving in the breeze, ready for the harvest, is worth a voyage across the Atlantic.

Come with me, gentle reader, and look upon our beautiful Wabash plains. Let us go up in the neighborhood of Lafayette, and from thence journey down over the prairies to Terrehaute. The fair-haired Ceres, while wandering over the earth in search of her lost daughter, must have visited these lovely plains, and been charmed with the beauty of the region, for see how she has scattered over the ground her priceless gifts. And well might she, goddess though she was, be delighted with the place, for who ever saw such a country. Look over these plains. What exhaustless fertility! See what beautiful clusters of trees, seeming like green islands in the ocean! Neither Calypso's sea-girt isle, nor the fairy land of song, nor Eden, as depicted by Milton, could equal, in exquisite loveliness, the scene now before us. See what endless fields of wheat waving in the gentle southwest breeze. Here plenty reigns and revels. Come hither, thou who art fond of the beautiful, and say, didst thou ever look on such a scene? The

interchange of prairie, and woodland, and running stream, and the variety of color, as the fields wave in the sunshine, form a picture of beauty which no painter may imitate. Come hither, ye poor, ye hungry, and look on the exhaustless provisions of nature for the supply of the wants of man. Let Europe send forth her starving millions. These prairies, if there were but hands sufficient to cultivate them to the extent of which they are capable, might produce sufficient to supply the world.

But the sunshine grows hot, and we must leave the open prairie, and take shelter in this cluster of trees. The forests are beautiful in summer. The prairie trees seem young, as if they were but children, though the oldest inhabitant here may not remember when they were not; but the trees of the woodland seem old and venerable. These oaks, and sycamores, and elms, tell of the past. There is an old elm that throws its shadow, at sunset, upon my study window. It stands alone—all its companions having fallen by the woodman's axe. Its noble trunk stands erect, and far above the tops of the trees in the forest beyond, it throws out its graceful branches against the clear sky. Its smaller limbs hang drooping, like those of the weeping willow, as if in sorrow for the loneliness of its situation. That fine old tree belongs to other days, and could it speak, it might a tale unfold. It stood there when the Indian roamed these woods. It stood there when the white man first built his cabin, on the spot where, since, has risen a fine town, and it stands there still, though surrounded by farm-houses and cottages. I love that old tree, and I have requested my neighbor, on whose land it stands, to spare it from the axe, and I hope I may rescue it from that Vandalism which is ruining all these fine old monuments of the past, which might, if spared, add so much to the beauty of the country.

I miss here the graceful tamarack, under which I used to sit when a boy, on a summer's day, near the blueberry patch. The fir, the most beautiful and highly finished in shape of all the trees of the wood, is not here. Nor the pine, associated as it is with all my early recollections. Near my childhood's home was a plain, that seemed to me illimitable, covered with a most splendid forest of pine, fir, and tamarack. Its lively green, appearing even in winter, and more striking from contrast with the snow, was one of the first things that awoke in my heart the love of the beautiful. There came forth from that forest sounds, which none, who has once heard, can ever forget. A pine forest forms the harp of the winds, and when touched by the breeze it sends forth inimitable music. That forest was a favorite resort in my early days. There I rambled with buoyant spirit when a child, and there I sat under some old pine, in my maturer and studious days, with book or pen in hand. I fear, however, that should I again visit that old forest, I might find

\* This article was intended for the July number. The reader will, therefore, allow for any discrepancy that may occur.

it sadly changed; for what men call public improvement has been there, and the snorting steam-horse, rushing with his ponderous car over its iron track, has scared away all the sylvan associations of the place.

What scenes of intense sublimity are sometimes witnessed, in our western country, during a summer shower. The thunder rumbles not among the distant hills, as in New England, echoing from side to side of the mountains, and reaching the ear only after the sound is greatly diminished by repeated reflections, but it bursts upon us at once with a startling intensity, or a deafening crash. The lightnings sometimes flash out quietly from every point of the horizon to the zenith, and then again, they dart from cloud to cloud, or to the earth, in a zigzag chain of exceeding brilliancy. The innumerable pools of water, fallen from the clouds, and covering the face of the earth, lighted up by the electric flashes, shine like myriads of silver mirrors. For a scene of glorious sublimity, give me a summer shower on some western plain. And then how quiet the sky, and how beautiful the earth, when the shower is over.

In summer we have fewer birds than in spring. The mocking-bird, the sweetest of all singers, is seldom heard in this neighborhood after June. He comes in early spring, and sits and sings all day on the topmost branch of the willow that grows near my cottage, and I have sometimes heard him all night long. Once he began to build his nest in the honeysuckle that climbs up the lattice at my door, but some passer by scared him away. The sweet singer has now gone, I know not where, but he has left the memory of his tones in my heart. The sparrow, the whippowil, and the robin, are with us yet. The cuckoo is sometimes heard, but seldom seen, in the neighboring thicket.

I love the birds, nor will I suffer them to be injured on my premises. I envy not the heart of that man, who can wantonly, for sport and pleasure, destroy these sweet little beings, that sing about our homes; for the birds are only found near the homes of man. They frequent not the forest, but live about the bushes, clusters of trees, and orchards, in the settled parts of the country. Having occasion once to visit the head-waters of the Kennebec and Penobscot, some hundred miles from human habitation, in the depths of the forest, among romantic hills and quiet lakes, I was surprised at the absence of birds, and the unnatural stillness that prevailed. In conversing with the boatmen and lumbermen, who spend much of their time in those regions, I learned that when once they leave the habitations of men, they leave, also, the birds behind.

The birds are domestic beings. They love man, and should be loved by him, for they are his benefactors. A strange mistake prevails among farmers with regard to the birds. Some species occasionally do the farmer some injury by picking off a little

fruit, or picking up a little grain, and he proclaims war of extermination against the whole race. But the benefit the birds do the farmer in destroying worms, bugs, and insects, is a hundred-fold more than the injury they occasionally commit on the grains and fruits. Sometimes he kills them in the very act of doing him a favor. A speckled woodpecker is seen working away on the body of an apple tree: the farmer, supposing the bird to be injuring the tree, kills him. Yet the fact is, the tree is infested by worms, under its bark. These would soon destroy it, were it not that the woodpecker searches them out, and consumes them. The black-bird sometimes pulls up the corn; but where he pulls up one spear of corn, he kills ten worms, that might eat up a hundred spears of corn. Were the birds all killed off, the destructive insects would become so numerous as to eat up, like the locusts of Egypt, every green thing. Then spare the birds. Spare them for their own sake. Spare them for your own sake. Spare them for humanity's sake.

My gentle friend, do you allow your children to go a hunting—hunting the birds—shooting down, mangling, maiming, destroying the poor little birds? I cannot thus do myself, nor allow it to be done by any whom I may control. I believe it wrong—wrong in principle, wrong in practice, wrong in its results, and wrong in its influence on those who do it. It is true, the birds, like all other children of the earth and the air, must die; and if in gunning they could always be killed outright, it might not be quite so objectionable. But they are frequently wounded, and doomed to suffer acute misery. Often, too, the parent birds are killed, and the young left to starve in the nest. But the most serious objection to bird hunting, and all other sports of the kind, is the pernicious moral effect it produces on the heart. Domitian, the Roman emperor, whose name is but another term for cruelty, is said to have found his favorite sports in boyhood in torturing and killing harmless insects and animals. The effect of hunting cannot be otherwise than bad on any one. It induces, in the boy who is allowed in it, a hard heart, a wanton, wicked spirit, a malicious temper: it prepares him for broils, quarrels, bloodshed, and war.

It certainly is the duty of parents, especially Christian parents, to teach their children the principles and the practice of mercy, compassion, and kindness. Cruelty to animals is hardly less objectionable than cruelty to man. And yet how many children are allowed to ill treat and unmercifully abuse domestic animals. They learn, on the slightest provocation, to fly into a passion, and to beat the horse, the cow, the dog, or the cat. Indulgence in ill humor only renders their temper the more ungovernable, and they easily and naturally acquire habits of passion, insubordination, and revenge.

How much unmitigated cruelty and useless severity

might be avoided in families, if habits of kindness should be early acquired. Children sometimes seem to love to tease, irritate, and fret each other. Parents often pay no attention whatever to the feelings of the child, and thus inflict on him sufferings indescribable. I have often seen some delicate and sensitive child suffering untold misery, which a kind word might have saved him. When he should have seen a smile he met a frown. When he hoped for a caress he received a blow. Thus his heart was either crushed or seared, and he grew up to be a hard-hearted sinner—a miserable misanthrope.

In schools, also, much suffering is endured; and often irretrievable ruin is effected by the injudicious severity which some teachers are in the habit of using. The effect of the usual school discipline is most deleterious on females. Young females, taken from their mothers, at the age when they most need a mother's care, and placed under governesses at some of the fashionable boarding-schools of the country, and subjected to the kind of discipline usual in many places, must be angels indeed, if they are not ruined in temper. Discipline, careful, unremitted, unrelaxing discipline, is necessary for the young. But the discipline of schools should never vary from that of the best regulated private families. Kindness, affection, and reason are much more effectual in the government of schools and families than severity and punishment.

But, kind reader, I must say good-by for this time. I am writing under a tree, and a thunder-shower is upon me, and my tree leaks. And, besides the leak, a tree is a dangerous shelter in a thunder-shower. The lightning is much more likely to strike a tree, than in the open ground. Always, therefore, keep away from the trees in a thunder-shower.

#### ORATORY AND TRUTH.

*Pupil.* Why is rhetoric, or its spoken language, oratory, of salutary moral effect?

*Teacher.* Because its appeal is to the nobler sentiments of man.

*P.* How can you prove this?

*T.* By the qualities of those persons most affected by it, and most affecting it.

*P.* And who are or were these persons?

*T.* The worthies of Greece and Rome, as set down in history; and the purest of modern times, according to later annals; and at the present, by instances of those now living.

*P.* Your observation would suppose that there is nothing sinister or possibly insincere in oratory.

*T.* I may assume this so far as the effect reaches.

*P.* How should that be a reliable test? Suppose we listen to a corrupt but silver-tongued orator, where is the defense then?

*T.* It is in the common sense of mankind—a

conservative and self-regulating element—a sort of atmosphere of morals, which still finds its own chemistry, being placed where it may. Whatever motive may influence a man, his *settings forth* must still be of *truth*, to be acceptable to the many; and what he says will be neither affecting nor effective without it.

*P.* Indeed! Let your theory be established, and what does it prove concerning these persons?

*T.* It proves the divinity of their nature.

*P.* But some corrupt persons also possess the charmed tongue, who are acknowledged to be eloquent. What do you make of that?

*T.* Why, that is a *perversion*, and proves that the *devil* is in possession. You know there were fallen angels from the beginning.

*P.* But, with these high gifts, how does this happen?

*T.* In various ways. By the promptings of strong passions, with the association of bad people—by selfishness and inordinate ambition, as in the case of Lucifer—by idleness; but chiefly by the want of religion.

*P.* Is there a necessary connection between religion and rhetoric?

*T.* Yes, there is a partial relation—a strong, though not a direct one.

*P.* How do you make that?

*T.* To be persuasive, one must be in earnest—to be in earnest, one should have a righteous cause.

*P.* But surely you will allow that persons are often in earnest in a bad cause.

*T.* Yes, I will allow that; but you must allow that the hearers are constituted with a natural discernment of what is just and good, or you repudiate the beneficent Master of morality, who has thus set forth the "beauty of righteousness" in its own code. And, indeed, it is the addressing of this sense in mankind which constitutes the specific eloquence itself; for, as Cousin has beautifully said it, "The conditions of a proposition are contained *within itself*."

*P.* You are getting a little eloquent yourself!

*T.* Yes, because I become touched with the *truth*. I demonstrate. St. Paul, for example, was the most eloquent orator and the most persuasive. We may suppose that *Saul of Tarsus* had been no touch to him; for now there had been no conviction of mind and earnestness of heart added to the natural fervency of character.

*P.* Why, with divine gifts of soul, can perversion so often take place as it does?

*T.* To avoid it requires many coincident advantages—a constant guardianship in early life, that the character be not overborne by its own tendency to excess, or the heart become corrupted by its facility of access, or betrayed by its overweening sympathies: these sensibilities all pointing out their well-being as dependent on regeneration for even temporal safety.

P. Can religion impart this gift of eloquence?

T. No; it is dependent both upon nature and grace, with the accelerating power of genius or vitality as momentum.

P. Is grace or nature the stronger component?

T. Grace is as much stronger in the same proportion, as it is superior to nature; but where this does co-operate with nature, supposing, too, natural advantages of figure, and voice, and action, with its proprieties of instant time, and the grammar of words, and their enunciation of exact judgment, the sonorous denunciation, the sustained aspiration, the *alto*, or cadence, with the mellifluous tones of pathos, the soothing of the lullaby, &c., and what would you suppose of more power, or more engrossing effect?

P. You have indeed made more of it, than I had thought there was in it.

T. And yet, with all these conditions, it is but a picture—a semblance—a shadow, without fire, life, vigor, spirit, essence, *soul*. Unless the soul of truth and worthiness breathe into and inspire it, touching, as with a living coal, the kindred souls of men, all the rest were mere tricks and devices, affecting the senses alone, and enduring only so long—"having no root in themselves"—as the hearer is beguiled from reflection by the mere influence of sights and sounds. But let all these be informed by truth, and the appeal is right, and direct, and thorough, taking captive the heart and the soul, through its natural and God-gifted property—its innate discernment of the proper and the just—its taste of truth—which, in worldly parlance, we call *conviction*.

P. I had thought there was a good deal in your first statement; but now this seems to be the whole of it. Might not one succeed in pleasing and engaging by the power of truth alone, without these external ornaments of air, voice, diction, &c.?

T. Now you are bringing the matter just where I wished to place it. It is indeed not seldom that we see a man, especially in the pulpit, of little *natural* ability, of awkward habits of person, of mean exterior, and deficient in *mechanical* voice, &c., yet *going out of himself*, and, by his *superior* eloquence, in preaching the Gospel, taking captive the hearts and souls of his hearers, however fastidious and refined they be; and this he does by the truth, earnestness, and inspiration of the "spirit in his heart."

Therefore, in summing the subject, I would say, "Do ye *this*, nor leave the other undone."

C. M. B.

A SMOOTH sea never made a skillful mariner. Neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify a man for usefulness and happiness. The storms of adversity, like the storms of the ocean, arouse the faculties, and excite the invention, prudence, skill, and fortitude of the voyager.

VOL. VI.—30

## LITERARY CURIOSITIES.

BY G. F. DISOSWAY.

## GRACE AT MEALS.

It is related that Luther, Bugenhagen, and Melancthon, three of the great reformers, on a certain occasion fell into a pleasant and literary contention, as to which of them could repeat, *extempore*, the shortest and most pointed blessing at meat. Luther gave this:

"*Dominus Jesus  
Si potus et esus.*"

That is, *May the Lord Jesus be food and drink!*

Bugenhagen next repeated, in provincial Low German, the following form:

"*Did und dat,  
Troken und 'natt,  
Besegen uns Gott.*"

In English, *This and that, the wet and dry: may God bless us!*

Melancthon, however, we think, bore away the palm, by the following concise, yet comprehensive prayer:

"*Benedictus benedictus!*"

Which is, *May the blessed bless!*

THE UNFORTUNATE MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.  
LATIN PRAYER SHORTLY BEFORE HER EXECUTION.

"*O Domine Deus, speravi in te—  
Carissime Jahu, nunc libera me!  
In dura catena, in misera pana, desidero te,  
Languendo, gemendo, et genu flectendo,  
Adoro, imploro, ut libera me.*"

(LITERALLY TRANSLATED.)

"O, Lord God of hosts, I have trusted in thee—  
O, Jesus, most precious, now liberate me!  
In fetters so galling, in tortures appalling, I long after thee.  
In weeping, in groaning, on bent knee atoning,  
I adore thee, implore thee to liberate me!"

Cannot some of your poetical correspondents give a more poetical translation to the simple, forcible, and beautiful lines of the original? It is a fine, tender theme for their muse.

## OLIVER CROMWELL.

THERE is perhaps no character in history more interesting than that of Oliver Cromwell. His career can be written in few words. Born in low life, and nursed in obscurity and poverty, he rose by administering to the superstition of the people, until he had the power to put King Charles to the block, and sit upon the vacant throne. At first an unmixed enthusiast; then an ambitious military leader, prompted by the same undying enthusiasm; at last a despot in every thing but the name. So much can be done by ambition, fanaticism, and flattery, when the people will submit themselves to their sway.

F.



## SCENES IN CAPERNAUM.

BY IMOGEN, OF NEW YORK CITY.

THE lake of Tiberias presented to the eye a scene of uncommon beauty. Lying in a deep basin, environed on all sides by lofty hills, excepting only the narrow inlet and outlet of the Jordan, at each extreme, long continued tempests were there unknown; and while the same local features rendered it occasionally subject to sudden squalls, it now seemed almost slumbering in calm and quiet beauty—so motionless were its waters, save where the dashing oars impelled scores of light skiffs over its surface.

Its coast, sixteen miles long, contained, on one side, the proud cities of Bethsaida, Chorasin, and Capernaum; while the other was bounded by the rich country of the Gadarenes, on whose fertile plains arose the Decapolis—monuments of Roman prowess and dominion.

The lake at this time was all animate with life. Various vessels floated on its bosom, and multitudes of lighter boats were rapidly passing from its eastern to its western shore, laden with merchandise. Fishermen were spreading their nets to dry, or were actively engaged in their calling. The song of the boatman, the dashing of the oars, the greetings of companions, and the loud call of command, fell continually upon the ear, and all seemed rife with activity and enjoyment.

The sun had long passed his meridian; but the clear waters still glittered in his beams; and his oblique rays resting on the domes and palaces of the city, gave it the appearance of full illumination. The city of Capernaum stood, in commanding beauty, on the north-western extremity of the lake—built after the return of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity, during which they had imbibed much more oriental taste for splendor, and also acquired much facility in the various arts, which enabled them to imitate and even to rival the proud city of their bondage. The cities which arose on the ruins of those which flourished prior to that infliction, naturally partook of the appearance of their model; while the later Roman conquests poured in upon them the modern improvements of Greece and Rome, which, combining with the more ancient splendor of Babylon and Egypt, formed scenes of unique and imposing beauty. Splendid palaces and more retired villas, of the purest Grecian architecture, everywhere abounded, mingled with older buildings, of somewhat confused and undefined form. Lofty synagogues reared their heads in almost every square: artificial fountains, and miniature hanging-gardens were interspersed around; and the palm and the locust trees, with their high and spreading foliage, so overshadowed the whole, that nature and art seemed vying in their efforts to adorn.

In one of the most public squares, where all around bespoke wealth and taste, stood a mansion of almost unequalled beauty. It was built of Parian marble, in the chaste simplicity of the Ionic style, and was surrounded on every side by a small court, in which were blooming luxuriantly the most splendid flowers of the season. Beautiful *jet d' eau*s were scattered throughout the garden, and birds of bright and glowing plumage were warbling forth their sweetest tones. At this time the door of public entrance was thrown wide open, and the hurried egress and ingress of many individuals manifested that something of special interest was transpiring.

A chariot stood before the outer gate, from which had just descended a man of grave and reverend appearance. As he entered the mansion, they gathered around him; but in silence he passed on, apparently regardless of the anxious and inquiring looks directed toward him.

Ascending the noble stair-case, as one accustomed to the route, and passing through a spacious hall, with noiseless step he entered a dimly lighted apartment. It was a large and airy room, furnished with the utmost simplicity and neatness. A bed covered with a drapery of snowy whiteness stood opposite the door, on which lay a girl of about twelve years of age, so utterly motionless, that Death seemed already to have stamped his seal on her pale, youthful brow. On a chair by the bedside, with her head upon the pillow of the child, reclined a female form. Her countenance was of a deathly paleness. Anxiety and sorrow had made their visible impress; and the entire attitude betrayed a hopelessness of feeling which was painful to behold. It was the mother. The girl was her only one—her pride, her idol. With the most intense anxiety she had watched the progress of that raging fever—had seen the bright hue of health fade from that beloved face; and now that calm sleep had succeeded the fearful delirium of the morning, her fears proclaimed it but the forerunner of that from which there is no awaking.

On a divan, at the extreme end of the room, sat a man of noble form, whose face, buried in his robe, could not conceal the agitation which ever and anon shook his vigorous frame, and bowed the strength of manhood. An aged domestic knelt in silence by his side, who had been vainly endeavoring to soothe and encourage him. A scroll, partly unrolled, had fallen from his hand, and lay unheeded at his feet. It was the prophecy of Isaiah respecting the promised Messiah. Several nurses and friends were in the room—many slaves stood waiting in the ante-chamber; but all was silent as the grave. The physician advanced toward the bed. The mother opened her eyes, but spoke not; for she felt her child was dying, and that knowledge had drank up her remaining strength.

The father, springing from his seat, arose and moved toward the couch whereon was laid the hope

of his existence. He stood anxiously awaiting the physician's announcement, who, in ominous silence, was gazing on the child.

"There is no hope! My child! my child!" exclaimed the stricken mother.

"None, save in the God of Israel!" was the solemn reply. "My skill is spent: naught but almighty power can restore her."

"O, would that *He* were here! would that I could find him!" groaned the agonized father; and again, in utter weakness, he sought the divan, from which he had just arisen.

"Of whom speak ye? Whom would you consult?" asked the physician, in a low, subdued tone. "When God calls home the spirit, who can stay its flight?"

"I speak of the so-called Man of Sorrows—of him who, even now, is rebuking disease and death. Jesus, Master, if thou hadst been here, my child need not have died!"

Springing from his seat, he paced the room in all the agony of despair. A faint flush passed over the face of the physician, and for a moment an expression of scorn flitted over it.

"I have heard of the great Physician, and *they say* he not only heals the sick, but raises the dead. If you *have faith*, why do you not send for him?"

Unheeding the sarcasm of his remark, the father again exclaimed, "O, would that I could find him!" For a moment the physician hesitated; but a deep groan from the mother decided him, and he replied, "An hour since, when I passed the great marketplace, I saw a mighty multitude, and he was in their midst; and, as usual, they were boasting of his skill."

He was interrupted by the father exclaiming, "In the city! then my child need not die! Look up, dear wife, Jesus is here!"

"It is too late," was the faint reply; and the glassy eye and the quivering lip of the departing seemed to confirm her fears.

"It is not too late, dear Miriam. I go to seek the great Physician."

Stooping, he kissed his wife's pale cheek; but as he pressed his daughter's marble brow, its coming coldness entered like iron into his soul, and for a moment he hesitated.

"Go! go!" whispered the wife, even in her despair clinging to the faint hope his words had awakened.

Unheeding the incredulous look of the physician, he gathered his robe around him, and left the room, followed by his aged domestic, who earnestly plead that he might seek Jesus.

"No, no, good Jacob, I cannot stay—I must plead before him—a father's prayer will surely prevail. Stay here and watch your mistress."

Hurriedly he left his princely mansion, and with a heart agitated by alternate hopes and fears, went

to seek Him of whom, he firmly believed, "Moses and the prophets spake."

A small vessel had just landed at the pier. From it stepped a dozen men, whose whole aspect and demeanor denoted great weariness. One stood in their midst, of noble form and perfect feature. His lofty forehead and kindling eye revealed the highest intellect; but the expression of that face no language can describe. Sadness, sweetness, sympathy, seemed all combined. A child, attracted by his guileless glance, would have rushed with perfect freedom into his open arms; while maturer years shrank abashed before his unquestioned majesty. His attendants were of various ages and aspects. One of impetuous demeanor walked at his right. Another of mild and benevolent aspect attended on his left. The others clustered around him with looks in which perfect awe and love were strangely blended. At every step the multitude increased; but soon they reached the house of Levi, the publican, who had made for them a feast. The door was closed upon the crowd; who dispersed not, but whispering one with the other, patiently waited his appearance.

It was no marvel that weariness and exhaustion pressed upon them. On the morning of that day, Jesus, having completed a tour through Galilee, arrived at Capernaum, and entered the house of Peter. But for him there was no privacy, no rest. The people, having heard of the return of Jesus and his disciples, came together in great numbers to be taught. Long did he argue with the Scribes and Pharisees. Patiently did he instruct the common people, and closed the interview by casting a devil out of a man who was deaf and dumb. A few hours after, Jesus went and sat by the seaside. A great multitude gathering around him, he stepped into a boat, and, pushing from the shore, again instructed and warned.

Parable after parable, in quick succession, fell from his lips, illustrating the nature of his kingdom, the value of the salvation he came to purchase, and the necessity of urgent effort for its attainment. Dismissing the people, he, with his disciples, embarked for the opposite shore. Faint and weary, he fell asleep; but one of the furious tempests to which the lake is ever subject, having suddenly arisen, his terrified disciples soon aroused him from his slumbers. Again the power of his divinity was manifested, and winds and waves obeyed his voice. Passing into the country of the Gadarenes, they were met by a man possessed with a devil. The heart of Jesus melted into compassion at the sight. Again he spoke the word, and it was done.

The devils by permission entering a herd of swine, the animals rushed madly down the steep and were destroyed. The people of that place, estimating their possessions more highly than the benefits which the presence of Jesus conferred, besought him to

depart out of their coasts—him who had come to bless—to bring to them salvation from temporal and eternal ill. Wearied as he was, and suffering the disappointment which noble natures always feel in seeing men blind to their own best interests, he complied with their request, and soon landed in Capernaum.

While they yet sat at meat, there was a noise—a sound of haste; and, unheeding every form of etiquette, a man, clad in rich raiment, came rushing toward the Savior, and fell prostrate at his feet. He was well known to many of that crowd; and as Jairus, the ruler of the synagogue, prostrated himself in the attitude of adoration before the despised and persecuted Nazarene, the Scribe, the Pharisee, and the priest exchanged looks of astonishment and malice, while the common people rejoiced, and the disciples exulted in the public homage thus freely rendered to their despised but much-loved Lord.

Still he spoke not—emotion shook his vigorous frame, and entirely impeded utterance. Glancing imploringly upward, he met the eye of Jesus fixed on him in sympathy and love.

"My child, O, Master, save my child!" and, grasping the Savior's robe, he pleaded with all the importunity of paternal love, "O, come and lay thy hands upon her, and she shall live." "And Jesus arose and followed him, and so did his disciples."

He passed slowly on, lingering still to bless upon the faintest application. All classes were around him. The Pharisee, with his scorn; the Sadducees, proud in unbelief; the Priests, with their revilings; and many, too, were there, who were drinking in his words, and found them balm to their wounded spirits.

O, with what unutterable feelings must he who possessed perfect humanity, with all its deepest capabilities to sympathize and suffer, have viewed the mental, moral, and physical suffering which met him on every side! Wherever he turned, wherever he looked, guilt, suffering, death were beside him. No marvel that sadness sat enthroned upon his brow; for he was ever absorbing the grief of all around him, and the perspective of his future must always have embraced the unutterable sufferings to which he was now hastening.

Jesus paused, and looking around, inquired, "Who touched me?" When all denied, Peter and them that were with him, said, "Master, the multitude throng thee, and press thee, and sayest thou who touched thee?" And Jesus said, "Somebody has touched me; for I perceive that virtue has gone out from me." A trembling form fell at his feet. Hope, fear, shame were struggling in her heart, as she related the sufferings of the past, the motives which had impelled her to come to Jesus, and the result she already enjoyed; for new strength invigorated her frame, and the warm blood of health was gushing

through her veins; and he said unto her, "Daughter, be of good comfort: thy faith hath made thee whole. Go in peace."

The heart of Jairus grew strong in faith and hope. He was anticipating scenes of gladness—his wife and child, radiant in health and smiles, seemed already embraced—when from afar he descried the form of Jacob. Sadly and weariedly the old man advanced toward his master, who, reading his message in a glance, felt the sickness of despair chasing away his bright anticipations, and imploringly he looked again toward the Savior. "Thy daughter is dead; trouble not the Master," said Jacob, in a low and husky tone. The father groaned in anguish, and grasped the robe of Jesus. "Fear not: only believe, and she shall be made whole," was the sweet and soothing response; and again faith and hope nerved the father's heart. The sound of slow, sad music was heard. They approached the ruler's house. They found the minstrels and pipers performing the usual requiem for the dead. "Givé place, the maiden is not dead, but sleepeth," said Jesus, in a soft, but commanding tone. But they had watched the convulsive struggle, and the expiring breath of the departed; "and they laughed him to scorn."

Turning to the disciples, who crowded around, he selected from their number Peter, James, and John, and commanding none else to follow, they, with the ruler, ascended the stair-case, and entered the darkened apartment. The child was stretched upon her bed, in all the rigidity of death. Life had departed almost immediately after the father's exit; and the heart-stricken mother, whose faith was too weak to rely on Jesus at a distance, had been laid upon the bed nearly insensible; but the news of his arrival aroused her, and, with bewildered feelings of hope, fear, and sorrow, she sunk prostrate at his feet, only uttering, "Mercy, Jesus, Master, show mercy!" Her husband gently raised her from the ground; and the compassionate Savior, with looks of love and pity, advanced toward the child. The disciples reverently drew nigh. The ruler supported his stricken wife beside the bed, where she could watch their child; and a deep silence reigned unbroken.

"Jesus," gazing upon the quiet group, "raised his eyes to heaven, and he took the damsel by the hand and said unto her, Talitha-cumi: which is, being interpreted, Damsel, (I say unto thee,) arise."

Quick as the lightning's flash, the spirit re-entered its late abode. A faint color passed over her cheek—there was a tremulous movement of the frame; and then the eyes opened, and she gazed in bewildered surprise upon the stranger group around her. They fell at last upon her mother. A look of joyful recognition followed; and, springing from the bed, to which, in utter weakness, she had been confined, she clung around that mother's neck, and they embraced, and wept together. The father fell

prostrate in adoration at the Savior's feet. The disciples clustered around them in holy joy, and He who had thus chased away sorrow and despair, by his look of love, and word of power, stood with upraised eyes, and a countenance beaming with the purest emotion, communing with his Father, whose will he had thus accomplished. When the first burst of tumultuous feeling had subsided, "Jesus commanded that they should give her something to eat." The mother sat gazing upon her child, as if fearful of finding her bliss a dream; but this command seemed to convince her of its reality. With feelings too deep for utterance, she, with her child, bowed before their Lord; and the devotion of after years proved the sincerity and strength of their silent homage. Jesus and his disciples now descended; and, passing through the waiting crowd, left the house of the ruler, to continue, in other places, his work of love.

### THE SUPERNATURAL WORLD.

—  
BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.  
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IN the history of almost every man, there are some things strange and unaccountable. They make even a greater impression on the mind, than if the philosophy of them were perfectly understood. Some conviction respecting the future may settle down upon the soul, and afterward be realized as an event. Some hair-breadth escape from imminent danger may be made, and no account can be given of it, but as coming under the special providence of God. Perhaps a dream may visit the sleeper, and it becomes a vision never to be forgotten or effaced. The mind carries these singular specimens of its furniture about it, as if they formed a part of its legitimate property—not unfrequently as if they constituted a portion of its very self.

Whatever other account may be given of this general fact, it seems to spring chiefly from a universal recognition of a supernatural state. True, some men have endeavored to philosophize away all belief in a spiritual world. They have contended for matter as the only known existence. But, when their philosophy has gone to sleep, they have always shown themselves just as much alive to this order of experience as other men.

There is, perhaps, no more palpable proof of a spiritual state, than these universal impressions of the imagination and heart. That we have them can be explained in no way so well, as to suppose that we are ourselves spiritual beings, living in some connection with a spiritual world. The belief in such a world seems to be almost necessary to the soul. It may be that the all-wise Creator has given us this tendency of belief, as a counterpoise to the everyday material influences of our life. At all events, whatever speculations may rise out of this subject, it

cannot be denied, that every man, even the most debased and materialized, lives, to a great extent, in a higher state. Perhaps we could hardly say, with an old Grecian philosopher, that the reason always dwells with God; but we can say, without the fear of contradiction, that an immaterial world seems to be the expectation and natural element of the soul.

It might be difficult to find a person more uniformly skeptical on all subjects, than the writer of this article. For years, my mind was apparently confirmed in an honest disbelief of an immaterial life. The present was my eternity—this world was my universe—my own convictions were my god. Nothing, in those days, would excite my mirthfulness so readily, as a serious avowal, on the part of any of my friends, of a faith in invisible things. The stories in Scripture about angels coming down and conversing with men, of reasonable beings going apart, kneeling down in secret, and pretending to hold converse with unseen powers, and all things else of a similar character, in the Bible and in the Church, were to me like the nursery fables of ghosts and goblins flitting by moonlight on the moor, or the classic tales of heroes and demi-gods, who were permitted to ascend the Olympian heights, and reign in airy greatness above the clouds. But, above all things, the dreams, and visions, and ecstasies of modern times, which I thought had grown too sensible for such ideals, would then most vex my stoic spirit.

But it cannot be said of the mind, as the poet says of the sea, that "time writes no wrinkles on it." No, all men have their periods of transition—their new birth; and I have had mine. By looking farther about me, I have found some things which my first philosophy had not dreamed of; and statements which once were only ridiculous, are now not only probable, but undeniably true. This change of experience has brought with it a change in my tendency of belief; and though, at this moment, it is quite natural for me to doubt, there are some facts which I have not the hardihood or temerity to deny. They are facts, too, which go to show our connection with the other world. Some of them, I confess, are yet totally unaccountable to my mind; but it is possible that my early intellectual habits disqualify me for making correct judgments on matters of this kind.

Several years ago, while I was sojourning for a short time at an eastern school, the lady of the principal of that seminary, a woman of far more than ordinary powers, related to me a circumstance in her own history, which gave me an entirely new set of ideas. A number of years prior to the time of which I speak, her husband was having charge of another literary institution in one of the New England states. The locality of this last named seminary was about fifty miles from her native town. One night, after she had been several hours asleep, she was suddenly startled by a dream. She dreamed

that one of her old neighbors, a lady, and a dear friend, had died, though, till that moment, she had not had the slightest intimations of her being sick. She immediately roused her husband, and assured him that she believed her dear sister S. was dead, and gave him the only basis for this opinion which she had; that is, she told her dream. The husband, being somewhat sleepy, and a good deal skeptical in such things, turned over, muttered something, and went to sleep. But the woman *was* dead; and she died that very night.

That principal and his intellectual lady are now living within a stone's throw of my own door. They would both be recognized, did I dare but repeat their names, through the length and breadth of the land; and it would be for them to satisfy the public how far this anecdote is true. For myself, though I most cordially believe the fact, I leave the philosophy of it for other persons to divine.

Another illustration of my subject was given me but a few years ago. It is a little narrative which I heard related by a clergyman of New England to a few select friends. The story is located in an eastern city. The clergyman was, at that time, pastor of a Church. Having passed through a very heavy revival, during which about two hundred had been added to the faith, his health had become very much impaired, and there were strong symptoms of his falling into a decline. One day, while these melancholy forebodings were running through his mind, he was roused from his reveries by a gentle knock at the door. It was the rap of a very pious lady—though at that moment an entire stranger to the clergyman—belonging to one of the Congregational Churches in that town. For several minutes after she had taken her seat, though her manners were engaging, her voice and words intellectual, and her whole aspect composed and dignified, she seemed to be laboring under a weight of diffidence evidently a stranger to her mind.

At length, producing from her reticule a small bottle of singular workmanship, and setting it upon the table, she gave a reluctant utterance to the errand on which, as it soon appeared, she had as reluctantly come.

"You may smile at my simplicity, my brother," said the lady; "but I have a little business to perform, this morning, which, it may be, will have some connection with your health. I have brought you a small bottle of medicine, and I desire you to receive it, and take it according to the prescriptions which I shall give. If you will use the medicine in this bottle, and desist for a short time from preaching, I think you may soon be a sound and a healthy man."

There was such a mild assurance, such an oracular sweetness, in the utterance of these words, that they began to make an immediate impression on the young clergyman's mind; but he told the lady, that

he was not only receiving medical attentions from his family physician, but was also conscientiously opposed to taking nostrums got up in an irregular way.

"But," replied the female visitor, "did you know something of the *way* in which this nostrum of mine was really put together, you might have less confidence in its medical properties."

The clergyman thought that might be very probable, and by his silence gave the lady liberty to speak farther.

"About ten days ago," said she, "I was at prayer. Never had the divine presence been more manifest to my soul. After my ordinary devotions were nearly concluded, the state of your health came unexpectedly into my mind. I never had thought of you, at such a time, before. There came an impression, as suddenly as if it had been a ray of light from the throne, that I must ask God to restore you, and that I was to be the instrument in that restoration. Reluctantly, I consented to act my part in the work. My reluctance arose from a sort of foresight which I had, that I should be led into some awkward position in the business—a foresight which you now see pretty much confirmed.

"The medicine now before you," continued the lady, "was prepared in answer to prayer. The bottle, which you perceive to be of a most singular construction, was sought after and found in the same way. Three times I prevailed upon my husband to search the city for one which should answer the description given to me; and three times he returned as empty-handed as he went, with the assurance that there was certainly no such vessel to be found. At last I went myself, and succeeded. On an upper and vacant shelf, in one of the drug-shops where my husband had three times been, this curious little bottle was discovered by the shopkeeper's boy; but the shopkeeper himself declared repeatedly, that he had no account of it in his bills, and knew not how it could come there.

"All I have to add," concluded the strange visitor, "is, that all things are now ready. Here is the bottle—here is the medicine—here is my prescription. Now, follow the teachings of the Spirit, and be a sound man."

But, the reader will ask, what was the result? It is expressed in few words. The clergyman, neglecting for months this advice, sank nearly to the borders of the grave; but, in his extremity, reflecting more perfectly upon the matter, took the medicine, and is now comparatively a well man. For confirmation of this account, I refer the reader to the Editor of the Repository himself, who may not only *know* something respecting it, but whose testimony may be received as conclusive in the case.

An aged widow, several years ago a resident of western New York, gave me an account of the conversion of her eldest son. The circumstances of

that conversion, confirmed and enlarged from other sources, have ever appeared very singular, and I know not as I have met with a parallel case. Fielding, for this was the young man's name, lost his father at an early age. His mother was not only indulgent in her feelings, but slack also in discipline. His childhood and youth were spent in idleness and folly. His manhood was ushered in by drunkenness and crime. As a refuge from the ministers of the law, he fled to the high seas. After long years had elapsed, he stole a visit to his widowed mother now and then, but this was the only remaining proof that he was her child. His appearance, his language, his manners, his heart, all would have rendered him a stranger at her hearth. In every thing but a slight, half-virtuous recollection of home, he was the most dissolute and degraded of men. Every time he returned, the lone widow's heart was probed afresh, and the tears of her anguish flowed again from her eyes. When away, he was to her as one already buried and gone; and his coming would always have been, to any but a mother, a resurrection most deeply to be deplored.

But the poor widow was a woman of prayer. Her misfortune had sunk deeply into her spirit, and given new zeal to her heart. Every day she was growing riper and riper as a Christian; every day the voice of her supplications seemed to be waxing stronger and stronger toward the throne. All her energies appeared at length to be concentrated on the conversion of that prodigal son. As she grew weaker with age, her soul seemed to be renewed in the power of its faith. Her most interesting seasons of prayer were at night. When darkness brooded over the sea and the land; when nothing but the stars sent a glimmer of light through the gloom; when the world was locked in sleep, and the weal and woe of man were lying strifeless side by side, then might be seen, had there been an eye to see, the poor disconsolate widow bent by her bedside, pouring out her soul in an agony of prayer. With tears she would bewail her own indulgent gentleness. With deep sobs would she sigh over the premature ruin of her son. With strong cries would she address her appeals to the compassion of a merciful God, and call down Heaven's blessings on her child.

Did ever a lonely widow pray thus in vain? There is no ear so quick as that of the widow's God.

Look now upon yonder ocean. See, if your imaginations have eyes, that gallant ship toiling upon the boisterous wave. How gloomy is the frown of those overhanging clouds! How terrific is the gleam of red light, as it flashes across the sea! How awful are the mighty peals, as they burst from the rending heavens, and reverberate over the roaring billows, and along the echoing shores! What can save the lone vessel as it lies there covered with darkness, dancing upon the wild wave! The storm thickens. The tempest rises. The ocean maddens. Hark! did

you not hear the crash of her falling masts and spars? Is not all now over? Nay; see in the glimmer of the next lightning flash, the life-boat, with the thunder-stricken crew, sporting in awful peril upon the bounding surge. Ah! there sinks the boat, the crew, both officers and men, and the hope of many a distant mother, wife, child, whose eyes must weep evermore!

Lo! upon the wings of the storm angel let us descend to where that little taper flickers in the vessel's hold. What is here? A poor mariner on his knees. His red morocco Bible lies open on the lid of his weather-beaten chest. Shall we listen? "O thou eternal God, save me for thy mercy's sake, and for the sake of a mother's prayers!"

Will that dark spirit of the storm now bear us to the bedside of the widow, at this moment of midnight peril, also on her knees? Amidst the roar of the quaking elements, can we catch the trembling utterance of her prayer? "O Thou who didst still the heaving billows of Galilee, save, O save, my wandering, wayward, prodigal boy!" Again, on the pinions of the awful storm god, away, away we go to the dismantled vessel's side.

But whence this sudden stillness? Where now is the wild tempest gone? Has it declined as strangely and as suddenly as it rose. A placid calm rests upon the weary waters. The clouds are passed away. The winds are all silent in their mountain caves. The firmament is again clear, and the stars of glory are shadowed far down in the quiet deep. The sailor boy, saved amidst the wreck of all around, sits upon the peaceful deck, watching the last fleeting fragments of the storm, praising that God who had both spared his life and shown mercy to his soul.

In a few months afterward, after suffering every thing that human nature can endure, as the last rays of twilight were lighting up the fleecy clouds of a sweet summer evening, the sailor boy has rapped at his mother's door. The scene that followed none but angels are worthy to behold. It is enough to say, that a widow's heart was gladdened, and a widow's child was saved, in the mysterious manner here described.

From that day to this, if they are yet alive, the poor widow has leaned her declining head upon the faithful bosom of her darling son; and if they are not alive, then two sainted spirits are now safely reclining on the bosom of their God.

There is no higher praise for the Christian religion, than that it reveals to our faith and fancy our relations to the spirit world. That such connection exists had been fully and firmly believed by the sages of ancient times. The wise man of Miletus taught this doctrine. Socrates, his successor and disciple, was a faithful defender of this truth. Plato, perhaps the greatest philosopher of all ages, became sometimes transcendently eloquent in his delineations of the future state. Cicero, undoubtedly the ablest

commentator of the sage of Acaclemus, rising into the spirit of his visions, has almost equaled his master in his drawings of the better land. From the days of the philosophic orator of old Rome to our times, many men of exalted genius, but indifferent to our religion, have spoken in the highest strains of the glorious connections between the present and the future world. But it is from our Christian philosophers—the learned, and eloquent, and pious modern apostles of our faith, that we have derived the most exact, and rational, and rapturous views of that golden chain that binds us to another and an endless life. So beautiful and bewitching is the theme, that we can almost pardon both Malbranche and Spinoza, who, from opposite errors, delight to represent us as living, even in this life, in the very bosom of the all-embracing God.

Science represents the race as dwelling upon the outside of a little air-suspended planet, surrounded by an ether resplendent with bright worlds. Were it not for the density of our atmosphere, or had we been furnished with keener vision, we might have looked out and off to the very borders of creation. We should have seen ourselves in the midst of a mighty universe, with nothing real to divide us from the great brotherhood of beings, who may be supposed to inhabit the glorious worlds around us. If those beings are spiritual, there is nothing now to separate us from their communion. We are possessed of the same nature; and, were it not for this vail of flesh, we should behold ourselves living in daily association with them. But *they* have no such vail. They see us as we are. They mingle in our company. Each one of us has his angel to attend him along the slippery paths of life. The spirits of the just visit us in our earthly sojournings. Our dear departed dead—the lost ones of the heart, come back to us, nay, live with us, though unseen.

It may be a weakness in me, but Christianity seems to have imparted no higher earthly consolation to my nature, than the view it gives me of my present connection with the supernatural world. I seem to live in the company of all I have ever known on earth, but who are now in heaven. My aged father, whose gray hairs I smoothed down with many tears, though unseen, is not departed. My brother, whose last words of earthly utterance were addressed to me, still speaks to my heart in the accents of another world. My two buried children—my first and second Roscoe—though long since their sweet forms have been moldering in the grave, are yet with me. Every moment of my existence I enjoy the inaudible but heart-felt prattling of their gentle spirits. They are a watch upon my goings; and I can never sin, because I should thus mar their tender feelings. Should my other children die—should my own Sarah, the wife of my bosom, droop and fall by my side, I should lay their bodies in the quiet earth, and then feel that they had not left me. No, I can never be

bereft of my loves. All that death can do with them is to raise them to a higher state. He cannot sever them from me. It is not in his power to do it. Do I—should I, therefore, shudder to see them die? Nature will have her dues. Tears of anguish must be allowed to fall. But, when the shower of natural sorrow falls fastest, then, lit up by the Sun of righteousness, the bow of immortal hope shines the fairest. And when the hour of my own death shall come—when the eye must close for ever, and the body be returned to its kindred dust, then shall I only lay off the dark vail that now limits my vision, and behold myself, as I now am, without sufficiently realizing it, living in the immediate presence of all the holy and the good.

An American poet has not reached the point to which my faith has long since carried me.

"'Tis said that when life is ended here,  
The spirit is borne to a distant sphere;  
That it visits its earthly home no more,  
Nor looks on the haunts it loved before.

'Tis a cruel creed: believe it not!  
Death to the good is a milder lot.  
They are here—they are here—that harmless pair,  
In the yellow sunshine and flowing air,  
In the light cloud-shadows, that slowly pass,  
In the sounds that rise from the murmuring grass.  
They sit where their humble cottage stood,  
They walk by the waving edge of the wood,  
And list to the long-accustomed flow  
Of the brook that wets the rocks below.  
Patient, and peaceful, and passionless,  
As seasons on seasons swiftly press,  
They watch, and wait, and linger around,  
Till the day when their bodies shall leave the ground."

This, though beautiful, is yet a mournful picture. In the very language of the sweet poet would I reply—

"'Tis a cruel creed: believe it not!  
Death to the good is a milder lot."

They do not

"Watch, and wait, and linger around,"

as if they could enjoy nothing, and had no occupation, till their bodies should be again restored. No, they are our ministering spirits. They have business enough to guard our feet, to soothe our spirits, and to attend and bless us along our way. And such, gentle reader, is my faith. Such is my consolation amidst the troubles of this inconstant life. This is the sweet star that shines upon my pathway, and shall shine upon my grave. O, may no storms obscure it! May it never, never fade or fall from life's changeful sky!

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HOWEVER oppressed Truth may be for a time, she will, at last, rise above her oppression. False friends may betray her; inconsiderate advocates may weaken her influence, or suspend her action for the present; but in due time she will assume her proper seat, and sway her rightful sceptre.

## A SWEET HOME.

BY THE EDITOR.

HERE, as we enter this busy, bustling town, you see many running to and fro in all directions, in the rapid whirl of life. They are governed by a variety of impulses. Many are industriously laboring for their daily bread. Some, elevated a little above the common level, are beginning to conceive plans of speculation and wealth. A few, a favored few, the sons of the rich, or the successful in trade, have retired from business, and now spend their days and nights in the mazes of earthly pleasure. That there are others, calm amidst confusion, temperate amidst luxury, and thoughtful in the midst of all the frivolities around them, no one experienced in city life can doubt.

But enter this and that hotel. Go with me to the fashionable resorts. Let us even delve into the low dungeons of revel, misery, and crime. Who are all these rioters—these bloated drinkers—these more temperate, or rather less drunken gossips—these idle talkers, making themselves merry over their cups, their talk, their low jokes? One of them I happen to know. The others have doubtless a similar story.

ALFRED was a beautiful boy. He was a pattern of a round, full form, robust and healthy. His eye was very mild—in color between a hazel and a blue. He was the first-born of a good parentage. His father had made him his idol. His mother looked upon him with an affectionate pride, which none but a mother knows. At early manhood, he started out from the parental roof, not only with the blessings of his house and kindred, but with the high hopes of usefulness and honor. The aged rejoiced in his beauty, innocence, and health. The young almost envied him his prospects of riches and renown. All were made happy by his presence—all were rendered sad by his departure.

Hark! do you hear that wretch cursing? How his eye swims with intoxication! His face looks blue and bloated. There he lies in his rage, rude, rough, raving.

That wretch was the amiable Alfred. At twenty-two years of age he married a young lady of respectable parentage, more remarkable, however, for her beauty of person, than for her mental qualities. Her education had been strangely neglected. Though able to read her own language well, and capable of writing a fair hand, she knew next to nothing of the world around her, or of those topics which interest cultivated minds. Her society, to say the least, was not likely to impart any intellectual pleasure to her well-educated husband.

But the wife of my friend Alfred had another still more lamentable failing. Possessed of no particular tact at household management, she was accustomed to resign all her domestic concerns to her help, and

spend her time in matters more congenial to her disposition. She had some fifteen or twenty neighbors; and she was herself one of the most neighborly ladies I have known. Indeed, she had scarcely an acquaintance, even in remote parts of the country, whom she did not bring into almost juxtaposition, by her frequent and very intimate visits. She had one trait of character, which should almost give her the appellation of classical; for I sincerely doubt whether there was ever an Athenian, male or female, whose taste was more specially gratified by "hearing or telling some new thing." I cannot say that she was a very expensive woman; for, though her dress might in general be pronounced the richest to be found, it cost her husband but a trifle to provide her and her children—whom she always had with her—with bread.

But the husband lived several years mostly alone. His wife and children were nearly always—at least a part of almost every day—away from home. When he returned at night from his business in town, he found his house nearly forsaken—the parlor key lying under the stone step before his door. The servant girl, rid of even the slack oversight of her mistress, would place some cold bread and a slice of butter on the table; but who was there to give life and interest to the repast? The girl was, perhaps, prolonging her revels in the field, or, copying the example of her sociable mistress, was just passing a moment or two at a neighboring house. The husband eats and drinks without appetite, and saunters listlessly about, waiting—waiting—waiting for his good wife to return.

But the mind will have employ. There was company enough for my friend Alfred in town. There were always groups of idlers in the stores, by the post-office, and at each angle of the public square. True, the frequenters at those places were rather mixed in their characters, neither the good nor the bad having the entire sway. But, in such places, the good lose a part of their influence and power. They do not go there to do good; and their virtues are more real than active in such positions. Amusement, talking, the being sociable and happy, in such resorts, are always the special order of the day.

Does any reader wonder that my friend Alfred shortly conceived a sort of relish for this kind of society? Man is eminently a social being. In the want of fit associates, he will find and enjoy unequal companionship in the horse, the dog, the spider, or the mouse. Such cases have been recorded. Here, then, is my good friend Alfred. He has at home almost no society at all. His wife has set out no plants, nor shrubs, nor vines, to amuse him. His garden, if he have any, looks desolate—a fit emblem of his home. But, on the other hand, every body on the square is delighted to meet their friend. His intelligence, his learning, his wit render him a good



associate for the wise, and a gay companion for all. One step is taken, then another, and another; and, when a few years have passed away, you see him there, in all the wretchedness of ruined health, hapiness, hopes, himself the very picture of ruin. I have wept over this unfortunate, rather than wicked man; but there is scarcely the possibility of relief to such a character, with such a wife and home.

But let us leave this place of desolation. It makes the heart sick to be here. As we pass out, you see a gentleman, neatly dressed, cleanly in appearance, driving a very fine horse, and going with diligence if not speed, as if he were hastening on to some important goal. Let us accost him, for I know him well.

"Good morning, Mr. Harrison. You seem to be in a hurry. This is my friend—a constant reader of the Repository."

"A very good morning to you both. I am not altogether in a hurry, though it has become an idle habit with me to be in haste."

"This is a very commendable piece of idleness, Mr. Harrison, especially as we have but few years to live. Every thing else—the water that runs in the brook—the seed sown in the ground—the seasons in their annual circuit—every thing from the flower on the bough to the globe whirling in mid-heaven—all are hastening on to the achievement of their destiny. And why not man?"

"You are right, sir, perfectly right. But, gentlemen, please get into my carriage. My wife sends her compliments to you this morning, hoping to have the pleasure of your company both at dinner and tea. Indeed, I came expressly to find you, and I am a most fortunate man. My good sirs, get in."

Well, reader, here we go in the fine carriage of our friend Harrison. You see how neatly his horses are arrayed. Every part of the harness is in order. The mountings are well polished, and the leather is as soft as when new. Our seats are clean, and hardly a spatter of dirt is seen on the wheels. Away we fly, over a beautiful road, and through a fine landscape. All these neat cottages are the property of Mr. Harrison's friends. Groups of girls are seen in the yards; the children are sporting in harmless and healthful frolic over the gravel walks and green grass; and it would seem as if all the inhabitants of the country, old and young, were out, enjoying the luxury of coolness diffused by the breeze of morning breathing through the trees.

But here we are at Mr. Harrison's door. O, what a bower is this! How beautiful and green are all things here! The very house is a bower; and it is surrounded by a perfect bower of bowers! First, next to the fence, stands a row of honey-locusts in full bloom. Next, spruces, hemlocks, cedars, junipers, and other evergreens, are stationed here and there as the representatives of what little is unfading in this world. Then come the roses—the early

and late, red, white, purple—every variety, from the eglantine that climbs to the roof, to the delicate little anemony, or wind rose, that nods to the breeze on the wall. But to enumerate every bush, and shrub, and green sprig, and vines mounting up and winding round the cottage, and the flowers blooming in neat boxes by the sides of clean paths, and the shaded walks and alleys, some straight and broad, others mere foot-ways, turning and twisting among the green trees—to enumerate all these, would be but furnishing a sort of guide-book to one of the most charming Edens I have ever seen.

But let us walk through the long hall to the back-yard. How neat, and cool, and clean! But, bless me! the house is roused. A perfect deluge of happy children comes pouring in at every door and avenue. Let us wade through, bestowing proper attentions to the little ones as we go. We can take our observations alone; for our friend, I see, has encountered a snag of little girls and boys, and he must stop and *kiss* his way through.

Well, here is the back-yard. My friend must be, as he is, a model of modesty; for the greatest ornaments of his residence are concealed. As should be, in some sense, true of every man's mind, you see but the half of what he has till you have passed behind the outside. We have here not only the same profusion of ornamental trees, but a fine garden-orchard of apples, cherries, plums, peaches, and pears. There is a row of quinces, all trimmed to the same shape and height. The whole area is inclosed on the inside of the plank fence, by a close hedge of peach, cropped off, and about three feet high. There is life here, also. There, between two trees, is a street of bee-hives; and the republican little citizens are improving their liberties in a laudable manner. They will not sting you. They have seen gentlemen before. Besides, like all good republicans, when properly treated, they are slow to declare war. But if war comes, they know very well how to take care of themselves.

But the prettiest of all things is that little brook running through the back part of the yard. It is lined with a row of willows on each bank; and the grass on the margin is greener than it is anywhere else. As it falls over a piece of timber at the lower corner of the yard, it makes a cataract, not so large as that at Niagara, but quite as amusing to the children; for I see that little Frank has constructed a small wheel, on an improved pattern; and a little upright saw is jerking up and down, in all the mimicry of the great business world.

But it is time to go in and be introduced. As we pass along, let us take a lingering survey of the whole. What a sweet home is this! Every thing seems to be flourishing and green. There is nothing here to make man mourn. And yet this remaining beech shows, that but few years have been spent in reclaiming this spot from its native wildness. Now,

the whole landscape is a paradise below. One would almost think the poet had this sweet garden and cottage in view.

"There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,  
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,  
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,  
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea."

But here comes Mrs. Harrison herself, not from the parlor, but from a remote corner of the garden. Her fingers are a little soiled; but her face has caught the color and bloom of her flowers.

"Excuse me, gentlemen, for having been a little engaged when you came. I have two or three refractory roots and bushes, which seem determined, in spite of all I can do, to take their own way. I have just been administering to them a piece of discipline, and trying to inculcate upon them better manners, and, I might almost say, morals; for every thing in this world was created for order and obedience; and plants should be taught to respect at least the laws of beauty and design."

But Mrs. Harrison was herself almost unconsciously fulfilling a much greater law. She was augmenting the domestic enjoyment and protecting the morals of her family, by her efforts to make them all happy at home. I will not detain the reader to tell how the day and evening were spent. I will only remark, that no man, having such a wife and such an abode, could wish to spend needlessly a single hour away. It is scarcely possible for such a person to become a loungee at the taverns, the stores, and the town square. His mind and body, all the sensibilities of his nature, his kindly affections, and every thing good and generous in his soul, have full play and exercise at home. He will be a good, kind, happy husband, so long as he has such a paradise to call out his feelings, and repress every wayward and wandering desire.

But this lady is doing a much larger work. She is training up a large family in the delights of a happy home. Home will ever be a sweet word to them all. They will each strive, in after life, to make themselves one equally beautiful; and so, would others but follow this example, might spread the kingdom of innocence amid flowers, till bloom and beauty should cover the wide world.

And, besides, think of the moral influence of a family brought up in a bower. You are sure to have a family of fine taste and delicate sensibilities. They will be very likely to love retirement and books. The muses would very naturally delight in the companionship of such friends. One may become a poet, and in fancy turn the world to a flower-garden long before its time. Another, in his admiration of the beautiful, the peaceful, and serene, may become a preacher of righteousness, and, to make real the visions of the first, blow the trump of salvation over our valleys and hills. Scholars, historians, authors, are almost certain to rise up from

such a scene of retirement, occupation, and delight. Mark my words, fair reader: a blessed reward awaits this lady when the records of eternity are unrolled.

Mr. Harrison began life as a very poor man. Twice, through excess of kindness to his business friends, he failed. For several months after the first failure, as Mrs. Harrison has told me, he showed strong symptoms of despair. But his excellent wife supported his spirits in his hour of need. It was at that time she began herself to be interested in the cultivation of flowers. Her husband, relieved for the time from public engagements, was greatly in danger of contracting bad habits in the town. But his wife succeeded in rendering him contented and happy at home. Not a morning came without a shrub, or a vine, to be put out or trimmed. My friend soon acquired a lively interest in these things. He was greatly delighted to see them grow. He allowed his children to make little gardens of their own. In this way he amused himself, and cultivated the better faculties of his children, till a change of times smiled upon his outward prospects again. He has now all the comforts; if not the affluence of life. His mind has been greatly improved by retirement and thought; nor has he been entirely negligent of books. He has a choice collection of volumes; and the works look as if they had been used. With a soul enriched by divine grace, he cannot be otherwise than a happy man. In a word, whenever I think of the family of my excellent friend, I have a most beautiful picture in my mind. It is the picture of piety and cheerfulness amidst flowers. And now as, in fancy, I am leaving his house, my most pressing request of divine Providence is, that all my fair friends may enjoy a sweet home.

But, strange as it may appear to some, the consummation of this wish depends mainly upon themselves. It would seem a rude thing to send a lady into the garden, or back-yard, with bush-knife and hoe. But remember, gentle reader, the husband and the brother have a great press of business in town. Unless incited by your example, they will neglect every thing till "next year," which is the same as not doing it at all. Besides, as a general thing, they have not the requisite taste for this work. They will do the hard digging, and spading, and cutting, if you will only give them directions, and lead the way. It will improve your health, your taste, your enjoyment of life, to exercise a little in the open air. But, above all, you will shortly have what I have wished for all—a SWEET HOME.

The Turkish women, they say, have no souls; and so it should seem; for the debasing influence of *polygamy* admits of no indication of a soul. At the same time, the *men* who impose this hard law, reduce themselves to the same condition, and should share alike in its infamy.



*In the life of Jesus we have a most pure and brilliant development of Jehovah's moral perfections. "In him dwelt all the fullness of the Godhead bodily;" and in his face was seen the "light of the knowledge of the glory of God."*

Holiness, love, goodness, justice, and compassion are perfections of Jehovah, and are the most interesting manifestations of his nature yet made to human beings. The contemplation of these attributes of God act as great moral levers to lift the pious meditant into a likeness of his Maker, and approximate him to the graces of heavenly beings. These attributes existed in absolute perfection in Jesus Christ; and, during his ministry on earth, were displayed in a form of purity and excellence never before witnessed. He lived to illustrate and declare them, though he died for our offenses, and was raised again for our justification.

Holiness is an attribute of God. "God is holy;" and where has there ever been a brighter exhibition of purity than we have in the life of the Son? His life, his words, his thoughts are a mirror of beauty and purity spread out to the gaze and admiration of fallen man. How sacred, and how lovely! What a perfect model for imitation!

Love is an attribute of God. "God *so loved* the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life." And Jesus *so manifested* the Father's love in giving his life a ransom for the world, that it transcends every exhibition of uncreated love the human race, and, perhaps, angels have ever enjoyed. As thus exhibited, it so completely transcends every other display of infinite love, as to have caused inspiration to constitute it the leading motive to prompt man to the love of his fellow-man. Beloved, if God *so loved us*, we ought also to love one another.

Goodness and compassion are attributes of God. We have, in the entire ministry of Jesus, exhibitions of these perfections of the Father; but for their illustration we will be confined to the character of his miracles. In every instance, their design was the removal of wretchedness and misery, and the production of happiness. How godlike, and what a display of Divine goodness we have in his feeding the five thousand, lest they should faint and perish by the way!

Again: what an exhibition of compassion is presented in his raising the son of the widow of Nain! How touching and tender the incidents! She was a widow, and the mother of an only son. Upon him her affections and hopes for this life were placed, and cherished with a mother's fondness. He was the stay and delight of her smitten and forsaken habitation. But death, ever ruthless, and never satisfied, entered this solitary and already smitten dwelling, and robbed it of its stay and staff, and left the widowed tenant to pine and die of grief. By hovering

around that habitation, we can witness the grief and desolation which had entered. Heart-broken and stricken, attended by a numerous company of friends and neighbors, endeavoring, but incapable of soothing her sorrows, and sympathizing with her in her grief, she is following her son to his last resting-place, to take the final adieu until the resurrection morn; and, if a Sadducee, for ever. But, happily for the sufferer, they meet the itinerating Son of God, and the heart-rending scene is soon changed. He witnesses the agony of the bereaved mother, and is moved with compassion at her distress. He bids her weep not, and in the next moment commands the dead son to arise, and restores him to life and to his mother's arms. What joy immediately possesses her poor stricken soul! and what wonder follows the Son of God as he pursues his journey! The multitude are astonished, and say one to another, "Surely a great prophet has risen up among us;" and that "God hath visited his people."

The justice of God against incorrigible wickedness is strikingly displayed in the thrilling and stern rebukes of the Scribes and Pharisees, and the woes denounced against the cities of Judea.

We might continue to develop these features of our Redeemer's character—features which give additional interest and charms to his already interesting and mysterious personage—a personage whom we admire and adore, because he concentrates all perfection, all goodness, all wisdom, all power within himself—because he is the enshrinement of the Godhead, and in him dwells and is seen the beauty of the Lord of hosts. And we may cast our hopes above the bounds and visions of this present world, and take in the expectation that this Jesus, who has ascended on high, will remain the leader and head of the redeemed in heaven, and will constitute the medium through which the universal Spirit will be seen, and known, and studied for eternal ages.

#### JOHN MILTON.

JOHN MILTON was an obscure schoolmaster. When he had written and published his *Paradise Lost*, a poem unsurpassed in any language, the greatest critic of that age pronounced it "an idle tale," and the first edition hardly found a sale. Now the name of Milton is associated with that of Homer, Virgil, Dryden, and the most illustrious of every age. His conceptions, his sentiments, his language, are now a part and parcel of the English and American mind. His works have made an impression which no conceivable event can efface. He is quoted on all occasions by the learned; and the common people speak his opinions, in their own words, when they imagine every thing to be original with themselves. No man of genius has effected more for succeeding generations, and no man has, at this moment, as a literary benefactor, a higher fame.

FRANK.

## A SHORT RIDE.

BY A YANKEE.

THE reader must not suppose, from the title of the writer, that the little trip was taken in New England. Far from it. There are Yankees in almost every part of the world. Wherever they are, they are very likely to be riding, at least, if they are not walking, or running; for they are proverbially a busy, restless people. But to our trip.

On Saturday of a certain week in June last, I left a little town, situated on a branch of the Wabash river, to make a winding tour through the country to the great Queen City of the west. The first day's ride brought me to Indianapolis. This, as all the world knows, is the capital of the state of Indiana. But there is one fact which all the world does not know; and that is, that that same city of Indianapolis is one of the most beautiful places in existence. Its streets are very broad, and the side pavements are wider than I ever saw them anywhere else. Besides, every thing looks clean and cheerful. The public buildings are large, and make a splendid appearance. The two banks are among the finest in the west, if not in the country. And then, there is the great Capitol, or State House, standing up amidst the green trees in architectural grandeur. Its colonnades are very imposing; and its whole aspect is truly magnificent. The Governor's Circle is another place of great natural beauty. It is adorned with a large mansion, spacious enough for any governor and his family. But, singular as it may seem, the present chief magistrate, having been till recently a single man, has had no need for so big a house; and the building has been occupied by clerks, and lawyers, and judges, and I know not what.

The different churches of Indianapolis are quite elegant. They are also sufficiently numerous. The best of them are those belonging to the two Presbyterian societies, and those in course of construction and completion for the Methodist charges, eastern and central. Roberts chapel, belonging to the eastern charge, is nearly finished, and is an honor to that intelligent, tasteful, and enterprising parish. The central house is now on its second year, and will be, perhaps, ready for use by next autumn. It bears a great resemblance to the Union church of Philadelphia. It may be regarded as a model. Societies in its vicinity, which are about to build, would do well to look at it before drafting their plans. They will certainly get new ideas by so doing.

From May till October, Indianapolis is almost completely concealed by the thick foliage of its trees. There must have been an extraordinary degree of good taste in its earliest inhabitants; for men without taste never set out trees. Trees, shrubbery, and

flowers are the very emblems of good taste; and, by this rule, I would set down the present citizens as unsurpassed in this amiable quality. But taste is good morality. It is a teacher of morals; and Indianapolis is as green in its virtues as in its trees.

On the Sabbath, I visited both of the Methodist churches. Their congregations are large and highly intelligent. In the afternoon, on going into the vestry of the eastern church, I saw a sight that gave me sincere pleasure. It was the governor of the state instructing a Sabbath school class of little boys. The boys seemed to be as easy in his company, as if he had been the father of them all. No doubt they thought it mighty nice to have a governor for their teacher; and the teacher seemed to be as well pleased as they. I was also informed that the governor's lady—a recent acquisition to her husband, as well as to the state—was at the same time performing the same office for a class of young ladies at the central charge. The governor and his lady, both endowed with rare accomplishments of mind, will, no doubt, with a little experience and training, make very acceptable teachers in the school; and this is saying something, when we consider that that school is commonly regarded as the best in the state.

Now, will the reader go with me along the great National Road? By the way—for I now suppose we are riding—that road is now any thing but a national one. It has been absolutely abandoned by the nation, and looks all along like a splendid failure. At this season of the year you can travel on it very well; but it is none the better for being national. It would be about as good if it were natural. In fact, a natural road through the same tract of country would be quite as passable; and then the nation would not have to suffer the disgrace of it. If a man wishes to know what he is made of, or whether his skull can be cracked by good hard thumping, let him take stage from Indianapolis to Dayton. If he have left five sound bones in his body, he may know he is not made of pipe metal.

The country between Indianapolis—which I will call the Embowered City—and Cambridge, is very rich and fertile. The towns, however, are not very ornamental to the nation's big road, till you get to Dublin. That is a beautiful place. The others are quite sorry in their general aspect, excepting, of course, many fine houses in them all. I saw less shrubbery in every one of them than I expected. Most of the buildings in some of them are old and shabby. Many of them looked as if they had been shaking for about four or five seasons with the ague; and it almost brought the paroxysms upon me to look at them. Every thing seemed to be shaking off from them. The shingles on the roofs were all out of joint; and many a poor son of a weather-board hung dangling by one nail.

There was one in particular that gave me great

uneasiness. There it hung, just under a high gable-end window, swinging, clattering, clapping, in a most uncertain predicament. It seemed just ready to fall, and yet it may have been dangling there a twelvemonth. As I sat watching it from the verandah of a little rickety hotel where I dined, I could hear it creak, as it swung on the nail; and then it would become more excited by the passing wind, and set out into a most lamentable rattle. It made me really nervous. I thought it talked, and I seemed to know what it said. It appeared to be calling most pitifully for a nail. Sometimes slow, then more rapid in its speech, I imagined it endowed with sense and passion. Now hear it moan: "A n-a-i-l—n-a-i-l—give me a n-a-i-l!" Then it gets a little impatient, and speaks promptly: "Give me a nail, sir, a nail, a nail!" Now it bursts into a passion, and clatters away as fast as you can speak the words: "Give—give—give—give me a nail—a nail, a nail, sir, a nail. Why should I clap, clatter, and clap, clap, rattle, clapper, and clap, so long, so long, clatter and clap? O, give me a nail!" Poor thing! I would not have been that weatherboard for all the world. But I hope it will haunt its lord, both by day and by night, make him dream of house-breaking and robbers, and turn his wits all out doors, until he gets the miserable, creaking, gibbeted weather-board the nail.

Dublin is a very beautiful town, high and healthy. It is just two miles from Cambridge City, a place of much business importance. At Cambridge you strike the White Water Canal. This is well made, but rather narrow. It has become quite a thoroughfare for travelers and trade. It has a daily packet from Cambridge to Cincinnati.

The White Water valley is splendid, especially to an eastern man. The soil, the scenery, every thing reminds him of his dear New England. This is the only place I have seen in the west which looks exactly like home. Here you have the same high hills, the same sloping and well cultivated sides, the same long-drawn valleys, the same ups and downs in the road, the same cliffy, rocky, and yet thrifty appearance all around. You wind along the serpentine banks of the river, cross the frequent mountain torrents which rush into it, and occasionally run up and along a hill-side, which slopes down to the very water's edge. All the way, you seem to be riding in the midst of a broad panorama, bordered by hills, skirted with timber, intersected by streams, and variegated with every species of mountain scenery. The gorges, the gaps, the narrows, the defiles, and passes, all remind the eastern man of the forgotten scenes and sports of his childhood. There is nothing to make him think of the west, but the character of the rocks. They are totally different. Sandstone, a little slate here and there, and a species of porous—I had almost said worm-eaten—lime rock, are everywhere seen. These would occasionally

dispel the illusion, and bring me back again in my thoughts to the far west; and you may imagine my feelings, when, about noon one day, being somewhat tired and careless in my driving, I ran against a large granite bowlder, which was lying in the road. "Sure enough," said I to myself, "here is a stubborn old Yankee, who, true to national character, seems to have stationed himself here to dispute—to dispute the road—with any who may chance to run against him." But I was too well acquainted with his Yankeeship to argue the question long with him; so, as all persons should do when they meet these Yankee characters, I prudently turned aside, and went on my way, thinking how the old gray rock could have found its way there. Perhaps the old rock was thinking the same thing of me.

From Cambridge I passed through Milton, Connersville, and several smaller towns, to Brookville. These are all beautiful places; but Brookville is the place for a Yankee. There is nothing like it in the whole west. Like old Nazareth, in Palestine, it is both in a valley and on a hill. If any reader doubts it, let him go there and see; and, besides proving my description true, he will be abundantly paid for his trouble. The scenery is truly magnificent. Those big, rough hills had a powerful effect on me. All my life came rushing back upon me in a moment. It seemed as if I had been suddenly let down, as if by enchantment, into the midst of the home scenes of my boyhood. And then, most unexpectedly, I met there an old friend, who gave me a truly Yankee reception. I thought he would shake the very limbs off of me. I may justly say, that his was a friendship that maketh the arms sore.

Brookville is also the residence of one of our old veteran clergymen, whose head is as well stored with oriental learning as his heart is with sincerity and kindness. A thousand blessings on the venerable pioneer!

From Brookville to Harrison we have the same kind of scenery as before; but here the scene changes. Harrison is the terminus of a fine turnpike, running down from the great city. It carries you over a rolling, beautiful country, but rather sandy, and not very productive. The valley of the Miami, which you cross, is, of course, a signal exception. This is as fertile, and as splendid, in every respect, as any thing in the world. Now you go on and away, the farms and fences improving in neatness and order as you proceed, until, about sunset, you look down, from a dizzy height, upon the glorious Queen City, itself situated on high ground. You are in the suburbs. How pretty are these white cottages along the road. What a world of shrubbery is growing most luxuriantly all around them. Those latticed piazzas are completely covered with mounting eglantine roses, honeysuckles, and all manner of flowering vines and creeping beauties. For all the world, give me a cottage in the country. But it

must be near a town or city. The advantages of the city are very great to a man who wishes to keep up with his generation. In the country, he is apt to let his energies run down. He needs winding up as often as his clock.

But here we are in the thronged thoroughfare of the great emporium of the west. Look out! I have run against a cart, and must back out, or be crushed. Here they come! cabs, drays, wagons, omnibuses, stages, and all sorts of vehicles. I am pressing my way to the Galt House, but scarcely know whether I shall get there. Yes; here I am at last. My poor old nag is put up into good quarters; I have a snug little room for myself; and now I go out, and lose both the reader and myself in the ceaseless whirl of business and of men.

#### THE LAWS AND ORDER OF CREATION.

BY E. S. TAYLOR, M. D.

WHenever any hypothesis, theory, or principle is newly presented to the world, or any important scientific discovery is made, Christianity scans it with scrupulous exactness, and calculates with jealous caution the bearing it will have upon the religion in which we trust. If it appears to array itself against any of the principles of the Gospel—if it seems to conflict with our opinions respecting God, or his holy word, it is rejected as false and unworthy of farther consideration. If the disagreement is real, this is all right; for it should be a settled principle, that the Bible is true, and whatever is opposed to it must be false.

But it may be safe for us, before passing our condemnation upon a science, to consider whether there may not be an error in our mode of understanding that portion of Scripture, with which the science seems to conflict.

The God who inspired the Bible, could not have been ignorant of any of the laws he has instituted for governing the materials of his universe, nor of the time or circumstances of any of the events in his creation. Whenever, then, there is an apparent discrepancy between principles well established by natural observation, and his word, there must be an error in our understanding. Such being the case, study, and a thorough knowledge of each, will tend to illustrate and confirm the other. And every new discovery adds another to the already overwhelming mass of evidence of the authenticity and divinity of the Scriptures. The long and labored researches of infidels in the natural world, to obtain means with which to refute the Bible, have recoiled on themselves.

This caution, in Christians, may for a long time retard the universal reception of a principle; but, if it be true, it will outlive opposition, and finally be found to be in perfect conformity with the Bible, and add

to our conceptions of the wisdom and grandeur of the works of God.

Such has been the case with most of the important discoveries of past ages. This was true of the Copernican system of astronomy. Long rejected and opposed by the professors of Christianity, for centuries suppressed and buried in obscurity by this opposition, Newton demonstrated its correctness by proofs beyond the reach of contradiction. But even he was compelled to encounter strife, urged against him with all bitterness. He met the divines and literati of England in open contest; and when they argued, with unmitigated zeal, that his theory contradicted the Bible, and sapped the foundation of the Christian's hope, they touched a tender chord in the great man's heart; and he retired home, despairing, sick of his labors, sick of his discoveries, and sick of himself, because he could not convince mankind of truths to him so palpable.

Such has been, such still is, in some degree, the position which the science of geology occupies in the world. Some of the inferences deduced from geological observation do not accord with the commonly received opinions of the creation; for instance, that the materials which compose the earth must have been in existence an immense length of time. This is supposed to disagree with the Mosaic account of the creation: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."

But let us examine this declaration. In this sentence Moses merely says, "*In the beginning*," but does not tell us when that beginning was. Geologists endeavor to reconcile this account with their notions about the time, by saying that Moses simply states the fact of the creation in the beginning, without designing to mention the time; then, passing in silence over a long period of the world's history, during which great geological changes were taking place, he then proceeds to a description of the progressive creation of those organic beings, the races of which are still perpetuated on the earth.

But if this is not satisfactory, and our opponents would confine us, by the word *beginning*, to about the period of man's creation, there is still a very consistent explanation. It is said, Genesis i, 1, "God *created* the heavens and the earth." It is also said, Genesis i, 21, "God *created* great whales, and every living creature that moveth;" and, Genesis i, 27, "God *created* man," &c. Again, Genesis ii, 19, "Out of the ground the Lord God *formed* every beast;" and, Genesis ii, 7, "The Lord God *formed* man of the dust of the earth," &c. Thus Moses, in reference to the creation of man and beast, explains himself, at least in some instances, to mean, by the word "*created*," formed out of other matter. Why is it not, therefore, reasonable to understand the expression, "*created the earth*," to mean, formed out of previously existing matter, as in the two previously mentioned instances?

This does not lead to a belief in the eternity of matter; for we are confined, in this explanation, by the word beginning, to the commencement of the present order of things on the earth. There probably was a time, far, very far back, when God spoke matter itself into existence.

This apparent discrepancy being reconciled, what scope for a fervid imagination is opened! what a splendid scheme of progressive creation! what a succession of grand and awful revolutions, each approaching nearer perfection, each adapting the earth better and better for the happiness of animal existences, and for the final abode of man!

Are the labors of a self-existent and eternal God confined to a period of six thousand years? Have his goodness and wisdom slept until near this time in the bosom of eternity? Have his power and skill been for ever there, with no objects upon which to be exercised? Have no sentient beings, prior to this, ever tasted his kindness, or basked in the sunbeams of his mercy? Have yon distant, glittering suns, the light of some of which, it has been estimated, would require at least twenty-five thousand years to travel over the immense distance and reach the earth—have they shone only since man was created? If longer, have they shone to wake into freshness no germ of vegetable life? Have they poured their heat upon surrounding spheres, to minister to the wants, warmth, and happiness of no living beings? Undoubtedly, matter, brilliant worlds, and sentient beings have been, and will continue to be, in some form, as long as God delights to impart happiness—as long as eternity endures.

Let us, then, glance a moment at the order of creation, as brought to light by geological investigations. The form that characterized matter, when first created, is a subject of conjecture only. Whether it was created with the elements already combined, but possessing so great a degree of heat as to be in a melted state, or whether the simple elements were created in an uncombined state, and then, coming together, produced, by their chemical union, so great heat, as to resolve every substance into a liquid, matters not to science or our present purpose. Geology leads us back only to that time when the earth was in a state of igneous fluidity, surrounded by immense clouds of vapor in a constant state of commotion. Every substance, capable of being vaporized, must have existed in a state of vapor, at a degree of heat far exceeding that of ordinary melted rock.

At first, then, we behold the earth a sphere of molten rock—an ocean of liquid fire—boiling, roaring, and dashing its angry surges amid the dark and murky atmosphere of vapor. After probably a great length of time, the earth cooled by radiation, the hardened rock formed a crust over its surface, and the vaporized substances, successively condensing, mingled with the rock. Finally, the temperature of

the earth allowed water to distil from the canopy of clouds, and the earth was covered with an uninterrupted ocean of hot water. This gradually became cool, and the lowest grades of animal life appeared in it.

Next, we find some slight appearances of marine vegetation. But this pent up world of liquid fire was not subdued. The crust was broken—some portions elevated, others depressed; and dry land vegetables appeared. After another apparent revolution, land and fresh water animals were added to the works of creation; and at every advancing step in the age of the world, their number greatly increased, until, in a subsequent period, we behold the whole emerged earth, covered with an immense growth of lowland vegetation, and with swarming myriads of reptiles, serpents, and saurians of enormous size, filling these dark, wet forests.

Another revolution, and this mighty field of moving life was buried beneath the ocean, and there laid for centuries, while minute animalcules were piling up thousands of feet of depth of submarine rock. Again the land peered through the depth of the ocean wave, and a higher order of animals, composed of a greater variety, was created to grace the new-born earth. A warm, genial climate—a climate almost uniform from pole to pole—facilitated their growth and multiplication, till every tree, hill, vale, and mountain teemed with animal life. The lion and tiger laid their lair in the mountains of Siberia; the hyena made his home in the caves of England, and the mastodon and elephant browsed the prairies and woodland heights of our own glorious west.

Now, another revolution—a sudden fall in the temperature of the earth. The elephant was bound in the ruthless arms of the everlasting ice hills of the frigid zone. Bears in great numbers were driven into the caves of Germany, and hyenas into the dens of Britain, to fatten on each other's blood, till all were consumed. The low temperature of the earth closed in universal death the life-throes of all organic existences. Mountains of ice straggled over the now uninhabited world. No smiling vegetation decked the gloomy scenery—no animal life breathed, enjoyed, or adored. The only organic remains of this period are a few arctic mosses and shells. The circumstances of this period seemed not designed to impart enjoyment, but to prepare the earth better for the use and happiness of a still higher order of beings yet to come.

Probably, at this period, no sun shed its benign influence over the desolate earth. "It was without form and void, and darkness was on the face of the deep." "The Spirit of God moved on the face of the waters" that enveloped the earth. "And God said, let there be light, and there was light," and the glorious sun for the first time, probably, threw its illuminating rays over the benighted waste. "And



God said, let the waters under the heavens be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear," and these continents were lifted up from beneath the wave. The earth, warmed by the sun, obedient to the mandate of God, began again to brighten with the greenness of vegetation, and enliven with the stir and voice of animated beings. Finally, man, the crowning feat of Jehovah's workmanship, the climax of that constantly ascending scale of animal existence, stood forth at the head of creation, ruler of the world. "And God ceased from his labors," and creation, as far as human knowledge extends, was ended.

#### A RESPONSE.

"Make friendship with the stars."—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Yes, gentle lady, I have done so long since. I have studied them with care. I have gazed on them with admiration. They have inspired me with many a high thought and soaring wish. They have given wings to my fancy, and I have visited their abodes.

Orion, with his belts, has looked down upon my night thoughts. The sweet influences of the Pleiads have fallen upon my soul. I have roamed through the bright fields above, with Arcturus and his sons. I have traveled the Milky Way—that high road of the angels, M'Adamized with stars.

I have been upon the great ocean, where no land could be seen. The water was as transparent as crystal. Standing upon the deck of the ship, I have gazed upward from early sunset till every star had come out. I have then watched them as they were reflected in the deep, till I seemed to stand suspended at the centre of an airy sphere, studded all round with stars.

The forest has ere now been my retreat. When the camp fires were blazing high, casting their red light on the adjacent trees, I have gone out into the deep gloom, fearless and alone, to look after a bright star. In such places, I have caught such glimpses of celestial scenery, as would have satisfied the most poetical desire.

But, my lady, there are other stars than these. When the work of creation was done—when the universe was fresh and fair from the plastic hands of the Creator, then the minstrels of heaven praised aloud, and the sons of God shouted for joy. They are the stars that encircle the throne. Jesus is himself the bright and the morning star, which leads the host, and shall lead it, when the morning of the next life shall dawn. But here, in this world, we have the Star of Bethlehem to shine upon our cradles and our graves. Then, with all my soul, I repeat thy precept, "Make friendship with the stars."

T.

#### AN EXPEDIENT.

THAT strangest of all strange men, Lorenzo Dow, was once preaching in a small town in New York. At the close of his sermon, he gave out, that, in precisely one year from that day and hour, he would preach again just half a mile from the Devil's Foot.

The congregation were, of course, greatly amused, and looked upon the appointment as one of the singular freaks of a most singular man. But, in that part of the world, it was impossible for any one to suppose there was any thing serious in what he said. But the appointment found its way into the papers. It was published all abroad over the land. A great deal of inquiry was started. The secret was at length discovered.

Down near the sea-shore, in the state of Rhode Island, there is a large flat rock, on which some very strange marks are to be seen. They were made, as most geologists think, by the Deluge. But there is one most singular of all. It is the print, full and fair, of a large foot, as if the impression had been made when the rock was soft, and then remained there after it had become hard. This impression, in the neighboring region, is universally known under the appellation of the Devil's Foot. Half a mile from there was a little cluster of houses, and a fine grove. It was here that the great itinerant was to preach.

The year passed away. The day arrived. No other notice had been given. The preacher's whereabouts were not known. But the people in those parts knew him well. They flocked together by thousands. They assembled just half a mile from the Devil's Foot. The moment came—and with the hour, the man. He preached in his ordinary, random, ranting style; but, by this popular expedient, he addressed, that day, a larger congregation than the most enlightened clergyman in the land.

B.

#### THE CHRISTIAN AND CREATION.

THE universe was originally fitted up for the benefit of man during the period of his probationary existence; and although it was implicated in the curse he received at his fall, still its glories are so rich, and its advantages so replete, that it is eminently calculated to minister to the good of the Christian believer. For him the sun diffuses its golden splendors by day, and the moon and stars illumine the canopy of heaven by night: for him the lightnings purify the atmosphere, and the thunders utter their solemn voice: for him the winds of heaven breathe their freshness, and the rains pour down their riches: for him the valleys are clothed with verdure, and the mountains are robed with majesty: for him the rivers glide in beauty, and the ocean rolls in magnificence: for him

"The whole creation smiles."

## RELIGIOUS FAIRS.

*Julia.* Anna, I have brought you a ticket to our fair, and come expressly to beg you to be present at our tea-party. I assure you it will be a brilliant affair; for we ladies have toiled hard the last six months to surpass any thing yet accomplished in our city. Indeed, you cannot imagine the fatigue and time it has cost us; and then we all have to provide a handsome outfit for the occasion, and I have really ran to the stores until I am ashamed. I almost envy you, dear Anna, here in your quiet room, with none of this hurry and excitement to distract your mind. But let me once see you at our fair, and I am certain you will never love your retirement again. You will be fascinated by the varied pleasures and novelties of the place, and I know will join our sewing society upon the first application. Say you will go, now; for I must hurry to the "lace store," and then to the mantua-maker's, and am so very tired.

*Anna.* Dear Julia, I thank you for your intended kindness, but cannot accept your invitation. Far happier am I here in my quiet home, with my books and work, and leisure for visits to some poor, humble habitation, than I possibly could be were I the presiding spirit of your fair and tea-party. Dear girl, do you not fear you are pursuing a wrong course in so actively and warmly espousing the cause of fairs? Think of the lost time, the exposure of health, the vain conversation, the frivolous thoughts and actions associated with them—above all, examine the motives which actuate you all in these fairs. Are they holy? Does God smile on them? Does Christ approve? Would he, think you, visit yours, were he here on earth? Would he have taken his twelve disciples to such a place, and looking round, have said, "Go ye, and do likewise?" Your looks answer *no!* You, my dear girl, are a professed Christian, and as such your responsibility is very great. Let us talk together a few moments on this subject.

*Julia.* But you forget our *object*, Anna: it is surely a good one. Do not our funds all go to the Church we love? Have not you yourself often exhorted me to activity in the cause of Zion, and besought me to urge others to labor with me?

*Anna.* I do not forget your avowed object, my dear friend; nor do I regret your activity in the cause of Zion. But tell me, is this the Lord's cause? Has he incited you to this toil and fatigue of body and mind, or have not earthly and vain motives prompted this fair and tea-party? Have you not all, from the first, been looking forward to the display of each evening with mere worldly feelings? How much have you talked of your dress and appearance? How much, dear Julia, have you spent for attractive and becoming attire? Perhaps more than you have given to the Lord's cause for a whole year; and that which you imagine an offering to the Lord

may in reality be a profuse sacrifice on the altar of pride, vanity, and fashion. Another consideration: do these fairs, with their attendant excitements, improve your hearts? Do you grow more heavenly-minded, more dead to the world, and alive to God? They bring many worldly persons around you. Do you imbibe their spirit, or do they take knowledge of you that you have been with Jesus? The circumstances which you bring around you are those of gayety and mirth. It was said, by a public paper, of one of those parties at the close of a fair connected with a religious denomination, that it would be a place of "fashionable resort, choicest entertainment, innocent fun, music," &c. What a temptation for the professed followers of Jesus to spread for the weak, the young, or the hesitating Christian! How does it bring the Christian and the votary of pleasure on a level, side by side? Churches may thus be enriched in gold and silver; but I fear a spiritual poverty will pervade the souls of its members.

*Julia.* Anna, I think you are severe. Must we be unlike all the world? Fairs have become universal as a means of doing good. I have never professed to be as strict as many others; and I do not see any harm in "innocent recreation."

*Anna.* Julia, I would not wound your feelings. I seek your good, dear girl, in thus plainly expressing my sentiments to you. We *must* be *unlike* the world if we would be like our God. The sanction which worldly people so liberally give to fairs should lead Christians to doubt their propriety. The reason they are so popular, is found in their earthly and sinful tendencies; and that mirth, jesting, and festive excitement, which you term "innocent," produces alienation of heart from Christ, love of dress and display, and creates a relish for other scenes of gayety and dissipation, which, unchecked, will lead to a full surrender to the world and its pleasures. O, it seems to me that a greater calamity could not fall upon our Church than bringing these fairs into our borders. Tell me, Julia, do you love your class meeting as well as formerly? Do you visit and look after your little Sabbath school charge? Above all, do you seek a throne of grace as often as you once did?

*Julia.* Anna, I feel the truth of what you say; but still our Church will reap much benefit from this fair. We shall provide carpets, lamps, an elegant Bible and hymn-book, and have something left for our Sabbath school library also.

*Anna.* Dear girl, be persuaded to lay aside your ornaments, to dispense with all needless lace, ribbons, and superfluous, though fashionable attire. Persuade others to do so likewise, and, believe me, at the end of one year, you can bring a far more acceptable and worthy offering to the Church than the proceeds of this fair can ever be, and with it can bring an humble, loving, holy heart to lay at the feet of Jesus.

MARIA.

## JESUS, A MANIFESTATION OF THE FATHER.

BY REV. R. SAPP.

To "manifest," is to exhibit, to develop, to illustrate: thus, a landscape, lying in richness before the eye, is a sensible display of the beneficence of the Parent of the world, and develops a quality of beauty existing in the Creator which will place the robe of loveliness on all objects of his creating power. Jesus, to be a manifestation of the Father, must be, in his nature and life, a living expression of the Father's natural and moral perfections. This may be what the apostle means when he declares him to be the "express image of his person," and "the brightness of his glory," and "the image of the invisible God." The same truth is contained in the Savior's own remarkable language to his disciples, "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Show us the Father?" It will be interesting for us to inquire how Jesus is a manifestation of the Father, or how the Father is seen in the Son.

*The sermons, parables, and words of Jesus are an exhibition of the Father's wisdom.* "Never man spake like this man." The discourses of the Redeemer contain a clearer, brighter exhibition of the wisdom and purposes of the Father than all preceding revelations. They are a pure transcript of God's intellectual and moral powers; and from the beauty and clearness of these sublime lessons committed to the learning of human beings, they are able to educe the character of the great Parent of man and angels. For ages before the birth of Christ, the will and wisdom of Jehovah was gradually revealed to the world through the medium of angels and inspired men, and by the use of types and enigmas; and, from the obscurity and dimness of these channels of communication, it could not be expected that the great purposes of the Father, in the redemption of man, and the plans and principles of his government, would be free from obscurity. But when the fullness of the times had come for the assumption of humanity by the eternal Word, who had dwelt from eternity in the bosom of the Father, we find that Immanuel, God with us, stands up in the midst of the human race to teach man, with clearness and authority, these great truths. Hence, the Gospel is replete with instruction upon the momentous subjects which interest and concern mankind—the character of God—the precepts of his spiritual kingdom—the end for which man was created, and its contravention through sin—salvation from sin and death, through Christ—the endless life to which the redeemed are destined, through Him who hath brought life and immortality to light—the purity of heart he can obtain in this life, and the happiness to which it will lead in the world to come. On these sublime and interesting subjects the Father

speaks in the Gospel of his Son. Those who then listened to the words of Jesus, heard the voice and wisdom of the Father; for he declared that he "spake to the world those things he heard of him"—heard of him before he laid aside the robe of divinity, or "emptied" himself of the Godhead's glory—heard of him, while dwelling in the Father's bosom, before a sun, or star, or world, or angel, or man was created, luxuriating in the holy love and friendship of the blessed Trinity! From this eternal fountain, the Son brought forth the spiritual wisdom of Jehovah, and spread it out, not only to the gaze of man, but a universe of wondering and adoring intelligence.

*In the miracles performed by Jesus, we have a manifestation of the uncreated power of God.* "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." This declaration was made to the clamoring Jews, immediately after healing the diseased man at the pool of Bethesda, and contains a declaration of an ability or power of working equal to that possessed by the Father.

We are astonished when we contemplate the miracles performed by Christ. His miraculous powers were distinguished from those possessed by all other divine teachers. They seem not to have been granted, like those of Moses, for example, only occasionally, and to meet some great public exigency, but to have resided in him perpetually, and to have been used at his discretion. Let the imagination, for a moment, be with him and his disciples at midnight on the bosom of Genesareth, and witness his authority over the angry elements.

"The winds were howling o'er the deep,  
Each wave a watery hill:  
The Savior, waken'd from his sleep,  
He spake, and all was still."

The same authority and power is evinced on every occasion when he performs miracles. Maladies disappear at his touch—the spirits are subject to him, and, at his command, retire from their victims—the bands and cords of death tremble, and are broken at his word, and the dead are restored to life. And, during the miraculous ministry of the blessed Redeemer, how many hearts were gladdened, how many tears were dried, how many families rejoiced, and how much suffering disappeared throughout Judea! One instance from the many will be sufficient to illustrate this feature, in these miracles of power performed by Christ. We behold him coming to the tomb of a friend who had been dead four days. The sisters of the deceased were giving utterance to the feelings of humanity. Martha and Mary were weeping for Lazarus! Jesus sympathized with them; for he, too, loved Lazarus; yea, Jesus wept! But with the power of a God he called him from the tomb, and restored him to the arms of the weeping sisters, and bound up their bleeding hearts. Was this not as near—as perceptible a manifestation of the presence and power of the invisible God as could be made to the senses of mortals?

*In the life of Jesus we have a most pure and brilliant development of Jehovah's moral perfections. "In him dwelt all the fullness of the Godhead bodily;" and in his face was seen the "light of the knowledge of the glory of God."*

Holiness, love, goodness, justice, and compassion are perfections of Jehovah, and are the most interesting manifestations of his nature yet made to human beings. The contemplation of these attributes of God act as great moral levers to lift the pious meditant into a likeness of his Maker, and approximate him to the graces of heavenly beings. These attributes existed in absolute perfection in Jesus Christ; and, during his ministry on earth, were displayed in a form of purity and excellence never before witnessed. He lived to illustrate and declare them, though he died for our offenses, and was raised again for our justification.

Holiness is an attribute of God. "God is holy;" and where has there ever been a brighter exhibition of purity than we have in the life of the Son? His life, his words, his thoughts are a mirror of beauty and purity spread out to the gaze and admiration of fallen man. How sacred, and how lovely! What a perfect model for imitation!

Love is an attribute of God. "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life." And Jesus so manifested the Father's love in giving his life a ransom for the world, that it transcends every exhibition of uncreated love the human race, and, perhaps, angels have ever enjoyed. As thus exhibited, it so completely transcends every other display of infinite love, as to have caused inspiration to constitute it the leading motive to prompt man to the love of his fellow-man. Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.

Goodness and compassion are attributes of God. We have, in the entire ministry of Jesus, exhibitions of these perfections of the Father; but for their illustration we will be confined to the character of his miracles. In every instance, their design was the removal of wretchedness and misery, and the production of happiness. How godlike, and what a display of Divine goodness we have in his feeding the five thousand, lest they should faint and perish by the way!

Again: what an exhibition of compassion is presented in his raising the son of the widow of Nain! How touching and tender the incidents! She was a widow, and the mother of an only son. Upon him her affections and hopes for this life were placed, and cherished with a mother's fondness. He was the stay and delight of her smitten and forsaken habitation. But death, ever ruthless, and never satisfied, entered this solitary and already smitten dwelling, and robbed it of its stay and staff, and left the widowed tenant to pine and die of grief. By hovering

around that habitation, we can witness the grief and desolation which had entered. Heart-broken and stricken, attended by a numerous company of friends and neighbors, endeavoring, but incapable of soothing her sorrows, and sympathizing with her in her grief, she is following her son to his last resting-place, to take the final adieu until the resurrection morn; and, if a Sadducee, for ever. But, happily for the sufferer, they meet the itinerating Son of God, and the heart-rending scene is soon changed. He witnesses the agony of the bereaved mother, and is moved with compassion at her distress. He bids her weep not, and in the next moment commands the dead son to arise, and restores him to life and to his mother's arms. What joy immediately possesses her poor stricken soul! and what wonder follows the Son of God as he pursues his journey! The multitude are astonished, and say one to another, "Surely a great prophet has risen up among us;" and that "God hath visited his people."

The justice of God against incorrigible wickedness is strikingly displayed in the thrilling and stern rebukes of the Scribes and Pharisees, and the woes denounced against the cities of Judea.

We might continue to develop these features of our Redeemer's character—features which give additional interest and charms to his already interesting and mysterious personage—a personage whom we admire and adore, because he concentrates all perfection, all goodness, all wisdom, all power within himself—because he is the enshrinement of the Godhead, and in him dwells and is seen the beauty of the Lord of hosts. And we may cast our hopes above the bounds and visions of this present world, and take in the expectation that this Jesus, who has ascended on high, will remain the leader and head of the redeemed in heaven, and will constitute the medium through which the universal Spirit will be seen, and known, and studied for eternal ages.

#### JOHN MILTON.

JOHN MILTON was an obscure schoolmaster. When he had written and published his *Paradise Lost*, a poem unsurpassed in any language, the greatest critic of that age pronounced it "an idle tale," and the first edition hardly found a sale. Now the name of Milton is associated with that of Homer, Virgil, Dryden, and the most illustrious of every age. His conceptions, his sentiments, his language, are now a part and parcel of the English and American mind. His works have made an impression which no conceivable event can efface. He is quoted on all occasions by the learned; and the common people speak his opinions, in their own words, when they imagine every thing to be original with themselves. No man of genius has effected more for succeeding generations, and no man has, at this moment, as a literary benefactor, a higher fame.

FRANK.

## A SHORT RIDE.

BY A YANKEE.

THE reader must not suppose, from the title of the writer, that the little trip was taken in New England. Far from it. There are Yankees in almost every part of the world. Wherever they are, they are very likely to be riding, at least, if they are not walking, or running; for they are proverbially a busy, restless people. But to our trip.

On Saturday of a certain week in June last, I left a little town, situated on a branch of the Wabash river, to make a winding tour through the country to the great Queen City of the west. The first day's ride brought me to Indianapolis. This, as all the world knows, is the capital of the state of Indiana. But there is one fact which all the world does not know; and that is, that that same city of Indianapolis is one of the most beautiful places in existence. Its streets are very broad, and the side pavements are wider than I ever saw them anywhere else. Besides, every thing looks clean and cheerful. The public buildings are large, and make a splendid appearance. The two banks are among the finest in the west, if not in the country. And then, there is the great Capitol, or State House, standing up amidst the green trees in architectural grandeur. Its colonnades are very imposing; and its whole aspect is truly magnificent. The Governor's Circle is another place of great natural beauty. It is adorned with a large mansion, spacious enough for any governor and his family. But, singular as it may seem, the present chief magistrate, having been till recently a single man, has had no need for so big a house; and the building has been occupied by clerks, and lawyers, and judges, and I know not what.

The different churches of Indianapolis are quite elegant. They are also sufficiently numerous. The best of them are those belonging to the two Presbyterian societies, and those in course of construction and completion for the Methodist charges, eastern and central. Roberts chapel, belonging to the eastern charge, is nearly finished, and is an honor to that intelligent, tasteful, and enterprising parish. The central house is now on its second year, and will be, perhaps, ready for use by next autumn. It bears a great resemblance to the Union church of Philadelphia. It may be regarded as a model. Societies in its vicinity, which are about to build, would do well to look at it before drafting their plans. They will certainly get new ideas by so doing.

From May till October, Indianapolis is almost completely concealed by the thick foliage of its trees. There must have been an extraordinary degree of good taste in its earliest inhabitants; for men without taste never set out trees. Trees, shrubbery, and

flowers are the very emblems of good taste; and, by this rule, I would set down the present citizens as unsurpassed in this amiable quality. But taste is good morality. It is a teacher of morals; and Indianapolis is as green in its virtues as in its trees.

On the Sabbath, I visited both of the Methodist churches. Their congregations are large and highly intelligent. In the afternoon, on going into the vestry of the eastern church, I saw a sight that gave me sincere pleasure. It was the governor of the state instructing a Sabbath school class of little boys. The boys seemed to be as easy in his company, as if he had been the father of them all. No doubt they thought it mighty nice to have a governor for their teacher; and the teacher seemed to be as well pleased as they. I was also informed that the governor's lady—a recent acquisition to her husband, as well as to the state—was at the same time performing the same office for a class of young ladies at the central charge. The governor and his lady, both endowed with rare accomplishments of mind, will, no doubt, with a little experience and training, make very acceptable teachers in the school; and this is saying something, when we consider that that school is commonly regarded as the best in the state.

Now, will the reader go with me along the great National Road? By the way—for I now suppose we are riding—that road is now any thing but a national one. It has been absolutely abandoned by the nation, and looks all along like a splendid failure. At this season of the year you can travel on it very well; but it is none the better for being national. It would be about as good if it were natural. In fact, a natural road through the same tract of country would be quite as passable; and then the nation would not have to suffer the disgrace of it. If a man wishes to know what he is made of, or whether his skull can be cracked by good hard thumping, let him take stage from Indianapolis to Dayton. If he have left five sound bones in his body, he may know he is not made of pipe metal.

The country between Indianapolis—which I will call the Embowered City—and Cambridge, is very rich and fertile. The towns, however, are not very ornamental to the nation's big road, till you get to Dublin. That is a beautiful place. The others are quite sorry in their general aspect, excepting, of course, many fine houses in them all. I saw less shrubbery in every one of them than I expected. Most of the buildings in some of them are old and shabby. Many of them looked as if they had been shaking for about four or five seasons with the ague; and it almost brought the paroxysms upon me to look at them. Every thing seemed to be shaking off from them. The shingles on the roofs were all out of joint; and many a poor son of a weather-board hung dangling by one nail.

There was one in particular that gave me great

uneasiness. There it hung, just under a high gable-end window, swinging, clattering, clapping, in a most uncertain predicament. It seemed just ready to fall, and yet it may have been dangling there a twelvemonth. As I sat watching it from the verandah of a little rickety hotel where I dined, I could hear it creak, as it swung on the nail; and then it would become more excited by the passing wind, and set out into a most lamentable rattle. It made me really nervous. I thought it talked, and I seemed to know what it said. It appeared to be calling most pitifully for a nail. Sometimes slow, then more rapid in its speech, I imagined it endowed with sense and passion. Now hear it moan: "A n-a-i-l—n-a-i-l—give me a n-a-i-l!" Then it gets a little impatient, and speaks promptly: "Give me a nail, sir, a nail, a nail!" Now it bursts into a passion, and clatters away as fast as you can speak the words: "Give—give—give—give me a nail—a nail, a nail, sir, a nail. Why should I clap, clatter, and clap, clap, rattle, clapper, and clap, so long, so long, clatter and clap? O, give me a nail!" Poor thing! I would not have been that weatherboard for all the world. But I hope it will haunt its lord, both by day and by night, make him dream of house-breaking and robbers, and turn his wits all out doors, until he gets the miserable, creaking, gibbeted weatherboard the nail.

Dublin is a very beautiful town, high and healthy. It is just two miles from Cambridge City, a place of much business importance. At Cambridge you strike the White Water Canal. This is well made, but rather narrow. It has become quite a thoroughfare for travelers and trade. It has a daily packet from Cambridge to Cincinnati.

The White Water valley is splendid, especially to an eastern man. The soil, the scenery, every thing reminds him of his dear New England. This is the only place I have seen in the west which looks exactly like home. Here you have the same high hills, the same sloping and well cultivated sides, the same long-drawn valleys, the same ups and downs in the road, the same cliffy, rocky, and yet thrifty appearance all around. You wind along the serpentine banks of the river, cross the frequent mountain torrents which rush into it, and occasionally run up and along a hill-side, which slopes down to the very water's edge. All the way, you seem to be riding in the midst of a broad panorama, bordered by hills, skirted with timber, intersected by streams, and variegated with every species of mountain scenery. The gorges, the gaps, the narrows, the defiles, and passes, all remind the eastern man of the unforgettable scenes and sports of his childhood. There is nothing to make him think of the west, but the character of the rocks. They are totally different. Sandstone, a little slate here and there, and a species of porous—I had almost said worm-eaten—lime rock, are everywhere seen. These would occasionally

dispel the illusion, and bring me back again in my thoughts to the far west; and you may imagine my feelings, when, about noon one day, being somewhat tired and careless in my driving, I ran against a large granite boulder, which was lying in the road. "Sure enough," said I to myself, "here is a stubborn old Yankee, who, true to national character, seems to have stationed himself here to dispute—to dispute the road—with any who may chance to run against him." But I was too well acquainted with his Yankeeishness to argue the question long with him; so, as all persons should do when they meet these Yankee characters, I prudently turned aside, and went on my way, thinking how the old gray rock could have found its way there. Perhaps the old rock was thinking the same thing of me.

From Cambridge I passed through Milton, Connersville, and several smaller towns, to Brookville. These are all beautiful places; but Brookville is the place for a Yankee. There is nothing like it in the whole west. Like old Nazareth, in Palestine, it is both in a valley and on a hill. If any reader doubts it, let him go there and see; and, besides proving my description true, he will be abundantly paid for his trouble. The scenery is truly magnificent. Those big, rough hills had a powerful effect on me. All my life came rushing back upon me in a moment. It seemed as if I had been suddenly let down, as if by enchantment, into the midst of the home scenes of my boyhood. And then, most unexpectedly, I met there an old friend, who gave me a truly Yankee reception. I thought he would shake the very limbs off of me. I may justly say, that his was a friendship that maketh the arms sore.

Brookville is also the residence of one of our old veteran clergymen, whose head is as well stored with oriental learning as his heart is with sincerity and kindness. A thousand blessings on the venerable pioneer!

From Brookville to Harrison we have the same kind of scenery as before; but here the scene changes. Harrison is the terminus of a fine turnpike, running down from the great city. It carries you over a rolling, beautiful country, but rather sandy, and not very productive. The valley of the Miami, which you cross, is, of course, a signal exception. This is as fertile, and as splendid, in every respect, as any thing in the world. Now you go on and away, the farms and fences improving in neatness and order as you proceed, until, about sunset, you look down, from a dizzy height, upon the glorious Queen City, itself situated on high ground. You are in the suburbs. How pretty are these white cottages along the road. What a world of shrubbery is growing most luxuriantly all around them. Those latticed piazzas are completely covered with mounting eglantine roses, honeysuckles, and all manner of flowering vines and creeping beauties. For all the world, give me a cottage in the country. But it

must be near a town or city. The advantages of the city are very great to a man who wishes to keep up with his generation. In the country, he is apt to let his energies run down. He needs winding up as often as his clock.

But here we are in the thronged thoroughfare of the great emporium of the west. Look out! I have run against a cart, and must back out, or be crushed. Here they come! cabs, drays, wagons, omnibuses, stages, and all sorts of vehicles. I am pressing my way to the Galt House, but scarcely know whether I shall get there. Yes; here I am at last. My poor old nag is put up into good quarters; I have a snug little room for myself; and now I go out, and lose both the reader and myself in the ceaseless whirl of business and of men.

#### THE LAWS AND ORDER OF CREATION.

BY E. S. TAYLOR, M. D.

WHENEVER any hypothesis, theory, or principle is newly presented to the world, or any important scientific discovery is made, Christianity scans it with scrupulous exactness, and calculates with jealous caution the bearing it will have upon the religion in which we trust. If it appears to array itself against any of the principles of the Gospel—if it seems to conflict with our opinions respecting God, or his holy word, it is rejected as false and unworthy of farther consideration. If the disagreement is real, this is all right; for it should be a settled principle, that the Bible is true, and whatever is opposed to it must be false.

But it may be safe for us, before passing our condemnation upon a science, to consider whether there may not be an error in our mode of understanding that portion of Scripture, with which the science seems to conflict.

The God who inspired the Bible, could not have been ignorant of any of the laws he has instituted for governing the materials of his universe, nor of the time or circumstances of any of the events in his creation. Whenever, then, there is an apparent discrepancy between principles well established by natural observation, and his word, there must be an error in our understanding. Such being the case, study, and a thorough knowledge of each, will tend to illustrate and confirm the other. And every new discovery adds another to the already overwhelming mass of evidence of the authenticity and divinity of the Scriptures. The long and labored researches of infidels in the natural world, to obtain means with which to refute the Bible, have recoiled on themselves.

This caution, in Christians, may for a long time retard the universal reception of a principle; but, if it be true, it will outlive opposition, and finally be found to be in perfect conformity with the Bible, and add

to our conceptions of the wisdom and grandeur of the works of God.

Such has been the case with most of the important discoveries of past ages. This was true of the Copernican system of astronomy. Long rejected and opposed by the professors of Christianity, for centuries suppressed and buried in obscurity by this opposition, Newton demonstrated its correctness by proofs beyond the reach of contradiction. But even he was compelled to encounter strife, urged against him with all bitterness. He met the divines and literati of England in open contest; and when they argued, with unmitigated zeal, that his theory contradicted the Bible, and sapped the foundation of the Christian's hope, they touched a tender chord in the great man's heart; and he retired home, despairing, sick of his labors, sick of his discoveries, and sick of himself, because he could not convince mankind of truths to him so palpable.

Such has been, such still is, in some degree, the position which the science of geology occupies in the world. Some of the inferences deduced from geological observation do not accord with the commonly received opinions of the creation; for instance, that the materials which compose the earth must have been in existence an immense length of time. This is supposed to disagree with the Mosaic account of the creation: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."

But let us examine this declaration. In this sentence Moses merely says, "*In the beginning*," but does not tell us when that beginning was. Geologists endeavor to reconcile this account with their notions about the time, by saying that Moses simply states the fact of the creation in the beginning, without designing to mention the time; then, passing in silence over a long period of the world's history, during which great geological changes were taking place, he then proceeds to a description of the progressive creation of those organic beings, the races of which are still perpetuated on the earth.

But if this is not satisfactory, and our opponents would confine us, by the word *beginning*, to about the period of man's creation, there is still a very consistent explanation. It is said, Genesis i, 1, "God created the heavens and the earth." It is also said, Genesis i, 21, "God created great whales, and every living creature that moveth;" and, Genesis i, 27, "God created man," &c. Again, Genesis ii, 19, "Out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast;" and, Genesis ii, 7, "The Lord God formed man of the dust of the earth," &c. Thus Moses, in reference to the creation of man and beast, explains himself, at least in some instances, to mean, by the word "created," formed out of other matter. Why is it not, therefore, reasonable to understand the expression, "created the earth," to mean, formed out of previously existing matter, as in the two previously mentioned instances?

This does not lead to a belief in the eternity of matter; for we are confined, in this explanation, by the word beginning, to the commencement of the present order of things on the earth. There probably was a time, far, very far back, when God spoke matter itself into existence.

This apparent discrepancy being reconciled, what scope for a fervid imagination is opened! what a splendid scheme of progressive creation! what a succession of grand and awful revolutions, each approaching nearer perfection, each adapting the earth better and better for the happiness of animal existence, and for the final abode of man!

Are the labors of a self-existent and eternal God confined to a period of six thousand years? Have his goodness and wisdom slept until near this time in the bosom of eternity? Have his power and skill been for ever there, with no objects upon which to be exercised? Have no sentient beings, prior to this, ever tasted his kindness, or basked in the sunbeams of his mercy? Have yon distant, glittering suns, the light of some of which, it has been estimated, would require at least twenty-five thousand years to travel over the immense distance and reach the earth—have they shone only since man was created? If longer, have they shone to wake into freshness no germ of vegetable life? Have they poured their heat upon surrounding spheres, to minister to the wants, warmth, and happiness of no living beings? Undoubtedly, matter, brilliant worlds, and sentient beings have been, and will continue to be, in some form, as long as God delights to impart happiness—as long as eternity endures.

Let us, then, glance a moment at the order of creation, as brought to light by geological investigations. The form that characterized matter, when first created, is a subject of conjecture only. Whether it was created with the elements already combined, but possessing so great a degree of heat as to be in a melted state, or whether the simple elements were created in an uncombined state, and then, coming together, produced, by their chemical union, so great heat, as to resolve every substance into a liquid, matters not to science or our present purpose. Geology leads us back only to that time when the earth was in a state of igneous fluidity, surrounded by immense clouds of vapor in a constant state of commotion. Every substance, capable of being vaporized, must have existed in a state of vapor, at a degree of heat far exceeding that of ordinary melted rock.

At first, then, we behold the earth a sphere of molten rock—an ocean of liquid fire—boiling, roaring, and dashing its angry surges amid the dark and murky atmosphere of vapor. After probably a great length of time, the earth cooled by radiation, the hardened rock formed a crust over its surface, and the vaporized substances, successively condensing, mingled with the rock. Finally, the temperature of

the earth allowed water to distil from the canopy of clouds, and the earth was covered with an uninterrupted ocean of hot water. This gradually became cool, and the lowest grades of animal life appeared in it.

Next, we find some slight appearances of marine vegetation. But this pent up world of liquid fire was not subdued. The crust was broken—some portions elevated, others depressed; and dry land vegetables appeared. After another apparent revolution, land and fresh water animals were added to the works of creation; and at every advancing step in the age of the world, their number greatly increased, until, in a subsequent period, we behold the whole emerged earth, covered with an immense growth of lowland vegetation, and with swarming myriads of reptiles, serpents, and saurians of enormous size, filling these dark, wet forests.

Another revolution, and this mighty field of moving life was buried beneath the ocean, and there laid for centuries, while minute animalcules were piling up thousands of feet of depth of submarine rock. Again the land peered through the depth of the ocean wave, and a higher order of animals, composed of a greater variety, was created to grace the new-born earth. A warm, genial climate—a climate almost uniform from pole to pole—facilitated their growth and multiplication, till every tree, hill, vale, and mountain teemed with animal life. The lion and tiger laid their lair in the mountains of Siberia; the hyena made his home in the caves of England, and the mastodon and elephant browsed the prairies and woodland heights of our own glorious west.

Now, another revolution—a sudden fall in the temperature of the earth. The elephant was bound in the ruthless arms of the everlasting ice hills of the frigid zone. Bears in great numbers were driven into the caves of Germany, and hyenas into the dens of Britain, to fatten on each other's blood, till all were consumed. The low temperature of the earth closed in universal death the life-throes of all organic existences. Mountains of ice straggled over the now uninhabited world. No smiling vegetation decked the gloomy scenery—no animal life breathed, enjoyed, or adored. The only organic remains of this period are a few arctic mosses and shells. The circumstances of this period seemed not designed to impart enjoyment, but to prepare the earth better for the use and happiness of a still higher order of beings yet to come.

Probably, at this period, no sun shed its benign influence over the desolate earth. "It was without form and void, and darkness was on the face of the deep." "The Spirit of God moved on the face of the waters" that enveloped the earth. "And God said, let there be light, and there was light," and the glorious sun for the first time, probably, threw its illuminating rays over the benighted waste. "And



God said, let the waters under the heavens be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear," and these continents were lifted up from beneath the wave. The earth, warmed by the sun, obedient to the mandate of God, began again to brighten with the greenness of vegetation, and enliven with the stir and voice of animated beings. Finally, man, the crowning feat of Jehovah's workmanship, the climax of that constantly ascending scale of animal existence, stood forth at the head of creation, ruler of the world. "And God ceased from his labors," and creation, as far as human knowledge extends, was ended.

#### A RESPONSE.

"Make friendship with the stars."—MRS. SMOORNEY.

Yes, gentle lady, I have done so long since. I have studied them with care. I have gazed on them with admiration. They have inspired me with many a high thought and soaring wish. They have given wings to my fancy, and I have visited their abodes.

Orion, with his belts, has looked down upon my night thoughts. The sweet influences of the Pleiads have fallen upon my soul. I have roamed through the bright fields above, with Arcturus and his sons. I have traveled the Milky Way—that high road of the angels, M'Adamized with stars.

I have been upon the great ocean, where no land could be seen. The water was as transparent as crystal. Standing upon the deck of the ship, I have gazed upward from early sunset till every star had come out. I have then watched them as they were reflected in the deep, till I seemed to stand suspended at the centre of an airy sphere, studded all round with stars.

The forest has ere now been my retreat. When the camp fires were blazing high, casting their red light on the adjacent trees, I have gone out into the deep gloom, fearless and alone, to look after a bright star. In such places, I have caught such glimpses of celestial scenery, as would have satisfied the most poetical desire.

But, my lady, there are other stars than these. When the work of creation was done—when the universe was fresh and fair from the plastic hands of the Creator, then the minstrels of heaven praised aloud, and the sons of God shouted for joy. They are the stars that encircle the throne. Jesus is himself the bright and the morning star, which leads the host, and shall lead it, when the morning of the next life shall dawn. But here, in this world, we have the Star of Bethlehem to shine upon our cradles and our graves. Then, with all my soul, I repeat thy precept, "Make friendship with the stars."

T.

#### AN EXPEDIENT.

THAT strangest of all strange men, Lorenzo Dow, was once preaching in a small town in New York. At the close of his sermon, he gave out, that, in precisely one year from that day and hour, he would preach again just half a mile from the Devil's Foot.

The congregation were, of course, greatly amused, and looked upon the appointment as one of the singular freaks of a most singular man. But, in that part of the world, it was impossible for any one to suppose there was any thing serious in what he said. But the appointment found its way into the papers. It was published all abroad over the land. A great deal of inquiry was started. The secret was at length discovered.

Down near the sea-shore, in the state of Rhode Island, there is a large flat rock, on which some very strange marks are to be seen. They were made, as most geologists think, by the Deluge. But there is one most singular of all. It is the print, full and fair, of a large foot, as if the impression had been made when the rock was soft, and then remained there after it had become hard. This impression, in the neighboring region, is universally known under the appellation of the Devil's Foot. Half a mile from there was a little cluster of houses, and a fine grove. It was here that the great itinerant was to preach.

The year passed away. The day arrived. No other notice had been given. The preacher's whereabouts were not known. But the people in those parts knew him well. They flocked together by thousands. They assembled just half a mile from the Devil's Foot. The moment came—and with the hour, the man. He preached in his ordinary, random, ranting style; but, by this popular expedient, he addressed, that day, a larger congregation than the most enlightened clergyman in the land.

B.

#### THE CHRISTIAN AND CREATION.

THE universe was originally fitted up for the benefit of man during the period of his probationary existence; and although it was implicated in the curse he received at his fall, still its glories are so rich, and its advantages so replete, that it is eminently calculated to minister to the good of the Christian believer. For him the sun diffuses its golden splendors by day, and the moon and stars illumine the canopy of heaven by night: for him the lightnings purify the atmosphere, and the thunders utter their solemn voice: for him the winds of heaven breathe their freshness, and the rains pour down their riches: for him the valleys are clothed with verdure, and the mountains are robed with majesty: for him the rivers glide in beauty, and the ocean rolls in magnificence: for him

"The whole creation smiles."

## RELIGIOUS FAIRS.

*Julia.* Anna, I have brought you a ticket to our fair, and come expressly to beg you to be present at our tea-party. I assure you it will be a brilliant affair; for we ladies have toiled hard the last six months to surpass any thing yet accomplished in our city. Indeed, you cannot imagine the fatigue and time it has cost us; and then we all have to provide a handsome outfit for the occasion, and I have really ran to the stores until I am ashamed. I almost envy you, dear Anna, here in your quiet room, with none of this hurry and excitement to distract your mind. But let me once see you at our fair, and I am certain you will never love your retirement again. You will be fascinated by the varied pleasures and novelties of the place, and I know will join our sewing society upon the first application. Say you will go, now; for I must hurry to the "lace store," and then to the mantua-maker's, and am so very tired.

*Anna.* Dear Julia, I thank you for your intended kindness, but cannot accept your invitation. Far happier am I here in my quiet home, with my books and work, and leisure for visits to some poor, humble habitation, than I possibly could be were I the presiding spirit of your fair and tea-party. Dear girl, do you not fear you are pursuing a wrong course in so actively and warmly espousing the cause of fairs? Think of the lost time, the exposure of health, the vain conversation, the frivolous thoughts and actions associated with them—above all, examine the motives which actuate you all in these fairs. Are they holy? Does God smile on them? Does Christ approve? Would he, think you, visit yours, were he here on earth? Would he have taken his twelve disciples to such a place, and looking round, have said, "Go ye, and do likewise?" Your looks answer *no*! You, my dear girl, are a professed Christian, and as such your responsibility is very great. Let us talk together a few moments on this subject.

*Julia.* But you forget our *object*, Anna: it is surely a good one. Do not our funds all go to the Church we love? Have not you yourself often exhorted me to activity in the cause of Zion, and besought me to urge others to labor with me?

*Anna.* I do not forget your avowed object, my dear friend; nor do I regret your activity in the cause of Zion. But tell me, is this the Lord's cause? Has he incited you to this toil and fatigue of body and mind, or have not earthly and vain motives prompted this fair and tea-party? Have you not all, from the first, been looking forward to the display of each evening with mere worldly feelings? How much have you talked of your dress and appearance? How much, dear Julia, have you spent for attractive and becoming attire? Perhaps more than you have given to the Lord's cause for a whole year; and that which you imagine an offering to the Lord

may in reality be a profuse sacrifice on the altar of pride, vanity, and fashion. Another consideration: do these fairs, with their attendant excitements, improve your hearts? Do you grow more heavenly-minded, more dead to the world, and alive to God? They bring many worldly persons around you. Do you imbibe their spirit, or do they take knowledge of you that you have been with Jesus? The circumstances which you bring around you are those of gayety and mirth. It was said, by a public paper, of one of those parties at the close of a fair connected with a religious denomination, that it would be a place of "fashionable resort, choicest entertainment, innocent fun, music," &c. What a temptation for the professed followers of Jesus to spread for the weak, the young, or the hesitating Christian! How does it bring the Christian and the votary of pleasure on a level, side by side? Churches may thus be enriched in gold and silver; but I fear a spiritual poverty will pervade the souls of its members.

*Julia.* Anna, I think you are severe. Must we be unlike all the world? Fairs have become universal as a means of doing good. I have never professed to be as strict as many others; and I do not see any harm in "innocent recreation."

*Anna.* Julia, I would not wound your feelings. I seek your good, dear girl, in thus plainly expressing my sentiments to you. We *must* be *unlike* the world if we would be like our God. The sanction which worldly people so liberally give to fairs should lead Christians to doubt their propriety. The reason they are so popular, is found in their earthly and sinful tendencies; and that mirth, jesting, and festive excitement, which you term "innocent," produces alienation of heart from Christ, love of dress and display, and creates a relish for other scenes of gayety and dissipation, which, unchecked, will lead to a full surrender to the world and its pleasures. O, it seems to me that a greater calamity could not fall upon our Church than bringing these fairs into our borders. Tell me, Julia, do you love your class meeting as well as formerly? Do you visit and look after your little Sabbath school charge? Above all, do you seek a throne of grace as often as you once did?

*Julia.* Anna, I feel the truth of what you say; but still our Church will reap much benefit from this fair. We shall provide carpets, lamps, an elegant Bible and hymn-book, and have something left for our Sabbath school library also.

*Anna.* Dear girl, be persuaded to lay aside your ornaments, to dispense with all needless lace, ribbons, and superfluous, though fashionable attire. Persuade others to do so likewise, and, believe me, at the end of one year, you can bring a far more acceptable and worthy offering to the Church than the proceeds of this fair can ever be, and with it can bring an humble, loving, holy heart to lay at the feet of Jesus.

MARIA.

## LINES TO A PARENT.

BY AN EDITOR.

The old gentleman, on being invited to leave New England, and settle in the west, replied, that he "could never abandon the graves of his wife and children." This is the response of his surviving children, by whom the invitation was extended. They whose names are given, were all little children when they died, beautiful and promising—the last, EMMA ROSABELLE, recently deceased, the youngest daughter of Professor W. C. Larrabee, a well-known contributor to this work.

STAY, father, stay, nor leave the dead—

The dead who near thee sleep;  
Beside their narrow, silent bed,  
Thy guardian vigils keep;  
Thy children, father, far away,  
Consent that thou shouldst with them stay.

Within thy garden walls they lie,  
With verdure all around;  
Thou say'st thou canst not, till thou die,  
Forsake that holy ground;  
Then stay, dear father, guard them there,  
The young, the aged, and the fair.

There thou hast laid four children dear,  
And children's children three;  
And late, within this mournful year,  
One dearer yet to thee:  
Thy life, our mother, loved of God,  
Now lies beneath that verdant sod.

Stay, father, stay, perchance at eve,  
When whispering breezes blow,  
The dead the spirit world may leave,  
And to their loved one go:  
The graves, the garden, and the cot,  
By them can never be forgot.

Perchance at night, when the moon has spread  
Her silver mantle o'er the scene,  
Thou'lt hear the voices of the dead,  
With notes of melody between:  
'Twere music, such as thou shouldst hear,  
To soothe thy sorrows—drown thy fear.

The lovely dead, O, there they lie,  
Our mother, brothers, all;  
One by one we saw them die,  
We saw them droop and fall:  
There Roscoe, Ellen, Frances, sleep,  
Where thou thy watchful vigils keep.

Another Roscoe lies apart,  
In other sacred ground;  
But, O, how heavy is the heart,  
His grave can ne'er be found:  
When winter ruled—O, so it is—  
They made another grave on his!

But other regions have their dead,  
The dead are everywhere;

And here, within this little bed,  
Lies ROSABELLE the fair;  
An angel band its sentry keeps  
Around the spot where EMMA sleeps!

Then stay, dear father, guard the dead,  
O, 'tis a sacred trust!  
We leave them in their narrow bed,  
And thee to watch their dust;  
And He, who keepeth thee, shall save  
The faithful guardian of the grave.

## "TWERE SWEET TO DIE."

BY MISS E. L. BICKNELL.

"'Twere sweet to die," ere the shadows of grief  
Have traced their dark lines on the beauteous brow,  
Or the care-laden soul has pined for relief,  
From the wearying toil that weighs on it now.

"'Twere sweet to die," when the thoughts of the heart  
Are pure as the odor of spring's first flowers—  
'Twere better then, ah! far better, to part  
With the bright, fading scenes of this world of ours.

"'Twere sweet to die," when the leaves are all green,  
And each bird is trilling its happiest song;  
To go, ere those leaves all withered are seen,  
And recklessly borne by the tempest along.

"'Twere sweet to die," when friends loving are near,  
To soothe and to comfort, and catch the low tone  
Of a "farewell," which last might fall on their ear,  
Till they met ne'er to part, around His bright throne.

"'Twere sweet to die," with a sure hope of heaven,  
Inspiring the spirit with faith and with love,  
To mount to the home the Savior hath given,  
And sing with the choir of the blest ones above.

## THE NATIVITY.

BY REV. T. HARRISON.

"THE Savior comes!" Hark! angels cry;  
And loudly through the spacious sky  
The sweet, the heavenly tidings ring:  
"The Savior comes!" Let all the earth  
Rejoice at his auspicious birth,  
And hymns of joy and triumph sing.

He comes to bless the human race,  
With sacred truth and heavenly grace,  
And more than Eden's happiness:  
He comes—the world shall own his sway—  
All nations his commands obey—  
And every tongue his name confess.

## LADIES' REPOSITORY.

AUGUST, 1846.

EDITORIAL ADDRESS.—The new Editor of the Ladies' Repository sends, with this number, his heartiest salutations to his numerous readers.

The place he now occupies came to him unexpected and unsought. His consciousness of inability to perform adequately the high duties of this office, is his only apology for his tardiness in accepting it; and while there was any chance of resigning it in favor of one or more of his western friends, who had been at other times named in connection with it, he lost no occasion to signify his willingness to do so. But the magnanimity of the west needed not this trial to prove it.

It would be useless to enumerate, at this time, the several reflections which this new and untried relation has suggested. It is also far easier to promise, than to fulfill promises. The Repository is known to be the only work of its character under the express patronage of our Church. From the beginning, it has been conducted with singular ability and success. It has exerted a most happy influence on the taste and piety of its many patrons, and reflected honor upon the people under whose auspices it has been conducted. To sustain the reputation of a work, when it has been carried to such an elevation, is a lighter task than it would be to promote it; but even that is desperate, if not utterly hopeless, on this occasion. There is scarcely a peg to hang one's faith on; for though the resolute Antonio could say,

"For what I will, I will, and there's an end,"

most persons are unblest with their usual courage, at the outset of unknown danger. But old soldiers tell us, that the hand is tremulous only during the first few discharges of a battle; and, for the same reason, the Editor hopes to be soon so engaged in action, that he, at least, will forget the unlucky comparisons that may be drawn for him.

The Repository was begun for the performance of a peculiar service. It has more than met the expectations of its earliest and warmest friends. It fills a place, which, without it, would be totally unsupplied. We have numerous weeklies and one great quarterly. A monthly publication comes naturally enough between them. The weeklies are our great official organs, and wield an immense moral and religious influence. Our quarterly is the right arm of our theological warfare, and it has done, and is yet doing vast good to the rising ministry. When these had been for years in successful operation, the need of another agency was extensively felt by our people. However ungallant it may appear in our history—and we might well blush over the record—until the period of which I have been speaking, the stronger sex had monopolized both the labors and rewards of our work. This periodical was started to call the better half of society to our assistance. It is only strange, that so many years could pass without any one noting or regarding the fact, that the endeavors of the world are fruitless, if unblest, unsupported by woman.

It remains to be said, that, to the extent of my power, I shall endeavor to carry out the original idea of this work. Whatever literary merits it may have, it shall not be wanting in moral tone. Christianity is far more important than literature of any kind. It shall be the fault of the Editor—a fault, too, which he will not

palliate even in himself—if his readers imbibe bad morals or defective faith from these pages. Nor is this negative virtue the only one to be sought after. This periodical ought to be a powerful messenger of the truth. Merely to furnish innocent reading, though in itself a good feature, so far as it goes, is far beneath the lofty aims of this monthly. It should be such as a praying man can read with advantage. It should be a welcome coadjutor to the faithful pastor in the midst of his flock. Scorning to be sectarian, it should never cease to drop a kind word in the ear of the young Christian, or to stir the anxiety of the fair slumberer. But all this it must do in sweet accents. No scowl or wrinkle must be seen on its countenance. If it were possible, it should be like the voice of the angel to our first parents, which, though it was sometimes reproving, they heard with more delighted ear,

"Than when

Cherubic songs by night, from neighboring hills,  
Aerial music send."

It would then do its work, and give pleasure also. And this I have fixed upon as the end of all my endeavors. For success I depend on the continued favors of contributors, and the kindness of an indulgent public.

B. F. TEFFT.

## NOTICES.

NEW BOOKS.—It is an old law, that a person who introduces his friend to a city merchant, by letter or otherwise, becomes in part responsible for the debts incurred by that friend on his own account. This principle has been applied to other things. If you commend, by letter of introduction, a lady or gentleman to a distant friend of yours, or even if you present him or her in person, you are held responsible for the good character of the individual thus presented or introduced. The same law is applicable, in a certain sense, to an editor, or reviewer, who, through the columns of his work, introduces to the public a new book. As the bookseller is supposed to have put his new issue into the editor's hands a considerable time prior to its being regularly published to the world, the world has a right to regard that editor as a sort of sponsor in the case.

We have adverted to this general principle, not to magnify our office, but to furnish the basis for a preliminary explanation of the manner in which we intend always to perform this part of our official duty. The explanation is contained in a single word. Feeling the nature and weight of our *responsibility*, we shall, at all times, utter our honest convictions of every book committed to our hands. Friendship, either for an author or publisher, is what, in this business, an editor ought, as much as possible, to avoid. Nor, on the other hand, should a word or line ever be dictated by personal unkindness. In all cases we shall write just what we think. Our readers, therefore, may always understand, that we mean what we say. Nor shall we ever give an opinion of a new book without having deliberately formed one by sufficient reading and reflection. In times past, we have ourselves been so frequently deceived, nay, cheated, robbed, by hasty, partial, extravagant notices of new works, that our mind has gradually taken a position against this practice, from which we trust neither fear nor favor will be able to dislodge us. We do not set up for a judge or critic in this business,

but shall endeavor to be at least honest in this respect before the world.

Guided by these principles, we may render this the most useful, and undoubtedly the most laborious part of our work; for nothing is more important, particularly to the more youthful portions of the public, than to know what books they may safely and profitably read.

THE DISCOURSES AND ESSAYS OF THE REV. J. H. MERLE D'AUBIGNE, D. D., with an Introduction by Robert Baird, D. D. Translated by Charles W. Baird. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1846.—The author of this book needs no introduction to the American public. His very popular History of the Reformation has given him a character and a name universally known and respected. From the fact of his great popularity as a writer, his personal history has become a matter of no small interest, both in this country and in Europe.

D'Aubigne is by descent and education a Frenchman. He was born, in the year 1794, in Geneva, Switzerland, where he now resides. The greater part of his ancestors, for several generations, have been decided Protestants; but some of them were a long time famous supporters of the Catholic monarchy of old France.

Our author was educated at the University of Geneva, from which he went to Berlin, and studied under the celebrated Neander. From Berlin he went to Hamburg, and there preached for more than five years to a small congregation of French Protestants. Next he removed to Brussels, and proclaimed the Gospel in that capital till the Revolution of 1830, which divided into two distinct governments the old republic of the Netherlands. At Brussels, D'Aubigne was the favorite preacher of the King, and on this account incurred the displeasure of the revolutionists. On one occasion he narrowly escaped with his life; and he immediately returned to Geneva, where he was soon after appointed President of the Theological Seminary, then but recently established in the city by the evangelical party in that country. There he has been ever since. It was there he composed his History; but the Discourses and Essays contained in this volume were probably prepared several years before.

In person, D'Aubigne is represented by Dr. Baird, who has seen him, as "a tall, erect, fine-looking man, of dark complexion, black eyes, and commanding mien." Though very feeble in health, the usual fate of a hard student, he is said to be a man of great energy. It may be interesting to some of our readers, also, to know, that two of his brothers are now settled in the United States, the general asylum for the world. Situated at the two poles of this great country, New York and New Orleans, they must be proud of a brother whose reputation fills the entire space between them.

The work now before us contains seventeen articles, consisting, as we learn from the title-page, of essays and discourses; and they are all translated in a very plain and perspicuous style. As this book is destined, not only from the celebrity of its author, but equally the character of its contents, to make a lasting impression on the public mind, we shall go a little more into detail in our review of it than is usual in periodical notices.

The first six discourses, we are informed, were delivered, while the author was preaching in Hamburg. The remaining eight were preached subsequently at Brussels and Geneva. Two of the three essays were read before the professors and students of the Theolog-

ical Seminary at Geneva. The other essay, the one entitled, "the Voice of the Ancients to the Men of the Nineteenth Century," was probably never read in public at all. The arrangement, therefore, of the work is very good. We read the earliest of the author's productions first, and then pass along chronologically, or nearly so, at each step realizing the rapid progress in the growth and development of his mind. Hence, by a consecutive reading, a close observer may attain two objects at once. He may study the mental history of this distinguished writer, and, at the same time, with an interest augmented by this process, follow him in the onward march of his momentous subjects.

We have, in the outset of our remarks, however, a trifling objection to make to the analysis of this book given by Dr. Baird in his valuable Introduction. He confounds the reader, by calling some articles essays, which, in the table of contents, are justly styled discourses. Perhaps the table of contents was prepared by young Baird, the translator, and the old Doctor forgot to put his spectacles on when he was looking the list over. However, we have endeavored to unravel the difficulty in the foregoing paragraph; but, from the confusion introduced into the book by the Introduction, we are not certain of having perfectly succeeded. Perhaps we could do so, were the point worthy of farther critical attention.

The Hamburg discourses are, in matter, nothing more than good, evangelical sermons. Their titles are a very accurate index to the nature of their contents. The first, Immanuel, celebrates the union, in Jesus Christ, between the divine and human natures, and, as a whole, develops no principle not familiar to most good thinkers. The second, the Cross of Jesus Christ, presents the apostle's opinion, and then the opinion of the world, respecting the objects over which mankind may properly glory. Simplicity, rather than novelty, is the prevailing feature of this sermon. The third, the Publication of the Gospel, was intended to show, first, that the true Gospel is now preached in the world; and, secondly, that it is preached emphatically to the poor in spirit. The fourth, the Service of Jesus Christ, is founded on Luke xix, 16, 17, and is styled a homily; but for what reason it would be difficult to tell, unless the author intended thus to inform us, that the other discourses were not read, but delivered extemporaneously. All that need be, or can be said of this discourse is, that it is an excellent practical sermon. The next in order, and the fifth from the beginning, is on the Duties of Masters to their Households. We think it might have been more properly styled, the Duties of Masters to their *Servants*; for it is the duties founded on this latter relation that form the theme of this truly sweet-spirited, evangelical discourse. We most devoutly wish that every master, north and south, east and west, might read it. It would give some of them new views of their responsible station. The sixth sermon, and the last in the Hamburg series, is on the Work of Salvation. It is a glorious subject, and, in this instance, it is well conducted. In fact, it is the only discourse of the series which corresponds, to any considerable degree, with our American notions of pulpit labor. The others would be regarded in this country as excellent, and sometimes very powerful and sensible harangues or exhortations.

The next set, that is, the Brussels and Genevan, is very evidently from the same mind, occupying a higher

position. The simplicity, the fervor, the directness, and good sense, are the same; but the intellectual manifestations are greater. The author is evidently an older and a riper man. We would particularly invite the attention of our readers to the ninth, eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, and fifteenth, as numbered in the volume before us. The ninth, entitled, the Confession of the Name of Christ in the Sixteenth and Nineteenth Centuries, was delivered on the 27th of June, 1830, that day being the third centennial celebration of the confession of the Protestant states of Germany at Augsburg. It was subsequently repeated, by request, at Brussels. The eleventh was pronounced at Geneva, Jan. 2, 1832, being introductory to a course of public lectures on the Reformation. The substance of this lecture, and of the entire course, was afterward incorporated into the great History of the Reformation, heretofore referred to. The twelfth, styled, Geneva and Oxford, is probably the clearest exposition of Puseyism ever given. It is not only an exposition, but a refutation. Every clergyman in the land ought to read it. The thirteenth, though not so able as many of the others, gave us great satisfaction in the perusal. It is on Faith and Knowledge. The author proves most conclusively, that it is just as much the duty of a Christian to be adding to his knowledge, as to his faith, and that his faith is insecure without certain degrees of religious and other knowledge, now in the reach of all. It is a most timely effort, and will do much good. The fifteenth discourse is, upon the whole, the ablest and the most original in the book. It is called the Voice of the Church, one under the Successive Forms of Christianity. The author divides the history of the Church into four great periods, namely, the Vital era, the Doctrinal era, the Scholastic era, and the era of the Reformation, through all of which he shows the fundamental principles of Christianity to have been substantially the same. Such a sermon must be very refreshing to an intellectual man; and the common reader will be strengthened in his faith by its clear arrangement, sound logic, and evangelical spirit. The entire series, in fact, of Brussels and Genevan discourses, is almost without a parallel in several qualities among the sermons now extant.

Of the essays, the one entitled, Lutheranism and Calvinism—their Diversity essential to their Unity, is one of the most ingenious performances we have ever read. Montesquieu, the celebrated author of the Spirit of Laws, lays down, in the twenty-fourth book, fifth chapter, of that great work, a fundamental distinction between Lutheranism and Calvinism: "Chacune de ces deux religions pouvoit se croire la plus parfaite; la Calviniste se jugeant plus conforme à ce que Jesus Christ avoit dit, et la Luthérienne à ce que les apôtres avoient fait." That is, Calvinism is based on the *sayings* of Christ; Lutheranism on the *doings* of the apostles. In other words, Calvinism is founded on the Bible, as sanctioned by the Savior; Lutheranism on the Church, as established by his servants. Our author thinks that each of these sections of the great Reformation is wanting without the other; that Luther was too exclusive, Calvin too liberal in their work; and that a union between them, which would be a union of the two great ideals, the pure Bible and the primitive Church, would be the perfection of Christianity on earth. But the whole theory is too exclusive for us. D'Aubigne talks as if Calvinism and Lutheranism were the only elements of the Reformation; and, that if these could be leagued

together, the world would be taken in a short time. He does barely mention, and with respect, the English Church; but poor Methodism, and poor Arminianism, of every order out of the Lutheran pale, have neither name nor place upon his pages. But we are not troubled. And we are sorry to add that this union has been unsuccessfully attempted before. Zuingle held out to Luther the right hand of fellowship three hundred years ago; and the old hero of the Reformation then declared, that "he would have no connection with the works of the devil." Even so far back as 1527, when the proposition of union was proposed to him through some of his best friends, he replied, "Be such charity and unity cursed, even to the bottomless depths of hell!" Perhaps the disciples of Luther have become vastly more charitable; but Calvinism, at least in D'Aubigne, is precisely what it was.

The second essay, on the Voice of the Ancients to the Men of the Nineteenth Century, is a powerful appeal in behalf of the sacred Scriptures. It will be read with pleasure by all denominations in the land. It uses Catholicism entirely up, and that without much ceremony. The array of patristic learning in this tract will be difficult for a Romanist to meet.

The third and last essay, entitled, the Miracles, or the Two Errors, is directed against the Rationalism of Germany and France, and the "superstition" of those of all countries, who make too much of the miracles of Christ. This, in our opinion, is the most profound and able production thus far from the author's pen. It is by far, in many respects, the best thing in this book. The first part of the essay is rigidly philosophical, and as unanswerable as the categories of Aristotle. The second part is perhaps a little too severe on Dr. Paley and his school. The truth is, the French and Germans are incapable, in general, of appreciating an English book. This is remarkably true of the French. Besides, the works of Paley are read, in France and Germany, only as occasional books; while, in this country, and in England, they are, or have been for a long course of years, the standard text-books in our colleges and schools. They are familiar to all the educated men of the Anglo-Saxon race. But, by D'Aubigne, Dr. Paley is manifestly misunderstood. In what place, for example, does Paley, or any of the Paleyan school, make miracles "the essential thing in religion, and the only thing on which they are called to confess their faith?" These are remarkable words from such a man as D'Aubigne; and we are free to say, that they are absolutely as unfounded as they are bold. Paley has sins enough to answer for, without having Romanism added to his charge. The grand argument of Paley is, Christianity is from God, and miracles are the proof. But perhaps the only apology for our author lies in the peculiar signification, in the French language, of one of his principal terms. The French word for *superstition* by no means corresponds with our own; and this is the only reason, we think, why the author of this book can apply the epithet of "superstitious" to such a man as the famous old archdeacon of Carlisle.

But we must close. We have already said more than we intended of this work. We will barely add, that, in our opinion, it is destined to make an impression on the age. Such a man as D'Aubigne will be heard. His writings will be extensively read. As we have remarked before, D'Aubigne is a Frenchman; and M. Guizot, with some truth, has said, that "there is not a

single great idea, not a single great principle of civilization, which, in order to become universally spread, has not first passed through France." Though this declaration is very bold, there are some wonderful facts on record to support it. It is almost absolutely true of nearly every species of improvement which, from its nature, has to proceed to the inferior from the superior classes. France civilizes from the higher to the lower; England, and all of her race, from the lower to the higher.

This book will not only make an impression, but it will exert all its influence toward the re-establishment of old-fashioned Calvinism in the world. We, of course, offer no objection, but only make this statement as a fact. "Geneva is still," says our author, "the city of the Reformation." There is not a little emphasis in this expression. He also maintains that Augustine is the soundest and safest theologian of all times. If Augustine is the fountain from which he draws, we all know what sort of beverage we must drink. We have tasted of those waters in other days. But nothing can do us harm, so long as we keep the maxim of the Genevan reformer himself, "to live with our Bibles in our hands," or follow that of old St. Bernard, "*If thou art sanctified, thou shalt know and understand.*"

The great characteristic of this volume is, that it is a work of thought. No ordinary man could have written it. It is more suggestive, however, than intrinsically profound. It does not so much require a close thinker to read it, as that it makes a man think of many things which he does not read. If our female readers should feel no interest in the book, we desire them to recommend it to their pastors, and to all the hard-thinking gentry within their reach.

A DICTIONARY OF PRACTICAL MEDICINE. By *Jas. Copeland, M. D., F. R. S.* With additions by *Charles A. Lee, M. D.* New York: Harper & Brothers. Published in Monthly Parts. 1846.—We are no doctor, not even of our own profession. Nevertheless, both in medical and theological science, we have some notions of our own. In theology, we generally make out our own prescriptions; but in medicating our poor body, we generally call upon the "doctor" to roll up the pills for us. We dislike to meddle with any thing that sticks so badly to our fingers.

But the work before us—what of it? The present number is chiefly on insanity, and, for a special purpose, we have read a good part of it with satisfaction and profit. The work appears to be written with great ability, and must be hailed by all reading physicians through the land. There are some facts in it more strange and interesting, at least to an uninitiated reader, than we have seen even in the works of Pinel. This work, also, would seem to lay the foundation of a better system of treatment than that of the great Howard of the insane. Pinel, though a great reformer, had one metaphysical error. He founded his treatment on the philosophy of Condillac, which was a most sad perversion of the truth. His work, however, entitled, *Sur l'Alienation Mentale*, and his tract, called, *Manie Sans Delire*, will be read so long as this calamity continues to afflict the race. The merit of Dr. Copeland, so far as we can judge, is, that he has no theories at all. Neither Condillac, nor Locke, nor any other metaphysician seems to have been chosen as a guide. He gives us facts, and leaves them to find their own level in the philosophical mind.

HARPER'S ILLUMINATED AND ILLUSTRATED SHAKSPEARE. Numbers LXXXIX, LXXX. New York.—The celebrated Dr. Johnson, a great admirer of the English bard, has recorded this opinion of him: "Other poets display cabinets of precious rarities, minutely finished, wrought into shape, and polished into brightness. Shakspeare opens a mine, which contains gold and diamonds in inexhaustible plenty, though clouded by incrustations, debased by impurities, and mingled with a mass of meaner minerals." This, we think, is a fair judgment of the old dramatist. For his excellences he is above all praise. His faults were those of a licentious age. But Shakspeare is not himself licentious. His works leave a good impression, in spite of the crudities of language in them. They are, in this age, quoted and read by all men. The lawyer at the bar, the statesman in the senate, the chaste and sober author at his desk, and in the pulpit the holy and rapt divine, whenever they wish to strike the heart, elevate the feelings, spring the passions, or command the admiration of mankind, unanimously, and frequently without knowing it, borrow a picture or a strain from the mighty poet, who "held the mirror up to nature" as never did any other man. The illustration, whether by notes or drawings, of such an author, is a benefaction to all persons of mature age and good taste. No others have any business with the old Stratford bard.

THE BUSH RANGER OF VAN DIEMAN'S LAND. By *Charles Rowcroft, Esq., Author of Tales of the Colonies, &c.* Number LXXXII. Harper & Brothers. New York. 1846.—This is a novel, and we give it the parting hand without a tear. If Walter Scott, as we know on the authority of Irving, would not allow his daughters to read his own works, no candid person can blame us for speaking lightly of every thing of the kind.

#### EDITOR'S TABLE.

This, be it known, is a very imposing piece of furniture. It stands in our editorial sanctum, with all the gravity of a Revolutionary sire. We are bound to treat it, and its contents, with respect. Whatever our friends may throw upon it, shall receive attention in due time. We trust our correspondents will be liberal in this regard. We found in the drawers two budgets of communications, neatly tied together by the recent able Editor of this work. We shall, of course, follow his advice in the disposition of all the articles on hand; and now do we most cordially welcome all the old correspondents, and as many new ones as are willing to take up the pen, to give us their good thoughts in their best style. The world will thank them for what they do.

OUR PRESENT NUMBER.—This number we have been obliged to prepare and get out with our left hand, our right hand being fully occupied in another work. The same will be true also of the September number. After that, we shall come to our new task with all our might. The left hand would do very well for some men; but with us, what little electricity we have has been long accustomed to run down the other side. But we never hope to find the favor so justly bestowed on our predecessor, nor meet the expectations raised by our friends in the public mind. We shall endeavor, however, to disappoint our readers as little as we can.







Engraved by F. G. G. G.

*Protestant burying ground at Rome*

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vegetation, surely, as those which are more minute; { ously. Then the objects will be seen in better con-  
and of as great antiquity, too; for "in the *beginning*" } nection, as well as in better point. B.  
VOL. VI.—33



THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

SEPTEMBER, 1846.

PROTESTANT BURYING-GROUND AT ROME.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

THE print for this month we cannot say is very beautiful; nor is it very impressive. Its one prominent feature we may rather call huge than grand. Yet this colossal pyramid doubtless might inspire a feeling of grandeur, were it more felicitously placed. Its location may have been calculated for convenience. It seems to have been excavated, without delving into the sidehill, which, to a considerable extent, at once forms its base, and disfigures it. If this immense piece of masonry were presented to us standing in the midst of a plain, the effect would be much enhanced, or, rather, there would be an *impression* created, which, in its present aspect, does not exist at all.

Whether this is the tomb of the Protestants, or a mausoleum belonging to some other of the various sects who inhabit this city, the plate does not inform us. It is time-worn and moss-grown, and its form, the most simple possible, would indicate an early antiquity for its construction. It is massive and strong, and its roughness contrasts strikingly with the ruins of the fabrics about it.

The history of Rome, the school-boy's lore, though deeply interesting, is far too trite for dissertation at this time of day.

It must be a fine thing to visit the seats and scenes of antiquity—the "Eternal City" being most of all desirable in this respect. The works of ingenuity and the inspirations of taste, can doubtless elicit corresponding sentiments wherever the *germ* has been afforded. But why persons affect to feel the *presence of antiquity* from witnessing these objects, over and above those which are everywhere afforded them in *nature*—so incomparably stupendous and grand—is what one does not readily understand. And as for the calculations of antiquity, as found at particular points, any, possible to our sphere, may surely be exceeded by the sphere itself. Its daily sun, its nightly firmament, with the oceans which we traverse in arriving at these points, and the eternal mountains, are in themselves as legitimate objects of veneration, surely, as those which are more minute; and of as great antiquity, too; for "in the beginning"

VOL. VI.—33

was the Word which spake it into being. But it is natural to believe that the *sentiment* of antiquity dwells in the *soul*, and that no mere contact of the eye can heighten its contemplation. For the rest, as objects of beauty, these wonders retain their specific merit and hold upon us.

When I first saw the ocean, I was disappointed that I was not more impressed by its vastness; but I soon resolved this into its true explanation: I had already seen something as vast. I had been accustomed to scan the firmament by night, when its spaciousness is best discerned, both by reduction of light and by the relative positions of stars, marking its infinitude.

But let us not forget the proper object of the present notice. Some few stones in the view indicate graves. We may suppose that not many Protestants seek to lay their bones within this seat of Romanism—not that the ashes is the palladium of faith, or that creeds can exert a posthumous influence over it: still, Protestants are least likely to be found in numbers in this place. The pyramid contains, perhaps, catacombs of this people: if so, instead of calling it a burying-ground, the word "tomb," or "mausoleum," had been more correct.

Here, no doubt, too, sleep the pilgrims of health—"vain hopes of life, that perish!" But now all is merged in *certainty*—*perhaps* of amaranthine health and blessedness. Peace to their ashes!

The group of figures by the pyre is either English or American, as we judge by the dress and "deportment." The two others by the ruins are too listless for either artists or amateurs, and not groveling enough for *loafers*. They are, perhaps, goat-herds. Joy to them!

This does not look like evening; yet the moon is now in her first quarter—her "crescent." In her decrease, when we may discern her by early twilight, we know, she "blunts her horns." However, here she is—quiet, and high, and serene—ever beautiful!

Let no one ever totally condemn a picture, until it has been examined a quarter of an hour continuously. Then the objects will be seen in better connection, as well as in better point. B.

## ACQUISITION OF KNOWLEDGE.\*

BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.

TIME's deep booming current having borne us to the place of parting, it may be expected, from the intimate relation which we have so long sustained to you, but which is now closing for ever, that we should, in accordance with the venerable usage at literary institutions, give you a few final words of advice. You need not, however, that we should add any thing to what we have already given you, in lessons of instruction in science; for so attentive have you been to your duties, and so studious have been your habits, that there remains, in the prescribed course of study, no deficiency, which we may now supply. Nor do you need instruction or advice in morals; for from your childhood have you been trained to virtue.

Among the various subjects that might be appropriate, on this interesting occasion, I have chosen to invite your attention to the inducements to high attainments in literature and science.

The completing of your prescribed course of studies finishes not your education. The college is the place, not to acquire knowledge, but to learn *how* to acquire it. It is the gymnasium, in which you have been acquiring the training and the discipline for the race. The race of scholarship is not yet run. It lies before you. The foundation only of your education is laid. The superstructure is yet to be erected. We have cleared away the lumbering, useless rubbish, and laid a broad, deep, and permanent foundation; but the building which you will erect on it may be a narrow, low, mean, smoky mud cabin, or it may be a palace fit for a sovereign.

High attainments in literature and science are not made without labor. Euclid, on being asked by Ptolemy, king of Egypt, if there was not some method of learning mathematics requiring less attention and labor than the ordinary one, answered, "There is no royal road to geometry." He might have included in his answer all the sciences. There is no short and easy way, no by-path to knowledge. The conditions of social organization in this country, our moderate resources for individual wealth, and the necessity of business pursuits for the maintenance of ourselves and our families, often impose on the American scholar an amount and a variety of care and responsibility which leave him but little leisure for extensive cultivation of letters, and profound researches in science. And yet some of the ripest scholars have owed all their attainments to the leisure moments which occur in the busiest life, and which are often wasted even by those who consider themselves diligent. Sir William Jones, during the

intervals of leisure afforded him while performing the laborious duties of judge of the Supreme Court of British India, acquired, in about twenty years, a knowledge of twenty-eight languages, some of them the most abstruse languages of the east, besides keeping up with the advancement of the age in all the departments of philosophy and taste. Franklin, while arduously employed in a printing-office, found time to write his name, with a pen of lightning, on the clouds of heaven. William Roscoe, while engaged in the management of an extensive and laborious mercantile business, involving extraordinary perplexities and embarrassments, found time to acquire a critical knowledge of the Latin, Greek, French, and Italian languages—to publish an unknown number of pamphlets and tracts on passing events, such as the Abolition of the Slave Trade, Prison Discipline, Parliamentary Reform, and the French Revolution—to write a learned and valuable work on Botany, and, by his splendid Biographies of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and of Leo the Tenth, to place his name among the first historians of the age. Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, who is said to understand fifty languages, has made all his prodigious acquirements during his hours of relaxation from blowing the bellows, and hammering iron. Bryant, the first poet of America, whose thoughts flow in numbers,

"Sweet as if an angel sung,  
Or Ariel's finger touched the string,"

has long been employed in editing a daily paper,

"And forced to drudge for the dregs of men,  
And scrawl strange words with the barbarous pen,  
And mingle among the jostling crowd,  
Where the sons of strife are subtil and loud."

Channing, who, as a writer on moral subjects, had no superior in America or Europe, had, till within the last year or two of his life, the pastoral care of a large Church. And Anthon, the first classical scholar of America, is yet engaged in the most laborious of all business—teaching. There is no condition of life in which the scholar may not find leisure to pursue his favorite studies. "*Labor omnia vincit*," said the bard of Mantua; and this is as true now as it was in the days of Roman glory.

High attainments in literature and science require patience. The tendency of circumstances, in the organization of society among us, is to force us into the business of life, without the preparation necessary for success. The parent birds unwisely pair, before the winter is gone, on some deceptive warm day, and the young ones are sent half fledged from the nest. In anticipation of the means which nature, by her slow, yet certain process, furnishes for rising to distinction, our young Icarii attempt to mount with borrowed plumes cemented by wax. They hurry on through college, hurry forward to Hymen's altar, hurry into business, but all the time are hurrying away from wisdom. The scholar must

\* An address delivered to the graduating class, at the fifth commencement of the Indiana Asbury University.

never be in a hurry. He must let patience have her perfect work. He must pursue his appointed journey, moving in the orbit which nature has marked out, and shining with a quiet but steady light, while the meteors are glaring erratically past him. He may thus continue to shine on, when the lawless meteors shall have disappeared in their own confusion.

High attainments in science and literature cost some sacrifices. Sensuous pleasure and philosophy live not on terms of friendly intercourse. Calypso's vine-covered grotto is not the place for study; nor are her tender blandishments, nor her promises of immortality inducements for profound research. The cup which Circe holds to the lips of those who loiter along the shores of her magic isle, is not favorable to acuteness of intellect; and those who taste of the sweet fruits of the lotus, lose all their aspirations for knowledge. Mammon and Minerva dwell not in the same temple. Wealth and wisdom are not worshiped at the same altar. The golden apples from the Hesperian garden, which Meilanion threw along the course, caused Atalanta to lose the prize. Truth, like a prudent heiress, will be sought and won for herself alone. He who studies to be rich, will never be learned. The products of intellect are immaterial; and great as may be their intrinsic value, their market price is much depressed. Kepler died of fever brought on by pecuniary embarrassment, and left his wife and children penniless. Milton, for that immortal work which, for classic beauty, and surpassing sublimity, never has been equaled, and never can be beat, the *Paradise Lost*, received less than twenty dollars. And Robert Burns, whose works will live long as the streams of Scotland flow, or her blue mountains stand, died of poverty and a broken heart.

All these things, however, should not move you, nor should you count dear any sacrifice which knowledge may require at your hands. There are, in spite of the labor, and the patience, and the sacrifices required of the scholar, inducements to high attainments in learning sufficient to urge on the ingenuous spirit.

From the constitution of the human soul, the very labor which the acquisition of knowledge imposes, is itself a blessing. A philosopher being asked which he would choose, the intuitive perception of all truth without study, or the means of acquiring knowledge by personal effort, answered, "The means of acquiring it;" for the pleasure of acquisition would compensate for all the time and all the labor. Poets have written of the pleasures of memory, and the pleasures of imagination, and the pleasures of hope; but there remain unsung the pleasures of learning: a theme nobler than all.

Pythagoras, on the discovery of that beautiful truth in geometry, forming the forty-seventh of Euclid, and the eleventh of the fourth book of

Legendre, was so affected with gratitude, that he offered in sacrifice to the gods one hundred oxen. Archimedes, on discovering, after long and patient research, the laws of specific gravity, leaped from his seat, and ran through the city, exclaiming, "I have found it! I have found it!"

Newton, when, after long and laborious calculation, he arrived at the confirmation of his splendid theory of gravitation, was so affected with sublime joy, that he fainted in his chair. Kepler, in speaking of one of the laws of astronomy, said that he would not exchange the pleasure which the discovery of that truth had afforded him, for the whole kingdom of Saxony. "The truth is discovered," says he, "the book is written—to be read now, or by posterity, I care not which. I may well wait a hundred years for a reader; for God has waited six thousand for an observer."

Truth, whenever she appears to her votary, comes with grace and with beauty, and rewards his perseverance with ecstasy of delight. There is nothing in the whole range of sensuous enjoyment—nothing in the luxuries of wealth—nothing in the rewards of ambition, that can compare with the pleasure which attends the discovery of truth.

"It cannot be gotten for gold,

Nor shall silver be weighed for the price thereof:

It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir,

With the precious onyx, or the sapphire.

No mention shall be made of coral or of pearl,

For its price is above rubies."

To the spirit, harassed, wearied, and distracted by the stormy excitements of life, it comes, grateful as the retreat of the gods on the heights of Olympus, where no winds blew, no storms beat, no clouds arose, but pure, perpetual sunshine illuminated the vast expanse—grateful as the port with its tranquil surface, the arbor of waving trees, and the grotto with its sweet waters and seats of living rock, to the Trojans, tempest-tossed and shipwrecked on Afric's dreary coast.

The scholar may be induced to labor for high attainments, from the honorable desire for fame—the desire to be remembered when he shall have passed away from among the living—a desire natural to every human soul;

"For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,

This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned?

Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,

Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?"

None but literary fame is permanent. The glory of the warrior is transitory. His power and his influence are buried with him in the grave. The politician, even during life, is often "forgotten as a dead man out of mind." The statesman, from the elevated position he occupies, may survey the illimitable field of fame and of fortune around him, and exclaim, with the eastern monarch, "Is not this great Babylon, which I have built, for the house of the kingdom, by the might of my power, and for

the honor of my majesty?" but while the word is yet in his mouth, there falls on his ear the voice of Death, saying, "Thy power is departed from thee, and thy place is given to another." He goes from among men; nor is he missed more than a drop of water which evaporates from the great ocean. Not the monument of marble—not the pyramid of granite can save his name from ultimate oblivion; for "decay's effacing fingers" will sweep the lines which form his epitaph, and time's disintegrating power will reduce his memorial to dust.

The scholar alone may say, with the Roman poet, "I have reared a memorial of myself, more enduring than brass, and more lofty than the royal structure of the pyramids, which neither the corroding shower, nor the violent northern blast, nor the countless series of years and the flight of ages can destroy." The monuments which the scholar leaves are of imperishable materials. Time, that gathers moss on the fairest of earth's productions, and rust on her most precious gems, only renders the products of intellect the more bright and beautiful.

The scholar perpetuates not only his own name, but also the names of the princes and statesmen of his times. "Many heroes," says the Roman poet, "lived before Agamemnon; but they all passed away unknown, and were buried in oblivion, because there were none to write their history." Who would have heard of Achilles, but for Homer, and of Cyrus, but for Xenophon and the Hebrew prophets? Brougham, who, one would think, has as fair a prospect of permanent fame as any statesman of modern times, remarked, on being severely censured by a distinguished writer, that the use of his name by such a writer, furnished him a better assurance of immortality than all that he himself had ever done.

The scholar not only secures immortality for himself and his contemporaries, but for his home and his country. The very name of many a city of antiquity would long since have faded away in the dimness of the past, but for the halo of glory with which the genius of its sons encircled it. Who of us would have heard of Stagira, but that it was the birth-place of Aristotle? and of Palmyra, but that it was the home of Longinus? How little should we know of Greece, but for her poets, her philosophers, and her orators? When we think of Rome, it is the Rome, not of the Cæsars, but the Rome of Virgil, and of Horace, and of Cicero. England derives her title to immortality, not from her Pitts, nor her Wellingtons, but from her Bacons, her Newtons, and her Miltons. The time will yet come, in the lapse of ages, when our country will be better known, and more honored, for the discovery of one single truth, made by the Philosopher of Monticello, and asserted in the Declaration of Independence, than for all the exploits of all our heroes, at Saratoga, at Yorktown, and at New Orleans.

The scholar should be induced to labor for high attainments from motives of philanthropy. He who is employed in the investigation of truth, is the true philanthropist, whether the world give him credit for it, or whether he himself know it or not. Truth once discovered, becomes the common property of all; nor can its benefits be restricted, but, like the rains and the dews of heaven, they descend alike on the just and on the unjust—on the grateful and on the ungrateful—on the conscious and on the unconscious. There is hardly one of the arts of common life, that does not owe its perfection to the labors of the philosopher in his study. Were it not for the improvement which science has made in machinery, many of the necessities, and all the luxuries of life could be procured only at an expense beyond the ability of our most wealthy people. Had not philosophy discovered the magnet, and ascertained the laws of astronomy, our ships, whose sails now whiten every sea under heaven, would be restricted to the bays of our own coast. How could the miner pursue his operations but for the lamp of Davy? How could the physician compound his medicines to heal the sick, had not the chemist investigated the laws of affinity?

In this way the influence of colleges is *felt*, though unseen and unthanked, throughout the entire community. They are the fountains—the reservoirs of instruction, from which descend the rills of knowledge, in gentle meanders, to every school district. Colleges furnish the men who make the school books, and who, directly or indirectly, make the teachers for all the people.

The moral progress of humanity depends on the labors of the scholar. It is the philosophic scholar who settles the great moral principles on which rests the improvement of society. Without him the movement of society would be in a circle. No progress would be made. He who takes no active part in the enterprises of the times, but immures himself in his study, searching for abstract truth, and settling great principles, is doing not less service to mankind than he who is actively engaged in applying those principles, and urging on the progress of society.

We would, then, by your aspirations for elevated happiness—by your desire for immortality in the memory of men—by your noble sentiments of patriotism, and by your love of humanity, urge you to high attainments in learning. Aim at lofty purposes. The eagle mounts only when he fixes his unblinking eye on the sun. While, however, your aims are lofty, you should beware of overlooking or undervaluing, however insignificant they may appear, any facts which lie along your path. Great events often spring from small circumstances, and vast results in philosophy from facts apparently unimportant. The student of Galvani, when he saw motion excited by the contact of metallic substances in the muscle of the dead frog, did not dream of the importance of the discovery. The philosophers who

first observed electric and magnetic attraction, had no idea of the magnificent results which have followed. The boy who first discovered the elastic power of steam, by its elevating the cover of his mother's tea-kettle, would not believe that the same power might propel the war ship of the ocean, and drive the furious car over its iron track.

In your researches for truth, in any department of knowledge, relax not your efforts from the supposition that the field has already been thoroughly explored, and that, therefore, nothing new is to be found. A thousand mineralogists may have searched the same mine, and yet some precious gem, overlooked by all, may gleam on your eye. Many a philosopher had surveyed the heavens, and yet the eye of Herschel detected another star. You may, however, when, after much toil and patience, you have reached the end of your voyage of discovery, find that some one has been there before you. But you will be, on this account, none the less entitled to your reward. It may often happen, that men, distant from each other, and by different processes, may arrive at the same result. Rival claims to the discovery of fluxions were made by Newton and Leibnitz, from the fact that each, independent of the other, had, at nearly the same time, made the discovery.

Be not disheartened, though you sometimes, in your pursuit of truth, may find yourselves fallen into error. Errors are but collateral incidents in the discovery of truth. They often prove mere divergencies from the direct path, which, after many windings, lead back again to the right road. Nor fear to push your investigations to the utmost limit of human knowledge, lest the results to which you may arrive should be inconsistent with some of your long cherished notions of morals and of religion. Truth can never interfere in any of its departments. All physical, all moral, and all revealed truth must harmonize.

And now we need say little more. The Roman matron, pointing to her sons, said to the Lady of Campania, "These are my jewels." We hardly need remind you that your Alma Mater hopes yet to point you out as her jewels. May you prove gems of the first water, bright, untarnished, shining with pure lustre in her crown! The Spartan mother, when her son left home to go to the wars, gave him a shield, charging him to keep it undishonored. Your Alma Mater has this day presented you, in that diploma, a shield more honorable than the splendid one which the ocean nymph, Thetis, furnished for Achilles on the plains of Troy. Go forth, bearing that shield before you. Go forth to the contest, from which you shall return with your brows covered with laurels of victory and of triumph. Yet shall those laurels not be dripping with blood, nor wet with the tears of the orphan and the captive. On them shall rest no blight—no curse. Your path through life is the path of peace and of philanthropy.

No clarion of war—no alarum drum announces your approach. No blood-stained plains—no ravaged fields—no smoking ruins mark your passage. No wailing words of woe—no sigh of sorrow—no weeping widow—no helpless orphan's cry is heard where your feet have trod. Along your march the earth grows green—the hills are covered with flocks and herds—the valleys wave with the golden harvest, and the horn of plenty pours out her exhaustless gifts.

Go forth, then, to the contest, secure of a glorious victory. Your Alma Mater will look on the scene, and enjoy the triumph. And should you occasionally obtain a furlough, come back and pay her a visit. Antæus, son of Tellus and Neptune, often as, in the contest with Hercules, he touched his mother, received invincible strength. Thus may you, by keeping up your connection with your Alma Mater, be invigorated for the work before you. Returning on the anniversary of this day, enjoying the "feast of reason and the flow of soul," and inspired by the genius of the place, you may feel as did Scotland's highland chieftain, when he exclaimed, "Call me not Campbell; my foot is on my native heath, and my name is M'Gregor."

Come back, then, and see your younger brothers, as they cluster about the old halls, and you will be drawn into that magic circle of cherished associations connected with days of "auld lang syne."

#### THE MIND.

It cannot be denied that the human mind is one of the most wonderful subjects of investigation which the universe presents. Some things in relation to it are entirely beyond the reach of inquiry; while a clear understanding of other topics in connection with its nature and operations requires a power of analysis, a penetration of thought, and a deep, protracted examination, which few men have either the means or time to extend to the subject. And yet no study is more delightful in itself, or more useful in its consequences. The mind is a perfect microcosm—a world in miniature. It has its nature, its properties, and its laws. It acts with great regularity. The principles of its activity are uniform, and invariable. The number of its faculties is not susceptible of increase or diminution. It is illimitable in its expansion, indestructible in its essence, and, hence, eternal in the duration of its being.

Mind, in almost every respect, is the contrast of matter. They perfectly coincide in only one characteristic, namely, they are both the work of creation. Their discrepancy is chiefly manifest in their respective laws of action. Matter, it is well known, is naturally inert, dead, and is passively obedient to whatever force is, for the moment, applied to it. Mind, on the contrary, is possessed, by nature, of vital activity: it acts from itself, without the necessity of external power.



## LITERARY SKETCHES.

BY THE EDITOR.

## THE PIONEERS.

To be read by sections, as the reader may find leisure.

THERE is a kind of moral sublimity in the life and character of a pioneer. In some arduous work, in some great achievement, perhaps in a revolution that is to cover with glory a great portion of the world, he stands in the front rank, or is the leader of the van. He encounters difficulties only to conquer them. Neither his motives nor his aims are at first, if ever while he lives, properly understood; but he fixes his eye on his work, and presses forward. His enemies may raise storms of rage and persecution to beat upon his head—the darkness which always besets an incipient career may settle around his path; but his confidence is not shaken; no clouds can completely cover his horizon. While all others are confounded with despair, beyond the thick gloom of the present his faith contemplates the clear sky, and his eye is occasionally dazzled with the light of coming years.

Amidst the hollowness and heartlessness of the world, how refreshing to the soul to look upon such a man! There he stands, as meek in his high office as a lamb. Personal views, which he sees swaying the great mass of mankind, in him are all swallowed up in his care for the public good. From the very nature of his work, being many years in advance of the age in which he lives, he is not likely to gain adherents rapidly, and he advances only by much toil. Poverty and reproach are almost certain to be his lot. While the rich and gay are rolling in splendor about him, and throwing a thousand false and calumnious imputations upon his name, he continues in his humble calling, and labors night and day, not for himself, but for them. Why does he not curse his age, lie down, and die? Why labor and spend his strength for those who would bury him without a tear? Why stand longer up, contending with discouragements and dangers, when, by relinquishing his benevolent plans, he might secure to himself respect, emolument, and ease? Why, in the name of humanity, why, while all around him are caring for their posterity, and toiling incessantly to set them high up in the world, does he, neglecting all the opportunities of wealth and distinction, consecrate the lives and fortunes both of his children and himself to the public good?

The answer to these questions is very plain. He is in every sense a providential man. His mission, whatever be the department in which he works, is from God. He comes to endure and suffer for his age. He feels within his heart the spirit of his calling. The fate of coming generations he sees committed, in great part, to his single hands. He is

willing to be offered for their weal. True, he has the natural feelings of his kind. He would be glad to enjoy the quiet and serene pleasures of private life. The hearth-stone of his little cottage, if he is not too poor to have one, would be as blithe and cheerful as that of others in a less busy life. No man loves his wife and children, his friends and neighbors, more than he. A desultory existence, which should give him leisure for all the amenities of the social state—for high communion with nature's ways and works—for profound study of the noble monuments erected by art and genius through the world, would not fail to cheer, and gladden, and gratify his soul. The fields are as green for him as for other men. The forest is as gay in autumn, or as fresh in spring. He, as well as others, could take his children, and the partner of his life, and walk out every sweet summer evening, to view the glories of the rural landscape; and his heart would beat a response to every joyful note of the warbling waters and the echoing woods. But no, he has a work to do. All these things he must resign to those for whom, without expectation of reward, he toils. Though his heart often yearns after them, by reflection he subdues his feelings, and freely gives them up. I repeat, there is a sublimity, a moral sublimity in the character and conduct of such a man.

There are different kinds of PIONEERS. And first of all, the backwoodsman is a pioneer. He once lived in the centre of social life. His home was on his native hills, or in some beautiful rural valley, among his friends. His cottage stood in the shade of some venerable trees, planted by his ancestors a century ago. The vines that wound around his door-posts, and the shrubs that lined the alleys to his garden, and the grove waving in the wind in the rear of his peaceful dwelling, were all the work of a by-gone age. There he had known and loved the mother that brought him into the world. There he had revered the father, who led him in youth, and conducted him safely through all its slippery paths to the estate of manhood. There he had first heard the voices of his brothers and sisters, the memories of whom now come like visions upon his soul. There, in other years, he had laid those kindred—his venerated father, his affectionate, tender-hearted mother, perhaps some of his dear brothers and sisters, in the low and silent grave. Long ago, their moldering bodies had given room, and the earth above them had fallen in to supply their places. The rank grass, and the tottering tomb-stones, and the faded inscriptions made upon them by surviving love, all now proclaim the old family burial-ground a place for the heart to linger around, and not leave. And these little mounds, recently formed, where the violet and the primrose have not yet had time to bloom, tell that death has been lately here. This cottager, and the mother of his children, not long since have

laid one, two, three of their own tender offspring by the side of the dear departed of other years.

Here, then, let him linger. Here let the good man spend the remainder of his days. Here let him enjoy the wife of his youth, and the dear children given him, and the competence saved for him by the frugality of his fathers.

No, it must not be so. He has a work to do. His children are numerous. His patrimony is not enough for them all. But, more than that, the western country needs his services. His example is destined for the new world. He seeks room for the energy of his children to expand itself. His children's children can there settle and flourish by his side. The intellectual and moral power of his descendants will there have a more commanding influence on the fortunes of the coming age. Perhaps, in that country, surrounded by all the thousand chances incident to western life, he may live to see his offspring wielding for good the fate of a new republic; and the destinies of the nation even may be committed to their hands.

These thoughts, and others like them, fill the mind of the cottager in his eastern home. Gradually he submits himself to their influence, until he finds himself perfectly committed to their sway. He is now a convert to his new work. From this moment he is a *pioneer*. He begins to break away from the ties that bind him to his native land. He disposes of a few articles of loose property, in order to make trial of his faith. He soon finds that the same thing, when sold, looks very differently from itself, when it was his own. The farther he proceeds in this business, the more strength does he acquire for what remains to be done. But the struggle is long and difficult, and sometimes painful to the finest feelings of his soul. His beautiful cottage, where his fathers lived—how can he give it up! The old well, with its old "moss-covered bucket"—must he never drink of its sweet, cool waters more! The neat front yard, covered with shrubbery and flowers, where his children have skipped and frolicked like so many kids—must those children never gambol there again! But, then, last and not least, these "green graves of his sires"—these little hillocks, where his own sweet cherubs have been laid—graves the like of which many a son and father have fought for, and for which he would spill every drop of his blood—must he leave them to the neglect of strangers, and to the vicissitudes of coming years? In such a conflict, what memories of the past come back again to the soul!

Yes, cottager, you must go. You have undertaken the stern duties of a pioneer, and all personal feelings must be lost in your work. Nay, what do I say? Long since the bold pioneer has entered upon his glorious task. There, gentle reader, on yonder hill, beside that skirt of wood, you may see his cabin, where the smoke from his chimney was

long the only mark of civilization, in this western wild-wood, for many a long mile around him.

Let us go up and see what the old pioneer has done. Twenty-five years ago all this region round about was a wilderness of native trees. Many a day has the agile deer bounded over these deep ravines. Many a dark night has the grim old bear sat upon this bank, watching for his prey, or crouched within some now fallen trunk waiting for the dawn. Here the wilder savage, with the scalp of the white man upon his quiver, or the rifle of his victim on his arm, has laid himself down to rest beneath the covert of some mighty oak, long since moldered back to the earth from which it grew.

But now, all these things are numbered with the things that were. They are gone—gone, never, never to return. In their place, bright fields of wheat and other grains are waving in the gentle wind. This tall corn, which annually springs up, is the best memorial of the forest which once grew upon this spot. The Virginia fence, which you see skirting this side of the road, winds its crooked way here and there, now in this direction and now in that, till, having returned to the place of starting, it has inclosed two full sections of as good arable land as ever drank the rays of the rising or setting sun. When it was first entered, it cost but a small trifle; now it would be a princely fortune for any man. Every thing on the premises indicates industry and thrift. This old oaken gate-way has been standing here from the first. The private wagon path leading up to the house, is skirted on both sides by both primitive and cultivated trees. The house itself, with its wooden walls and snug rooms, its immense yard and large back garden, its spacious barns and numerous out-houses, stationed here and there in the rear, might be a suitable residence for a king, provided that king had the heart of the bold pioneer.

For a quarter of a century, this now aged man has been toiling here for generations yet to come. It was not for himself, no, not for himself, he knew all the while. Nor was he certain that his own children would enter into his labors. They, like those he left behind, might be laid low by the hand of death. Others might come forward, strangers, whom he never knew, and occupy the large space by him opened in this forest wild. But would he, therefore, remit his toil? No, this was the mission on which he came. His is the heart of a true pioneer.

In his day he has seen the wilderness around him fall. He has himself reared the log school-house on his own farm. He has invited teachers, both male and female, from the land of his birth. When there were but few to help, he has paid them from his own purse, and fed them bountifully at his own board. And here, too, within this cabin, has he gladly welcomed the weary ambassador of his Lord, who, single-handed and alone, came here through many perils to proclaim the messages of divine love.

How many worthy ministers of Christ have found a home and a place of rest within these humble walls, no man can tell. How many Gospel sermons—sermons that burned with the fervors of God's holy love—have been preached from the door-steps, to a congregation of backwoodsmen, seated in the big front yard, no mortal could recount. How many souls have been saved, how much good has been done, within the precincts of this lowly cottage, in the western wild, the angels themselves may never know.

Cast your eye a few years down the long track of time. Behold those turned from darkness to light within these old walls, scattered in every direction as future pioneers all over the western world. Who will pretend to foretell the last results of their various labors, faithfulness, and zeal? "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap;" but the harvest becomes more and more plentiful every successive year. The few of to-day will be a host to-morrow; and so, through the ages yet to come, will the fruit of this good man's toil increase, till a throng which no man can number shall rise up to call down Heaven's best blessings on his name. From the first to the last of his weary years, there has been, in his life and labors, and especially will there appear in the last results, a lofty and living example of the true sublime. Speechless be that tongue, withered be that ungrateful heart, that does not, when the occasion offers, respect the character, or bless the memory of the old and honorable backwoods pioneer.

But we must now, for a few moments, attend to an entirely different specimen of this character. Let us speak of the LITERARY PIONEER. The word *literary* I would use in its largest sense, as applicable to all men engaged in schemes of benevolent labor, carried on chiefly by books.

I have said, benevolent labor; for I have no reference, in these remarks, to the mere book-maker, who follows his trade, as other *mechanics* do, for money. He enjoys his reward as he goes along, and deserves from the public no praise, for the conclusive reason that he has intended them no good. He has labored only for himself. But I speak of the literary man of high and generous aim. There are some men of letters, distinguished for their acquirements and genius, who have no aim at all. They seek neither their own good, nor the good of others. They read, and write, merely from the impulse of taste and habit, without ever thinking what power they have, or might have, to move the world onward to its destiny. All such men are unworthy of our regard. Others, who live for personal fame, whose only ambition it is to be known and admired, though by thousands more than admired, are yet below the standard of our esteem.

The literary man, to get your favor, must have a serious end in view. He must have a good work—a

mission, and be in earnest in his calling. Then if he have talents, or genius, or learning, we shall esteem him for his work, and admire him for the ability with which he does it.

Homer, for example, was undoubtedly a glorious poet; but, what obscures his honorable fame, he was at the same time the corrupter of the religion and politics of his country. Virgil, the first genius of the Roman empire, flattered the ambition of his prince, and seems to have lived almost exclusively for that purpose. Horace is sometimes even contemptible for this weakness. True, the age in which these classics lived is a powerful apology for them; but the human mind naturally seeks something above them, as the objects of its superior regard. A true literary pioneer must have a lofty ambition to recommend him.

Turn your attention, my fair reader, to the beginning of the thirteenth century. A cloud of almost impenetrable darkness is brooding upon every land. The whole of Asia and Africa, so far as they have ever had importance in history, are in the hands of the barbarous Turks. Constantinople, the last refuge of learning, is about to fall into their possession. Europe, from east to west, from south to north, is swayed by a priesthood more ignorant, more savage, more to be dreaded in many respects, than the Turks themselves. Neither schools, nor colleges, nor books, are, in general, within the reach of any below the nobility. All true learning, all correct science, all unfettered philosophy, is everywhere discouraged and persecuted. Every new invention, every discovery, every original book, essay, poem, before it could go out to the public, must be handed over for the inspection and expurgation of the priesthood—a priesthood, the majority of whom could not read their own language. The superstitions of the lowest species of monkery ruled the world. The people, when not worshiping images of the saints, or bowing down to the *real cross*, bones, or body of the Savior, were spending their time in sensual sports, in drunken revels, in routs and tournaments, which now would disgrace the lowest savage or Hottentot on earth. The politest circles, the most enlightened kingdoms, would not favorably compare with the population of the most secluded, rustic, vicious, and degraded communities of the present day.

Now, fix your eye, my reader, on that age. Amidst all that superstition and darkness, there is one man worthy of your praise. It is the great ROGER BACON. Born and bred in the midst of all these evils, he rose pre-eminently superior to his age, and became a glorious literary pioneer. Though educated, I may say, by the blind, and occupying for a long time the cell of a Franciscan monk, he had the mental independence to read, think, and study for himself, and the moral courage to utter what he knew. All the order to which he belonged rose up against him; but what cared he for that? The

so-called literary men of his day declared him to be in league with the devil, and his works were ordered to be burned; but, in spite of the devil and all his helpers, he diligently prepared him another set. Thrown into prison by the Pope, he pursued his calling, as well as he could, even there; and, with a magnanimity seldom equaled, never surpassed, dedicated one of his best treatises to him who had robbed him of his freedom, and riveted his chains.

In natural philosophy, in chemistry, in astronomy, and even in morals and metaphysics, Roger Bacon was at least two centuries before his times. Though fighting his way against every species of tyranny and oppression, toiling alone, without money, without favor, without books, without a patron or a friend, he introduced more light into the human mind than it had seen for almost a thousand years. Living a long time before any others like him arose—before Copernicus, or Galileo, or Kepler, or Newton, or Franklin had become names in the history of mankind—when nothing was thought of but priests, and relics, and breviaries, and miracles, and cups, and cowls—when the quibbles of Aristotle and the schoolmen passed for learning, and the first rudiments of useful knowledge were unknown—he appears to us like a morning star, shining out, solitary and alone, amidst the deep darkness that is said always to anticipate the dawn. In every sense of the word, he was a noble literary pioneer.

The next century produced another of singular renown. It was FRANCESCO PETRARCA, or PETRARCH, as the English spell and pronounce the word, whom every age and nation has admired. Petrarch was by birth an Italian, and lived in the very heart of the most superstitious country in the world. Nothing could be more praiseworthy than the noble decision of this man, considering the circumstances under which he made it. Distinguished for a manly beauty of person beyond almost every individual of his age, adorned by manners at once elegant and captivating to the very highest degree, endowed with a brilliant fancy, fine sensibilities, correct taste, and a wonderful fluency of charmed words, he would seem to have been formed to bask his life out in the sunshine and gayeties of a court. How many have done so history would sufficiently unfold. But not so with him. With every variety of temptation before him, he led an earnest and a serious life. Neglecting every opportunity to shine, he devoted his genius to study; and, when all others were engaged in splendid amusements, or empty sports, he, retired from all the world, was laboring to correct the follies of his times, and bring in a better day.

He, too, like every true pioneer, labored against difficulties. His work was a peculiar one, and his position in life made it still more peculiar. In his day, and especially in his country, the works of the old Greek and Latin schoolmen—men of acute powers but ignoble aim—constituted the only literature

of the learned. This literature was greatly fostered by the priests, who, whatever might have been the fact, believed it to be the firm supporter of their power. When Petrarch arose, the priesthood, court- ing his favor, and fearful of his aims, both flattered and bribed him, by holding out to him the highest honors of the Church. But he was neither to be flattered nor bribed. Accepting, as a means of being more useful, the offices conferred upon him by the Pope, he, nevertheless, pressed on in his studies and designs. He was determined, cost what it might to himself, to overturn the popular jargon of his day, and introduce intellectual pursuits more consonant to the dignity and destiny of the human mind. Constantinople was then tottering to its fall. Literary men, foreseeing her doom, were fast hastening from her walls. As they fled chiefly to Italy, once a part of their own country, but now a land of strangers, they needed a reception and support; and it seemed to be the delight of Petrarch, with all his honors and influence on his head, to stand upon the shores of the Adriatic, and give a welcome to the refugees, sometimes heard above the voice of the sounding waves.

These educated and polished men he set up in public and private schools through the land. He was himself pupil as well as patron, and surpassed all his cotemporaries in the ardor of his literary pursuits. He studied the classics, both Greek and Roman, with all the zeal and energy of his soul. As a scholar, a philosopher, and a poet—in every point, in fact, which constitutes a man of abilities and genius—he was by far the first character of his age. Having had no predecessor in Italy in such a work, and without any other support than that created by himself, he is justly to be regarded as a great literary pioneer. From him we have derived, more than from any other man of those times, the peculiar glory of the present age. Unlike a mere scholar, or an ordinary literati, he was not contented barely to be learned himself. He wished to throw the light of his genius upon coming centuries. Other times, and other nations were to reap the fruit of his great labors; and, in order to be useful to his own age, he was the first who dared to descend from the fashionable dignity of a learned man. He was the first of his countrymen who had the moral courage to write a book in the Italian tongue. And—for such is the birthright of true genius—he immortalized whatever he undertook, or touched; for, from his day, the Italian language, before the dialect of uneducated men, has been justly regarded as the sweetest and most refined ever known. To this result Petrarch contributed more than any other man. If his beautiful Laura were really the occasion of those inimitable sonnets addressed to her by the bard, we must esteem her the most useful female of her times; and, at this period of the world, we must rise up and bless that very obstinacy, unlovely as it was, which caused

her, for so many years, to provoke his genius, by deferring, and at last disappointing his love.

These men, Petrarch and Bacon, were the two great pioneers of the modern literary world. From Bacon we date the beginning of a new era in science; from Petrarch, philosophy, history, and poetry received a glorious renovation. They are respectively the first links in two world-encircling chains. Time, the great producer, has added other links; but these remain, and ever will remain, the first. Suspended from the one we have Lord Bacon, Locke, Newton, and all the naturalists of modern times. From the other we have Chaucer, Corneille, Lorenzo de Medici, Milton, Shakespeare, and many others, in a long and illustrious line. To these two men, also, we are indebted for the final disenchantment of religion. The revival of literature and sound learning, in that age, gave the human mind an impetus, which could never afterward be repressed; and now, in every civilized land, every person of both sexes, nay, every child that breathes the air of freedom, and basks in the sunlight of Christianity, ought to become familiar with the names and labors of Petrarch and Bacon. So long as the world shall stand, they must be regarded as the pioneers of the resplendent light and glory of our day. My fair readers, and their sex in general, will pronounce blessings on the memories of those men, who, neglecting their own good, did so much for that religion whose beams are now falling with peculiar lustre on themselves and on us all.

But we must pass on, and speak next of the POLITICAL PIONEER. Man can live and fulfill his destiny only in the social state. Without society, like a plant without light and air, he droops and falls. But, considering his passions, his strong self-love in particular, the society in which he lives must be regulated by some general principles of action. A compact must be formed, in which what is expected of each individual must be plainly written down. That compact, thus written out, is technically termed a constitution; and it will be more or less conducive to the ends for which society is formed, according as it contains more or less of the essential elements of human freedom. Restraint must be the exception, liberty the rule; nor must restraint be ever exercised, except for the general good.

But I must not philosophize in these desultory sketches. It is well known to all my readers, that any thing but liberty has been the general inheritance of man. For thousands of years subsequent to the fall, tyranny ruled and oppressed the world. The great object of society was overlooked, or artfully concealed. At length the wicked principle was introduced, that subjects were the property of their prince. The prince asserted and maintained the right to dispose of their lives and fortunes as he would. Not only their worldly property, but their

religion, their literature, their moral and intellectual pursuits, were to be possessed or regulated at his will. Neither hell could be avoided, nor heaven gained, in any other than the legal way; and the universal consequence was, that the people, in this manner freed from all personal responsibility, cared for neither the one nor the other, but sank to the lowest depths of degradation, misery, and crime.

Now, the path is opened for the political pioneer. He rises in the midst of this darkness to shed new light upon his race. Single and alone, perhaps not supported by the people for whom he toils, he dares to stand up against the tyranny of his prince. He pleads the cause of humanity and of God. Threatened, persecuted, imprisoned, he marches onward in his bold career. The rack is brought out from its dungeon; the gibbet is reared on the field of blood; the block, the executioner, and the gory axe, are set in order for their work. But, in the face of all, though expecting to meet his doom every day and hour, the people's advocate pleads on—the noble pioneer advances on his way. To-morrow he falls, but from each drop of his falling blood springs up an armed man. The nation is roused, and the people are free.

But, my reader, where shall we find the best examples of this lofty zeal? You have not been inattentive to the history of your race. You have perused the annals of other times. You have read of the old empires of the east. You have traced the glorious fortunes of old Greece and Rome. I will ask you one question, and you may answer it with your hand upon your heart. Is there any name to be pronounced in this connection, but that of Washington?

Athens had her Solon, but he was only a law-giver, and was gratefully received and acknowledged by the state. Sparta had her Lycurgus, but he was roused to his noble work by his country's imperious call. Rome had her Numa; but, while giving her his laws, he had the power of the monarchy in his hands. France has had her Charles, Germany her Otho, Britain her Alfred; but all these great men were supported by the authority of both the sceptre and the sword. It is as wonderful as true, that there is but one name on the page of history, which perfectly fills out the character of a political pioneer. And that name is ours.

Look at Washington and his times. Behold a little people oppressed to the very earth. They not only must look to a far distant land for liberty and law, but both law and liberty had been, for many years, trampled in the dust. The mother country was itself the prey of kingly pride and power. The hard earnings of the poor were wrenched from them to sustain the splendor of a crown. Not only the products of the soil, and the works of industry of every kind, but the very rights inherent in our being, instead of being guaranteed and maintained,

were sorely taxed. A man had almost to pay for his liberty to breathe. In this country, far from the seat of power, and hence far from both the fear and favor of the prince, we were loaded with burdens which humanity could no longer bear. The people had entreated, begged—begged and entreated—for relief. No relief was given. The rod of tyranny became more iron-like every year. Prayers were at length exhausted. Tears had had no effect. The heart of the people began to turn. Revenge they sought not, but redress they demanded, and would have. But who should shield them from the vengeance of tyrannic sway? What arm should cover them in the coming storm? Nay, what mortal would dare to stand up and meet the fury of maddened power?

In that hour of peril, when men's souls were tried, there was a man equal to his day. He dared to speak for liberty and for man. From the peaceful labors of the plough he went forth at his country's call, and, mild and peaceable as was his nature, unsheathed the sword when the voice of his enslaved countrymen commanded him to draw it. Hunger and toil he was willing to endure. But worse evils he encountered without a murmur. A large portion of his countrymen conspired against him and his cause. His name was cast out as evil. His very friends were, for a long time, unable to give him aid. His troops were unpaid, unclothed, and unfed. Their marches could sometimes be traced by the blood of their own feet on the frozen ground. When they could endure these hardships no longer—when they fretted and even mutinied in their camp, the patriot stilled their clamors, and calmed their rising passions, by taking a larger share of hardships on himself. And when the work was over—when the enemy had been driven from our shores—when a glorious peace spread her angel wings over all the land, and the people, in their frantic joy, were ready to give him any honor, even to lay the crown of empire on his head, the patriot refused all reward, even the regular pay for his official services, and asks only the privilege of retiring to enjoy the humble quiet of domestic life. We repeat, there is but one name to be called in connection with our theme—but one, in all history, that deserves the hallowed title of patriot pioneer. May that heart perish within its own bosom; that does not beat quicker at the name of WASHINGTON!

The reader may, if she chooses, now lay down my rambling dissertation, and at some other time honor me with a perusal of what I next record of the character and services of the CHRISTIAN PIONEER. Or, if she have time and patience, and a desire to get the whole into a single view, she may go on and finish it even now.

Religion, as all my readers will admit, is the great want of man. Without it, he has no true joy. The world, beautiful as it is, is not more beautiful

than a rose. It is God's fairest blossom. I grant, it blooms sweetly in his starry crown. But, was there ever a rose without a thorn? The world has its thorn. That thorn is sin. How many bosoms it has pierced! Where shall we find a mortal who has for ever escaped its sting? But religion is the balm to heal each painful wound. The friend of religion is, therefore, the best friend of man.

But we have interests beyond this world. The grave cannot touch the essence of the soul. It lives on, immortal as the eternal throne. We are ourselves the artificers of our own future weal and woe. By persisting in our sins, we may draw down the wrath of offended Justice on our heads. By faith in God, by genuine trust in the Redeemer of the world, we may inherit all the bliss that heaven can bestow. That faith—that trust is clearly portrayed in the book of God. Take that book from us, and we live in perpetual gloom. Heaven is then closed for ever from our view. The hell we carry in us is a too fearful index of our eternal doom.

Without religion—without the Bible, that tells us what it is, how terrible is the grave! The fear of it strikes a thrill through the stoutest heart. It haunts us in every path we pursue, and unsettles all the joys of life. Riches and splendor may be ours, but they must soon be gone. Luxury may spread the board, but the guest must pass away. Hope may flatter us with her smiles, but darkness will soon cover us in the tomb. Fears may stir our bosoms, but in a few days the worst of all horrors will be ours. At times, in our thoughtless hours, festivity and glee may rise and swell, but how incongruous to the lot of man!

"No room for mirth or trifling here,  
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,  
If life so soon is gone!"

No, one by one we lay our dearest friends in the silent earth, and, without the Bible, we know not where they are. Our aged father is gathered to his place, and we know not whether we shall see him more. We smoothe the dying pillow of our angel mother—we gently lay her body down—we ask the elements to pay respect to one so dear and loved; but we hope not to meet her soft smiles again. Ah! death comes nearer still. Our cherub children—our little Williams, Henrys, Georges, Roscoes, Alfreds—nay, those more tender blossoms, our Ellens, Marys, Harriets, Emmas—are plucked from our throbbing bosoms, and there is no hand to replant them there again, no voice to assure us that they will ever bloom in a fitter and a fairer clime. And, when all these are gone, there is the worst pang of nature left. The wife of our youth must be taken from us. The last best gift of God is demanded back, and with her we commit to dust and death the only surviving joy of a most bitter life. At length, our own hour arrives, and, recoiling back a moment upon the past, we at last give the struggle up, and lie down to spend the long

night of eternal oblivion in the grave. I repeat—and every heart will give its echo—without religion, without the Bible, this world is no place for man.

But if the Bible be not read—if it is held back by the hand of power—we are no better for having a revelation. What a fearful responsibility, then, rests upon that so-called, but false-hearted Church, which, for ten hundred years, did its utmost to keep the blessed Bible from the world. Catholicism, from the sixth to the sixteenth century, sealed up the book of knowledge and the book of God. Pains and tortures were threatened against him who should dare to break a seal, or even attempt to break one. The curses of the Pope, of all the bishops, of that entire *militant* Church, were pronounced upon a man of such noble daring. The power of excommunication from the Church on earth, and, as those ages thought, from the Church in heaven, was lodged in him, whose very existence depended on his crushing at once all efforts at reform. The sword was also in his hands. Kings and potentates of the highest grade bowed and trembled before his throne. The most vigilant watch was kept over the movements of all countries; and the world was roused or settled by the nod of a single man.

Who, then, shall rise up and bring the word of God from its long concealment? Who shall bind the strong man, and despoil him of his glorious treasure? Indeed, who shall do it? The Bible was made for man. It was given to teach him his duties and relations—to throw its benign influences around his home and fireside—to invest the works of nature, the world we live in, with a celestial splendor—to soothe all our sorrows, heal all our bruises, and unbind every burden—to visit us in our afflictions, comfort us in our distresses, and, in the hour of our departure, draw a sweet halo around our bedside, and point out the bright track of the disentangled spirit to its happy home far above the storms that surround this lower world. But there lies that blessed Bible, sealed and guarded. O, would some convulsion threaten, some earthquake rumble, some voice from heaven thunder, and annihilate its keeper! Would that a strong angel—that angel, whose flaming sword pierced hell's tyrant, and flashed lightnings after him in his eternal fall—come forth, commissioned to transfix the monster, and hurl him into chaos, as food for its birds of prey! Nay, let Him arise, whose step makes heaven's rocky pavement tremble—whose eye withers all who look upon him as a foe—whose fiat, but once uttered, would reduce the solid universe to vapor, and crush at a blow all being but his own—let him stand forth and do the mighty deed!

Nay, hush! disordered fancy. This is not the way of Him who sent deliverance to the world before—who, in an hour of darker peril, saved our race and us by the Babe of Bethlehem. It is not the tempest—it is not the thunder—it is not the earthquake,

but it is the still small voice, that always does the work. In the order of Him who rules, the greatest consequences from the most inconsiderable of causes happen. Turn your eyes, then, from the great and mighty. The kings of the earth are as grasshoppers, and men of war as straws. But behold yonder, on the brow of that secluded eminence, a quiet convent. Silence and serenity reign about its walls. Within, in an inner cell, there is a humble monk, plying at his books. Among the number of volumes lying round, the Bible has a conspicuous place. That monk has spent his life in reading it. His spirit has long burned with its holy doctrines. His soul has long ago tasted of the sweet waters that gush up from this pure fountain. For years he has been a convert to truth, and now begins to feel like becoming its apostle. But to whom shall he lisp his feelings? God sends him the very man. The mission is suggested—the heart of his friend receives it—the work is concerted—the voice is uttered—the sympathies of mankind are awakened—the apostle rises up in the majesty of his calling, pronounces the doom of despotism and idolatry, suffers his short life out for his race, and the world is free. The Bible once more shines out as the light of heaven, and *LUTHER*, clothed with its highest splendors, stands forth as the great Christian pioneer for all time to come!

But I have been betrayed by my feelings, and the laws of association, into a long ramble from my original design. All these thoughts I found clustering around a single venerated name. Before sitting down to write, I had been thinking of the sainted Wesley, and tracing backward and forward his glorious career. Following it back into the past, I had seen it connected with the first principle of the Reformation, and consequently with every thing preparatory to that event. Attending it downward to our own days, I had beheld it spreading its influence over the east and west, at all times characterized as a school of pioneers. Methodism has ever been the very embodiment of the pioneer spirit, and has filled the world with missionaries burning with a quenchless zeal. Its great glory has been, from the very day of its birth, to leave the settled and established portions of the globe, and hover as a guardian spirit on the ever-advancing frontier. When the trail of the savage was our only highway, and the beaver's dam the only bridge in the land, then came the solitary itinerant, with Bible and hymn-book, to proclaim the news of a glorious salvation in these forests wild. True, he came not as the representative of a powerful order. His friends behind him were neither numerous nor strong. His pockets were in general most scantily provided, and he expected in his labors no earthly reward. But, in the name of his Master, he came here, and suffered and toiled through his day. Wherever he went, God sanctioned his labors, and he scattered the seeds of salvation wide over the land.

The seeds have sprung up, the showers have descended, and the fruit of his toiling is the harvest we see.

How many could be named, in this day of our glory, whose lives were devoted to the lonely work of a bold pioneer. There are Lee, and Hall, and Pickering, and Mudge, and Kent, and Webb, and Broadhead, and Taylor, and Sabin, and Merrill, and Merritt, and Beale, in New England. Farther west, there are Rankin, and Garretson, and Ware, and Sandford, and Sargeant, and Clarke, and Merwin, and many others of the same order. Still farther, such men as Fillmore, and Garey, and Harman, and Grant, and Story, and Puffer, and Peck, and Dempster, have preserved the line unbroken. Then, as we follow the setting sun, such spirits as Young, and Finley, and Quinn, and Bigelow, and Ruter, and Cartwright, and Sale, and Strange, and Havens, and Akers, and Elliott, and Wiley, and a score of the living and the dead, have kept the torch of old Methodism blazing. In the frozen north, we have Case, and Coats, and Bange, and Ryerson, as the morning stars of the Wesleyan reformation. In the sunny south, the names of Mead, and Jackson, and Dougherty, and Kendrick, and Blackman, and Wells, and Roszel, and Kenneday, and others of equal zeal, will receive their share of glory in the recorded triumphs of our cause. But, then, what shall be said of our episcopacy, of such men as Asbury, and Whatcoat, and M'Kendree, and George, and Roberts, not to mention those now in the work, who traveled through the length and breadth of the land, unfurling, in the newest, as well as in the oldest regions, the purple but peaceful banner of the cross?

It may be thought by some, that I overrate the character of Methodist preachers, by placing their names side by side with those of Bacon, and Petrarch, and Washington, and Luther. Believe it not, gentle reader, believe it not! Though some are doubtless unfaithful, a good Methodist minister is worthy of the company in which I have placed him. No one has staked more—no one has labored against greater difficulties and dangers—no one has surpassed him in zeal and fidelity for the cause of humanity and of God. I will, therefore, write his name just here, where I do write it, high up amidst the blaze of patriotism and glory shed down upon us by the greatest benefactors of mankind. There it must stand, and no man shall dare to erase it. These old fathers, to whom I have referred you, are worthy of double honor. They fought the battle for us in an early day, and we have entered into their labors. But they are rapidly passing away from us. Soon they will be gone, and we shall have nothing of them left to us, but their work and the places where we lay them. But they will not be forgotten. At early dawn, and as the thoughtful evening twilight closes in, our children, and our children's children shall be diligently instructed to go out, and drop the tear of gratitude upon their lowly graves.

Heaven shall guard them in their humble rest; and when the voice of the archangel shall raise the dead, these shall come up in unsullied honor, and enjoy the fruit of their abundant labors.

But I must here close. A whole volume of impressions and recollections rushes into my mind; but I have already wandered much too long. Our ramble together, gentle reader, has been through a forest of all sorts of thoughts, and you are undoubtedly weary of it. But, judging from my own experience on similar occasions, when the fatigue is over, and rest has given you refreshment and a time for looking about you, perhaps you may feel the better for the excursion. You may, possibly, have picked up something worthy of preservation. At all events, I trust you will not forget, the longest day you live, to pay due respect to the memories of the world's noble-hearted pioneers. Make yourself familiar with their glorious deeds, and a new light will shine upon your own path. You may, by thinking of their works, catch their sympathies, and yourself become a future pioneer.

#### A NONPAREIL.

We frequently hear it said that such a gentleman, or such a lady, is a nonpareil; and many persons may have wondered to know precisely the meaning of this term.

Nonpareil is a word derived from the French. Its radical signification is, unparalleled. A nonpareil is, therefore, a person in some sense unparalleled by his associates. It may apply to manners, learning, beauty, or any other high accomplishment of the mind or person. It would particularly designate any thing which had been formed out of many single excellences combined. The picture of the old classic artist, who conceived it by selecting and contemplating a number of the greatest beauties of ancient Greece, was emphatically a nonpareil; and it is probable, that the great Stratford bard had an eye on the manner in which that picture was wrought out, when he penned this poetic definition of our word:

"But you, O you,  
So perfect, and so peerless, are created  
Of every creature's best."

I will only add, for the sake of my juvenile readers, that the word is pronounced, in ordinary English, just as if it were spelt *nonparrêlle*. It is a very good word for common use; while its precision of meaning, and the great number of liquid letters composing it, render it suitable for poetry. With me it is rather a favorite, because I am attached to the idea of which it is the name. I admire—I love every thing that even approaches to perfection; and for this reason I love God, who, of all in the universe, is the only being in every sense *unequaled*. He is, therefore, the only NONPAREIL.



## VENUS—TRANSITS.

BY PROFESSOR WATERMAN.

VENUS is the brightest planet that adorns the evening sky. Owing to its variable distance from the Earth, and its relative position with reference to the sun and Earth, its apparent brilliancy is much greater at certain times than at others. When nearest the Earth, she is only about twenty-seven millions of miles distant: when most remote, about one hundred and sixty-three millions. Being interior to the Earth, when nearest to us, her whole illuminated hemisphere is turned toward the sun; and consequently she is then invisible, being in conjunction with the sun. As she recedes from the sun she appears as a slender crescent, somewhat resembling the moon two or three days after passing the sun. As she recedes apparently further from the sun, and more of her illuminated hemisphere is turned toward the Earth, she does in reality recede from the Earth. When she presents a full illuminated disc to us, she is at her greatest remove from us; and, consequently, her light is much diminished by the distance. It is found that her greatest brilliancy is when about one-fourth of her disc is illuminated. At such a time, and in favorable circumstances, her light is sufficient, in the absence of the moon, to cast a distinctly visible shadow. I have several times observed this. At one time the shadow on a wall was sufficiently distinct to be readily traced with a piece of chalk.

Venus is usually known as the morning and evening star. As such she was known to the ancients. When the morning star, she was called Phosphor; and when seen in the evening, she obtained the appellation of Hesperus. Her beauty has elicited the muses' admiration. And one of the cherished children of song has thus described her:

"Next Mercury, Venus runs her larger round,  
With softer beams and milder glory crowned;  
Friend to mankind, she glitters from afar:  
Now the bright *evening*, now the *morning* star.

From realms remote she darts her pleasing ray,  
Now leading on, now closing up the day;  
Termed PHOSPHOR when her *morning* beams she yields,  
And HESPERUS when her ray the *evening* gilds."

The mean distance of Venus from the sun is about sixty-eight millions of miles—rotation on its axis every twenty-three hours and twenty-one minutes—revolution in its orbit, 224 days 16 hours—mean rate in its orbit, 80,000 miles per hour.

As above intimated, Venus, during the period between any two conjunctions or oppositions, exhibits all the phases of the moon. The cause of this was explained in the preceding article on Mercury. From the fact that the Earth is also in motion, the time occupied in going through all the changes from full to full, is considerably longer than that occupied in making an entire revolution around the sun. In

fact, the time is more than double that of a revolution, being nearly 584 days.

To the eye of a casual observer, Venus appears to oscillate from one side of the sun to the other, sometimes passing over his disc, and at other times being concealed behind it. The planet, however, is never seen to recede further than about forty-seven degrees from the sun. Consequently, it is never seen at midnight, although it is not unfrequently seen, during a partial eclipse of the sun, at noonday. For the reasons of this we must again refer our readers to the article on Mercury.

*Constitution of Venus.* In point of density Venus is somewhat inferior to the Earth. A pound of matter on the Earth, if transported to the surface of this planet, would weigh but fifteen ounces and ten drams. It is also somewhat less in size than the Earth, its diameter being 100 miles shorter than our own.

According to Schroeter, Venus is surrounded by an atmosphere somewhat similar to our own, but very much denser. This atmosphere seems to extend to a great distance from the surface of the planet. So great is its density, within some three miles of the surface of Venus, that it is the probable cause of the indistinctness with which the immediate surface is clothed. Although, at times, we are not further than some 27,000,000 of miles from her, yet more indistinctness attaches even then to the character of her surface, than to that of many of the other planets even double and quadruple that distance.

The surface of this planet, as far as known, presents some striking differences from any thing terrestrial. One of the chief of these is found in the height of its mountains. Schroeter, one of the most indefatigable and accurate of observers, has, by nice micrometrical measurements, determined the perpendicular height of four of these, which is as follows: Perpendicular height of the first, twenty-two miles; of the second, nineteen miles; of the third, eleven and a half miles, and of the fourth, ten and three-quarter miles. In this we see clearly another illustration of the fact which Deity has stamped upon all the works of his hands, namely, that he is not confined to one plan or model in building and fitting up the innumerable worlds which his omnipotence has called into existence, and furnished for the accommodation and gratification of his intelligent creatures. *Variety* is everywhere impressed on his works. How delightful to spend eternity in learning the manifold wisdom of God, as displayed in these creations of his omnipotent power!

*Has Venus a moon?* This is a question which has long been open to investigation and discussion. Cassini, a very eminent astronomer, thought he had discovered such an attendant. Others subsequently have thought the same. No *certain* evidences, however, have yet been adduced. And it is proper here to say, that this is a subject which is now eliciting the investigation of some of the best practical

astronomers. And with the improvements that have been made in late years in the construction of optical instruments, and the skill so many have attained in making nice observations, it is probable that not many years will elapse before the existence of such an attendant—if it really have an existence—will be ascertained and made known.

*Transits.* Venus and Mercury being within the orbit of the Earth, and the planes of their orbits being but little inclined to that of the Earth, are observed sometimes to pass before the sun, and sometimes behind it. In the former case, the planet appears as a small speck passing over the disc of the central luminary. This is called a *transit*. In the case of Venus, this phenomenon occurs at regular intervals of about eight, and one hundred and thirteen years. The transits of Mercury are not thus regular. The last one was on the 8th of May, 1845. The next will occur on the 9th of November, 1848. The last transit of Venus occurred in 1769. The next will take place on the 9th of December, 1874, which will be followed by another on the 6th of December, 1882, when another interval of one hundred and thirteen years will elapse before the same phenomenon will again be witnessed.

These transits are of very great importance in determining the true distance of the Earth from the sun. To illustrate this, let us suppose two observers at opposite points on the Earth's surface at the time of a transit. This can only take place when Venus is in a line with the Earth and sun. Consequently, the distance between the Earth and Venus will be about 27,000,000 of miles, as before stated. Let the observer, at the first point, notice accurately the point of the sun's disc which the centre of the planet first strikes, and trace the course of the planet until it passes entirely off. The observer at the second station does the same. Since the distance between the three bodies is appreciable, the second observer will not see the planet in the same position as the first, on account of the angle of parallax. Nor will the line which the planet traces, as seen by the second, be the same as seen by the first. The distance between these two lines would measure the parallax. These two lines being thus ascertained, and the distance between them being measured, a simple geometrical proportion gives us the required distance. Thus: the distance between the two observers will be to the distance between the two observed tracks of the planet, as the distance of the planet from the Earth is to the distance of the planet from the sun. These distances, independently ascertained, are, respectively, 27,000,000 and 68,000,000 of miles, and their ratio nearly as two and a half to one. The distance between these lines of transit, therefore, is two and a half times greater than the Earth's apparent diameter at the distance of the sun; that is, it is equal to five times the sun's horizontal parallax. Knowing, then, the distance between the observers,

and the distance between the planet and the Earth, we can readily determine the distance between the Earth and the sun. "The results of all the observations made on the transits which happened in 1761 and 1769, gives about eight and a half seconds as the horizontal parallax of the sun, which makes his distance 95,000,000 of miles. This distance is considered, by the most enlightened astronomers, as within *one-fiftieth* part of the true distance of the sun from the Earth; so that no future observations will alter the distance so as to increase or diminish it by more than 2,000,000 of miles."

These transits are deemed of so much moment in determining distances, that, at the time of the last two, many of the European states sent out scientific expeditions to different parts of the world simply to make observations. This was the principal object of the English expedition to the islands of the Pacific, under the illustrious but ill-fated Captain Cook. So great an improvement has been made in all the necessary instruments, and so much greater accuracy has been attained in the construction of astronomical tables, since that period, that the next transit of this planet may be looked forward to as determining within *very* narrow limits the true distance between us and the centre around which we revolve. In the meantime, diligent use is made of those of Mercury in effecting the same purpose, by verifying preceding observations and calculations, or correcting the errors then made. So far has this already been carried, that it is scarcely possible that an error of one million miles can now exist. The Earth's distance cannot be less than 94,000,000, nor greater than 96,000,000.

#### DECEPTION.

Nothing in this life is more to be dreaded than a deceitful person. Whether male or female, that person is worse in society than a small pestilence. I shall not describe how deception is practiced; for this might be teaching some youthful reader to deceive. Better is it to know how to avoid it in ourselves. Let us always be frank and open. It is far better to be occasionally injured through too great frankness, than to acquire the habit of excessive concealment. At all events, let your friends know what you are doing, or you will soon have no friends to trouble you. Confidence begets confidence; but if you confide nothing to your friends, they will soon lose all confidence in you. Above all things, fair reader, be not deceived and flattered by a smile. The Savior was betrayed by a kiss, and many a heart has been broken by a laughing face. Commit to the keeping of your heart these lines of Moore:

"As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,  
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,  
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm, sunny smile,  
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while."

## DOING GOOD.

BY REV. R. W. ALLEN.

"Who went about doing good."

BLESSED thought! *Doing good!* Who would not do good to the full extent of his ability? What Christian is unwilling to consecrate all his powers to the service of his blessed Lord? Can there be one? What, a *Christian*, a follower of Him of whom it was said, he "went about doing good," and yet unwilling to do his will! It cannot be. The Christian is not his own, "but bought with a price; therefore, he should glorify God in his body and in his spirit, which are his." He is called upon to judge, "that if one died for all, then were all dead; and that He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him who died for them, and rose again." The grand principle of every Christian's vocation is this: "None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself; for whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord. Whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's." Every Christian is under the most solemn obligations here. The authority is imperative. None can excuse themselves from engaging, with all their talents and opportunities, in the cause of God. The commands of Heaven cannot be disobeyed with impunity. "To him that knoweth to *do good*, and doeth it not, to him it is sin." "And that servant which knew his Lord's will, and *prepared not himself*, neither *did according to his will*, shall be beaten with many stripes." What Christian does not *know* his duty? Who can excuse himself from doing good on the ground of ignorance? None, consistently. It is too late in the day. "Thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

I. *What are we to understand by doing good?* To what objects are our efforts to be particularly directed?

1. *We are to do good to the bodies of men.* Physical evil and suffering everywhere abound—abound, too, in many instances, to a fearful and an alarming extent. How many are incarcerated in dungeons—in cells! How many occupy apartments the most filthy, loathsome, and degrading! How many are suffering through neglect, hunger, and disease! How many "are ground to the dust," under the hand of oppression! How many are pining away on their wearisome couch, and are fast sinking to the tomb! What a spectacle is here exhibited, though we have but a glance at the picture! What a field is here presented for unceasing effort in doing good! Who will aid in the noble work of feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, visiting the prisoner, and administering assistance and consolation to the afflicted, especially to the sick? Remember, if you

do it from right motives, and with a proper spirit, you will not lose your reward. "Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: in prison, and ye came unto me. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? or a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? or sick, or in prison, and came unto thee? Then the King will answer and say unto them, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Their reward is "life eternal." Who would not share it in that day?

2. *We are to do good to the souls of men.* The soul, though created in the image of its Maker, has fallen—strangely and awfully fallen: it has become exceedingly corrupt. Its original power and purity are gone. Its noble powers have been perverted—its energies misdirected. It has lost its orbit, and its erratic course is one of wretchedness, danger, and ruin.

We have striking proof of man's depravity in the scenes and practices of "everyday life." We have here witnessed too often the sad truth, that man, being "made in honor, abode not." His love of sin, his hatred to God, his disobedience to the divine commands, the profaneness, licentiousness, intemperance, Sabbath-breaking, theft, idolatry, avarice, lust, pride, profligacy, and sensuality, which are seen, to some extent, in nearly all ranks, classes, and conditions of society, all, all proclaim the awful fact that man has fallen.

In the fall, man's intellectual faculties have suffered, greatly suffered. His *understanding*—how "darkened!" How true it is, that "there are none that understandeth!" His *imagination*—how wild and extravagant! He is characterized by being "vain in his imaginations." His *reason*—that faculty by which we compare things, and pass judgment on what is discovered by the understanding—how weak, partial, false! His *memory*, that noble treasure-house of the soul, now the repository of all that is foul, loathsome, and abominable! We may extend the description, but we forbear. The picture is sufficiently large to see what must be done. Mind must be redeemed—its powers quickened, expanded, enlarged. From its ignorance, which has seized it with an iron grasp, it must be disenthralled. Science, hallowed by Christian influence, must pour its flood of light upon its darkened faculties. A vast work here to be accomplished! Who will dive into the pool of intellectual ignorance, and, seizing the prey from the monster, bring up the gems of immortal mind, "flashing with the light of intellect?"

In consequence of this general apostasy, man's social state has become exceedingly affected. Social life has been invaded. The enemy has entered the sacred inclosure, and his work of ruin is everywhere apparent. Man has become an enemy to his brother man. Why all these national jealousies and hostilities? Why all the unbridled passion—revenge, envy, rancor, calumny, animosities, and unkindly feeling, which destroy social intercourse, break the ties of friendship, poisons the fountain of brotherly affection, and break in as a fell destroyer upon all the rights, immunities, and happiness of social existence—that turns society to misrule and anarchy, and man into a demon? The answer comes with a voice not to be misunderstood, "*Sin—sin has done it!*" This alone has destroyed man's social happiness. But is there no remedy? A voice comes from the Bible, divine and consoling, "*Yes, man may be saved! There is a remedy!*"

To restore man to his lost image—to harmonize all his discordant elements—strengthen and properly direct all his energies, and elevate him to that position he was designed to occupy in his existence, is the great work contemplated by the Gospel of the Son of God. To lead men to avail themselves of the provisions of that Gospel, is the peculiar work of the Christian, and to it he should apply himself with unremitting zeal and fidelity. Thus he may be made the honored instrument of raising man to purity, intelligence, harmony, and usefulness—of making him a blessing to himself and his race, and of finally crowning him with immortal honors in the heavenly paradise.

Here, then, is the great work to be done in doing good. Here are the objects of Christian effort, philanthropy, and benevolence. Here is the vast field of conflict and promised triumph. No labor properly expended here, no efforts rightly put forth, can be "in vain."

## II. *But how may this work be best accomplished?*

1. *We must possess the spirit of Him who "went about doing good."* His was the spirit of love, sacrifice, and humiliation. He "gave himself a ransom for us, to be testified in due time." "He, who was rich, for our sakes became poor, that we, through his poverty, might be rich." With this spirit, no part of our work becomes irksome: all is performed with delight. With this, we can visit the poor, the sick, and the distressed—we can sympathize with the afflicted and sorrowing; and we can devise and execute plans for ameliorating the condition of man. Indeed, with this spirit, no hardships, toils, privations, sacrifices, ignominy, reproach, or suffering, can deter us from our labors in the cause of God. All our energies and talents are directed to the good of the race. Such was the spirit of Howard, Wilberforce, Wesley, Asbury, and a host of others, whose praise is in all the Churches, and whose "record is on high." Theirs was not the spirit of worldly ambition, nor subserviency to worldly

opinions—not the spirit of the demagogue and political aspirant, but the independent, noble, elevated spirit of the Christian, whose heart is fixed on a more enduring substance, and who longs for the salvation of his fellow-men. Let Christians thus go to their work, and what would they not accomplish?

(1.) *With this spirit of our Master, we shall love the work of doing good.* This we have already intimated. We wish here to express it more fully. It deserves particular attention. With the spirit of Christ in our hearts, it becomes "more than our meat and drink, to do our Master's will." Loving the work, we shall prosecute it with constancy and success.

(2.) *With this spirit, we shall perform our work with a principle which will not yield to the greatest difficulties which may be thrown in our way.* Difficulties there may be—difficulties there will be—difficulties, too, of no ordinary magnitude will be placed before the Christian in doing good; but these move him not from the path of duty. His course is fixed, settled, determined. He is "always abounding in the work of the Lord." Like an Alexander in entering the walled cities of antiquity, if he cannot press through the difficulties, he will rise above them.

(3.) *With this spirit, we shall attach to the work of doing good its due importance.* Pecuniary considerations and selfish interests give place to an all-absorbing desire to do something for the salvation of the world. *Doing good* has now become the paramount work. This, more than any thing else, engages the attention, enlists the sympathies, and moves the heart. All is now awake and interested for some noble achievement in the triumph of truth. To toil, to sacrifice, to suffer, at home or abroad, in Christian or heathen lands, are considerations of comparatively small moment, if something can thereby be done for the cause of Christ. He forgets not "to do good, and to communicate."

(4.) *With this spirit, we shall properly husband our time for doing good.* Time now appears exceedingly valuable—valuable, because it furnishes an opportunity for doing a great amount of good to mankind. All its precious moments are seized with avidity, and used for some valuable purpose. They are stamped with such infinite worth, that the mind shrinks with dread from the thought that any of them should be wasted, or uselessly employed, much less that any of them should be used against the highest interests of man. "Redeeming the time" is an injunction which will not be likely to be forgotten.

(5.) *With the spirit of Christ, all we possess will be consecrated to this blessed work.* Time, influence, property, and all our powers will then be brought into the Master's service. No talent is buried—no power unemployed. The language is,

"My life, my blood, I here present,  
If for thy truth they may be spent."

And in the true spirit of the Christian faith, the soul exclaims,

"Give me thy strength, O God of power,  
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,  
Thy faithful witness will I be:  
'Tis fix'd—I can do all through thee."

Some of the hinderances to the performance of this work, and considerations which should lead us to its prosecution, will hereafter be considered.

## MISCELLANEOUS SKETCHES.

—  
BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.  
—

My fair friend, we meet again under the same old beech tree, from which we suddenly made our escape last month, when the thunder-shower came upon us. It is a hot day, yet the gentle southwest wind is fanning our cheeks, and rustling among the leaves overhead. What a lovely bower! The fine old beech throws over us its branches, so thick and densely leaved, that not a single ray of burning sunlight can fall upon us. There is about us a rural prospect of surpassing beauty and loveliness.

"There are sweet, low voices singing—  
Music on the soft breeze flinging."

They are the voices of nature—of cheerful, happy nature. The trees are vocal with the song of birds, and the air with the hum of insects. It is a most sweet and lovely spot. Welcome to this fair bower. The noisy world is heard not here. No idle passer-by will come to disturb our quiet. Here we will spend the pleasant hour in sweet communion.

But my sad heart tells me, a change has come over the spot, since last we communed in spirit together here. Then, I was attended by a bright and beauteous being, with an eye of love, a face of smiles, a voice of melody, and a heart of sinless purity. It was a bright summer day. As she lightly tripped over the lawn, and approached this forest glade, with joy she clapped her little hands, and said, "Summer has come, now summer has come." All day long she was bounding about among the shrubbery and flowers, or with her light step stealing around my study chair, to recall me from a dreamy reverie of sad remembrances. Her little hand alone could smooth the wrinkles of care from my anxious brow. Her voice was music to my soul—music sweeter than the Orphean lyre. She loved with deep and mature affection—loved far beyond her years.

Reader, my recollections of the past are indistinct. An incoherent vision seems to have passed before me. I seem to be awaking from a dream—a painful dream, but a dream of sad reality. I only remember an evening of unusual delight spent with my child, in rambling about this shady glen, and about the

garden walks of home, till the fading twilight sent us to repose. This happy evening was followed by a morning of intense anxiety. There was hurrying to and fro about the house, and the fitting forms of physicians and friends. Night came—a night of bitter agony, of anguish, of hope yielding to despair. Another morning came—the holy Sabbath morning—and I can only remember after this, the voice of wailing and sorrow in my once happy home, the melancholy tones of the bell of death pealing on the air, the long funeral procession, the open grave, and by the side of it a coffin with its lid upraised, and in that coffin my own little Emma Rosabelle, with the sunlight of heaven beaming bright on her pale, cold, yet beautiful face.

A month has passed—passed I can hardly tell how, and I am again here, in my old haunt, my summer study, my rural bower by the side of the little brook, with a grove on one side, a garden on the other, and my cottage peering up at a little distance among the trees. Close by my rural seat is a little mound, covered with fresh flowers. That is the grave of my child. "When I am dead," said she, "they will cover me with flowers, and my father and my mother will come and sit by me all the time." Here she sleeps. Unbroken are her slumbers, and undisturbed her repose. I sometimes call her, but she answers me not. Well, sleep on, my lovely one, and take thy rest. I would not call thee back to the sorrows of earth, to suffer and to die again; yet I must regret thee. To me there seems something bright gone from earth—there seems a blank in life. I go my way down the vale of years. Dark as may be the future, there is one bright spot in the past. There is one beauteous picture on my heart that cannot fade—a picture of loveliness, of gentleness, of purity. When my eyes grow dim with age, the eye of the mind will still look on thy beautiful face. When my ear grows dull to passing sounds, the melody of thy sweet voice shall linger still. When my heart, chilled by disappointment, grows indifferent to human love, at mention of thy name, it shall revive and kindle up with the ardor of youth.

Censure me not, kind reader, though I must weep. Old Jacob wept for his unreturning boy, and the sweet singer of Israel wept for the early doom of his child, and Jesus wept at the grave of one he loved: and I must weep: I know there is a providence watching over all things: I know that not a sparrow falls without his knowledge: I know that he has watched over my own steps, and that without his permission, time shall not pluck a hair from my head; and yet I must weep for my loved one. I know that it is the Lord who hath given, and who hath taken away—that his doings are all ordered by wisdom and by goodness, and that all things must work for good; but yet I must weep. I know that there is a world where death comes not: I know

there is a place where the weary rest: I know there is a heaven, and, if there be a heaven, I know my child must be there; nor is she there alone; for the sainted ones of earth are there, and angels are there, and God himself is there; nor is she there among strangers; for her good grandmother is there, and the brothers and sisters of her parents are there, and her little cousins, Roscoe, and Ellen, and Frances, are there; and yet I must lament her early doom.

There is a peculiar melancholy lingering about the memory of those who die young. The old man, having finished his journey,

"Lays down his rude staff like one that is weary,  
And sweetly reposes for ever."

It seems but natural that he should die, and we give him up without a struggle. Men of mature age, men of influence in society, men of great usefulness die, and we speak of their death as a loss: and so it is a loss—a loss to their families, and a loss to society. Youth in its beauty and its bloom dies—dies just as it was entering on its career of usefulness. Society feels the blow, and many a tear is shed, even by eyes unused to weep. You may lament the loss of your father and your mother—you may weep over the grave of your brother and your sister, who died in youth's maturity—you may writhe under the agonizing loneliness that follows the burial of your companion; but the burial of your child in its innocence, its beauty, and its loveliness—your child whom you watched from infancy—who looked to you for protection, who loved you as you never were loved before, and may never hope to be loved again, will leave on your soul a deep, settled, melancholy sadness, from which you may not soon recover. The imploring look, directed to you for help, in the awful struggles of the last hour, will haunt you for many a year. O, let me not soon look again on the face of a dying child.

So far, however, as mere length of days is concerned, how small is the difference between him, who dies in childhood, and him, who dies in mature years. How small the difference between four and fourscore years. Hours, days, months, and years glide imperceptibly away, and the longest life is but a vapor, that appears for a little time, and then vanishes away. As for ourselves, but a brief space will be passed, when I must come and sleep by the side of my child, and you, my generous friend, the reader of these discursive sketches,

"The all-beholding sun shall see no more  
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,  
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,  
Nor yet in the embrace of ocean shall exist  
Thy image."

But no matter, since we have a glorious hope of immortality in a better world.

Immortality seems the universal sentiment of humanity, and the existence of this sentiment is one of the strongest proofs of the undying nature of the

human soul. Far back in the distant ages of the past, you see evidence of the prevalence of the doctrine of immortality. The traveler on the banks of the Nile, will not fail to observe, that the tombs of the ancient inhabitants were constructed for durability, while of the houses, in which they lived, not a vestige remains. The body, too, was embalmed, so as to resist decay for thousands of years. The people seem to have entertained the opinion, that the soul of the dead would return again, after some ages, to the body, and for this reason they took so much pains to preserve the body from decay.

The poets of antiquity embody in many beautiful passages the popular sentiments of future existence. There is, indeed, woven through all the mythology of the ancient nations of the world the doctrine of immortality. The old philosophers thought that the soul had an existence ages before its union with the body. Some of them believed that each soul might sojourn in several human forms in successive ages; and they taught that those yearnings, which we all occasionally feel, after something, we know not what; those sad feelings, which sometimes overwhelm us, without our knowing the cause; and those mysterious impressions we sometimes feel in dreams, as well as in our waking hours, are, in some way, connected with indistinct recollections of former existence. This was the opinion of the philosophers, but the Bible gives us no light on the matter.

Other opinions of the philosophers were more congenial with reason, and with revelation.

Cyrus the Great, of Persia, is represented by Xenophon, as expressing in his last moments his belief in immortality. "Do not," said he to his children, "imagine, when death shall have separated me from you, that I shall cease to exist. You saw not my soul whilst I continued among you, though you concluded I had one, from the actions which you saw me perform. You may infer the same, when you see me no more. For my own part, I never could be persuaded that the soul ceased to live when death dissolved the vital union. I never could believe that its intellectual powers were not enlarged and improved when it escaped from its connection with the material body. The soul is invisible, both when it is present in the body and when it departs out of it. Therefore, my children, when death shall have removed me from your view, think of me as a celestial spirit."

Cicero, in the admirable treatise on old age, which he wrote when he was past eighty years old, thus expresses his sentiments of immortality: "When I consider the faculties with which the human soul is endued, its amazing celerity, its wonderful power in recollecting past events, and sagacity in discerning the future, together with its numberless discoveries in the several arts and sciences, I feel a conscious conviction, that this active, comprehensive principle

cannot possibly be of a mortal nature. My mind, by some secret impulse, has ever been raising its views into future ages, strongly persuaded that I shall only begin to live, when I cease to exist in the present world. For my own part, I feel myself transported with ardent desire to join the society of my departed friends whom I loved. I wish to visit the great and the good, of whom I have read so much. To this glorious assembly I am speedily advancing; nor would I be turned back in my journey, even on the assured condition, that my youth, like that of Pelias, should be again restored. I consider this world as a place which was never designed for my permanent abode; and I look on my departure out of it, not as being driven from my habitation, but as leaving my inn." Thus reasoned, and thus spoke, an old philosopher, who had never heard of Christ, nor the Gospel, nor the Bible. The existence of such sentiments in such a mind, is surely evidence of their truth, for it cannot be supposed, that all men in all ages could entertain a sentiment on such a subject, unless it were founded in the very constitution of human nature.

But the Bible sets the question for ever at rest: it has brought life and immortality to light. "To-day," said Jesus to the dying man, "shalt thou be with me in paradise." This passage alone is sufficient to assure us of the conscious existence of the soul after death. We are also assured of the restoration of the body in all the perfection of health and of youth.

But, reader, I cannot finish my sketch: my conceptions are painfully distinct on one point, but misty on all others. Next month, perhaps, we may meet again under better auspices.

## THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

—  
BY HIS SISTER.

HARK! it is the sound of approaching music. Listen to the martial tones as they rise and swell on the breeze. See, there they come! their banners waving in the air, and their plumes nodding gaily at the tones of the "spirit-stirring drum" as they advance. "O, that I were a soldier!" exclaims some ardent youth, as he views the splendid scene. "O, that I were a man, I would be a soldier, too!" bursts from the lips of some enthusiastic maiden, as she gazes with admiration on the stately forms as they pass. Alas! alas! they see but the pleasures of war, not its hardships. Do you see that slender youth, who marches along so steadily? He has seen but sixteen summers. Let us follow him to the camp. It is night: the stars shine with unrivaled splendor, and the silver moon looks quietly down on the slumbering earth. The white tents look beautiful in the calm light. There, leaning against that tall tree, is

our young soldier. He looks sad and fatigued; and, if I mistake not, tears glisten in his deep, blue eyes. He heeds not the lovely scene before him: his thoughts are far, far away in the past: memory is busy at his heart, unfolding remembrances he thought long since dead. Thoughts of his mother, and sisters, and brothers come over him: he thinks of his happy childhood, and his cottage home; and when he thinks he has bid them farewell for ever, do you wonder that he weeps? But a footstep is heard, and hastily brushing the tears from his eyes, he walks carelessly along. \* \* \*

It is morn—gay, smiling morn—but, methinks, the shouts of "To arms! to arms!" but illy accord with the peaceful scene. Soon the two armies take their places, and now begins the scene of blood and carnage. Our youthful soldier is in the front ranks. Shall I, can I describe the dreadful scene that takes place? No, I may not; for the pen of a Webster, or the pencil of a Michael Angelo, could not half paint its horrors. \* \* \*

It is over; the queen of night has again resumed her sceptre; but she sees not the same quiet scene as before. Friends are seeking among the heaps of slain their missing companions, and groans of anguish burst from them as they recognize among the mangled and bloody forms, a father, a brother, a companion, or a dear friend. Alas! there is our youthful hero, "pale—pale and motionless," his head reclining on his arm: the light of life has fled from those blue eyes for ever. And is it thus he died—far, far from home, and friends, and kindred? Was there no hand near to wipe the drops of agony from that young brow? No hand to close those half-closed eyes? No friend near to receive the last message for the loved ones? Where was his mother, or his sisters, that they were not near to smooth his passage to the grave? Where? In their quiet homes. And is it thus he died—he the loved one? And will they bury him there, with no stone to mark his resting-place; no friend to heave one sigh, or drop one tear of affection over him; no hand to plant one flower where he sleeps? Or will they leave him on the battle-field, a prey for the vultures and wild beasts of the forest? And what lured him from his home? Was it the restless feelings of youth? or was it that dim phantom, *Glory*? O, thou phantom, how many a youth hast thou lured from his father's house, a mother's fondness, and a sister's affection!

## REPENTANCE.

REPENTANCE is a work never to be postponed. Procrastination always makes it more difficult. Whoever is in the habit of deferring this necessary work, let him or her engrave upon the heart thus felon to its own best good these words of the poet,

"Too late repentance comes; reprieve cannot be  
From the strong, iron grasp of vengeful destiny."

## STUDY OF THE CLASSICS.

—  
A PRIZE ESSAY.—  
BY WILLIAM E. GRIFFITH.  
—

LITERATURE exerts a great influence upon the well-being of society. In all ages of the world, the social refinement and political excellence of the people have been proportional to the development and influence of literature among them. Its power is first seen upon individual mind, and through this, upon the refinement of society and development of permanent national character. By its influence the war dance of the savage, and the bloody strife of belligerent tribes, have been changed for the blessings of peace and social happiness. For the rude tent of the wandering shepherd, pitched upon the side of some mountain, as he watched his flocks grazing in the valley beneath, it has substituted the beautiful farm-house, the comfortable mansion, the sculptured palace, the majestic temple. By its power upon national enterprise, nearly every bay, whether on the borders of some silvery lake, or on the dark, blue ocean, has become a great emporium of commerce. Individual, social, national enterprises, all are stimulated and pushed forward by the power of literature.

But for an illustration of the power of literature upon individual excellence and national greatness, look to Laconia and Attica, states of Greece. It is true that Attica possessed a great advantage over Laconia in the natural facilities for commerce; but this alone cannot account for the great difference in the impressions which these states have left upon the world. While the one discouraged intellectual development, the other became the patron of science and literature. The consequences attending this were, that while the Spartans, for centuries, remained the same simple, and, in some degree, rude people, renowned only as warriors, the Athenians gradually advanced in individual improvements and social refinements, until they became the most renowned people of their age; and while Lacedæmon was celebrated, perhaps, only as a military fortress, Athens became the seat of useful enterprise—the academy of the world.

Attica was the garden of learning. There were reared the historians, the poets, the philosophers, the orators. These wrote the histories of the nations, stimulated the people to noble actions, developed the hidden principles of philosophy, and gave the world lessons in eloquence.

The truth here alluded to is seen, not only in the history of the Greeks, but, as we follow down the stream of time, if we observe the rise, progress, and ultimate attainments of nations, and mark their various characteristics, we shall be forced to acknowledge, that there has been, in all nations which

possessed any intellectual refinement, a striking assimilation of their individual and national character to the character of their literature. For this there must be some good reason, existing either in the nature of the society formed, the circumstances surrounding it, or some other great power. It cannot be in either of those named; for then the truth referred to, and which is verified by the history of *all* nations, would be particular. Where, then, does it exist? It is found in the very nature of the human mind.

Bacon divides the mind into three parts: the memory, the reasoning powers, and the imagination. Each of these faculties is susceptible of almost infinite improvement, and upon their proper development depends the power of the mind. Now, it is the duty of every individual to fully develop these intellectual faculties. This cannot be done without mental discipline. As well might we attempt to melt mountains of ice, and drive bleak winter from the earth, without the influence of the sun, as to develop these powers without mental discipline. As the one drives away the cold storms, and causes the tender twig to shoot forth, and the modest flower to appear—the pleasant meadow to put on its green mantle, and all nature to smile in loveliness and beauty, so the other develops the powers of the mind, and causes the “earthly representative of God’s intelligence to shine in splendor and majesty, excelled only by wisdom which is not finite.”

Mental discipline, then, is the *primary*, and useful information the secondary object of study. The study of the classics commends itself to the youth who desires to make himself useful to his country, and to his age: first, because it is well adapted to discipline the mind; and, secondly, because the information derived from the study of ancient national character, through the medium of classic writings, is of great value.

That the power of any faculty is increased by a proper exercise of that faculty, is a fact applicable to mental as well as physical science. Just as the nerve of the mechanic’s arm, and the strength of the sailor’s vision are increased by their continual exercise, so the powers of the mind are strengthened by their constant use. Whatever, then, is calculated to call into active exercise these powers, tends to develop the mind, and give it precision, manliness, and vigor. The study of the classics calls into constant and vigorous action, not only the memory, but also the reasoning powers and the imagination.

The construction of difficult sentences, the comparison of the different idioms, and the determining of the different shades of meaning attached to words in their various situations and relations, call for an effort of every mental power. The memory must be active, to remember or call to mind some idiom previously investigated—the meaning of the word under consideration in some other situation. The reasoning powers are exercised in the comparisons instituted



between these idioms and the various significations of words as before employed; and the imagination, as it is the great constructive power, pays its tribute in the arrangement of the words, assisted by the other faculties, so as to express clearly and forcibly the meaning of the classical author. But the imagination is also improved by the acquaintance formed with the imagery of the ancient writers, through the medium of their own writings, undimmed by translations. Homer astonishes the reader with the originality, and boldness, and power of his inventive genius, and feasts the imagination with the spirit of his figures. Virgil captivates by his beautiful arrangement, and the perfect conformity of the figures he uses to his purpose. Behold the one, "like his own Jupiter in his terrors, shaking Olympus, scattering the lightnings, and firing the heavens!" See the other, as he gradually progresses in his strength, grandeur, and beauty! Both are read with pleasure and even delight. The one gives the imagination fertility and strength—the other chasteness and beauty.

The study of the classics, then, calling into vigorous exercise these powers, is calculated to give the mind that strength and vivacity, which are necessary to enable the individual to discharge the duties resting upon him, as a moral being, with becoming dignity. Indeed, this study, so far as relates to mental discipline, possesses an advantage over every branch pursued in our colleges. A course of mathematics will develop more perfectly the reasoning powers; but, then, the memory and the imagination will be improved but very little. But the classics, as we have already seen, calling into action every faculty, tend to develop the mind more perfectly than any other one branch of study; and as each of these faculties serves a great purpose in the economy of the mind—the memory in retaining facts and opinions, the reasoning powers in enabling us to draw correct conclusions from the comparison of the relations which we perceive, and the imagination in giving beauty, liveliness, and sublimity to our thoughts—it is plain, that this study ought to be pursued, if there were no other advantages resulting from it than those of mental discipline.

But there are other benefits derived from the study of the classics. The sources of our language are chiefly the Saxon, the Norman, and the classics; but the greater part is from the first and last mentioned. The study of these languages, particularly the Latin and Greek, is calculated to give the mind power in language. We are not only learning new words, both from the classics and the language through which we study them, but we are studying the fitness and peculiar power of words. The student of ancient lore, who has pored over some Greek sentence for an hour, endeavoring to Anglicise it, not only studying the intrinsic power of every Greek word, but taxing his ingenuity and knowledge to find words by which he may render the sentence most

elegantly, can best appreciate the effect of this exercise, in giving power in language. The character of the exercise is such, independent of the acquaintance with words which follows it, that it enables the mind to grapple language with a power perfectly surprising to those unacquainted with the advantages of mental discipline.

Words are the great communicants of thoughts and feelings; hence, the greater command we have of words, the greater will be our ability to render ourselves useful. We do not estimate a man's usefulness by the amount of his knowledge, but by the use he *can* and *does* make of what he knows. What avail is knowledge, if we cannot use it? Like gold lying hoarded in the coffer, it may be a satisfaction to the individual possessing it; but it is useless to society. Language, then, being the instrument by which we are to exert an influence upon the world of mind, the having a proper command of it becomes a matter of great interest, and we should neglect no opportunity of improvement in this department of literature.

The study of the classics, also, contributes much toward the formation of an elegant and forcible style in writing. The exercise which the mind has in the transposition of the Greek and Latin sentences, and also the knowledge of the power of these sentences, tend to enable the individual to express himself easily, clearly, and forcibly. Indeed, the transposition of the sentences, as much as we have heretofore wished it otherwise, constitutes one of the chief excellences of the study of the classics. If they could be transposed into our arrangement without sacrificing their beauty and strength, a knowledge of these languages might be more easily acquired, but the student would not be so much benefited; for he would not have acquired the power to transpose readily and advantageously, which so frequently is of great value to the writer. This power, together with the mental discipline acquired by the study of the classics, perhaps, will account for the fact, observed everywhere in the literary world, that nearly all who have been celebrated as writers, whether they have beautified their style by words of Greek and Latin origin, or whether they have written in plain old Saxon, have been good classical scholars. If, therefore, we desire to be useful, we know that the greatest influence that can be acquired is obtained by the genuine writer. Hence, no labors are too arduous, no sacrifices are too great, to acquire that power which is admired, not by one age or people, but by the intelligent world in all ages. We should endeavor to make our actions tell not merely upon our own, but upon the ages which are to come.

"One age is poor applause: the mighty shout,  
The thunder by the living few begun,  
Late time must echo—worlds unborn resound."

If a man is an eloquent speaker, but few can enjoy the privilege of his eloquent instructions; but, if

he is an eloquent and useful writer, his books may be read by nations ages after he has ceased to act. The eloquence of Cicero has not perpetuated his name; but his power as a writer—the useful precepts and valuable lessons which he has left to posterity, have caused his name to be honored by nations unknown to his time. The eloquence of Mr. Jefferson, America's most illustrious statesman, never gained for him the admiration of listening multitudes; but his sagacity as a political writer has made an impression upon his country, which will be transmitted from age to age, and cause his name to live as long as freedom shall have one votary.

But the knowledge of ancient national character gained from the study of the classics, and the many useful lessons which may be learned therefrom, apart from the advantages resulting from the discipline which this branch of literature gives the mind, make it worthy of careful study. There is a light in antiquity—a poetic fire which cannot shine through the medium of a translation. The Greek language is that through which the first dawnings of literature are transmitted to us; and through it we learn the doings of a great people. When we consider the utility, the beauty, and the majesty of this language, we quote the poet, convinced of the correctness of his thought when he says,

"Thou lift'st us to a mount, whose sun-clad height  
Shames the bold efforts of the eagle's flight,  
And there unfold'st to our flashing eye,  
The mighty secrets of a world gone by."

Read the Greek authors, and you may learn something of the spirit and character of their age. It has been denominated the *Philosophic*, because the tendency of the Greek mind, at that time, seemed to be, to develop those great principles upon which has been since reared the beautiful superstructure of intellectual and political excellence.

While the Greeks are celebrated for their philosophy, the Romans are equally celebrated for their activity in applying to practice the many truths which had been developed; and, hence, while the one has been honored with the title of *Philosophic*, the other has been called the age of active enterprise.

As the Greek literature gave refinement and character to the Roman, so the classics, uniting the philosophy of the one to the activity of the other, have given power, dignity, and character to the literature of the present age. The colleges and universities scattered over our beautiful and prosperous country, are powerful witnesses to this truth. All which have established for themselves a character, as literary institutions, require a knowledge of the classics, before the student is entitled to the honors of graduation.

But their influence is also felt in the political world. How many of the principles upon which rest our political excellence, may be traced to Plato and Aristotle? Their writings breathe a spirit of

freedom, which gives dignity to the human character. The Greeks were among the first to develop the great principles of natural right. Their institutions were more liberal, and secured greater advantages to the mass of the people, than those of any other nation of their age. Popular rights was a theme upon which their poets and orators delighted to dwell. The classics have received largely of this spirit, and whenever and wherever read, they exert a great influence in support of natural right. To this every student is ready to testify. They tend to give the mind that independence which, from principle, makes it scorn to submit to tyranny in any form. Well did Gregory the First, who was, in a great measure, the founder of Papal supremacy, know, that so long as the classics were read by the people, they could not be bound by the fetters of the Romish Church. There can be no other reason assigned, satisfactory in itself, why he so violently opposed what he termed secular learning.

But we must leave this part of the subject without fully developing it. The only design has been to give a few hints on the liberality of the classics, and their republican tendency, which may, perhaps, induce some able pen to develop, and beautifully and forcibly lay before the public what the pure spirit of democracy owes to this branch of literature.

To the Christian a knowledge of the Greek language is of infinite value. It is that through which he learns the surety of his faith. With a knowledge of this language, and the Septuagint in his hand, the very book from which Christ and his apostles quoted, he feels as though he stood upon a foundation, broad and firm, against which the storms of infidelity have been raging, but without effect, for twenty-two hundred years. O, the consolation and confidence which the Christian receives by reading the Scriptures in the original Greek! He feels as though he were drinking in the lessons of heavenly instruction as they fell from the lips of the holy apostles. His affections are elevated, his confidence strengthened, his hopes renewed, his purpose fixed. Did you ever see a happy circle? You have; but look at this: see that pious literary father, calling together, around the family altar, morning and evening, his interesting and intelligent family. The father takes his seat by the centre-table—the mother by the fireside—the brothers and sisters are quietly seated. Each has a Greek Testament—father, mother, brother, sister. The father opens and reads—the happy circle follow him as he reads and explains every difficult passage. This family is a pious family—they all have a zeal according to knowledge. No religious schisms or theological controversies disturb their peace. If all families were like this, earth would be a paradise. Let the Greek Scriptures be read and clearly explained in every family—let every individual appreciate the simplicity and force of the expressions in the original, and all will, more or less, approximate

to the peace and holiness of this family. All, then, should study the classics. The obligation is confined to no one class, nor to either sex. Let the knowledge of the Greek language become a female accomplishment, instead of the French, and the female mind will be better disciplined, and she prepared to be more eminently useful to the world.

We close, recommending the consideration of our subject both to ladies and gentlemen—the college student, and all who desire to be an ornament to their professions, and useful to their country, by quoting the language of Cicero, whose opinion, considering his high literary attainments, and intellectual endowments, is entitled to great deference. The opinion of this literary orator of antiquity is, that “these studies afford nourishment to our youth, delight our age, adorn prosperity, supply a refuge in adversity, are a constant source of pleasure at home, no impediment abroad, attend us in the night season, and accompany us in our travels and retirements.”

Who, then, will be content, without having drunk deeply from the crystal fountains of classical literature?

## MINOR MORALS.

—  
BY MISS BURROUGH.

### CHAPTER VII.

HAVING been often solicited, by young friends, to give them some additional hints upon “minor morals,” and a few items having accumulated upon my observation, I now present the results.

I believe I have more than once warned you upon the subject of *wit*: that is, against the deliberate *perpetration* of it, not forbidding the instant effusion, but against the overt act, the “*malice prepense*,” the “head-and-shoulders” obtrusion of it, without occasion and without excuse.

Wit, to be effective, and especially to be agreeable, must be spontaneous and occasional: hence, the superior gusto of that species denominated *repartee*—the received attack, at once warranting and sharpening its point.

Nothing will palliate the grossness of a young person's attempting to be witty against a dignified, or an elderly one. This is one of the most beautiful views of morality—the positive cognizance which society takes of this matter. The glaring impropriety of the thing, if not commented upon at the instant, is always perceived, and refraining the direct rebuke, resolves itself into a tacit but decided condemnation of her who should practice it, as of a bold, forward, *impudent* character.

I was once witness to quite a little scene, originating in a thing of this sort. A gentleman, a dignified professor in a college, appeared rather late at

a party, and apologized by saying, that he had, unluckily, cut his finger badly with his pen-knife—that it had bled profusely, &c., which had occasioned his delay. Hereupon a young lady, one-third the gentleman's age, perhaps, without expressing any sympathy for the accident, intent only on being *witty*, and with more pertness than pertinence, exclaimed aloud, “Don't you know

‘That children and fools  
Should never meddle with edged tools!’”

The company were struck aghast. The gentleman waited a minute, and then deliberately replied, “When a young lady meddles with wit toward her elders, she is more likely to *cut her own fingers* than any thing else!” This young lady was, for an instant, the object of a decided and not very enviable notice. The caustic reply of the gentleman, if it did not work a radical cure, at least effected an “alterative” of some standing.

If wit *versus* dignity is held in abhorrence, what must be the sentiment when it is pointed against religion or its usages? This discovers a manifest want of sense, with entire absence of respect to the subject thus bantered with—a want of sensibility, a want of holiness, a want of decency!

The young lady wonders in what instances this thing should occur. In instances, certainly, wherein she is not aware of her fault and her sin: in witty excuses for absence from Church, a *double entendre*, perhaps, as having been “well employed,” or engaged in reading a “good book,” meaning a lively one, or some such irreverence. Also, in the case of repeating of a pointed jest, couched in profane language; and however one may affect an under-voice and delicacy in doing this, yet there is no delicacy possible to the case, and nothing excuses the grossness of it to your listener—taking no more sacred view of the subject. Observe, neither does it take a religious person only to institute your condemnation; every person of any character will view this thing with the same reprobation, and the same disgust.

Technical expressions should be avoided in conversation; they give the impression of pedantry; and are only called for—other varieties of expression being more graceful—when the dissertation is specific, and to the point of some science or art.

I hardly need advise a well-bred young lady, that the use of particular terms, such as appertain to amusements and sports not generally countenanced, are not only coarse in themselves, but positively improper in the mouth of a young lady. They are commonly masculine and bravado, and not fit images to represent any thing that a young lady would be willing to know. I once heard a young girl say, “Such a gentleman passed me, riding at ‘three-quarter speed,’” and I heard it with extreme surprise. Another, to be “graphic,” would say, “He marched away in ‘double-quick time.’” Is

the young lady so little acquainted with the language she uses, as to urge, "Why are not these words—*no expressive*—as good as any others?" If she do not perceive, then let us tell her, that they are *vulgarisms*, because used by the vulgar amidst peculiar sports, and if she use them, she will be supposed to have learned them in very improper company: and this apart from their influence upon her character. Again, I heard a young lady say of a person, "If he adventured so and so, he would be very likely to get a 'black eye.'" This was a very young lady, and she was not aware that she was quoting from the "arena," using the language of a "bruiser."

After all, if a young lady will be counseled by her innate modesty, and not make an effort to use expressions which do not come quite easy to her—bravado expressions—she will seldom err in this thing. She should know at once that her style of conversation should be as *feminine* as her deportment, and very few young ladies would affect a strut.

I note down these things as they occur to me, and have occurred in *fact*. Young persons are apt to think that any extreme expression denotes a superior sensibility: they read it this way, but wiser heads than their's read it another way—give another interpretation. They think this ultra-demonstration is a *personal egotism*, and savors rather of *self*, than of its object; and that there is, however self-deceived is the "performer," more of vanity than of benevolence, grief, or any other sympathy in the case.

Madame De Stael, however vain she was, understood her own emotions, and though sometimes betrayed into a momentary sympathy with the public, yet wrote these memorable words: "All deep emotions have their *reserves*," or shyness, as the translation might be; and although no one had before put this idea into words, yet thousands must have occasionally conceived the intuitive sentiment.

A most useful watchword to the young is, "Beware of affectation." But how shall we do this? My spirits are buoyant: that is natural to my age. Must I ever await the decisions of propriety, weighing to the ounce and scruple every admission—every admissible, and every inadmissible word and thought, before I speak? Thus restricted, I should soon become worse than a dullard—a mere speaking automaton. No, my young lady, there is a much shorter way. In conversation put *self* entirely out of the question; be in earnest on your subject, letting the manner—within the rules of good-breeding—shape itself; defer properly to elders, and speak straight on, and depend upon it, you will have expressed yourself more wisely, more acceptably, more to the point, and also more *gracefully*. Let all your manners before the public be rather in the reserve. Let all greater or less performances be somewhat subdued.

The present chapter would seem to treat of matters of *manner* only. But as there is a necessary

and intimate connection between our sentiments and actions—a mutual, vibratory intercourse being ever maintained—so do gross manners, though they originate in no perverted principle of design, but in mere thoughtlessness alone, exert the power of debasing the moralities and sentiments, and finally, by giving their impress to mind, of becoming identical with character itself.

## THE FAULT-FINDER.

BY AN OLD GENTLEMAN.

THE reader will, at once, recognize me as a man, who has seen more than seventy summers. My age, and, I fear, my weakness, will be perceptible in my broken style as a writer. Perhaps, also, some of the young ladies, who read the Repository, may censure me for attempting to converse with them through so respectable a medium. I shall plead guilty to the censure, let it come from whatever source it may; for I am well aware, that no persons should aspire to contribute to a work of such high literary merit, but those who have acquired the graces of composition by much practice. Still, perhaps, my subject will be a good apology for my temerity, and, besides, the thoughts that burn in my old bones, will have vent in spite of me.

I say I am an old man, and have seen a great many summers. For fifty years I have been taking observations upon human nature. The result of all my experience is, that man—poor, mortal man is a being of multiplied infirmities. He is infirm in his physical organization. His mind is, also, to a great degree unbalanced. The moral feelings are almost totally disordered. The will, that great director of our internal operations and external conduct, has long been enslaved to unruly passions. The conscience itself, that rescript of the Divine law, has been seared in all of us. Our conduct as a race—our characters as individuals, are, consequently, very far from original righteousness, and very much exposed to unwelcome criticisms. I suppose the best man living would shrink to see all his life laid out before him. There is no one who has not, either in his youth, or in riper years, under severe temptation, both said and done a great many things, which he would not like to see published in the daily journals. John Bunyan, one of the best men of ancient or modern times, once seeing a criminal going to the gallows, exclaimed, "But for the grace of God, there goes John Bunyan!"

Now, under such humiliating circumstances—humiliating to every one of us—it does seem strange, that any man can so forget himself—can so lose sight of his own frailties, as to set himself up as a fault-finder. It is true, such a character will find work enough. The material of his trade is all

around him. But, unfortunately for his consistency, and modesty, and charity, and humility, it is also within him. That is the worst part of it. The very man who emblazons the errors, or mistakes, or even transgressions of his brother, would not have his own life emblazoned for a kingdom.

The Jews were great fault-finders. Their prophets were, at all times, beset with lying stories, and had to fly, sometimes, their home and country, to escape the malice thus raised against them. Moses, and Aaron, and Joshua, and David, and Elijah, and all the holy and good of that age and people, were for ever persecuted by these fictitious slanders. John the Baptist, the morning star of the Christian dispensation, was the victim of false reproaches. And Jesus—the amiable, the benevolent, the faultless Jesus, was the subject of the vilest accusations. At one time, his malicious enemies pronounced him gluttonous, because he ate at rich men's tables. At others, he was altogether mean and sinful, because he associated with publicans and common people. If there was any degree of plausibility in either of these wicked calumnies, how easy will it be for any sharp-sighted, malicious fault-finder to discover real blemishes in persons of only ordinary virtue.

The Jews of a certain city once determined to get some popularity for their besetting vice. They found a woman in the act of committing a great sin. With eagerness they brought her to one, from whom they expected a terrible rebuke, and from this they could make for themselves much capital. The woman was led into the presence of the judge. The accusation was made; the witnesses gave in their testimony; and nothing was now wanting but some annihilating denunciation, such as they themselves would have pronounced against the most trivial fault. Now, what said the judge? Knowing the common infirmity of the flesh, he put these miserable men to silence, by giving any one entirely innocent the liberty to cast the first stone at her. If this were now the rule in society, there would be but very few fault-finders in the world. But such ~~was~~ the rule of him, who "when he was reviled, reviled not again."

The Scriptures teach us to forgive one another. Unless we do so, we are instructed to cherish no hopes of ever seeing heaven. "Forgive us our trespasses, ~~as~~ we forgive those who trespass against us." No farther forgiveness is to be expected. Revenge is manlike; forgiveness is Godlike. I have known men in my day, who seemed to delight in bringing out the foibles of their fellow-creatures. How much better it would have been for them, had they spent their time in praying to be forgiven for their own. An old philosopher once became angry at his servant. Suddenly raising his staff to strike him, he checked his anger, and said, "For every blow I give thee, I must expect two."

What a miserable business, then, is that of the

fault-finder. How mean it is in him, when he is himself a great sinner. But how noble it is to forgive. Fault-finding is the certain mark of a little, cowardly, craven spirit, which wishes to shield its own sinfulness, by directing public attention to the mistakes of his superiors. I was once asked the question, if ever I had known a really great man to bring an accusation against his fellow, associate, or neighbor. At that time I replied, that I could not think of any, but those who were publicly employed in the business; and it is Cicero, I believe, who has remarked, that no public prosecutor is fit to be a husband, or a father. He seems to doubt, also, whether he can long retain a friend.

I have looked through the doings of public bodies, such as parliaments, senates, councils, conferences, and other constitutional assemblies. I have always remarked, that those who distinguish themselves as accusers of their brethren, are, uniformly, that is, without exception, the meanest of their kind. A truly great man is too much occupied to stoop to such low things. Instead of meddling with the indiscretions of their friends, noble minds would rather adopt the language of Burns, the poet:

"O would some power the giftie gie us,  
To see ourselves as others see us!"

But I must be done. Let all my young readers follow the advice of an old man, and never find fault with any thing.

#### INGENIOUS IRONY.

KING JAMES, having read the great work of Lord Bacon, on the Advancement of Learning, and not having wit enough to understand it, uttered a most irreverent joke upon it. "It is like the peace of God," he said, "it passeth all understanding!" Bacon, though he did not venture to make an immediate reply to his majesty, meditated a revenge more terrible. He dedicated the very book to him who had pronounced it unintelligible, partly in the following most biting irony: "I am well assured that this which I shall say is no amplification at all, but a positive and measured truth; which is, that there has not been, since Christ's time, any king or temporal monarch, which hath been so learned in all literature and erudition, divine and human. For let a man seriously and diligently revolve and peruse the succession of the emperors of Rome, of which Cæsar the dictator, who lived some years before Christ, and Marcus Antoninus, were the best learned; and so descend to the emperors of Grecia, or of the west, and then to the lines of France, Spain, England, Scotland, and the rest, and he shall find this judgment is truly made." In the conclusion of this dedicatory address he pronounces the pedantic old king a perfect miracle of learning! James was just fool enough to be flattered; but the world has not failed to perceive the cutting sarcasm of this dedication.

TWILIGHT.

—  
BY LOUISA.

Now twilight's lonely hour has come,  
And silence reigns around;  
The sun has sought his western home,  
The dew is on the ground.

Aloft the empress of the night,  
The moon, so bright and fair,  
Beams, with a soft and silver light,  
Forth through the misty air.

And gleaming far as eye can reach,  
These radiant stars of even,  
How sweetly, silently, they teach  
Of Him who rules in heaven.

I love this tranquil hour,  
A holy calm it brings,  
And draws us with mysterious power  
To muse on by-gone things.

High, solemn thoughts come o'er me now,  
Peace o'er my soul is shed,  
And faithful memory brings to view  
The long-departed dead.

Last hour of sweet, departing day!  
Fain would I now be free,  
O, I would cast this coil of clay,  
And take my flight with thee.

~~~~~  
NEW ENGLAND.

—  
BY AN EDITOR.

How fresh and green are thy hills;  
How soft lie the valleys between;  
How pure and limpid thy rills,  
As they flash in the bright summer sheen.

Thy forests, how cheerful and gay,  
All blooming with beautiful flowers,  
How sweet, at the dawn of the day,  
To ramble alone in their bowers.

The cottage, reposing at eve,  
In the shade of the high-branching tree,  
To labor the blessed reprieve,  
Is an emblem, New England, of thee.

Thy fields, by freemen well tilled,  
Though shallow and rocky the soil,  
With blessings for freemen are filled,  
Repaying the reaper his toil.

The lake and the glen are thine own,  
No country can rival thee here;  
And a sky that on Greece never shone,  
Is the boon of each month of thy year.

As gently thy breezes do blow,  
As ever fanned soft Italia's shore;  
And proudly thy rivers do flow,  
And numberless cataracts pour.

But lo! from the hill-top so high,  
Yon curve of cerulean blue;  
'Tis the place where the sea and the sky  
Are blent into one common hue.

There—there is the wide-spreading beach,  
Where my children once gamboled in play;  
And as far as the vision can reach,  
Are the islets that dappled the bay.

Old Ocean, I miss thee, my friend,  
Thy billows and foaming white crest;  
I could wish me a life without end,  
Wouldst thou make but thy home in the west.

Vain wish, and as wicked as vain,  
A friendship more dear to divide,  
The Sea in his love to distract  
From New England, his beautiful bride.

Live on—live on, happy pair,  
And ages of peace o'er you roll;  
Your sons shall your virtues declare,  
And spread them both ways to the pole.

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BAPTISM IN THE COUNTRY.

—  
BY MISS M. E. WENTWORTH.

O, SWEETLY smiled the Sabbath sun  
Upon our woodland home,  
Where through the foliage thick and green  
The gentle breezes come;  
And from the boughs of waving trees  
The birds a chorus sent,  
And lovingly the glorious skies  
Above our worship bent.

The copious sweet-fern fringed the bank,  
And kissed the water clear,  
While wild-wood willows wept above,  
Its murmured song to hear;  
And like a sea in summer calm,  
No ripple on its breast,  
An hundred faces turned to heaven  
In meek and holy rest.

No echo broke the deep repose,  
Save some light chirping bird,  
Or chance an idle wind that passed,  
The rustling foliage stirred;  
And tremulous the hymn arose,  
But swelled to lofty song;  
For holy fire had touched the lips  
Of all that waiting throng.

Down to the brink with fervid love,  
 Their joyful steps they take—  
 Pastor and friend, who meekly bears  
 The cross for Jesus' sake.  
 "Now to the Father and the Son—  
 Now to the Holy Ghost—  
 The new Jerusalem we love—  
 Seraph and heavenly host—

I give thee in this mystic rite,  
 And on thy brow record,  
 That thou of God art born again,  
 And sacred to the Lord."  
 Sweet dove, descend, as erst thou did,  
 On Jordan's ancient tide;  
 And keep the heart we give to thee,  
 Fast to our Savior's side.

O, it were sin to break the spell  
 That hovers round this flood,  
 That sacred rites have hallowed made,  
 And sanctified to God.  
 Green trees, that bend above it now,  
 For ever cast your wing  
 Protecting o'er its gentle stream—  
 Glad flowers, your incense bring;  
 And in the boughs that wave above,  
 Ye gentle songsters come,  
 And holy keep this shrine to God,  
 Within our woodland home.

#### THE LONE DOVE.

"Early in the morning of one of the loveliest days of the season, I strolled out into the grove adjoining B.'s house. Seating myself on a rail, I was soon lost in thought. From my reverie, I was, at length, aroused, by the cooing of a dove in a neighboring tree. There was something peculiarly plaintive in her note; and I could not divest myself of the thought that she, like myself, was lamenting the absence of the companion of her bosom. Instantly my sympathies were enkindled; and I felt an instinctive attachment to this most gentle and affectionate of the feathered tribe which I could not account for, but which caused me to sit a mute, but not inattentive listener for some time. As I retired, the thought arose in my mind, 'Like circumstances and situations often produce like feelings in the irrational as well as the rational creation.'"—EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

THE dove in yon shade, o'er her far distant mate,  
 In sadness coos mournfully—tenderly—true,  
 As though her lone heart, in that desolate state,  
 Had melted in sighs as the breezes passed through.

Sweet bird! thy sad note sounds melodious to me;  
 In its spirit my heart can most fully unite;  
 I, too, am a lone one, and mourning like thee,  
 The absence of one lovely in whom I delight.

All the morn thou hast sat in that green, shady bough,  
 In the vain hope of tracing, far through the wide air,  
 The form or the note of him long-absent, now;  
 But no sound has repaid thy full watchful, fond care.

Perhaps thy loved mate, in some loftier tree,  
 Has been sighing his note full as sad as thy own;  
 Which Echo sent back, in her playful-like glee,  
 And whispered, "Poor sad one, thou, too, art alone."

O, would that again ye might meet in this wood,  
 While I viewed the mute joy that might beam from  
 your eyes!

Methinks, it would do my lone spirit more good,  
 Than aught save the meeting with the lost one I prize.

But no! you are separate—sad—and alone:  
 Though the woods were now filled with the blithe  
 birds of song,

Their carols discordant would blend with your own,  
 As, borne by the breezes, they murmured along.

(Unsustained by that note so oft blended with thine,  
 Or in converse responsive, by others was heard,  
 Must thou solitary mourn till thy head shall recline  
 On the side of thy nest, unsupported, sweet bird.

And in dreams of the night shall thy spirit go forth,  
 To seek, as by day, the fond mate thou hast loved,  
 By the side of the spring—on the green-swarded earth,  
 And thy night-search as fruitless as the day shall  
 be proved.

When thy cradle-like nest at lone midnight is rocked  
 By the tempest, as it sweeps in its wild fury by,  
 And thy slumbers are broken, thy heart will be  
 shocked—

Thy protector—companion no longer is nigh!

In morn's early hour thou wilt hearken in vain  
 For the note that has roused thee, ere the day had  
 gone forth,

Though thou search by the brook—and the summit  
 regain—

And stretch thy lone pinions toward the south or  
 the north.

Thy mild eye now presaging these ills, seems to swell  
 With a tear, which my fancy has quickly discerned;  
 And thy cooings more plaintively, tenderly tell  
 That desolate loneliness which thou hast now  
 learned.)

Sigh on, then, sweet dove, though thou makest me sad,  
 A sympathy binds my own heart fast to thine;  
 I know how thou feel'st in thy lone forest shade,  
 And thy sad self-communings are the echoes of  
 mine. G. W.

#### NATURE.

Lo, all around thee, Nature's scene,  
 That wakes the soul's desires—  
 The rolling earth with bloom and green,  
 And heaven all bright with fires:  
*Here* is thy crown on earth's pure shrine—  
*There* are the gems will make it shine.

## LADIES' REPOSITORY.

SEPTEMBER, 1846.

UNDER this head, we shall hereafter keep a kind of Literary and Miscellaneous Record, of such a character as to give our readers a general idea of the intellectual activity and various movements of the age in which they are living. We do not intend to trench upon the department of ordinary newspaper intelligence. Our aim is to go a little higher—to present such facts as may be regarded as indices of present progress, and omens of what is coming. The world is now in full career, like a planet whirling about its sun and centre, rapidly advancing to its destiny. What that destiny is to be, all men are now busily divining. We shall not be bound to give our opinions of what is passing, but only to present a miscellany of interesting facts to our readers. Without following any particularly philosophical method, we shall intersperse, with liberal profusion, all sorts of matter, useful and entertaining to the general reader.

As one of the signs of the times, showing the fearful condition of the English nobility, we record a statement recently made by the Duke of Wellington in the House of Lords of England. In a forcible and affecting style, the noble Duke referred to his great age, and to the probability that he was then giving his farewell advice to his country. After this solemn preliminary, he boldly gave utterance to the following ominous sentence: "Separately from the Crown and the House of Commons, you can do nothing; and if you break your connection with the Commons and the Crown, you will then put an end to the functions of the House of Lords." When we take into consideration the divisions and jealousies in the Church of England—which has ever been regarded as the first pillar of the English monarchy—the growing importance and power of the English people, and the waning influence of the nobility, not only in England, but in every part of Europe, such a solemn declaration, from so high a source, gives assurances of an ultimate change in the political condition of that country. So far as we can now see, every thing is gradually tending to the establishment of republican principles in England.

DR. WEIL, a German scholar of the old country, has made a collection of Biblical legends, chiefly taken from original Arabic records, illustrative of the superstition of the Mohammedans. His work is entitled, "The Bible, the Koran, and the Talmud," and is said to possess great literary interest. It so sparkles with gems of Arabic poetry, that no one can read it without improving his imagination. The book has been translated into English, and it forms Number XV of Harper's New Miscellany.

THE spirit of persecution is still living in the middle of the nineteenth century. The poor Protestant missionaries in Switzerland are yet writhing under the scorpion lash of ecclesiastical bigotry. The Catholics are pursuing them with increased violence. Not long since, Rev. Mr. Cook, an English Wesleyan minister, was driven by a mob from the communion table, and a meeting of females was dispersed by such treatment as no chaste reader would wish us to record.

BISHOP SOUTHGATE, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, is charged, by the New York papers, with having connection with the severe persecutions endured by the Armenians at Constantinople. The proof is taken chiefly from the Bishop's own letters to his friends in this country. We sincerely hope that there may be some mistake in this matter. We have exclusiveness enough at home, without carrying it into our foreign missionary stations.

THE Rongé reformers have a very snug little church in Cincinnati, and we intend to go in soon and get a glimpse of them. Success to any thing that will break down bigotry and superstition. The wedge is now fairly entered. We hope the Rongéists will drive it. Their prospects in Europe are getting brighter.

THE title of the newly elected Roman pontiff is, Pope Pius the Ninth. He is fifty-four years of age, and therefore one of the youngest of all the successors of St. Peter. He is said to be an artful man, and an able manager.

PRINCE ESTERHAZY, a Hungarian lord, ought to be satisfied with what he has of this world's goods. His estate is said to contain one hundred and thirty villages, forty towns, and thirty-four castles. He has four immense country seats, one of which contains three hundred and sixty rooms. The number of his flocks and herds can be estimated only from the fact that he has two thousand five hundred shepherds. He is a feudal lord, and holds the power of life and death over his vassals. Such is a specimen of the nobility of Europe.

THE population of the United States is now estimated at 20,140,370. Emigration to this country was never more abundant than it now is, nor has the character of the emigrants ever been of a higher order. Let us hold out the right hand of kindness to all new-comers, and make them the friends of our republican institutions by showing ourselves friendly. What political privileges it would be safe to extend to them, is a question altogether beyond our province. It belongs exclusively to the statesman.

SIR D. MACWORTH, who has been recently traveling on the continent of Europe, stated, not long since, to the London Protestant Society, that Protestantism is making rapid advancement in France. In Ireland, too, within a short period, more than forty Catholic priests, and above four thousand lay persons, had united with different Protestant Churches. This may be regarded as an offset to the Puseyism of Great Britain.

THE key of the French Bastille, that tomb of liberty and religion, in old France, is now in this country. It was given to George Washington, and by him suspended in a strong, close box, with a glass front, for the convenience of spectators, at Mount Vernon. It is a fact, then, that the key which imprisoned the free spirits of the old world for their liberal principles, in the new is itself put in prison. Go on, bold friends of humanity in Europe! Send the keys of your dungeons to us. As memorials of your sufferings, and as warnings to all future tyrants, we will hang them all up in the old mansion of the Father of his country.



## NOTICES.

**RICHELIEU: a Tale of France.** By G. P. R. James, Esq. Two Volumes in One. New York: Harper & Brothers. 82 Cliff-street. 1846.—We have not read this work. A friend informs us that it is well written, which we do not doubt. But it is a novel. That is enough for most persons of really pure taste. That taste must be vitiated which delights in novel reading. Grant, if it be so, that this work is good in its moral character. It is yet, we repeat, a novel. We by no means object to all kinds of fiction; that is, to fiction abstractly considered—giving us the privilege of defining in our own way the term. The *Paradise Lost* of John Milton is not to be excepted to by any man of taste. As applied to such productions, however, the word is used in a peculiar and good sense. Fiction, as the term is ordinarily understood, is to be universally discarded by every good man.

But we would not weaken our opposition by carrying it too far. Judging from the few pages we have sketched over, here and there, through this book, we should regard it as belonging to a very bad class of novels, even allowing its moral tone to be fair. It is a historical romance; that is, it is a story of which the ground-work is truth; but the whole is so interwoven with matter invented, or, as Bacon says, "Spun out of the brain as the spider spins his thread," for the express purposes of deception, that no ordinary reader can tell what is fact from what is fiction. This is our great objection to all works of this class. They confuse our recollection of historical truth. And, if history is philosophy teaching by example, then novels are the destruction of both history and philosophy.

We have long noticed, that a reader of romances is uniformly very inaccurate and uncertain in this sublime species of human knowledge. His mind becomes sentimental; his fancies are extravagant and eccentric; and his intellect soon tires of the more serious matters of the world. If he gets into the Church, he makes a very feeble profession. He is dissatisfied with all the sermons of good, sound theology, because there are no hair-breadth escapes, no wild adventures, no balloon flights of fancy in them.

It is romance reading, more than every thing else put together, that has so universally corrupted the taste of the present age. If a man writes a book—a work of profound study and solid merit, no body will read it. The first edition falls lifeless from the press; and, if the author and his friends are not quite willing to lose so much learning and well-bestowed labor, the next edition comes out as an abridgment, from which all the sense is taken out, and all manner of light nonsense is crowded in. But the public are not deceived. They recognize the "stupid" old giant now diminished to a contemptible dwarf, tricked off with borrowed ruffles; and, all fear or favor being taken from the wretched little *Lilliput*, they just turn together, and spurn it to its grave.

This is not a flattering picture of the present race of readers. The object of every good man is to correct what is wrong. This can never be accomplished, so long as men read any thing instead of truth. Truth is the great agent in the renovation of the world:

"Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again!"  
and nothing else but truth.

But it is not our purpose to review this book. We do not intend, even, to give our opinion of its distinc-

tive merit. Its author, Mr. James, undoubtedly commands a good, easy style. He has written other works than novels, which we have perused with profit and pleasure too; but we have not read one of his novels, and never shall. We have long since resolved never to read another work of this character, until we have thoroughly studied all the arts, and all the sciences, and all the philosophy, and all the history, and all the biography, and all the pure, miscellaneous literature in the world; and when we get through with all these, as the old Indian said about his tobacco, we shall want a little more of the same kind. The great Dr. Bentley said, that it would take him, he thought, about eighty years to read every thing worth reading then extant. If that were so, we, according to our rule, are in no danger of ever perusing a novel; for, if it would require of Dr. Bentley, with his talents, eighty years to read all the good books known to him, what could a man of ordinary energy in these days do with the mountains of them since produced!

But we close. The author gets Shakspeare to recommend his work—

"I advise you that you read  
The Cardinal's malice and his potency  
Together: to consider further, that  
What his high hatred would effect, wants not  
A minister in his power."

But, fair ladies, in spite of Shakspeare, whom we reverence much, we "advise" you *not* to read the old Cardinal's malice. It was spent long ago; and it can now do you neither good nor harm; or, if you really have a curiosity to know by what arts a man from humble life could rise to become the arbiter of contending princes, and sway, by his single will, the destinies of the half of Europe in spite of kings, then read the reigns of Henry the Fourth, and Louis the Thirteenth of France, and the annals of the hapless Mary de Medicis, as laid down by Russell, the great historian of the modern world. But, by all means, let this book go, and thus we shall soon compel its talented author to write better things.

**LIFE IN THE PRAIRIE LAND.** By Eliza W. Farnham.—We have not read this book through, for the very good reason that we cannot keep our patience long enough to finish such a production. It has been often observed, that imitators are more likely to copy the defects, than the excellences of their prototype. It is said, for instance, that Alexander the Great having a crooked neck, all his courtiers used to walk with their heads canted over on one side.

The author of *Life in the Prairie Land* seems to be a faithful imitator of Mrs. Trollope, and of Dickens in his *American Notes*, and has admirably succeeded in copying the worst parts of their style and manner. It is not denied that there are in the book some descriptions of western scenery true to nature. But every part of the book which we have read, relating in any way to the people of the west, their customs, conversations, style of living, and general character, is an outrageous caricature. She makes the western people talk in a language worse than the jargon of the Oregon Indians, and reports them as giving utterance to sentiments, and doing things which they never thought of. The west is a country not to be ridiculed, but to be proud of; and if writers wish to get our ears, let them write the truth.

What, now, could have induced a lady to write such a book? She had every chance in the world to write a

beautiful series of sketches—sketches of scenery, incidents, and historical and personal recollections. She might have described the population of the west as it is. She had, in the glorious regions of the prairie land, the material for a work more interesting than the beautiful Sketch Book of Irving. But she has made a book which no one of good taste can read without pain and disgust. Need Mrs. Farnham travel from New York to Illinois, in order to find disagreeable people? We have some boyhood recollections of the great empire state. If she would but look about her own neighborhood, she might find subjects for caricature. It is, however, the better part of prudence and valor to abuse, and misrepresent, and caricature a people, after you have placed either the Alleghany mountains, or the Atlantic ocean between them and the "wind of your nobility." We are sorry, extremely sorry, that a lady could find it in her heart to treat the people of the west with such supercilious contempt, and such unnatural caricature. How much better would it have been, had the writer of this volume, a lady of undoubted talents, pursued the manner of her very popular countrywoman, the interesting authoress of the *New Home*. But, desiring to be over spicy, she has failed. In spite of etiquette, and all the rules of gallantry, we must advise our readers to pass the book over to the same shelf with Mrs. Trollope's *Domestic Manners of the Americans*.

**VOYAGES OF DISCOVERY AND RESEARCH WITHIN THE ARCTIC REGIONS, from the Year 1818 to the Present Time.** By Sir John Barrow, Bart., F. R. S. *Annæ Etatis* 82. Harper & Brothers. 1846.—This world will soon cease to be one of adventure. The improvements of modern times are rapidly making it a very prosy sort of a place. The poetry of it has already nearly passed away.

Only think of it a moment. A few centuries ago, a voyage from the eastern shores of Greece to the Black Sea was resounded, in a long and brilliant strain, by that Orphean lute, which, as Shakespeare tells us,

"Was strung with poet's sinews,"

and, if we may trust the remainder of the classic fable,

"Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,  
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans  
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands."

The *Periplus of Hanno*, a short voyage of discovery on the western coast of Africa, was the wonder of the old world. The expeditions of a few Trojan exiles, from the shores of old Troy to Italy, furnished the two master poets of antiquity with stores of the marvelous almost inexhaustible.

Since the day of these small things, the compass has been invented. The quadrant has since measured the altitude of the sun, moon, and stars, and the science of astronomy has been nearly perfected. Since then, Columbus, the stork of the fifteenth century, has pointed the way to another hemisphere, and beaks of the white-winged birds of commerce and adventure have followed his bold track. Since then, Vasco de Gama has opened a road round the stormy cape of Africa to the aromatic islands of the far east. Since then, Cortes, and Pizarro, and Raleigh, and Cabot, and a thousand intrepid navigators have explored every bay and bayou of the great and glorious west. The entire globe on which we live, excepting a small patch of earth—if it be earth—if not, of ice, or water, or both, or all together, about each pole, has been mapped out for every school-boy to map

out again on his memory. There is no longer a place of entire novelty in the world. Go where you will, unless you really visit the two poles, and you will find that somebody has been there before.

It may be that the poles themselves will not soon be visited; for, of the fourteen voyages recorded in the work before us, not one was entirely successful. But, whether successful or not in the great objects for which they were made, no one can read the history of these bold attempts upon the frozen north, without deep and abiding interest. The author was an old man when he wrote it; but there is an energy and a sprightliness in his style, which younger men sometimes fail to master. This would be an excellent book to put into the hands of young runaway boys, who, lured by the false goddess of adventure, forsake the quiet homes of their stern old fathers, and push into the world in search of some northwest passage to fame and fortune. In these pages they would find proofs enough that the sternest father is much milder than the rigors of a polar winter; that it is far better to work quite hard, eat corn bread, and sleep up stairs, or up the ladder, at home, than to be squeezed, as was the exploring ship *Terror*, between two icebergs for a twelvemonth; and that, after all their toil and trouble, and their lofty ambition guided by more than gray-haired wisdom, the wonderful northwest cut to glory might not be found, or even *findable*, at last. If any of our readers have such a boy, buy this book for him; and if it does not cure him of his wandering propensities, let him go and try his fortunes for himself. His experience will be a schoolmaster. Let him go up so far north that he may see a sight capable of giving him full satisfaction. Let him go where Coleridge's Ancient Mariner had been:

"The ice was here,  
The ice was there,  
The ice was all around;  
It cracked and growled,  
And roared and howled,  
Like noises in a sound."

Let him go, and see, and hear such things. Let him have a tilt at hunger, and try his chivalry on an empty stomach. Let him eat his shoes, and the leather from his suspenders, and lick every grease-spot from the deck of the frozen vessel, and be so hungry that he could swallow a live fish fin foremost. Then let him remember, that, all the while, in his father's house, there is bread enough, and to spare; and, when all these adventures are ended, the little prodigal will most willingly come back again, and you will have a son to support you in age, and carry down the line of your ancestry.

**THE WESTERN MEDICAL REFORMER: a Monthly Journal of Medical and Chirurgical Science.** Cincinnati: B. L. Hill & Co., Editors and Publishers. May, 1846.—La Sage, a French philosopher and wit, has said that "Death has two wings. On one are painted war, plague, famine, fire, shipwreck, with all the other miseries, that present him, at every instant, with a new prey. On the other wing you behold a crowd of young physicians, about to take a degree before him. Death, with a demon smile, dubs them doctors, having first made them swear never, in any way, to alter the established practice of physic." Whether any thing can be done with such a race, we have not the sagacity to tell. Our medical friends, we know, will enjoy this quotation, and good-naturedly let it pass. We are not certain of the

precise object of this work. It seems to advocate the Botanic system of practice, but in what form we have not yet learned. It is in our power to say, however, that the first article in the present number of this work is written with ability as to style. Its author, Dr. Morrow, is apparently a strong man. Of his system we know nothing, and perhaps never may.

**BELL'S LIFE OF CANNING.** *Harper & Brothers.* 1846.—This is an exceedingly interesting work, and might be read with profit by every young lady and gentleman in the country. We know not which sex would be most interested in it.

**HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND.** *Numbers IV and V.*—As good as any thing pictorial.

**HARPER'S ILLUMINATED SHAKSPEARE.**—Five more numbers of this work have been laid upon our table. We have before given our opinion of the Bard of Avon.

**THE STATESMAN; or, The Commonwealth of England:** by John Forster, is a biographico-historical work of much merit. It is, in fact, little less than the History of the Commonwealth of England.

**CAPTAIN O'SULLIVAN, and LIVONIAN TALES,** by the Harpers, had better not been published for a Christian people.

**THE WANDERING JEW,** by the same house, may just wander along, till he can find quarters.

#### EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE have now lying before us quite a variety of articles, fresh from the sweet cottages, and groves, and gardens in which the most of them were undoubtedly written. Their style exhibits, frequently, the locality of their production. Here is one from the far-off land of "steady habits," and the very spirit of old Connecticut is seen running through every line and paragraph. Another is from the lake shore of old Michigan; and while taking an editorial glimpse of it, we seemed to feel the light breeze of some cool region fanning our spirits, and reducing to an agreeable temperature the fever of our own imagination. Another is a letter to a lady on the perusal of the holy Scriptures. It would be difficult to tell precisely where this beautiful composition was written. Judging from its style, its serene piety, and its literary beauty, the writer, we think, could not have been far, either in faith or fancy, from that better land where the music of angels is unceasingly ringing. Still another is from an old friend of the Editor's—a friend tried and true—from the green hills of the shepherd land of New England. Though, from its recent reception, we have not yet had time to read it, we can assure our readers, that, if it is a production in the likeness of its author, they will hail it as a thirsty man would the most delicate refreshment. In a single word, our friends have been extremely liberal in their furnishings for the next number, which, so far as their effusions are concerned, may be expected to sparkle with fresh lustre.

**SCHOOLS FOR YOUNG LADIES.**—We have received a notice and several catalogues of schools for ladies. We return our thanks to our friends who have forwarded them to us. There is no subject in which we take a livelier interest than that of female education; and, by the help of our kind correspondents, we intend to become more thoroughly acquainted with the condition

and prospects of this important branch of our work. And we will here venture to make a request of all the principals of our schools for young ladies throughout the country, east, west, north, and south—Will you each send us your last catalogue? The Repository ought to be the first and most faithful patron of female education in this country. We will publish brief notices, made out from whatever may be sent us, of any school having claims upon the patronage of our readers.

At present we have only one notice of this character. It is that of Mrs. Larrabee's Academy, at Greencastle, Ia. This is now in the second year of its history, and is in most successful progress. All the branches of a female education, both useful and ornamental, including every part of English literature, together with French and Latin, are taught by competent teachers. But we have not space to say now all we know and think of this seminary.

**PROMISES.**—An old friend of ours, and a very learned friend, also, at present a member of the New York annual conference, sometime ago promised us some translations of Samaritan poetry. We hope he will not forget a certain fine eulogy, which his and our quondam favorite poet passes on one of his best characters:

"His words were bonds—his oaths were oracles."

**OUR PRESENT NUMBER.**—The Repository for September is now before the reader. Its leading characteristic is the variety of its matter. The plate every one will judge of after a careful examination. For that we are not at all responsible. The first article, from the pen of Professor Larrabee, we begged in addition to his monthly contribution. It will undoubtedly be pronounced one of the best he has ever written. The Pioneers we shall have to account for, and, perhaps, for a typographical error that occurs in about one half of the edition, that much having been struck off in our absence. The reader will do us the kindness, therefore, to read *school* for *shoal*, near the beginning of the fourth section. Professor Waterman is too well known by our readers to need our commendation. His article will be read with interest by all who wish to refresh their recollection on the beauties of astronomical science. The communication from Mr. Allen gives a full and almost perfect analysis of one of the most momentous of all subjects. Let the reader peruse it when she thinks she has been too thoughtless. The regular monthly sketch of Professor Larrabee will fully sustain his character as a writer. The Young Soldier is not a fancy piece. It describes, in the greater part of it, a most bitter reality. It will engage the heart and sympathies of the reader. We hope to hear again from its gifted authoress—a lady not often equaled, never excelled, for true worth and every amiable quality. The Study of the Classics is from a new contributor; but the article has the ripeness of a sound thinker in it. Minor Morals are useful hints from a well-known writer. The Fault-Finder is really the work of a gray-haired gentleman, whose wise advice will not be rejected by our young readers. The smaller articles in this number we need not specify. They possess their merit. The poetry, at least some of it, is, we think, as good as ever appeared in the Repository. It will be read with interest. The Notices, if they get any, must earn their own commendation. So now, for another month, we bid farewell to our numerous readers, and pray that their hearts may be overflowing with a multitude of blessings.





THE VIADUCT OF THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY, BRISTOL

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THE

# LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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OCTOBER, 1846.  
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## VIADUCT ON BALTIMORE AND WASHINGTON RAILROAD.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

NATURE and science side by side! How pleasing and pretty is this scene! Still the view were perhaps lovelier without the bridge. Yet a structure so grand and fine as this, on a high road, carries its own authority along with it. Doubtless, Uncle Sam had to disburse handsomely for it—a thing which he always does cheerfully in matters of *necessity*.

The lounge might like to dip his feet into this fair water in crossing; and that he may do on many a summer's day; for the river is then but a shallow and placid stream. Yet there is many another time when it were a bootless adventure to attempt it. But the traveler, and more especially Uncle Sam's mail bags, for whose express accommodation it was erected, go safest by the viaduct.

In the progress of science, nothing is more to be admired than the great advances made in civil engineering. It is a manly and beautiful employment, combining mental and bodily exercise, and affording at the same time a delightful recreation to the young campaigner. A fine country we have for this, too! And much has been done. Already all the great thoroughfares in the central states have been smoothed and planed, if not absolutely *leveled*; and the traveler has nothing to complain of, excepting the *monotony* of too perfect roads.

Yet let us not believe that this *engineering* is a mere holiday pastime; for it requires an accurate knowledge of several sciences to effect it. The broad field of geology is its proper ground and element. Also, the doctrine of hydraulics, and the system of mining are indispensable: add to this the proper adaptation of each element to all the others engrossed in the calculation, (with the rapid hand of the ready reckoner,) not forgetting the relative power and proportions of each to each, allowing for the contingent and possible injuries from times and seasons. And, above all, the law of mechanics, giving the result sought from all the others—that adaptation and judgment, that tact of skill which, though not ranked as a science, yet tests the properties of the *mind* at work, and in fact gives the available merit of all the

rest. The *purpose* of engineering is very important, and one which, by natural schedule, requires great and proportionate ability to effect it.

How immensely large this structure is, may be inferred from the relative proportion of the cars—huge in themselves—which surmount it.

That mortuary monument on the left, after all, perhaps, only records the date of the edifice, the builder's name, &c.

The elevated and steep ascent, in the same direction, is probably composed of rock, requiring a proportionate elevation of the viaduct to meet it.

Regarding the two persons reclining on the bank, we do not affect to offer any discrimination of characters, further than to observe that one is probably possessed of more *patience* than the other. And we excuse the indolent ease of the third by the combined influences of time and place. He is probably a day-dreamer.

"His listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by."

Noontide! By the same token will he begin to bestir himself about dinner-time.

This delineation is very fair. The water, its shadow, and light, are perfectly true to nature; and the waves and ripples are suggestive of the soft gurgle and dash which accompany them. We seldom see so full a light render so pleasant a picture. The painter doubtless contemplated the scene at every hour of the day—every phase of the sun; and he has chosen his point of sight with admirable taste and effect. We seem to inhale the odor from the tender vegetation, and the pure balm of the breeze itself. We have delectated fancifully and delightfully upon Mr. Bartlett's sketch, and Mr. Dick's transcript, with thanks to both.

Would that our clever artists would go out from the crowded cities, and spend more of their time in sketching the great works of art scattered here and there through our country. Nature, too, in no country more grand, and beautiful, and lovely, would furnish them with subjects adapted to call out and exercise the highest of their artistic faculties. In this way they might add much to our taste and happiness.

B.



## THE SUPERANNUATED MINISTER.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE work of a good minister of Jesus Christ is the noblest work of man. Other professions have their importance. Some of them could not be dispensed with, without great inconvenience to society. The honest and faithful lawyer is the right arm of business in all the multiplied relations of the present life. The kind and skillful physician is the guardian spirit of our health and happiness. The teacher, learned and laborious, works upon the immortal intellect, expands its faculties, enlarges its sphere of action, and gives shape, and direction, and color to its present and eternal destiny. But the minister—what language can adequately describe his office? He is God's messenger, sent out, as it were, from the battlements of heaven, to echo the voice of the Almighty to a lost world. His message is one of mercy, and involves the temporal and unchangeable condition of the race of man. Like an angel, as he is, he comes to our prison to break off the fetters that bind us, to open the ponderous doors of our low dungeon, and to lead us out and upward to the sweet home of the spirit, in the far off world above us.

This is the great leading duty of the minister of God. But connected with his office, there are a thousand minor duties which bind him to our hearts by ties absolutely indissoluble. He comes to us, like his blessed Master, with all the sympathies of our nature in him. He comes prepared both to rejoice and weep with us. When we are young, and buoyant, and happy, he has a kindly smile to greet us. When we are old and feeble, his voice cheers our lonely dwelling, and his soft hand smooths our pillows and relieves the rigors of old age. When life is just mature, and the heart is full, and the soul begins to grow warm with the tenderest of the passions, then comes again the faithful ambassador of his Lord, pours into our throbbing bosoms the chastening influences of religion, whispers lessons of sobriety and virtue into ears willing or unwilling, and secures us in a line of virtuous conduct at the most interesting and critical period of our life. And then, when the hour of consummation comes—

"The hour of all hours sweetest"—

there, beside the rose-wreathed altar, stands the angel of that holy covenant, which, since the world began, has been the source and signet of our peace and happiness.

But the world is not all peace and happiness. There are hours of seriousness and of sadness. There are days of misery and mourning. There are long years of the yellow leaf and the sear of all earthly enjoyment. O, what bitter thoughts and recollections sometimes come over us! O, what

waves of sorrow, wild and woful, occasionally overwhelm us! O, how sinks the heart, how throb and tremble the very nerves of life, when misfortune rolls after misfortune, when the fountains of the great deep of trouble seem to be broken up, and a deluge of untried suffering comes pouring in upon us! Where, now, is the faithful minister? Where, O where, that genial spirit of consolation! Here he is, faithful to his trust, bending in sympathy over your bedside, uttering words savoring of heaven to your doubting, desponding, perhaps complaining nature, and pouring in the oil of healing to save, and soothe, and soften you.

But the affliction may not rest upon you in person. It may strike upon some one dearer to you than your own being. Here are your little son and daughter. To-day, all is life and happiness. Their eyes are bright, their cheeks are blooming with health and beauty, their little prattlings are instinct with joy and innocence. Like two opening rose-buds on one stem, they are planted, as the most precious ornament, on your bosom. But, ah! to-morrow—that sad word—to-morrow they droop, they wither, they die! Your little innocent children—the miniature reflections of their parents' blended image—your lovely ones, whom you have watched over, and carried through many a sickness safely—your own heart's children, are now lying pale and motionless, on the death-couch you have hastily spread for them! There stand, at the foot of the little death-bed, their elder brothers and sisters. There, bowed in the agony of her affliction, weeps the disconsolate mother, letting fall the warm tears of maternal love—love for ever linked with sorrow—on their cold, pale foreheads. Here, in full view of this touching scene, you stand, your heart melting with your own grief, and breaking to see other hearts so broken. But, in the hour of anguish, you are not alone. No, by your side, or leaning over the almost lifeless form of your weeping wife, is the holy minister of that religion, which was given expressly to comfort you in such scenes of sorrow. He weeps freely and sincerely with you. He gives you the lessons of submission appropriate to the occasion. He opens to you the glorious doctrine of death despoiled of his terror, of the immortality of our spiritual nature, and of the future resurrection and spiritualization of the body. In the colors of that eloquence that came from heaven, he draws you the picture of your future blessedness, when yourself, and family, and kindred, and dear friends shall unite again in the land of eternal sunshine—where your children will once more cheer and comfort you—where sickness comes not, and where the most delicate flowers neither droop nor die. Then, raising your spirits for the solemn exigency, he takes your little ones, bears them by the hands of his assistants to some beautiful spot consecrated to this purpose, lays them gently down, and then calls upon

the ever-watchful angels to guard them in their quiet resting-place.

But there is a time of still greater agony. There is an hour of profounder anguish. Death comes yet nearer to your bosom. The wife, plighted to you at that rosy altar—the partner with you of your joys and sorrows—the faithful recipient of your bosom secrets—she, who has been a smiling companion in your hours of gladness, and the prop and stay of your spirits in the years of your adversity—the mother, the instructor, the guiding angel of your once happy children—now, cold, and calm, and motionless, lies pale and dead before you. You were once

“As rich in having such a jewel,  
As twenty seas, if all their sands were pearl,  
Their water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.”

But the world is now one wide blank around you. Your life looks all sad and dreary. Your very children, in their innocent unconsciousness of their bereavement, prattling as sweetly as when their mother's ear could listen to them, are now a source of deep pain to your stricken nature. Strange as it may seem, their very happiness pains you. By the side of the lovely dead you sit alone and lonely. Your memory is busy with the scenes of other days. You call up the pictures then drawn of future ease and enjoyment. But, alas! all those pictures are now faded. This is the day, the hour, when the sweet star of your earthly happiness has gone down to rise no more for ever. Perhaps, in that wildness of the fancy which sudden grief induces, you address words to her, who once was so glad to listen. You speak softly and kindly to her. You call her by her loved name—that name which was once as a talisman to your feelings. “Mary—O, Mary—listen—nay, speak to me!” Ah, if she listens, yet she speaks not; and it is now that the certainty of your loss comes with its overwhelming reality upon you. Now—now is the time when the soul needs the consolation of our holy religion. Where, then, is the man of God, whose lips are ever eloquent with the soft charities of the Gospel? Here, afflicted mortal, here stands the kind intruder, who, whilst thou wert lost in grief, glided in to bring thee a cheering message from his Master. He restrains not the tears of natural, heartfelt sorrow. He chides thee not for weeping, but rather weeps with thee. But, while the tear of sympathy is glistening, like a pearl-drop of heaven in his eye, he points you to that bright world where your loved one has gone. He assures you of her eternal safety, both from the strength and fervor of her piety, and still more from the unlimited goodness and mercy of our great heavenly Father. Foreseeing your house and home made desolate—the centre light of the once bright family circle gone out for ever—your children scattered amongst friends or strangers, and yourself a poor, lonely, disconsolate wanderer—he calls you off to contemplate the

scene when all your joys shall be again restored to you—at least, to that brighter, more-enduring home, the last

“Resort

Of love, of joy, of peace, of plenty, where,  
Supporting and supported, *earthly* friends,  
And dear relations, mingle into bliss!”

But, now, as a lone man in the busy multitude, bereft of the guiding influence of former years, other scenes—scenes more serious to yourself—await you. To drown your sorrow, you plunge deeply, perhaps dangerously, into business. The cares of life, the prospect of wealth, the splendors of future affluence, constantly attend and mislead you. You form associations altogether new to you. Your habits, unrestrained by the kindly influences of home, are more irregular. Your religious feelings and convictions become dull upon your conscience. Your faith becomes weaker and weaker, as you proceed in life, and business, and pleasure farther and farther. Gradually you lose your balance, and fall into dissolute practices and company. Perhaps, within a short time—a time so short as sometimes to appall you—your virtue is not entirely unsuspected. From the higher you sink almost imperceptibly to the lower degrees of society, until, when sickness seizes with a giant's grasp upon you, you are really a man of most doubtful character. You see yourself, now that you need attention, unattended. Your children are far away from you. You begin to be partly conscious of your critical condition. Hope—that often delusive, but always welcome syren—vanishes. Clouds, dark, and deep, and dreary, cover your horizon. The last ray of light goes out, and you sink despairingly submissive to your destiny. No, there is one ray left. That minister, who wedded you to the one you loved—who visited you in the days of your purity and pleasure—who buried your wife and children—that minister is yet living, and going faithfully forward in his Master's business. Hark! the door opens—the kind minister is with you! He heard of your forlorn situation—he pitied you in your misfortunes—he remembered your former happiness—he has come to make a last effort to restore it. Experienced in this glorious business, he knows full well how to undertake it. You have all confidence in his character and friendship. He paints your follies fully to you. Conviction seizes upon your spirit. Tremblingly you seize upon any promise that may be left for you. The good man watches his opportunity, and, when your soul is ripe and ready, he kneels down and calls for mercy to descend dove-like upon you. The heavens are opened. Mercy, pure as the light of glory, streams down in a single ray upon your broken spirit. You begin to revive; but the minister goes on in his fervent supplications. Ray after ray breaks in upon your benighted nature. Cloud after cloud rolls off and away from your

horizon. Now—as suddenly at last as if it had been but a moment—the whole firmament bursts out upon you, bright and beautiful, and all the stars of paradise are beaming on you. The good minister, satisfied with your condition, now sits by your bedside, and you join him in sweet converse about the scenes of better years, and look forward with rapture to the day, when you shall once more meet and embrace your lost children, and your angelic Mary.

But it was not God's will that you should leave the world at this moment. Your work is not yet completed. Your children, whom you may have too much neglected, are to be sought after, and saved by the power of religion. This, now, so strangely have you changed in character and conduct, seems to you to be your only business. You are now just beginning to fulfill the dying request of the sainted Mary. You go abroad, and get your neglected children, and gather them again into one family. Over that orphan family you now, for the first time, since the death of their departed mother, preside as a guardian spirit. But your work is difficult. Those boys and girls, once so perfectly within the reach of your authority, and so obedient to every suggestion which you pleased to make to them, have learned a dangerous lesson by having been so long left to their own wayward counsels. Your first task is to restore your influence over them. All this must be done before you can expect much good to accrue to them from the ordinary influences of religion. But the task is finally accomplished. They are conducted regularly to the house of God, where instruction distills upon them as the dew, and the glorious sunlight of Revelation sheds its mild radiance upon their heart and understanding. Gradually they acquire an interest in spiritual matters. They begin to see their natural sinfulness and danger. The horrors of death eternal rouse them. The sweet scenes of promised heaven allure them. Their young hearts are ultimately impressed most seriously, and they undertake in earnest the work of securing their everlasting well-being. With troubled spirits they approach the altar—God's earthly mercy-seat. With deep sincerity, they kneel before it. While the tears of true sorrow are falling down their hitherto unwet cheeks, the prayers of the most faithful are ascending up to heaven. The bands of the ungodly world are now broken. The cords that bound them to the earth are severed. The clouds that, from the cradle to the grave, hang over the horizon of the unrepenting, are rolled off from them for ever. With juvenile bursts of gratitude, and with countenances beaming with the same light that makes the face of an angel pleasant, they rise up and tell what the unexampled mercy of their heavenly Father has done for them. With feelings unknown to seraphs, they fly to meet and embrace you. And you, when your eyes are

satisfied with seeing, and your ears with hearing, and when you have pressed them again and again to your bursting bosom, lead them back to that blessed altar, where stands the minister of God ready to receive them. This is the same altar, where, in other years, you took and gave the sacred pledges of affection, and bound to your heart the loveliest of earth's daughters. This is the same faithful minister, who then laid the green laurel of pure and holy love upon your youthful foreheads—who, through all your misfortunes, has been with you, to watch you in sickness, to bury your wife and children, and to soothe your anguished spirits in the hour of trouble. It is the same, who, at this moment, unchanged by your defection, untouched in his friendship by your departures, stands there and holds the door wide open, that admits you and your offspring into earthly and celestial glory. He takes you and yours by the hand, bespeaks an interest for you in the prayers of the faithful, and then bids the recording angel to write down your names on the book of life. All you are, all you have, all you expect to enjoy in this or the world to come, you owe to him, who, under God, has been the instrument of your present and eternal salvation. If ever you are admitted to heaven—if ever you see the bright plains of glory—if ever you meet again the smiles of your long-lost and sainted Mary—if ever you have your entire family about you in that land of unfading beauty—the patience, and zeal, and faithfulness of this ever-watchful minister must be acknowledged as the successful agent in so much joy and happiness.

But I must pass on. Time is pressing. Years have flown since happened the events herein recorded. You are now a much older man. God has blessed you with another family, with many friends, and with great abundance. Your children are settled in independence around you. Your home is once more serene and peaceful, and nothing has for years occurred, or seems likely soon if ever to occur, to disturb the quiet of declining life. And I must now leave you, as I wish to leave all my friends, in the possession of every thing that can make this world a place of ease and enjoyment.

But, kind reader, before parting with you at this time, you will permit me to put one question. Where, now, is that old friend of yours, the true-hearted minister? I know it is a long time since you have seen him. I am aware of the pressure of your business, and the impossibility of your keeping up every acquaintance formed by you in other years. Still, so hallow are all ordinary friendships—so few are they who adhere to us through all fortunes, we can afford, nay it is our duty, to keep in sacred recollection those who have been good and true to us.

Ah—well, I must forgive you. You know not whether the old saint is dead or living. The last you heard of him, he had retired from active life, but whether in wealth or want you are unable to satisfy

me. But can you not say that he has a competency of his own, or friends to make him comfortable in his declining years? Certainly, a man of his virtues, one who has spent his life—the very marrow and fatness of his days in doing good, ought not now to be neglected, when he can no longer labor. It is said, I know, and, undoubtedly, was said often before he left the pulpit, that he was getting a little old-fashioned; that he had not kept up with the day; that his style of preaching could no longer interest a generation reared up under literary advantages, which he, in his youth, never dreamed of; and that he had been gradually sinking for many years before he quit preaching, until, in fact, the most juvenile of the young itinerants were fast crowding him from his position. All this may be true, but I still maintain that the good old man should be revered and honored for what he has done; and it does seem a little strange that you, who have received so many favors from him, should have almost entirely forgotten him. If I knew his name, or could discover it among your old papers—on your marriage certificate, your funeral notices, or the Church book where your own name, and those of your children, were first recorded—could I find it anywhere, I would write it down with reverence, and the printer should set it up in solid letters, and it should go out, crowned with honor, to my thirty thousand readers.

But I will not press you with a point so delicate. You are only one of many. On this subject the best have been too forgetful. But you would, no doubt, now be pleased, if possible, to learn the present condition of your old minister. I would be very glad to inform you of it. But I am not certain that I ever personally knew him. It is true, I have had my day of travel—I have seen nearly every state and section of our great country—and it has been my privilege to become acquainted, under a great variety of circumstances, with many of the old pioneers of our religion, who are now wasting away in obscurity on the very fields which they have rendered glorious. If in either of the following sketches you can recognize your old benefactor, you are at liberty to do so; but if you cannot, they may furnish a similar clue to some others equally forgetful.

In the year 1837, with my little family, and a friend or two in the same carriage, I was returning eastward from a long visiting tour to the scenes of my early childhood. We had extended our visit to the head waters of Alleghany river; thence northwardly into Upper Canada; and from there, taking a southern turn in our pleasant rambles, we wound our way mostly along the northern frontiers of the great state of Pennsylvania, till we had reached the foot of the Catskill mountains. From this point, our route lay to Albany, and thence to Boston. Our road led directly between the two parallel ridges of these great hills, and the country through which we traveled was occupied by a poor and

sparse population. Indeed, that region rendered so classic by the gifted pen of Irving, immortalized as it is by several of his sketches, is too steep and sterile to admit of much profitable cultivation. Late one evening, when the dark shadows of the mountains were beginning to stretch over us, and the night birds were wheeling and whirring in many an airy circle round us, we began to be a little fearful whether we should be able to reach the point of that day's destination. In spite of Irving, never did a place appear so dreary. It was a place and a time for robbers. But we were not robbed. We were not molested. At about ten o'clock that night, we reached a small hamlet of rude, rough buildings, poorer than the cabins of a western wilderness. The houses were located so near the road, that we could look from our carriage directly into them, and sometimes the wheels would almost graze the corner of some one more projecting than the others.

Passing one of these, and stopping a moment to take a little observation of the ground before us, we heard in the nearest cabin, a low, tremulous, broken voice, uttering something in feeble accents. It was a voice not to be misunderstood. An old man was praying. As he progressed, his soul seemed to warm up within him, and the last few words of his supplications became quite audible. I know not how God received them—though I can imagine their reception—but they fell like thunder, feeble as was their utterance, upon all our hearts. "O God! remember a poor old pilgrim, whom the world hath forgotten. O give me bread—give me help in my time of need—or take me up to heaven!" God knows he had bread for at least a short time after that, but I know not that he now has it. Reader, was that your old pastor?

The year 1840 is memorable for one of the most exciting political campaigns ever witnessed in this country. That year my ministerial labors had made serious inroads upon my constitution. Partly to get relief from the excitement by which I was surrounded, partly to recruit my health and spirits, I resolved upon a short excursion on horseback through the northern portions of the state in which I was then residing. A good friend accompanied me in the journey.

One day, as we were bending our course from the highlands of Maine toward the famous White Hills of New Hampshire, a black cloud, charged heavily with wind and rain, rising and rolling fearfully up from the west, compelled us to seek shelter in the nearest tenement. We dreamed not that that tenement was the abode of an old, worn-out Methodist preacher. But such it was, and in it the two travelers, both of them then pursuing the same calling, learned a lesson not to be forgotten. If it threw but little of the cheering light of promise upon the last scene of our own toils and hardships, it failed not to point out the source whence we were to derive it.

After putting away our own horses, for there was no time for ceremony, we sought refuge for ourselves under the low roof of the itinerant. The old man was lying on a sort of straw pallet, made expressly for him, and located near a small window. At the first salutation, we were all strangers. But the inhabitants of New England are a kind, hospitable, social people. After a few words, all reserve was thrown aside, and we entered into a free conversation. But I will not detain the reader with it. Our business lies with the old gentleman on the straw pallet. His history I will endeavor to give nearly in his own language.

"Thirty-five years ago," said the old veteran, in a voice by much pain and sickness broken, "I entered the traveling connection. For the first twenty of them, I was a strong, healthy man, and could endure, and did endure, all kinds of hardships. I have rode my circuit in all sorts of weather, and have seen as many snow storms, and rain storms, and hail storms, and storms of wind, as perhaps any person in this country. I have slept all night in the woods, when the snow was so deep that my horse refused to travel. Several times, far from my family and fireside, I have been compelled, while traveling among the mountains, to scoop out in some towering snow-bank a snow cabin for myself and animal, to protect us against the piercing blasts of winter. I have preached a year, and received for my services only twenty dollars. I have left my family, and that more than once, when they had not a loaf of bread, nor a pound of meat, nor a piece of fish, to keep them in my absence. A few potatoes, and a little salt was all I had to leave them. Nearly in this manner, and never receiving half of my full allowance, the first twenty years of my life were devoted to the Church I loved, and love, beyond my power to utter.

"Ten years ago these hardships began to show their working upon my vigorous constitution. For five years, I labored on with many interruptions. At length, completely worn out, I retired from active service, but have not been able to earn ten dollars a year, if it had been to save me from perishing, from that day onward. I am now stretched upon this bed of straw, where I have lain for four long years, and have never once been taken from it. My seven children are in a helpless condition. My oldest, a son, has never had health for either books or business. My five young daughters are all here, almost wasting their lives, without the means of mental cultivation. My younger son, now about ten years old, has been confined to his bed by a lingering complaint nearly as long as I have. I have sometimes thought of writing to some one or more of my old circuits, where once I labored. There are many friends of my former years yet living; but they have all forgotten me. How many years I have yet to lie here, God only knows. But

I will suffer his will in patience; nor ought I to tell you more of my history, lest I should by accident stir up my feelings in opposition to his blessed will and pleasure. I shall soon find rest for my poor body in the grave, and for my unworthy soul in the arms of the Redeemer."

At this point in his narrative, the good old man gave way to his emotions, and tears rolled down his pale, furrowed cheek, till they had wet his pillow. My friend, who was a splendid singer, catching the sympathies of the old gentleman's concluding sentence, broke the silence in a low, sweet, partly plaintive, partly cheerful and animating tone—

"I would not live alway: I ask not to stay  
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;  
Where the few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,  
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer."

As the hymn proceeded, the emotions of the old preacher seemed to follow the sentiment of the verses—

"I would not live alway: no, welcome the tomb,  
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom:  
There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,  
To hail him in triumph descending the skies."

As the fine voice of my friend swelled out in giving full musical expression to the last line, "To hail him in triumph," the old saint reached up his hands, as if he had seen Jesus then coming to his rescue. The tears started in the eyes of the sweet singer, and in the performance of the concluding verses, there was a natural eloquence of voice and manner which I have never seen equaled:

"Who—who would live alway, away from his God,  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,  
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:

Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet,  
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!"

I will not attempt to describe the excitement produced in the veteran's heart by these last verses, nor the wonderful expression of his countenance that accompanied, from the most rapturous swell to the concluding cadence, the full rich tones of the singer, till all was finished and closed up by that remarkable period,

"And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!"

If the old man had been suddenly presented with the wealth of the Indies, he could not have been more transported.

But by this time the storm had passed over, and we were obliged to pursue our journey. It would be indelicate to say how far we relieved the immediate wants of our old father. As we were taking our leave, I asked him what was his reliance for the future. Never shall I forget his answer. He did not say his former circuits; for they had their current expenses to provide for. Neither did he name any of his former friends; for he had told us before, that they had apparently forgotten him. Nor did he

say that God was his reliance; for he felt assured that we knew him to be a Christian. Nor did he utter a syllable of any kind. But, with the tenderest expression of love and gratitude, he first looked upon his wife, and, the next moment, bursting into tears, clasped her to his bosom. O, faithful woman, man's last, best friend, thou art such a seraph!

Reader, tell me—nay, though thy cheek blush red by telling it—tell me, is this the man of God whom thou didst once call pastor? If not—if neither of these examples portray thy negligence, go, find the true one, wherever he may be met with—bind up his broken spirit ere he takes his departure—lest, in answer to the strict questioning of a faithful Creator, he be compelled to give his testimony against thee, and thus, before thy own coming into heaven, bad reports of thy charity get currency among the angels.

### VALEDICTORY.\*

BY REV. E. WENTWORTH, A. M.

AND what will be the fate of the mass before me this evening? Every individual of this vast course has his little creations in hand: some of them aspire to rival God's in grandeur of conception. Some are feebler in execution than the handiwork of the insect exemplars of industry. Some of you are laying plans for the subjugation of the world to the sway of sovereign self; while others

"Content themselves to be obscurely good."

Some will court the glare and bustle of the crowded city; others already heave the sentimental sigh—

"O that the desert were my dwelling-place,  
With one fair spirit for my minister!"

Some will illustrate the apostrophe—

"Ye gods! what havoc does ambition make  
Among your works;"

others, contemplating the quietness of classic retirement, will exclaim, with Juba,

"Let Cæsar have the world, if Marcia is mine."

Some may be, like Berkeley, "distinguished for every virtue under heaven," and others, like Bonner,

"Damned to everlasting fame."

To learn the future destiny of each, we need not resort to the black art, to the horoscope, to the wreathing smoke of the witches' cauldron, or to the learned incantations of Faust or Dr. Dee. With all its chance and change, the future will be only the reflection of the past. With some of us,

"The visions of our youth are past—  
Too bright, too beautiful to last;"

others are still in the morning of life; but all are alike hurrying to a common destination. Yet, for

some of us, Heaven still has work to do; and it is an idea no less beautiful than true, that "every man is immortal till his work is done." And what is to be the lot of the young men before me, whose countenances beam with health, and whose eyes, this evening, radiate the light of hope! I cannot unroll the future; but with the talisman of recollection I can conjure before you a scene or two from the past. On a bright day in the summer of 1832, two young men might have been seen perambulating the streets of one of the most populous villages of western New York. They were engaged in earnest conversation; and, if any one of the stippant keepers of the showy shops with which the streets were lined, had gazed after them as they strolled, he would doubtless have pronounced them "green." And such they were. The one had just entered upon the itinerant life; the other had his academic course before him. With all the unsuspecting confidence of youth, they unfolded to each other their plans and prospects. They parted, and the hour of mutual amusement and interest was forgotten. In a few months, one was scores of leagues away in one direction, and the other as far away upon a different point of the compass. Will they ever meet again?

Six years bear their burden of sorrow and joy to eternity, and those young men are again side by side, fellow-laborers in the pioneer field of education in the Church of their choice. And side by side they stood, burdened with responsibilities, harassed with poverty, and struggling with the pecuniary difficulties and embarrassments incident to the infancy of their institution, and its reascitation from total destruction by fire. The third year transfers one of them to a new field of labor, and threatens their separation. Providence kindly interposes, and weds more firmly than ever their interests and labors. Since that moment their career has been before you. Of one of them, were I possessed of the vanity of Cicero or Buffon, it would not become me here to speak. The other, in the diligent use of the talents with which God has so liberally endowed him, has elevated himself to an enviable and useful distinction, has centred the wealth and influence of thousands in your institution, and drawn the eyes of many in both hemispheres upon your humble Green Mountain hamlet.

Our more than five years' residence here has identified us, much more intimately than we at first dared to hope, with your seminary, your village, your children, and your persons. As a faculty, we have enjoyed a permanency by no means peculiar to such establishments. Tears watered the first infringement of the circle, when the former teacher of languages,\* a man endeared to you all by untiring diligence and Christian urbanity, exchanged his position

\* Conclusion of an address to the Young Men's Lyceum of Troy Conference Academy, on the evening of July 14, 1846.

\* Rev. G. B. Cove, A. M., Principal of Providence Conference Academy.

for the elevated duties which now occupy his attention. Not six months ago, agony too deep for tears wrung our hearts, when it was announced that the failing health of the teacher of mathematics\* rendered his retirement absolutely necessary. He will linger in Poultney. And here let him linger; for yonder cemetery enshrines the infant ashes of his fondest earthly hopes. That cemetery *may*, ere long, become the resting-place of his own labor-exhausted system. Shall we ever meet again?

During the period of my attendance upon your semi-annual exhibitions, more young ladies than have this evening entertained you with their incipient efforts at composition, have gone to the spirit land. Young men, too, have been carried to the place of graves. This year, also, some of your fellows will follow Clark and Dickey to their quiet resting-places. And here we come to-night: once more, and we come not here again. The iron finger of temporal destiny points one to the east, another to the west, another to the grave! We have mingled in your festivities and your scenes of woe—we have joyed in your prosperity and wept by the graves

"Of mother and daughter, father and son;"

yet, in the order of Providence, these are not the feet that shall carry us out. Semi-annually, your eyes will be greeted with displays of brilliancy and grace, and your ears saluted with joyous music, sentiment, and taste. These are no more for us. Other heavens will bend to our prayers; other walls will echo to our songs; other flowers will bloom and die at our feet; other countenances will gladden our hearts with smiles; other eyes will weep tears of sadness over our woes. From citizens, from students, from teachers, we have experienced only unmitigated kindness. What shall be our return? If there be any one privilege connected with the minister's office more agreeable than another, it is that of leaving his benediction with the objects of his love. Upon you, perhaps for the last time, we invoke the blessings of the Holy Trinity. Ten years will have scattered you to the four winds. Over many a loved object it will be ours to wail the monody of Milton over his lost, loved Lycidas—

"But, O the heavy change, now thou art gone—  
Now thou art gone, and never must return!"

And such will be the lot of life. Yet,

"When the dreams of life are fled,  
When its wasted lamps are dead,  
When in cold oblivion's shade,  
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid,  
Where immortal spirits reign,  
There may we all meet again."

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THE time for doing good will soon be past. Let every one work while it is called to-day.

\* Rev. John Newman, A. M.

## LETTER TO MY FRIEND MARY.

—  
BY D. TRUEMAN.  
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MARY,—Possessed as you are of a strong and apparently natural disposition to read, it must, of course, become the medium of exquisite pleasure, or poignant anguish; and you are doubtless aware that your future happiness, so far, at least, as connected with the indulgence of this laudable inclination, depends mainly on your selection of books, while your expanding faculties are so peculiarly susceptible of impressions. Your taste for reading cannot yet be considered as fully established. The tottering, untutored infant, that grasps, with unrestrained eagerness, whatever is pleasing to the eye, however ruinous to the taste, must, by a long course of training, be taught to distinguish food from poison. Even so must the juvenile mind, by a continued course of correct moral discipline, be brought to discard evil, and fondly to relish that which is good.

You are yet in the morning of life. Your unscathed spirit, like the beautiful butterfly, is now reveling amid the poetry of earth, flitting from flower to flower in search of beauty and sweetness. O, it is a brilliant, but a dangerous hour! Much and often as you have been instructed to detest vice, and avoid irreligious publications, you might even yet be induced, by the tempter's siren voice, seconded by surrounding circumstances, not only to play with fiction's vapid flowers, but even to taste her pernicious, soul-ruining fruit, until the result would be a lasting disrelish for solid and profitable reading. If you would avoid this lamentable consequence, read the Bible.

Within the time-honored walls of the seminary, from which you have but recently returned, you were permitted to range the flowery fields of polite literature, scan the labyrinths of science, and become acquainted with those principles, by the application of which even the most unruly elements are rendered subservient to man's happiness. If you would prosecute your scientific researches, and reduce each ennobling principle to practice, you will find the volume of inspiration highly confirmatory of all true science, in every department of nature. Infidelity, in perpetuating a dishonorable warfare against Christianity, has planted her engines high among the stars, and lit her belching magazines deep down in the stratas of our globe, but all in vain. Repulsed at every onset, she stands abashed amidst the brightening rays her puny efforts have elicited from the heaven-girt defenders of the blessed Bible.

If you would feast your spirit with the truly beautiful and sublime, read the Bible. No human composition can compare with it. It is grand without ostentation, comprehensive without tautology, full of simplicity in all the magnificence of language, glorious in design, correct in sentiment, beautiful in

expression, and complete in all its parts, without diminution or redundancy.

If you would treasure up knowledge, read the Bible. Unlike the Shasters of Brahmin, or the Koran of Mohammed, it not only courts the light, but kindles it, exciting within the breast of the Biblical student an ardent desire to advance in all knowledge and spiritual wisdom. Those holy men of old who wrote the Bible, like mighty artists, thoroughly instructed and fired with celestial genius, seem to have stood on the mount of prophecy, glancing with unvailed vision from creation's birth to the close of time; and dipping their pencils in the tints of eternity, have sketched on the everlasting canvas the history of our world, beautifully embellished with the moral portraits of its occupants. And now, in holy pantomime, we gaze enraptured on its remote, advanced, and future stages. Kingdoms and empires rise and fall; vast cities are built and buried in their own crumbling ruins; nation after nation makes way for the fire-led sons of Jacob, and, subsequently, for the Babe of Bethlehem; Assyrians, Persians, Babylonians, Egyptians, Medes, and Romans, are swept and scattered; generation follows generation as wave impels wave on the sea-beaten strand.

If you would slake your thirst at the glittering fount of eloquence, read the Bible. It glows and sparkles like diamonds in the cloudless sunshine. It teems with eloquence, from the unaffected simplicity of Peter, to the magnificent flights and unparalleled figures of Israel's evangelical prophet. The pen of Dante seems to have been tipped with terror, Milton's with sublimity, Young's with beauty, Virgil's with pathos, and Shakespeare's with description; but all the uninspired productions of the most gigantic intellects, combined, must yield the palm of superiority to the Bible. Coming as it does, bearing the original tinge of Heaven's own language, unimpaired through the roll of time, and the revolution of empires, we hail the priceless treasure. Its pages are everywhere bedewed with the eloquence of love, and glittering in godlike grandeur.

If you would mount with hope above terrestrial scenes, read the Bible—bend over this hallowed fountain—cheer thy longing spirit with draughts of immortality, and rise up, akin to angels. But for the Bible, how limited must have been our conceptions of an inheritance beyond the present! The widow and the fatherless might have courted the winds for sympathy, and man's most solid foundation for hope of future good would have been a gloomy *peradventure*. But here thought backward travels, guided by an unbroken chain of cause and effect, to man's native garden, where, amidst seraphic shouts, he was wonderfully and fearfully made—fashioned out of the dust of the earth; and the inspiration of the Almighty gave him understanding. Retracing our steps, we draw near that healing fountain, opened on Mount Calvary, where countless millions have

been cleansed from moral pollution. Uprising from the crimson flood, we plume our wings for farther flight; and, leaning on God's immutable promises, we plunge into the far-off future, richly anticipating an eternity of bliss.

If you would cultivate an acquaintance with the divine character, read the Bible. Through this sacred avenue we are conducted at once into his presence, who stands forth, self-proclaimed, the GREAT I AM, absolute, independent, eternal, and self-existent—infinite in all his perfections, illimitable in his immensity, glorious in holiness, and fearful in praises—a being too wise to err, too good to be unjust. How truly sublime are the ideas excited by the Scriptural representation of the true and living God! How strictly in keeping with the human understanding! Here reason plants her foot, and, though awed into deep, reverential silence by the divine majesty, and her own inability to fathom infinity, rests satisfied to find nothing antagonistic to her loftiest conceptions.

If you would acquire a meetness for an inheritance with the saints in light, read the Bible. If we would derive the genuine benefit of reading, we must peruse the lesson with somewhat of the spirit that actuated the Author in penning it. Wherefore, in the prayerful contemplation of that infinite benevolence which originated and consummated the great plan of human redemption, the soul of man catches the hallowed flame that lights him in the footsteps of his immaculate Redeemer. We there learn to "love God because he first loved us, and gave his Son to be the propitiation for our sins." And, in proportion to the intensity of our affection for the Lord Jesus Christ, will be our advancement in the formation of a character meet for heaven. If we love him, we shall be like him, and dwell with him for ever.

If you would drop your tears of separation on Mercy's feet, read the Bible. The boasting infidel plants his foot on the tomb of his former friend, and, with an acquired misanthropic stoicism that would make a fiend shudder, cries, "Death is an eternal sleep." But the precious Bible wrests from the ashes of the slumbering dead this libelous epitaph, brands its propagator with foul falsehood, points man "through nature up to nature's God," and bids him scan his own eternity. The insatiate grave still yawns, but its dark horrors are all hidden beneath the gorgeous bow of hope, that rests on Calvary's summit, arching in beauty Adam's buried ones. Death's darts are still ruthlessly aimed at our dearest friends, but they are barbed. His victims hail him with a smile, calmly reposing on Immanuel's breast, while the glorious light of the Bible doubly illuminates the path of the bereaved, as it twines garlands of immortality around the unconscious corpse. Our bosoms still throb with anguish, our purest tears embalm the dead; but mercy stills the storm, and



holy sunshine decks the shower. Still we breathe with trembling lips the last, long, lingering adieu; yet, from the Bible, draw the blest assurance that the separation of virtuous spirits shall be brief, and operate as an incentive to a course of conduct which must ultimate in a happy reunion beyond the gloomy precincts of the tomb, and the withering blasts of sorrow. Go, ask the stricken-hearted, companionless, and fatherless ones, whence they derive consolation. With tear-lit smiles, they will answer, from the Bible. This points the pious mourner to a blissful home, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary shall for ever rest.

If you would be released from the grim monster's dread bondage, read the Bible. It assures us that He who spread forth the heavens as a curtain, and bespangled them with stars innumerable, voluntarily assumed the scanty, fading garment of our miserable humanity, to deliver us from the fear of death, and turn our eyes undaunted on the tomb. He was pierced himself, that, with his own soft hand, from our rankling wounds he might "extract the barbed envenomed dart," and cheer us through the sable shade, as we pass from earth to heaven.

If you would moisten your lips with prelibations of the saint's future blessedness, read the Bible. Here sounds seraphic ring upon our ears, and the dazzling effulgence of the unveiled Godhead, ever reflected from the gates of pearl, glitter before us. Far away in boundless prospect spread the fields of light and glory. Life's fair tree, whose branches bend to kies, in speechless praise, the crystal stream that bursts from beneath the eternal throne, breaks forth to view; and groups of kindred spirits, with crowns and harps, throng the battlements of heaven—to welcome us home. "There friends shall meet who have loved." Well may the Bible be styled the *Book of books*, as it connects earth with heaven, yea, an eternity that is past with an eternity that is to come.

Mary, whatever else you may read, O, do not neglect the Bible. Read it morning, noon, and night. Read it at home and abroad. Read it carefully and prayerfully. Read it constantly, in sickness and in health, in adversity and in prosperity. Bind it about thy neck. When thou goest, let it lead thee; when thou liest down, let it keep thee. Make it the subject of thy meditations, engrave its life-giving principles and holy precepts on thy heart, and practice them in all thy actions. Then, like the angels on Jacob's ladder, thou shalt ascend on this heaven-wrought platform, from the regions of sorrow and sin to the home of the blest, and, with God shut in, enjoy for ever the plenitude of his infinite perfections. May this be your happy portion!

A PERSON full of prayer is generally full of faith. Let faith, then, have her perfect work.

## A DAY IN THE MINISTRY.

BY REV. R. SAFF.

IN traveling a circuit, in the outskirts of the newly formed settlements, in the state of Michigan, my ride, in visiting one of the very remote appointments, where, under the blessing of God, we had witnessed an interesting revival, and had formed a little society to whom we administered the bread of life, brought us into the neighborhood of a small band of Indians, a remnant of the great Chippewa stock, who, in the days of their pride and strength, spread themselves in great numbers around the shores of our vast inland seas, and their numerous tributaries. Having listened with interest to a number of incidents, related by the white settlers, of these remaining symbols of a great people, our sympathies were awakened in their behalf, and we conceived the idea of carrying to them the Gospel of Christ, hoping it might become to them the means of life in their forlorn and dying state. Accordingly, having made, through a friend, the necessary preliminaries, we set out early in the morning of the day appointed, to make them a visit, and arrived at their lodges at an early hour of the day. They were located in a wild, romantic place.

"Happily begirt with shadowy woods and hills,  
And the wild sounds of melancholy rills."

The whites, from the adjoining neighborhood, had already commenced assembling to witness the novel scene of preaching to the Indians, and of joining in our devotions. We found a number of the little band covered with the melancholy badges of mourning, for children deceased, and yet uninterred. With faces blackened—with sad countenances, and silent as midnight, the reader may be assured, that they did not fail to engage our sympathies. If ever we felt like mourning with those that mourn, and of weeping with those that weep, it was on this occasion. We pitied the poor heathen mothers, who sighed without knowledge or hope for their lost little ones.

The chief was a well-disposed man, possessed of good sense, quick of apprehension, and capable of speaking our language fluently. He was of easy access, willing to communicate any intelligence about himself and people we wished, and ready to convey, by interpretation, our message to his people. The usual preliminaries of reading the word of life, which, to them, was a sealed mystery, and singing, by the whites, which was living, breathing melody in the wild woods, having been finished, I proceeded to give them a talk upon some of the great truths of the Christian revelation. The talk, or discourse, was without metes and bounds, embracing and appropriating every thing in the compass of theology which was deemed of interest or importance to them at the time. I spoke in general terms of the creation of the sun, earth, water, woods, and all things,

by *Kesha-Muneto*.<sup>\*</sup> I then detailed with minuteness the history of the creation of the first man, and how, that when formed, he was good, holy, and happy; and that *Kesha-Muneto* placed him and the first woman in a delightful garden filled with the most delicious fruits, and beautiful birds and beasts, and every thing which they could want to perpetuate their bliss; that they had remained here for a number of moons, enjoying the company of the birds and beasts, which were tame and under their command, and worshipping their Creator, when *Man-she-Muneto*,<sup>†</sup> whom they worshiped, came into the garden and persuaded them to disobey their Maker and break his rules; and that in breaking these rules they became wicked at the heart, and were driven out of the garden into the world, where their children became wicked like themselves; and as all men had come from them, they were all wicked even to the present time. I declared to them that this was the reason of their wickedness, and the cause of their fighting, quarreling, wars, bloodshed, and deaths of every description; and had this event never taken place, the children before them would still be alive. To make this impressive and intelligible, I drew an illustration from a new vessel, which, when first made, was pure, good, and bright, and resembled man when created by his Maker; but that the vessel was bruised and rendered unclean by the devil, and, in this condition, it resembled man in his present fallen and wicked state, with his filthy and mad heart. Here I introduced the economy of purifying and saving mercy. I told them about the Father giving his Son, whom he loved, and who had lived with him for ever, to save man from his sins, and that the Son had come into the world and become like one of us, and had suffered, and died, and gone back to heaven, that all men might be saved; told them what they must do to be saved; described the kingdom of heaven, and the happiness we should enjoy when all the good from every land, and tribe, and tongue should meet together in peace in that bright country.

At this point, the voice of my interpreter faltered for a moment, a tender chord of the soul had been touched; and as I glanced upon him, I saw that the tear had started from his eye and began to course its way down his manly cheek. The scene for a few minutes was exciting and deeply interesting. Many of the whites wept; the Indians appeared to be astonished, and the beloved companion, who had accompanied me praised God aloud for his goodness in giving his Son to save a lost world. Our services having closed, we commended them to the parent of mercies, trusting that the seed sown would produce good fruit unto His praise and glory, and our hopes and prayers have been realized. Under the labors of a missionary, who has since visited them, they

have embraced the Gospel of Christ, and committed their idol gods to the flames.

During our visit to this secluded neighborhood, the settlers related to us an incident of a truly touching character. It related to the conduct and death of a former wife of my interpreter, who had died some two years before of a lingering consumption; and who is said to have made considerable advancement in civilized housekeeping, a thing which rarely precedes the Gospel of Christ and regeneration. For months preceding her death, she assumed a solemn and melancholy demeanor, which was uncommon to her. Her husband not being enlightened upon the character of her disease, and incapable of appreciating the state of her mind, was perplexed to account for this conduct. And what to him was still more singular, at this period, day after day, she would retire from her lodge and repair to the margin of the river, where she would seat herself upon the grass or a rock, and for hours gaze upon the gliding waters. These visits to the river were continued until within a short period of her death, and caused her husband and neighbors to suspect that she intended terminating her existence by drowning. The news of this strange conduct of the chief's wife, at length, reached the neighborhood of whites, and excited some curiosity, and was the means of leading an aged Christian female to visit her, to ascertain, if possible, the cause which induced her to act so strangely. And how providential was this visit! She went as the messenger of mercy, to bear to the poor, dying woman the tidings of salvation—to be her instructor in the mysteries and mercies of the kingdom of heaven. She learned that these oft-repeated visits to the river's brink, and her solitude, was caused by a desire to renounce her heathenism, become a Christian, and be baptized in the Christian faith before her death. And though she frankly made known her wants to this Christian female, on account of the enmity borne by her neighbors to the white man and his religion, she had been afraid to divulge her purposes to them or her husband. But she found mercy! This pious messenger instructed her in the way of salvation, and light from the cross broke into her benighted soul, before she went hence to her newly discovered home. No minister was to be obtained, and the only baptism she received, was that of the Spirit. But where is the devoted itinerant, who, on being apprised of the circumstances, would not have journeyed a thousand miles to administer to her the ordinance of baptism, and point her to his Savior and Redeemer—to hold up to her astonished gaze, the cross and the crown! She died in the triumphs of her new faith. Her spirit rejoiced as it broke loose from its frail tenement, and, unfettered, and newly purified, ascended to the bosom of its glorified Redeemer. O, what a change from the wigwam of the deep-shaded forest to a throne in heaven, and its surrounding glories!—

<sup>\*</sup> The Good Spirit. <sup>†</sup> Great Evil Spirit.

from the dark orgies of devil worship, to the hal-luiah's and thanksgivings of Gabriel and Abraham, and the hosts of the upper sanctuary! Yet this signified naught to her relatives and friends; and in the place of their chanting a solemn melody of Zion, and shedding the tear of Christian sympathy and regret over her grave, they performed the mystic mummeries of their devil worship. But this affected not her spirit: it had escaped from these dark scenes, as well as its frail tenement, and gone up to everlasting glory. But, judging from what we saw and heard on the day of our visit, the hour may come, when this broken tribe of the sons of the forest may bow as meekly, as did this ascended saint, before the feet of their Redeemer. And, my countrymen, as we have taken from them their lands and homes, let us at least hasten to give them that Gospel, which is the testament of God to an inheritance far better.

#### ANTIQUITY OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. R. W. ALLEN.

"What is this world? A wildering maze,  
Where sin hath track'd ten thousand ways,  
Her victims to ensnare;  
All broad, and winding, and aslope,  
All tempting with perfidious hope,  
All ending in despair.

Millions of pilgrims throng those roads,  
Bearing their bauble, or their loads,  
Down to eternal night:  
One humble path, that never bends,  
Narrow, and rough, and steep, ascends  
From darkness into light.

Is there a guide to show that path?  
The Bible—he alone who hath  
The Bible, need not stray:  
Yet he who hath, and will not give  
That heavenly guide to all that live,  
Himself shall lose the way."

THE first instance of a revelation committed to writing is that of the Decalogue, or Ten Commandments, written on tables of stone by the finger of God: (Exodus xxxi, 18.) The Divine Being has been pleased to give, from age to age, such portions of the sacred Scriptures to mankind, as he saw they needed. They were completed in the space of about fifteen hundred years. Moses was the first writer, who wrote what is called the Pentateuch, which embraces the first five books in the Bible.

Moses probably commenced writing the Pentateuch about 1493 years B. C., soon after the promulgation of the law on Mount Sinai. This portion of the sacred writings begins at the creation of the heavens and the earth, gives an account of the creation and fall of man, the history of the first inhabitants of the world, the origin of nations, the call of Abraham, the history of the Hebrew patriarchs, the

remarkable events connected with the journeyings of the Israelites for forty years, and brings down the history to about eight days after the death of Moses. The last chapter of Deuteronomy, which gives an account of the death and burial of Moses, was probably detached from the book of Joshua, and should constitute the first chapter of that book. This chapter was probably written by Joshua. Moses died 1457 years B. C. Hence the five books of Moses (if we except the book of Job) contain the oldest writings now extant.

The book of Joshua is properly a continuation of the book of Deuteronomy, and brings down the history of the Israelites and the wonderful dealings of God with them to the death of Joshua, which took place 1443 years before the Christian era. The book of Job, according to Archbishop Magee, was originally written by Job, and subsequently transcribed by Moses. Whoever may have been the author, it bears a very ancient date. David was the author of most of the Psalms; hence, he is sometimes called "the sweet singer of Israel." He died B. C. 1014. Solomon, his son and successor, was undoubtedly the author of the books of Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and Solomon's Songs. He died B. C. 975.

The books of the prophets were unquestionably written by those whose names they bear. The first four books are called the four greater prophets, on account of the size of their books, and the extent and importance of their prophecies. The remaining twelve are called the twelve minor prophets, on account of the smallness of their respective books. All the books of the prophets were written between the years 839 and 425 B. C., during the space of about four hundred years.

Judges, Ruth, Samuel, Kings, Chronicles, and Esther, were probably compiled by Ezra out of the journals, which contained an account of events as they passed, kept by the Scribes and other eminent men. The books of Ezra and Nehemiah were written near the close of the Old Testament history. Ezra, the Scribe, is allowed by the universal consent of antiquity, to have restored, collected, and published the canon of the Old Testament Scriptures, which had before existed only in separate parcels, and had suffered much from the ignorance and carelessness of transcribers. He collected and arranged the books of the Old Testament nearly in the order we now find them. This work of collecting and arranging the Jewish Scriptures was probably done about 450 years B. C. All the books of the New Testament were written before the year 97 of the Christian era.

From the above synopsis of the antiquity of the Scriptures, we learn that they contain the oldest writings extant. No other writings, with which we are acquainted, claim so high an antiquity, and certainly none have equal claims to our attachment and veneration. As to their genuineness there can be no

doubt. He that would doubt it, may, with as much propriety, doubt the genuineness of the works of Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, Varo, and other profane authors. Who that carefully peruses these ancient records, can but behold the wisdom and goodness of God in their miraculous preservation, and in handing them down through successive ages, for our instruction and salvation? What could we do without them? They are a "lamp to our path, a light to our feet." They are pouring a stream of light on this dark and benighted world. They are destined to point millions of Adam's race, now groping in darkness, famishing with want, and increasing in wickedness, to the blood-stained cross of Christ, and to an unending rest in heaven. The highly gifted Byron, though an infidel, exclaims—

"Within this awful volume lies  
The mystery of mysteries.  
O, happiest they of human race,  
To whom our God has given grace  
To hear, to read, to fear, to pray,  
To lift the latch, and force the way;  
But better had they ne'er been born,  
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn."

HOLINESS.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE Bible is the most poetical of books. It is full of beautiful imagery. Its figures are drawn from the whole compass of nature, and from all the ordinary and familiar works of art. Its style is transparent as the light. Although many of its allusions are now obscure, they are obscure only from the ignorance of the reader. Its illustrations of the glorious topics which crowd its pages are the most varied, apt, and, I may say, classical, of any in the entire range of the world's literature. All the emblems of the imagination, all the pictures of a glowing fancy, all the figures of a chaste and subdued rhetoric, and all the flowers and refined sweetness of poesy, are exhausted by the inspired penmen, to limn the beauties of Christianity, and set off the raptures of devotion.

And yet there is but one special topic, after all, connected with the system of our holy religion, upon which all the powers of language, and all the methods of illustration are concentrated. That choice subject is the doctrine of holiness. Those who have been completely restored from the fall, whose natures are filled with the fruit and power of faith, are sometimes represented as standing on an everlasting rock, while every thing around them is crumbling to atoms. They are compared to ships at sea, which, when the tempest gathers, or when the winged storm drives in melancholy fury over the billowy world, stand safely at their anchors, and survive the last wave that threatens them. Sometimes

they are travelers, winding their way along the narrow but flowery path of life, or, with greater ease and enjoyment, walking up the glorious highway of heaven, which was cast up through the wilderness for the ransomed of the Lord. Another sun shines down upon them. Other stars deck the firmament above them. Other flowers shed their fragrance for their spiritual sense, and notes, sweeter than angels' songs, compose the chorus of their heavenly delight.

And it is beautiful to see how all the fine images of language and fancy are made to illustrate the life and character of Him, who is not only the author, but the *finisher* of our faith. He is the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely. To the poor way-worn traveler, he is the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. To the Christian warrior, he is a mighty bulwark and tower. To the fallen and cast down, he is a city of refuge, ready to receive the last one that flies for succor to him. To the young and happy, he is a crown of rejoicing—to the aged, a rod and a staff of easy grasp to the tremulous hand. To the hungry; he is the bread of heaven—the true manna that cometh down from on high. He is light to the blind, health to the sick, an open door to the houseless poor, and a fountain of unfailing water to the fainting, famishing soul. In short, without quoting the exact terms of Scripture, he is the great Logos of God, the Word that utters the mind of divinity to man, that reveals man to himself, and imparts to him a language for his intercourse with the skies.

• They that wait upon the Lord, namely, his waiters—those who stand nearest to him, who watch his motions, and wait upon his wishes—those familiar, household, body servants, who never lose sight of their divine Master, who dwell under his own roof, and in his special presence—these shall renew their strength—they shall mount up with wings as eagles—they shall run and not be weary—they shall walk and not faint. They shall mount up. Their souls shall attain to a noble elevation, far above the degrading pleasures and low occupations of ordinary minds. The holy Christian rises in spirit far above the little transitory objects of common life. He gets a broad and commanding view of the works and ways of man. He sees the conflicting principles, interests, and conduct of mankind, and takes a bird's eye glance of the fading glories of all terrestrial things. He fails not, surveying as he does the wide field of time, to obtain for himself a more correct estimate of the real value of the different pursuits and characters of men.

But the holy Christian not only mounts up—he mounts up with wings. He might ascend by climbing. He might reach a lofty elevation by hard and laborious toiling. But, like one flying in his dreams, with all the ease conceivable, he rises upward, and soars away at pleasure. He ascends not only easily,

but rapidly. How swift is the flight of birds! From some projecting crag on the ocean shore—from some lofty limb of a dry and barren beech or oak, with what great rapidity rises the bold bird of heaven in his sublime towering! So soars the Christian, whose wings of faith are full-fledged and ready for their work. His motion is also regular. The air has no rocks, nor hills, nor other impediments. It yields to the slightest force. The Christian, like the bird, has only to keep his pinions waving, and with constant ascent he reaches the loftiest elevation. And what is more beautiful—what truer image of rapturous delight, than a bird on the wing! Shall I tell you? It is a holy spirit, a redeemed immortal, upward bound, soaring away toward the realms of eternal light!

But the holy Christian not only mounts up—and mounts up with wings—but with wings as eagles. And how mounts the eagle? I answer, fearlessly. The eagle is the king of birds. God has given him the powers and principalities of the air. And, also, so soon as he reaches his native element, nothing earthly can alarm him. Far above the reach of rifle shot or arrow's barb, he looks down upon all the machinations of the prostrate world. But his flight is not limited by mere personal safety. He takes delight in soaring—soaring for its own sake. We are told by ancient writers, that the eagle of more southern latitudes, where the feathered as well as animal tribes reach the highest physical perfection, mounts up so high as to give being and almost basis for the fable of his continuing upward to the sun. If later ornithologists speak the truth, the fable consists only in supposing that he reaches it; for it is said that there is strong proof, from recent observations, of the eagle's fixing his eye upon that glorious light, and pressing his ambitious flight onward and upward many successive hours.

All this illustrates the life of one perfectly restored from sin. The air, with its spiritual powers and principalities, has no alarm for him. The God he serves sits upon the circle of the heavens—walks upon the blast and whirlwind, and directs the storm. Nor is it in the power of man to do him harm. He has passed the wide limits of his ire. God causes him to soar and triumph over all he sees; and, as the joyous eagle mounting upward for the bare delight of mounting, rises and towers the happy spirit in its flight to God. It is not the natural sun upon which he fastens his eye, but that spiritual light that gives day to the moral world. On that he fixes his gaze, and, like the bold eagle, turning to neither right nor left, he goes upward for the mere love of going, each day, each hour, approaching nearer and nearer to the bright world above.

But here the comparison must halt. Classical and true to nature as are the figures employed by divine revelation, they always fall short of the realities which they are intended to convey. This is a

necessary result. Revelation is far above nature. Nature can go along with revelation a little way; and so far as they do walk together they go hand in hand; but there always comes a period, when revelation must pursue her sublime path alone. So we find it now. The eagle mounts up—he soars very high—he goes beyond the reach of man—he gets into a world peculiarly his own, where he has nothing in the world to fear—he even sets his mark upon the sun; but, poor bird, he must return from his lofty journey, and seek rest for his weary wing. But not so with man—redeemed, sanctified, heaven-bound man. Man was not made for earth. Heaven is his native home. Striving to reach that home, ascent, and not descent, is his established law. He belongs to that celestial world, whose inhabitants can run and not be weary—can walk and not faint. The more he labors, the more he renews his strength; for every stroke of his towering wing, he receives new vigor in return; and when, through much soaring, he reaches the bright world of glory, he sits down among the heavenly inhabitants invigorated and refreshed.

## WHEN I DIE.

BY REV. G. H. M'LAUGHLIN.

THERE sits a sweet little girl, only four years old, seated beside her attentive father, near a spacious window, which admits the gentle zephyrs of a summer eve, perfumed with the various odors of rich and various flowers, which adorn the retired domicile. I seem to see the delicate fingers of the breeze brush back her flowing ringlets, as if to say to the loving father, "Behold thy beautiful daughter," and to her tutelar attendants, "Kiss the cheek of innocence and beauty." And though her eye is gently turning, and is occasionally fixed upon some gorgeous flower, and though, in miniature, this eye appears to reflect a perfect picture of the domestic elysium; and though the ear be attuned to the rich melody of sportive birds, as, in joyous glee, they pass from bough to bough among the shrubbery; and though the odors minister to vivifying and delicious sensation, yet this young mind, conscious of its own superiority, is cogitating on scenes of immortality. The music of earth gives only the keynote to the heavenly anthem. The beauty of earth only inspires the beauty of heaven. The flavor of flowers and forests coming, as well *unseen* from these as those, seem to say to her, that there are superior spiritual scenes and sensations, which shall develop, delight, and mature your mental and moral powers; and the perfect happiness of your whole being shall be consummated in perpetual and progressive beatitude. How swelled the father's sympathetic soul, and glowed his admiring mind, while

gazing on that angelic form! Peculiar child of peculiar father—in cast of mind, the reproduction of himself. Here was perfect sympathy. And now, strange to tell, amidst this lovely scene of life, a *thought of death* breaks the “expressive silence.” Says the sweet girl, “Father, when I die, they will not bury me in the ground, but they will place me upon the piano, and cover me over with flowers, and *mother* will come and sit by me always.” O, what words are these from infant lips! Health, the scene, and circumstances, would seem calculated to inspire thoughts and wishes about continued life. Yet these sweet words, like those of inspiration, give thoughts of *death*. The Holy Spirit inspired them, the scene impressed them, and those sweet lips, now closed in the long sleep of the grave, gave them utterance. Ah! what did she say? “When I die.” As much as to say, “Beautiful as is this rural spot, and beatifying as is the place, collating all the felicity of an earthly ‘home,’ here—the place of my nativity, and here, where you tell me, three short years ago, amidst conjugal festivities, I was dedicated to the Lord in holy baptism—here I must die, leaving with you only this little body, which, being dust, will return to dust as it was; but my happy spirit will go to God that gave it.” “All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the *flower of grass*: the grass withereth and the flower thereof falleth away.”

“Father, when I die, these heart-strings will break; But *my heart shall still be as thy heart*.”

“Death may the bands of life unloose,  
But can’t dissolve my love.”

Only a few days of health remained. Disease came suddenly, and did its work of destruction rapidly. The closing scene of a brief but brilliant life has come. And now, were her mind not weighed down too heavily with mortality, and could her sweet lips speak as formerly, and were her silver voice as clear as once it was, would she not now sing her own epicedium?

“Descend, some shining servants from on high,  
Build me a hasty tomb;  
The grassy turf shall raise my head,  
The neighboring lilies dress my bed,  
And shed a cheap perfume.  
Here I lay off the chains of death,  
My soul too long hath worn;  
Friends, I forbid one groaning breath,  
Or tear to wet my urn.  
Raphael, behold me all undressed,  
Here, gently lay this flesh to rest,  
Then mount and lead the path unknown,  
Swift, I pursue thee, flaming guide,  
On pinions of my own.”

She has departed. As she was loved in life, so was she lamented in death. As in life her conversations were impressive and interesting, especially to her friends, so, now that she has gone, will we recollect them, never to be forgotten. Let me again repeat one item of her sweet sociality—at once the

figurative and literal language of her final wish as to her exequies—“When I die, they will not bury me in the ground, but they will place me upon the piano; they will cover me over with flowers, and *MOTHER* will come and sit by me always.” Mother—the name first feared in life, and the last lisped in death—the soul of sweetest song. “Mother will come and sit by me always.” Father, you will, occasionally, have to leave home, and engage in the busy scenes of life; but mother will come and sit by me *always*. Yes, mother, how pleasant to tread that private path, meandering most delightfully through the vineyard, and then along on that undulating vale, luxuriant with living green, to the proximate “forest home” of thy departed! Beauteous scene! Though now a hundred miles away, I seem to linger there. There grows the bunchy beech and sugar sapling. There, the weeping willows kiss the gurgling waters, as mournfully they pass the grave, never more to return, except, perchance, as celestial visitors to refresh the forest foliage, which, spreading broad, presents a grateful shade to weeping friends, and bending low, curtains the couch of the sleeping infant, or dress in pearly dew-drops the thick, wild fern, and winding cypress, which vie in mantling the new-made grave.

And there are not only “flowers” to variegate and deck the scene; but there is “music” to soothe the soul. In time of day, the birds pour forth their mellow, mournful notes. In time of night, there is the music of the spheres, which rolls and always rolls mellifluence. Did the morning stars sing together, and the sons of God shout for joy at the birth of time? Will they not tune their harps to plaintive sound at the pain of death? Were they not mute or mournful, while here this little grave was being dug, and, at early morn, ere yet the golden sun had gilded nature, the cold earth closed from sight, for ever, that lovely form?

And there are seats beside the grave, that tell not only of a mother’s attentions, but invite the wayward traveler to eternity to pause and think awhile of death.

It was but yesterday, a delightful Sabbath afternoon, just before the pealing bell called us to evening worship, that the father took me there, and talked long of love, and disappointed hope, in the premature departure of his dearest child. He wept paternal pity. He looked to earth and then to heaven, and seemed to wish a real sight of her whom, since her death, in fancy’s vision, he had so often seen. But we cannot lift the curtain of time. The period will come, however, when “we shall see as we are seen, and know as we are known.” O, how sweet, and impressive, and profitable was that hour! But we will not seek the living among the dead. It will be our employ and our pleasure to “seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth.”

“He builds too low, who builds beneath the sky.”

For this terrestrial garden, the departed was too bright and delicate a flower—"of such is the kingdom of heaven." She has bid adieu to earth and gone to heaven, which makes us willingly leave the one, and anxiously seek the other.

W O M A N.

BY THE EDITOR.

"For thou art woman—with that word  
Life's dearest hopes and memories come,  
Truth, beauty, love—in her adored,  
And earth's lost Paradise restored  
In the green bower of home."

Yes, gentle Halleck, that is woman. Thy lines have stirred the spirit that is in me, and I pronounce a blessing on thee for these truthful words. Beautiful as true, and no less true than beautiful, is thy character of woman. When sin separated earth from heaven, and sent the seraphs to their upper residence, God, in his boundless pity, left us one angel, and that was woman. Believe me, sweet bard, heaven itself hath no better.

Yes, with that word, woman, "life's dearest hopes and memories come." When long years have borne us from the parental roof—when life goes hard with toil and trouble—when hope sickens, and fancy fails us, and the heart runs low with musing sorrow—when all that is within us, turning from the angry present, seeks its solace in the past, then, as the diorama of other years brings back the pictured scene of joys aforesaid, woman, pure, lovely, charming woman, is the bright centre of its revolutions, the sweet enchantress of the magic vision.

There, in life's pictured foreground, stands the virtuous one, who gave us being. In years long gone by, she soothed our little sorrows, kissed the fresh tear from our young eye-lids, replaced the happy smile and buoyant look upon our fallen features, taught our mute lips to reveal the loves and longings of the soul in language, distilled upon our hearts and into our very natures the dew of gentle virtue, sought after us in our wanderings, forgave our errors, and corrected the waywardness of our dispositions, and, when all was over, and her holy work was finished, she sent us into the great world with the sincerest prayers ever offered for our prosperity. Indeed, delightful poet, what *memories* are connected with the name of Mother!

There, too, is that gentle spirit, who, in early life, when the heart was young, played, and mused, and frolicked with us. As life wore on, she was the first to ripen. When, in youth's excessive gayety, we passed, or essayed to pass, the narrow Rubicon that divides from unlawful pleasures, there was a soft hand gently holding us on the side of virtue. In still later years, after we had laid low in dust our

first protectress, this being, now mature in every line of virtuous life and conduct, became our second mother, and the guardian of our earthly happiness. By none other on the wide earth were we then loved so purely, devoutly, fervently. But, as a plant of heavenly quality, she has long since been transferred to that radiant world, where the flowers of loveliest hue droop not, nor lose their bloom and beauty. Heaven itself, all beautiful as it is, is yet more beautiful for thy presence, Sister!

Yes, truthful poet, life's dearest *hopes*, not less than its memories, are blent in woman. In the life of every man there is an hour of pining loneliness. In the midst of the giddy multitude, he feels forsaken. Far from the sweet scenes and soft charities of early home, nay, in the very soul and centre of this primeval paradise, the heart has its natural longings—longings which Paradise itself could not wholly satisfy. It is man's nature seeking for its counterpart. Without it man is an unfinished being. His soul, his very essence, and all his faculties, demand the influence of gentler graces blended with them. As the cold earth is warmed by the heavens' sweet light, so man needs the smiles of woman to soften and develop him. With such a congenial spirit he cannot be lonely. His path brightens up before him. The darkness of the future disappears for ever. Though, through the long vista where his anxious eye is tracing out his pathway, he descries many dangers, he looks to his attending angel and goes on cheerily. Though the heavens above him may grow dim, and storms may threaten on the far horizon, he fears not, so long as he has one star, which, in the hour of darkness, will only shine more brightly. And, should the threatening tempest really beat on him, should the lightning flash, and the thunders roll, the voice of his loved one whispers, that the storm cannot last for ever, and on its retiring bosom, black with its wrath suspended, she paints to his admiration the bow of promise. All life, all nature has taught thee this; and thou knowest, my Halleck, friend of the classics, that Iris, the only faultless creation of ancient genius, the golden-winged messenger of the gods in their kindlier feelings, was only the purest and loveliest of women. But never, from the time when the Thunderer first darkened the firmament with his anger, has been seen, O man, a more radiant circle than that drawn around thy future prospects by the one thou lovest. The Wife, believe me, is the hope-giving Iris of thy days of cloud and tempest.

Yes, earth's lost Paradise is restored "in the green bower of home." Here is thy little cottage. It is covered all over with vines, and shaded by a green grove of trees and ornamental bushes. Thy garden walks are clean, and wide, and beautiful. The sweet lawn before thy cot is tastefully set out; the roads and alleys through it are cool and airy; and all things around thee wear a familiar, quiet, rural aspect.

Within thy dwelling thou hast every comfort. Taste and neatness reign. The spirit of the age—a spirit of intellectual progress—has left its impress on all within. The mighty dead, through their works, speak to those that share life with thee. Virtue and religion are honored within thy peaceful walls. The voices of melodious song occasionally rise and swell, rolling a flood of joyous harmony throughout

“The green bower of home!”

Need I say the wife, the mother, the angel of this lower world, is there? But, hark! the bell is pealing a sad note of woe. Sighs come sweeping on the sounding breeze. The angel has returned to heaven; and now, poor man, home is no more home to thee. Thy cottage, it is true, remains. The vines, and shrubs, and trees, and garden walks, and shaded avenues, are there. Intelligence yet shines from the pages of the great and good. The piano, that instrument of seraphic tones, both of soft and strong, yet holds its place. But, alas! the hand is gone that touched its strings—the voice is gone that summoned the very muses to listen to its strains—the spirit has fled that gave life, and being, and rapture to all this happy scene. The whole aspect of every thing around thee has faded in an hour. Thou hast the body of thy former home, but the soul is gone; and thou, bereaved one, dost sit a mourner over all that now remains. But let Providence speak the word. Let the resurrecting power be felt. Let another soul be given, and then thy former joys revive, and home, sweet home, smiles and blooms again.

Then, O man, if that be woman in her excellence, should she not be always excellent? If woman be the presiding spirit of this life, should any thing be spared that will make her happy, intelligent, and good? Far be that heathenism from us, which crowds upon her only the toils and drudgery of life. Far be it from us, to trample her heavenly intellect in the dust. Far be it from every man to let her angelic moral qualities lie buried in neglect. Let her soul be fully fed, her high capacities expanded. Let all the influences of education be spent upon her faculties. Standing, as she does, in the very centre of this glorious universe, let the light of universal nature be concentrated into her capacious mind. Let religion, pure, divine, heavenly religion, pour its soft influences into her generous heart. Then give her her true position—let her stand forth as the model of humanity to the race, and let philosophy itself retire abashed in the presence of its long-sought idol, the restored image of the Good, the Beautiful, and True.

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Let every one read the following lines of the Bard of Avon:

“Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high,  
Whilst my poor flesh sinks downward, here to die.”

VOL. VI.—39

## SACRED MUSIC.

—  
BY REV. THOMAS FOX.

—  
“He that hath no music in his soul,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils.”

SHAKESPEARE.

—  
SACRED song has always held a prominent place in the services of the sanctuary. Like Noah's dove, it has lingered around the ark of the covenant, and by its heaven-born notes enkindled pious emotions in the saints of all ages.

When Israel fled from Egypt's bondage, music was employed to give vent to the joyous feelings of their hearts. Their deliverance at the Red Sea was celebrated in holy song; and thus the remembrance of it was transmitted to future generations: “Then sang Moses and all the children of Israel this song unto the Lord, and spake, saying, I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and the rider hath he thrown into the sea.”

Vocal and instrumental music were introduced by David into the temple service of the Jews. An immense choir was organized and instructed by competent leaders; and ample provision was made for their support, in order that their entire attention might be devoted to improvement in singing. And what a sublime spectacle must have been presented at the dedication of Solomon's temple! The sacred historian thus speaks of it: “And the Levites which were the singers, all of them of Asaph, of Heman, of Jeduthun, with their sons and their brethren; being arrayed in white linen, having cymbals, and psalteries, and harps, stood at the east end of the altar, and with them a hundred and twenty priests sounding with trumpets. It came even to pass, as the trumpeters and singers were as one, to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord, saying, For he is good; for his mercy endureth for ever: that then the house was filled with a cloud, even the house of the Lord; so that the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud: for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of God.”

Also at the rebuilding of the temple by Nehemiah, a similar scene was witnessed, (Nehemiah xii.) At this time the choir numbered one hundred and forty-eight persons. How enrapturing must have been the music of that day! How cheering to the long captivated Jew were its mellifluous notes, as they floated along the aisles of his cherished temple!

A great part of the writings of the prophets was composed in the poetic style, and designed to be chanted or sung in the great congregation. Victories over their enemies, remarkable interpositions of Providence, and a variety of great topics, were always commemorated in poetry. But especially was the coming Messiah the theme of their song. Jesus is the soul of music, the universe is the grand



orchestra, and all created things are the musicians. To Adam was given the key-note—angels were permitted to touch the octave. Patriarchs, seers, and prophets but filled the intermediate spaces. None of them, however, touched a sweeter note than did David, Israel's favorite bard. Heaven seems to have appointed him chorister general for the Church militant. By him, sacred music was more fully unfolded, and more permanently incorporated with divine worship. His Psalms have been a medium of praise for the Church in all ages; and like the green waving pine amid the faded forest, these heaven-inspired hymns have stood in all their original beauty and grandeur, the wonder and admiration of the world.

But it was their theme that gave them majesty and glory. It was this theme of undying interest that gave to each note a certain sound. Music belongs to Jesus. It is a kind of sacrilege to devote it chiefly to aught else. No wonder, then, that such unutterable sweetness gushed from David's harp—no wonder that listening angels were so frequently attracted earthward by Judah's minstrels.

Singing was incorporated by the Savior himself into the Christian worship. The solemnly interesting meeting at which the eucharistic feast was instituted, was concluded by this delightful exercise: "And when they had sung a hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives." It is also recognized by the apostle Paul as forming a part of divine worship: "Speaking to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord." Accordingly, with a very few exceptions, it has been adopted by all Christian Churches as an essential part of their religious services.

Having thus briefly sketched the history of sacred song, we may contemplate some of its advantages.

*Singing tends to the preservation of health.* Man is singularly constituted. He contains within him a complete musical apparatus. "This instrument is termed the larynx, and is composed of five elastic cartilages, joined together by projections, and securely bound by ligaments or cords. These cartilages are moved by seven pairs of muscles, which, acting separately in pairs or in combination with the whole, are capable of producing sixteen thousand different sounds." These muscles, however, though possessing such wondrous power, are but a few of the active agencies in the production of voice. Other cartilages or ligaments are employed as antagonists and directors, which, when co-operating with those already mentioned, are susceptible of an immense number of changes. The lungs act as a bellows in propelling air through this instrument. By singing, all this complicated machinery is brought into motion. Its various parts—its cells, cartilages, ligaments, muscles, and pipes, are all properly exercised. Thus disease is prevented, and a healthy action given to the whole system.

*Singing improves the mind.* It harmonizes the feelings of the heart, smooths the asperities of our nature, and opens to us new avenues of pleasure. Saul is not the only one who has been moved and melted by the power of song. Surrounded as man is by the perplexing scenes of life, he needs something to soothe his sorrows and calm his passions, some guiding power to enter his soul, ride upon the tempest, and cast oil upon the troubled waters. Music has been given by our Creator for this purpose. It possesses a secret power that defies description. By its melting, moving strains, it reaches every fibre of the soul; and, like the gentle dew of evening falling upon the mown grass, it pervades and harmonizes the whole. The Jesuits, it is said, never sing—befitting description of those engaged in deeds of darkness. Truthfully may they be pronounced "fit for stratagems, and spoils, and death." Music's æolian strains would grate harsh discord upon their relentless hearts.

New sources of pleasure are opened to us by song. It leads us up on old Parnassus, and with its wand bids the waters flow. Orpheus touches his lyre, and all nature is charmed. Delighted, we listen to the music of the spheres, as they "in solemn silence all move round this dark terrestrial ball,"

"For ever singing, as they shine,  
'The hand that made us is divine.'"

Rocks, hills, brooks, and vales, all join in symphonies of song.

*Music helps the soul to praise God.* This is its great advantage—this is its chief excellence; and this should be its chief employment. By singing, divine truth is more deeply engraven upon the mind. "Let me write the ballads for a nation," said one, "and I care not who make its laws." And who does not feel the force of this remark? Who has forgotten the simple truths conveyed in rhyme by a mother's voice? Or who does not remember the little sonnets, with which he made the forests ring in his school-boy days? Who can tell how many an angry feeling has been suppressed by the remembrance of those nursery lines of Dr. Watts', beginning,

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite!"

and how many spurs have been given to industry by the well known lines:

"How doth the little busy bee  
Improve the shining hour!"

How effectually, too, has vice been cultivated in the juvenile mind by this means! Moral poison, covered up in song, has often spread its venom through the soul. Impurity has been traced upon the imagination in colors deep, and dark, and lasting. How important, then, that this powerful agency for weal or woe be rightly employed; that, in the mothers's lullaby, in the nursery rhymes, and in youthful sonnets, sentiments of virtue should be inculcated!

But that this advantage be secured, distinctness of enunciation in singing should be observed. As this

part of divine worship is generally conducted, one important end is entirely lost—that of impressing truth upon the mind. Sense is lost in sound.

Our beautiful hymns are full of rich and varied sentiment. Doctrines, precepts, promises, invitations, and warnings, all drawn from the fountain of inspiration, are here clearly set forth. And while the soul is melted by the melody of the *tune*, by a distinct articulation of the words used, like an impression made upon soft wax, may the *truth* be riveted in the mind. This, indeed, has often been the case. An esteemed layman of our Church, in this state, dates his conviction and conversion from singing the hymn commencing,

"There is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign."

Who can tell the power of music upon the soul!

What appropriate descriptions, too, of Jehovah's character are here presented! His power, and wisdom, and goodness, in the works of creation, are sketched by an inimitable hand. But especially is redemption's plan delineated as it could be only by those who had caught inspiration at the cross. These moral images of beauty, of sublimity, and of grandeur, may, by song, be enthroned in the image-house of the soul, and thus exert a transforming influence over the whole man.

*Harmonious singing throws an unearthly sweetness around the sanctuary of God.* "One thing," said David, "have I desired of the Lord, and that will I seek after, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple." From this temple would he exclude singing? Dwells not beauty in holy song? Hear him again: "O, sing unto the Lord a new song: sing unto the Lord all the earth. O, worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness." What visions of beauty passed before the Psalmist's mind, while meditating upon this theme! In imagination he beheld a universe wrapt in adoring praise. Man is the only dissonant being. With heavenly ardor, the "sweet singer of Israel" endeavors to move his ungrateful species. He pants to witness all that hath breath praising the Lord.

And the performance of this exercise should not be regarded as a mere mechanical part of divine worship. Why is it that less seriousness, or less piety, is considered requisite in singing than in praying? Is not the language used in the one as lofty and as sacred as that employed in the other? Indeed, a large share of our hymns are the most solemn invocations to Deity. How dare worms of earth thus trifle with the sacred name and attributes of their Maker! Nor will it avail as an excuse, that "they do not mean what they sing." As well might they engage in prayer, and then offer as an excuse for trifling and levity, that they were in jest,

The Churches are faulty in this respect. Many of their most pious and devoted members imagine

that they have nothing to do with the singing. This they leave for others to perform. Hence it is that so many difficulties originate among singers. Says a certain writer: "The enemy of souls, if he can preach and pray, cannot sing. Nothing, therefore, he so much dreads, as harmony, either of voice or feeling, among a company of singers; and if a choir have no higher motives in singing than to amuse themselves and hearers, depend upon it, some false reasoning will be presented to excite jealousies and animosities among them. Even the most frivolous circumstances, such as the good sense of the individual is ashamed to relate, will be exaggerated into tremendous abuses."

We trust the time is not far distant, when a united and vigorous action will be taken on this subject. How delightful to witness a whole Church singing with the spirit and with the understanding also, making one sound to be heard in praising the Lord!

*Sacred singing excites and gives vent to the emotions of pious hearts.* There are fountains of song in the human soul. Like latent fire in the steel, they wait some exciting cause. Music alone can touch and call them forth. This is an acknowledged fact. Hence, all nations have used this powerful agency in exciting the emotions. It is considered indispensable in military operations. Under its power the warrior rushes to the battle field, and amid its pealing notes, dreams of victory. Music perverted, has lent to war half its tinsel charms. But few could be urged to meet their fellows in deadly strife, on the mercenary battle field, were they not bound by music's spell.

Nor should it be less efficient in its appropriate work—in marshaling the sacramental hosts of God's elect for moral conflict. By its varied notes, every feeling of the heart can be revealed. It has a cadence for every chord of the soul. By it the lethargic may be aroused, the desponding revived, and the cheerful gladdened. Often on its wings has incense sweet ascended the holy hill of Zion. And often, too, in answer to song, has the cloud of mercy, dripping with the dews of heaven, rested upon an earthly Bethel.

*Singing tends to fit us for heaven.* Music is not a stranger there. No songless being dwells in that bright world. Angels have their songs. Cherubim and seraphim with each other vie in holy melody, while redeemed immortals wake higher notes of a sweeter tune: "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, be glory and dominion for ever and ever." The music of heaven—how indescribably grand!—how inconceivably sublime! *What songsters!*—angels, those morning stars and first-born sons of light that serenaded earth when first she ploughed the ethereal wave—spirits of just men made perfect, clothed in all the habiliments of immortality, and

"Sweeping harps of wondrous song,  
With glory on their brow."

*What themes of song!*—creation, redemption, resurrection, glory, immortality, eternal life, heaven for their temple, Jesus for their leader, salvation for their song, and eternity for their stay! Halleluiah, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!

### A SHORT CRITICISM.

BY AN AMATEUR.

THERE is no finer specimen of English poetry, than the celebrated lyric of Rev. Charles Wolfe, on the burial of Sir John Moore. Sir John died in Spain, and was hastily buried at night. Before the services were completed, the army of Napoleon approached, and the sad mourners were obliged to take refuge on the sea. For the benefit of our young rhymers, and particularly because the poem itself has been very generally misprinted, and badly mangled in many of the thousand and one publications of the day, I offer it as it fell mournfully from the poet's own pen.

"Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note  
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;  
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly—at dead of night,  
The sods with our bayonets turning;  
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,  
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,  
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;  
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;  
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,  
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,  
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,  
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,  
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,  
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him—  
But little he'll reck if they let him sleep on  
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,  
When the clock struck the hour for retiring,  
And we heard the distant and random gun  
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down  
From the field of his fame fresh and gory:  
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,  
But we left him alone with his glory!"

By studying carefully this poem, the young reader will perceive every species of excellence that can form any part of the most perfect specimen of lyric verse. Read it, then, my young friend, read it a hundred and fifty times, and you may yourself become a rival to the now unrivaled bard.

### XAVIER'S ODE.

BY WILLIAM L. CALLENDER.

THE following beautiful Latin ode is said to have been written by Francisco Xavier, Roman Catholic missionary to India several centuries ago:

O Deus! ego amo te,  
Nec amo te ut salves me,  
Aut quia non amantes te  
Æterne punis igne.  
Tu, tu, mi Jesu, totum me  
Amplexus es in cruce;  
Tulisti clavos, lanceam,  
Multamque ignominiam,  
Innumeros dolores,  
Sudores et angores,  
Ac mortem—et hæc propter me—  
Ac pro me peccatore.  
Cur agitur non amem te  
O Jesu amantissime?  
Non ut in cælo salves me,  
Aut ne æternum damnes me,  
Nec præmii ullius spe;  
Sed sicut tu amasti me,  
Sic amo et amabo te.  
Solum quia rex meus es,  
Solum quia Deus es.

Amen.

The following translation is almost strictly literal; and, while it falls far below the beauty of the original, will convey the pious sentiment, and some idea of the style, to the English reader:

God, I yield my love to thee;  
Not because thou savest me,  
Nor that they who love thee not,  
Shall endure thy vengeance hot.  
Thou, my Jesus, on the tree,  
To thy bosom foldedst me;  
Borest the cruel nails and lance,  
And the scorner's haughty glance.  
Griefs unnumbered, countless pains,  
Sweat that left its bloody stains,  
Death itself, were borne by thee—  
Borne for sinners—borne for me.  
Why, then, should I not love thee,  
Who so kindly lovest me?  
Not that I may heaven attain,  
Not for fear of endless pain,  
Not that I reward may gain;  
But as thou hast loved me,  
Thus I love and will love thee.  
That my God and King thou art,  
Therefore do I yield my heart.

Amen.

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DEATH is the road that must be trod,  
If man would ever pass to God.

## LITERARY SKETCHES.

BY THE EDITOR.

## THE MONOMANIACS.

THERE is perhaps no species of mental derangement, so interesting as a matter of study, or so useful in displaying the natural workings of the mind, as that commonly called monomania. It consists of a firm persuasion of the truth of some mere fancy, which the victim pursues as if it were the most undoubted reality. It matters not how extravagant, or impossible, or even impious, the ruling notion may be, the deluded maniac adheres to it with the pertinacity of a devotee; and wherever he turns, or on whatever he may be employed, it fastens upon him like a perfect conviction, and of mysterious import.

The fancy may grow out of any and every possible subject. Sometimes it is literary, and shows itself in many an airy shape and wild creation. At another time it is altogether political, exhibiting strange and fantastic fictions of an imaginary statesman. A few cases of philosophical madness are on record; and we are indebted to them for some abundantly romantic speculations. But religious mania, altogether the most common, is certainly the most interesting and instructive form of dementia.

When alienation of mind takes a literary turn, it is more amusing than hurtful. It seems, indeed, sometimes to bring with it a positive enjoyment. The simple enthusiast, full to the brim of some gorgeous idea, and always excessively confident of his mental powers, dreams of splendid literary victories, either won, or to be won, by his single genius. If naturally poetical, he finds not the slightest difficulty in working out a complete regeneration of all learning, and that in a few years, by some overwhelming demonstration of his unaided prowess. It is said that the poet Shelly, and a few of his young infidel companions in England, were possessed of reveries of this character, and actually undertook the renovation of the race by the publication of a periodical newspaper!

Political monomania has generally a graver aspect. The principles of human government lie quite deep and recondite. It requires a mind of more than ordinary strength and boldness to venture upon this species of insanity. Exceptions will not invalidate the rule, founded, as it is, upon the best historical testimony, and upon every day's observation. The persons suffering under this form of the malady may not always be reckoned among the great men of their community; but, when adequately known, there is generally found in them some indications of extraordinary mental abilities. There is frequently a sincerity of conduct, and a breadth of intellectual vision, in these fanciful neighborhood statesmen, which, cured of all eccentricity, would throw a real splendor upon courts and cabinets. An acquaintance

of my own, now an acknowledged maniac, but once the actual chief magistrate of an American republic, in the paroxysms of his disorder, has for many years been exciting the mirth of his friends and visitors, by presenting schemes of national advancement, now seriously contemplated by some of the soundest politicians of this country. Many and many a time, in the presence of his fireside auditory, who could scarcely restrain their laughter while he was speaking, has he laid the track of a mighty railroad through the entire length of our country, and uniting the two oceans. He has always said, that he expected to live, till the mail between Asia and England should pass from the mouth of the Columbia to New York or Boston, and Oregon itself should in part be peopled by the silk growers of Nankin and Peking. No one needs to be told how near we have come to the accomplishment of these visions; nor, if these were the only demonstrations of the old gentleman's malady, would it harm some of our narrow-minded politicians to partake a little of the sublimity of his madness.

But the thoughtful, cool-headed, secluded philosopher sometimes loses the just poise of his faculties. The occurrence, it must be admitted, is rare; but a case of this kind occasionally meets the eye of the medical reader. A genuine philosopher, devoting his whole time to purely intellectual investigation, and habitually and even professionally repressing all excitement of the imagination and passions, ought to be, as he is, less subject to every species of mania than other men. But, when the sage does turn maniac, he is generally a choice specimen of a madman.

Turn your attention, my reader, to that class of philosophical reformers, who, ravished of their reason by some favorite scheme of human improvement, have sought to overturn the settled policy of the world, and every thing connected with it, by their single and perhaps singular efforts. In some country town, it may be in a city, lives some secluded, book-loving, speculative, busybody of a thinker. From morning till night he spends his time in deep, anxious, never-ceasing study. Other men have their pleasures, but he has his work. Whether at home, or abroad, in doors or out, his mind is lost in profound meditation. If you meet him on the street, his head is cast down in contemplation; his eye is sunken and vacant; and he takes no notice of any thing that happens to be passing. In the social circle, he is the most uninteresting person present. If you ask him a question, his answer comes so late, that you have utterly forgotten what you inquired about, and are compelled to ask him his meaning. Perhaps, like Sir Isaac Newton, at the great literary levee, he takes out his pipe—for philosophers are sometimes smokers—and unconsciously puffs it amidst the array of splendor and beauty around him; and, possibly, as the great astronomer is known to have done, he picks up the delicate little finger of

the fair lady sitting nearest to him, and with it pokes down the ascending cone of white ashes, thrown up by the active little volcano of his pipe-bowl.

This order of men are characteristically very absent-minded. It is with them that those cases of this amusing first step to insanity, which have delighted us so often in the newspapers, most frequently happen. None but a philosopher could ever have thought of putting his drenched umbrella carefully and snugly into bed, and spreading himself out in the entry; or, at a wedding, handing his tea-cup to the gay heroine of the evening, and most bashfully printing a light kiss upon the lip or forehead of the brown waiter; or, what is still better, giving his little dog the full and peaceable possession of his bed-room, and turning himself out doors, and sitting patiently on the stone door-step till morning. All such achievements require the profoundest and most absorbing meditation.

It is easy to trace the progress of such minds to their several species of monomania. They get a certain idea into their head, and they will not believe the clearest evidence of their senses. The man sitting on the door-step, though, perhaps, somewhat annoyed by the dews or damps of the season, was, without doubt, very honest in persevering, regarding the little inconveniences of his position as the unforeseen but unimportant accidents of his theory.

On what other principle of interpretation can we expound the conduct of some raving reformers of our day? Here a flippant Frenchman—it is not customary to prefix the name to a portrait—conceives the idea of breaking up all the established relations of society, and founding a new order of things upon the ruins. He plants himself on the doctrine of human liberty, the darling word of every language, and the darling object of every people. Assuming that all restriction is an evil, he severs every tie that binds us, whether of nature, law, or custom, and gives a loose reign to every passion. He is particularly jealous of the domestic relations, thinks that the marriage union is a mere phantom, and that families are small aristocracies, full of selfishness, and inimical to the best good of man. They are little inclosures on the broad field of humanity, narrow in their dimensions, where nothing but the weeds of human nature are to be met with, without a single plant to sustain their claim to utility. These he would sweep down at a stroke. He would have man as free as his four-footed brother of the forest, wandering at will over the wide area that surrounds him. Mankind would then be one great family; the social affections would be expanded to their proper limits; there would then be no particular likes and dislikes to disturb the general harmony, from the fact that no one could tell who might or might not be his nearest relative. All would be related, and all would be alike loved and loving.

It would seem, from first sight, that all the world would be equally satisfied with this picture. It is an attempt to render licentiousness a universal business. And do you believe that any sane man can seriously make it? Can any sound mind cherish the conclusion, that it would be an improvement upon the past, to bring man down to a level with the mere animal creation? But what is the strongest evidence of demutation, the author, or rather restorer of this philosophized system of iniquity, really dreams of ultimate, universal success! And, indeed, there are designing men and simpletons enough in every country, to render almost any scheme of wickedness for a little time noticeable. But Justice, though lame-footed and slow, in general terribly avenges insulted virtue. No one need fear that Christianity, and the Bible, and human government, and the laws of human nature, and the groundwork of our mental and physical constitution, are in any danger from the fanatic little Frenchman. The world will move on in its order, when FOURIER and his worshipers are no more.

That species of monomania which arises from the disorder of the religious sentiments, I have said, is, of all, most singular and interesting. It will not be necessary to go into a disquisition upon this subject. We all know that every part of man, physical, intellectual, and moral, is liable to derangement. Nor is it any disparagement to religion, any more than to other subjects, that, to the soundest mind, it may become the occasion of decided aberration.

A most singular instance of religious monomania occurred, many years ago, in the neighborhood of the place where I was then residing. A young gentleman by the name of Smith, of strong natural sense and good education, had been a believer in the old fashioned doctrine of decrees. His parents had been very rigid in family discipline, and had put their Puritanic impress upon their children. There was a staidness in the general character of Mr. Smith almost as natural to him as his life. But, with all his previous education, he had for years been gradually declining into a skeptical way of thinking, and finally became an open disbeliever in evangelical religion.

In the spring of a certain year, now long since numbered with the past, he began to attend upon the ministry of a very eloquent Presbyterian clergyman, whose great talent lay in a capacity to rouse the attention of the skeptical and thoughtless. A considerable religious excitement had sprung up under his preaching, and, among many others, Mr. Smith finally became decidedly attentive. Soon the doors of the Church were opened, and a large number of young disciples were added to its communion. When the day and the hour arrived for the interesting ceremony of initiation, all eyes were turned upon our young hero. All supposed he would be the first to rise and offer himself before the altar; and all sat waiting for his example. But he was

evidently in a profound study. His head was cast down upon his breast, and he appeared as unconscious of what was transpiring, as if he had been in another country.

The day passed off, and Mr. Smith returned to his occupations. He seemed by degrees to settle down into his original feelings, until no concern appeared in him for the things of religion. He at length offered his hand to a blooming young beauty of a neighboring village, and was accepted. To the astonishment of his relatives, he immediately settled in business as a cooper. Though, by his education and talents, capable of a much more fashionable employment, and perhaps instigated to more ambitious views by his high-spirited companion, he was accustomed to console both her and himself by the remark, that honesty and industry, in whatever employment, never fails to be rewarded. But there was evidently a strange revolution beginning in his mind.

A deep, unchangeable melancholy gradually settled upon his features. His eye lost its brightness, and seemed to be incessantly introverted, as if the world within him had more attractions for his vision than all the glory and splendor of the outward universe. He would spend whole nights in reading the sacred Scriptures. Sometimes he would spend two or three days together, without food or sleep, in an adjacent forest. When he did keep his house, he would frequently rouse the family, and set all hands to searching for some unknown intruder upon his premises and quiet.

Soon that intruder was named and featured—the one idea of the mind having at length acquired a reality of existence and terror. He described him as an old, shabby, sinful looking man, with a long grizzly beard, the eye of a snake, and, in his whole aspect, burnt and withered as if by the action of intense heat. This frightful figure, my poor friend declared, was no less a personage than the devil, who, he said, was frequently attended by a troop of imps, invisible to all eyes but his own.

The purpose of these infernal visitations was the destruction of the deluded victim. His fate, he said, had long since been decreed in heaven. His name had been for ever erased from the book of life, or, rather, it never had been written there. It was his doom to dwell in eternal fire. This was the destiny for which he was created; and the adversary had come to torment him before his time. He had read the Scriptures through and through, but found no ray of hope to dawn upon his soul. Though, on all other subjects, as rational and sensible as ever, no possible efforts could convince Mr. Smith that the good Being had any mercy or forgiveness for him.

One morning, about two years after his marriage, he invited his wife, and a few family friends, happening to be at his house, to go with him to his workshop. "There," said he, with much emphasis and spirit, as they ranged themselves round the speaker,

"there I have him at last. He has haunted me long enough; but he will trouble me no longer. You see that big hog'shead: you see it is hooped from chime to chime with hickory saplings. Every stave is of live oak, as tough as lignum-vite. There he is—the devil, my enemy: when he gets out of that he will know it."

Sure enough, it would have been as difficult for Bounivard to have escaped the castle of Chillon, as for any being but the most subtil of spirits to have broken that wooden prison. Every inch of the outside was hooped in the strongest possible manner.

Proceeding to a smith's shop, the maniac procured a huge chain, one end of which terminated in a heavy ring, the other with a triple spike. Fastening the spike firmly into the side of the big cask, he conveyed it into his back-yard, and secured it to its place by driving through the ring a strong stake several feet into the ground. From that hour he was a happy, if not a sensible man. He used seriously and yet joyfully to say, that, though he had not put his last enemy under his feet, he had got him into a barrel, which answered his purposes just as well!

Soon after this occurrence, I traveled eastward, and took up my residence in New England; and from that day I have heard nothing of the history of my unfortunate friend. Whether the barrel still remains in his yard, I am not prepared to affirm; but, from what observations I have been able to make of some passing events, I should conjecture that the prisoner had, by some means, effected his escape.

These cases of religious monomania, when properly classified and studied, will throw new light upon the philosophy of mind. It is most singular how completely the faculties will become deranged on one subject, when, on every other, they remain healthy and sound. By long study upon any great topic, or intense excitement on any particular doctrine, the mind unfits itself for all rational judgments in connection with the darling theme. The very devotedness of the saint may become his bane. The hobby is soon the nightmare, both to his sleeping and waking dreams. The monk in his convent, or the anchorite in his cave, by narrow views, no reading, and unmeaning prayer, may prepare himself to become the foolish Stylite, or pillar saint, of his age. The Christian should have no religious hobbies. No one doctrine, or precept in religion, should take exclusive possession of his soul. Christianity is a grand and glorious system. It is as broad, and as beautiful, and as various, and yet as harmonious as the great universe of worlds. The eye of faith should be accustomed to range round the whole. Whoever singles him out a star, or even a sun, to gaze at, irrespectively of all the other exhibitions of sublimity and glory around him, will not only be a narrow Christian, but a useless man. The very intensity and singleness of his vision will eventually make him blind.

A few years ago, in one of the New England states, and within the bounds of the conference to which I then belonged, there lived a very pious member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, whose fancy sometimes played strange freaks with his judgment. He was remarkable for his reading of the Scriptures, for his punctuality in all his duties, but, more than all, for the extraordinary fervor of his devotions.

On one occasion, this brother took it into his head, that the Church had lost sight entirely of the true pattern of piety; and that he was bound to restore, in his own life and conversation, the primitive model. In order to do so, he must make the life of Jesus his exemplar. He conceived it to be his business to repeat, in his own person, the more difficult as well as the less difficult transactions recorded of the Savior. As it was necessary to begin with some one of them, he made fasting his first and particular duty. He had proceeded but a short time before he had made it also his hobby. At first he fasted every Friday. Then, as the next step, he decided it to be an unpardonable desecration, to eat any thing on the day of our Lord's resurrection. He had now two days out of seven, Fridays and Sundays. In this manner he continued in his scale of addition, till more than half his time was spent without taking nourishment; and, in a few years, he acquired an extraordinary power of abstemiousness. Hunger became his ordinary sensation; and his whole physical being did its utmost to fit itself for this species of endurance.

The time at length arrived, when, as he thought, he could properly undertake the miracle of abstinence, on which his mind had evidently been brooding. One day, late in the afternoon, he shut himself up in his bed-room, and gave out to his family—for he was a married man—that, for forty days and nights, they need not expect him at the table. He was as good as his word. While sufficient strength remained, he spent his days and nights on his knees, praying with his customary fervor; and, when his body had sunk beneath the unnatural load imposed upon it, he kept up at least his resolution, and, so far as he could, his devotions, lying on his bed. When his condition became critical, his friends visited him by a sort of commission, and insisted upon his relinquishing his undertaking. They assured him that he was committing the awful crime of self-murder. His minister portrayed to him the future and everlasting results of his dreadful folly. His family wept and mourned, as if for one already dead and condemned to endless ruin, around his bedside. But, strange it may seem, not one regret passed his lips; not a word of penitence did he utter; not the slightest impression could be made upon his determination. He was as unyielding as iron, or adamant. After the thirtieth day, every hour was expected to be his last. Naturally a very hardy, healthy, and somewhat fleshy man, he dwindled

down to a perfect skeleton. His eye stared out, and shone with a deathly lustre. His lip was by turns pale and livid, as the extremes of a dry fever and a cold perspiration alternately preyed upon his robust body.

It would be impossible for me to affirm that this man ate nothing for forty days and nights. All I can say with certainty is, that his friends and neighbors have repeatedly so assured me. The good minister, also—a man of no common sagacity and penetration—has often reassured my faltering confidence. He has told me plainly, that it was his firm belief that nothing passed the poor man's lips but cold water. This he drank, from the beginning of his fever, in very large quantities. Perhaps it was the water, together with the store of solid flesh, laid aside for emergencies, which enabled him to survive this miracle of more than monkish treatment. Whatever may have been the cause, the poor monomaniac, for he was nothing less, most confidently maintained that it was the power of God which had carried him through, and blessed him in his deed!

From that day on he was a very different person. His physical strength was never restored. His mind, unbalanced in health, had been miserably shattered by this self-inflicted torture. He lived—and, for aught I know, lives—a worthless and a ruined man.

Let my Christian readers take warning from these examples. Let the minister regard the laws of the mind in his daily ministrations. Let there be nothing unnatural, extravagant, or out of order, either in our principles or practice. Let us endeavor to live soberly, as well as godly, in this present evil world. Let all our feeling be preceded, accompanied, and sustained by good sound thinking. Let us discard all partial views of our religion. Above all, let us have no private, individual hobbies. Let us not be monks, but Christians. Let each one of us take his or her station in the centre of our glorious system of faith and practice; and let every ray, from every part of it, come down and be concentrated upon us.

But I will forbear. My readers, I have no doubt, are as far from these evils as I am. It is only the singular habit of an old-fashioned Methodist preacher to conclude every thing he has to say with an exhortation. I had intended to give, in this sketch, the history of the strangest, wildest, and most fantastic specimen of monomania that has ever fallen under my observation. But I have already exceeded my limits; and I will, therefore, reserve, for another opportunity, a veritable account of the Knowing Doctor.

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THE poet Cowper was a great enemy to deception. He maintained, also, that the place to learn the true character of a lady, was not the ball-room, but the fireside, or kitchen. "She is the good woman," said the poet, "who wants not a fiddle to sweeten her."

MISCELLANEOUS SKETCHES.

BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.

SOME ten years ago I made a scientific excursion to the backwoods and mountainous regions of the east. The scenes through which I passed were altogether new to me, and afforded me much amusement, and some little instruction. Of these scenes I happen to be reminded, while looking over my old scrap-book, in which I have, during some twenty years, collected a most miscellaneous lot of notes and scraps. I propose, therefore, partly from notes taken at the time, but mostly from memory, to give the reader, who has so kindly kept me company through so many miscellaneous excursions, some few sketches.

AN INDIAN TOWN.

Some twenty miles above the city of Bangor is an Indian village. There, on a small, but beautiful island of the Penobscot river, dwells the remnant of a powerful tribe. The Penobscots were a branch of the great Abenakis, who once possessed all the east, and north, from the Saco to the Great Banks, and from the ocean to the St. Lawrence. Their language was said to be the finest on the American continent. The French, who became acquainted with them in early times, said, that if the beauties of their language were known in Europe, seminaries would be erected to teach it. They averred that if such beauties were found in the ancient Egyptian or Babylonish dialect, the learned of Europe would be at work to display them in a variety of shapes, and would ascribe superior wisdom, talents, and knowledge to the people whose idioms were formed with so much method and skill. This powerful people once possessed a country of more than one hundred thousand square miles. They now are limited to the few islands of the Penobscot. They once could collect thousands of brave warriors. They now number, when all at home, some six hundred souls. The early annals of New England abound in accounts of their fearful power and savage bravery, and the traditionary legends, yet repeated by the descendants of the old settlers, are still more fruitful in incidents of wonderful and hair-breadth escapes from these wily and warlike people. Now they are a poor, inefficient, inoffensive, dispirited people, who could hardly make efficient headway against a flock of good sized grasshoppers.

Being delayed a few hours at Oldtown, while arrangements could be made for our departure up the river, I crossed over to the island, in order to see the town, and the people. The town I easily found, but the people were few of them at home, being gone hunting and fishing. The town consists of a very neat, and, indeed, handsome church, some twenty or thirty wooden frame buildings, much neater in their external appearance than those gen-

erally found in western towns, and an untold number of camps, or tents. These camps are built of plank roughly put together. The fire is in the middle of the camp, and the smoke finds its way out through a hole made for the purpose over head, or through the cracks in the walls, or through the door, just as it may suit its convenience. There are no log cabins. This article is scarcely found in the east, either among the civilized or the savage. The people down east know nothing at all of the comfort of a good, neat, tidy log cabin. Poor souls, they even have a horror at the thought of a log cabin. How much there is in fashion!

While on the island, I had the honor of an introduction to the governor of the tribe, his excellency, the Hon. John Neptune. I had seen a white governor, but never an Indian of that dignity; and, of course, I felt some solicitude on the matter. I walked along toward the mansion, with as much dignity as I well knew how to assume, and prepared myself to exhibit suitable respect and awe, on being ushered into his excellency's most august presence. The governor's mansion was a camp, in no way distinguishable from the plebeian camps about it, except that there were more dogs to bark. The door consisted of a blanket hung up as a curtain over a space left in the wall. Through this I was ushered into the presence of the governor and his lady. He was occupying a dignified position on his chair of state, which consisted of the naked floor of naked earth. A blazing fire was glowing hot in the very midst of the room, and the governor and his lady were enveloped in the smoke. The lady, who appeared, to say the least, to be no great beauty, was diligently and honorably employed in such household affairs as must always be attended to even by governors' ladies, especially when they have to be their own help. I really entertained a much higher opinion of this lady, for seeing her thus diligently employed; and I made up my mind, at the time, that her honorable industry might, in the opinion of the governor, be a redeeming trait in her character, and probably make up for the unquestionable lack of beauty.

The old governor was quite intelligent and communicative. I remained with him as long as I could stand the smoke; and when I could stand it no longer, I made as hasty an exit, as a due regard for politeness and the curtained door would admit, and rushed out into the open air. Welcome, the open air! I hate confinement, either in the smoke of camps or of cities. For amusement and pleasure you may keep your cities, and your towns, and your villages to yourselves. Give me the plain open country, the prairie, the woodland, the mountain. For a place to worship God, keep your close crowded churches; but give me the grove—God's first and most magnificent temple. For a study, keep your nice little room; but give me the shade of this old



beech, with the sunshine all around, and the gentle southwest fanning my cheek. The open air of heaven, how it cools the fevered head, calms the troubled heart, and soothes the agitated spirit!

As soon as I had well cleared his excellency's threshold, and taken a few deep, delicious draughts of pure air, to expel the smoke from my lungs, and to revivify my blood, I started for a ramble over the island. I soon came to the grave-yard—a place I never shun; for it always suggests holy thoughts, and reverential sentiments. This Indian burial-place is one of the neatest cemeteries I have ever seen. It is situated in a lovely rural spot, on a gentle hill, commanding a fine view of the entire village, and the two branches of the river flowing by the island. It was inclosed by a neat and substantial fence, laid off in small lots, and ornamented with trees, shrubbery, and flowers; some planted by human hand, and others suffered to grow as nature planted them. At the head of each grave was a small wooden cross; some plain, and others tastefully carved and painted. Many of the graves were provided with a small box, shaped like the roof of a house. In pleasant weather this was laid aside, that the warm sunshine might fall on the grave, and the gentle summer wind might breathe over it, and the wild flowers might bloom on it. But when the rough storms swept down from the neighboring mountains, and the deep snows fell, and wild winter reigned, then the poor bereaved Indian went and placed the covering over the grave of his lost and lovely one, as if he would protect the dead from the wintry winds and pelting storm. To me it seemed an affecting exhibition of human affection. I never could find it in my heart to censure those who may seem to carry their veneration for the dead too far. Their philosophy may be at fault, and, by the censorious, even their religion may be impeached; yet their hearts will be found in the right place.

There were, in this Indian burial-place, no monuments of marble, or of granite; but there were at nearly all the graves wooden slabs, so neatly painted as to resemble, at a short distance, white marble. From one of these I copied the following inscription:

"Sosepmali onemuu  
Iral Hassun  
ke sikatnet, 13,  
Ahtoz Me chine, Dec.  
28, 1833, chipatok, oikel  
Tamtanial,  
iho hakieitankon oizi  
Al polsosepal elusun  
Zitpan."

I could not translate the inscription, as I know nothing of the language. I left the burying-place, and soon after the island, with subdued feelings, and sad reflections. I had seen the descendants of the mighty people, that once possessed my native state, thus reduced to a few hundreds, limited in their range to a few islands in a wild river, and growing less in

numbers and in importance every year. But thus goes the world. Change follows change, revolution sweeps after revolution, and death follows behind to finish the work with us all.

But we must leave our Indian village, and our reflections with it, and proceed.

#### THE JOURNEY.

Our company had to make a journey of some hundreds of miles to the head waters of the Penobscot. There were no roads, and of course no means of travel nor transportation, but by the river. An eastern forest is a very different thing from a western one. You cannot drive a wagon through the woods, as you can in many parts of the west. You cannot even get along horseback. The woods are encumbered with fallen trees, and small undergrowth bushes, and immense piles of rock, so as to render the country impassable, until a road is made. The making of a new road through an eastern forest is a Herculean task. The innumerable bowlders of rock that lie scattered all over the country, must be dug out of the soil, and rolled out of the road. Rocks enough are generally removed from the road to build a wall on each side, from one foot to two feet high. It must then be graded before it is passable. But when an eastern road is once made, it stays made. It is M'Adamized by nature.

Our journey lay through an unsettled wilderness. Settlements in the east are not made as in the west. The territory of the state of Maine is about as large as that of Indiana, and the population is nearly as great. But not one-third of the state is settled. The people begin on the sea-shore, and clear up all as they go. In the most thinly settled parts there is a family to every one hundred acres of land. There is, therefore, a well-defined line of demarkation between the cultivated and the wild country. When you once leave the settlements on the frontiers, you are in the unbroken wilderness, and you may find no more signs of human habitation till you reach the Arctic ocean. We therefore had to take with us all necessary provisions for an absence of some weeks. Ourselves and baggage had to be pushed up a rough, rocky river, in batteaux and canoes. The batteau is about twenty feet long, and three or four feet wide in the middle, while the extremities taper to a point, and turn up, much like the old peaked-toed shoe worn by our great grandmothers. It is made of plank, as light as possible; for it must often be carried by the boatmen around the falls, which frequently occur on the river. It has a flat bottom, so as easily to slide over the rocks in shallow water. The canoe is made of the bark of the white birch. It is round as the tree from which the bark was taken, and, like the batteau, peaked at both ends. It is about fifteen feet long, and two feet wide. It is so light that a man can carry it on his head. In these frail vessels we first packed our camping apparatus, provisions, and mathematical

instruments, and then we packed in ourselves, sitting much in the manner of the Indian governor, flat on the floor. To sit in any other more dignified or comfortable manner, would manifestly endanger the stability of our position. To manage the batteau requires two skillful, athletic men. One stands on the prow, and the other in the stern. Each has a long pole with a spike in the end. This is called a setting pole. Keeping time with their poles, they thrust them against the rocks, or on the bottom of the river, and, pushing with great force, urge the boat rapidly up against the current. The canoe is managed in a similar way, only it requires but one to work it. Our boatmen on the batteau were skillful, careful hands, well acquainted with the river, and every way qualified for their business; but they were addicted to the most horrid profanity of language. I did not before know that the English language could be tortured into such outrageous oaths. If our army in Mexico swore as bad as did our Penobscot boatmen, it is not at all strange that the Mexican general, Ampudia, wished to learn how to swear so too, thinking, as it would appear, that the victory of our army was owing to the big oaths sworn by the officers at the men. Finding every means of correction ineffectual, I chose to go in the canoe which was managed by an Indian; for though he swore, as well as the white men, yet he swore in Indian, and it did not sound so bad as in English.

#### A HUNTMANIAC.

There was in our company a very queer genius. He was a young man of good education, well skilled in chemistry, and an excellent mineralogist. He was plain and frank in his manners, always speaking just what he thought, and always taking the opposite side in debate, no matter what the question was, or by whom it was started. But his great peculiarity was a mania for hunting and fishing. The river abounded in a splendid species of trout, especially about the falls and deep holes of the rocks. When we happened on one of these fishing grounds, it was impossible to get our sportsman along. He would fish, and fish, and fish, merely for the sake of fishing, thus delaying the expedition at the imminent risk of approaching winter. On one occasion he wandered off from the river, up a dreary mountain, after game. Here he lost his way, and had to lie out all night, under the shelter of an old tree. He was perfectly reckless of personal danger. If he saw a squirrel, he would leap out of the boat with his gun, at the evident hazard of drowning. On one occasion, as we were passing along in water some four or five feet deep, with a very rocky bottom, a flock of ducks flew over. The hunting mania immediately seized our friend, and regardless of the depth of the water, or the rocks at the bottom, he leaped overboard with his gun, and lighting on a slippery rock, some two feet below the surface, he fell into the river, and went all sprawling under, gun, powder, and all.

While he was picking himself up, the ducks escaped.

A day or two after this our hunter got enough of the "villainous smell of gunpowder." He was trying to kindle a fire, and, as the wood did not readily ignite, he put some powder on it, and then blew lustily away at the coal. Suddenly the powder flashed, and he received the whole charge in his face. This caused him to make a hasty somersault, keeling over most whimsically, with beard, whiskers, and hair most ludicrously scorched. He began to think gunpowder was not what it was cracked up to be, and after this the birds and squirrels had a respite.

#### A DINNER PARTY.

Could our fair friends have looked in on our dinner party in the woods, they might have deemed it quite an amusing affair. We were seated around a big fire. The earth served us for chairs, ready made, and bottomed, and cushioned. A good clean chip, or a nice piece of bark, served an excellent purpose for a plate. A tin dipper formed a fine coffee cup. As to forks, "fingers were made before them." We were not burdened with many varieties of food, taking a long time to eat, and then giving us the dyspepsy. Nor did we bother ourselves with useless ceremony, and many excuses, and much compliment. I suppose the ceremonies of civilized life must be necessary. It would seem so, from their being so very much used. I would not object to them were they not often so heartless and hollow. A dinner party in the woods is, however, sometimes a relief to one tired of the regular routine of civilization. There is something so free and easy about it, that it seems to give one a new set of ideas.

#### THE ENCAMPMENT.

After a journey of many days through the most various scenery, sometimes pushing the boat against the rapid current, and at others gliding smoothly over the broad lakes, into which the river frequently expanded; now going past wide and fertile bottom lands, and again coasting along under the shadow of mountain cliffs; now opening into broad meadows of tall wild grass, and then shooting through some narrow passage, where the overhanging trees, entwining their branches from each side of the river, completely shut out the sunlight, we arrived at the place destined for head-quarters, during our sojourn in this wild region. The spot selected for the encampment was a beautiful island. The river here expanded into a broad, deep, and most lovely lake. The island was covered with every variety of tree common to a northern forest. There was the magnificent elm, with its large graceful branches; the birch, with its dress of pure white; the maple, with its limbless trunk, and rounded top; the northern cedar, with its gnarled, elk-horn limbs; the pine, with its tassels sighing in the wind, and the fir, with its tall, straight trunk, and its delicate branches, so regular, as to form a more perfect cone, than art ever constructed.

The island was bounded by a sandy beach, extending all around it, forming a most delightful promenade. The clear waters of the lake reflected the blue heavens and the green trees so perfectly, that you seemed, when gazing on its tranquil surface, to be looking at another beautiful world, concave, below you. At the distance of about ten miles appeared, looming up far above the horizon, Katahden, the prince of eastern mountains. It stood wild, grand, and solitary before us. Its topmost peak was to be the summit of our ambition, and the end of our journey. We had come thus far to measure its height, and study its mineralogy, and its geology. We could approach it no nearer by the river. From this point our ascent must be made on foot.

The sunset view at this place was one of the most splendid I ever saw. The waters of the lake glittered like silver. The trees, clothed in their autumnal garments of a thousand hues, seemed to reflect back the crimson, and the gold, and the purple of gorgeous skies. On the east, and on the south, and on the west, the view was bounded by a circumference of blue hills, just rising above the horizon. On the north was Katahden, "monarch of all it surveys." It stood alone, rising from a vast forest plain, like an island from the illimitable ocean. It seemed composed of alternate ridges and ravines—the ridges protuberant, like immense ribs, and the ravines of unknown depth. In many places there appeared the path of immense avalanches, or slides. These extended from the top to the base, a distance of many miles, sweeping down, in their headlong rush, rocks, and trees, and acres of earth. The light of sunset, reflected from the ridges, and from the naked path of the slides, and the shadows of night gathering dark and deep in the bottomless ravines, presented a mingled picture of brilliant beauty, and awful grandeur, such as I may never hope to see again.

The sunset faded, and the autumn twilight threw its soft radiance over the scene. And when that, like all things beautiful of earth, had faded too, the moon arose, and shed her mellow light over lake, and forest, and mountain. I rambled away, at a distance from the bustle of the camp, and sat down on the sandy beach, to enjoy the scene. It was not the place, nor the time for me to enjoy society. It was the place and the time to commune with nature, and with the past, and with the departed loved ones, whom I cannot believe, at such times, far distant from me. Kind reader, you may often, at the twilight hour of a summer evening, in rural solitude, meet and commune with society, of which the sensuous know not. The gentle ones gone from earth—the young, the fair, the beautiful, may then come back, and visit you once more. O, then it is that I love to come to the secluded spot, where sleeps my loved one, to commune with her, and with heaven. Let the world rush on, with its turmoil, and commotion, and strife. There is rest, and quietness, and

peace here. Let the censorious frown. I meet here a smile, of which all earth may not deprive me. Welcome, then, the moonlight evening! welcome the fading twilight! Let me hasten to the bower, where angel forms flit around the resting-place of the beauteous being, that vanished, so like a meteor, from my sight, struck down by an unseen blow, which fell on her head, and on my heart. Let me go; for there I think of love, and of hope, and of heaven.

### WILLIE, MY CHILD.

BY L. C. L.

How sudden the summons,  
That bade thee surrender,  
When life in its first morning smiled!  
How dared the grim monster  
Thus enter my chamber,  
And claim thee, O Willie, my child!

How fierce was the conflict!  
Death, death was upon thee,  
When turning, all staring and wild,  
Ye sought from us, dearest,  
What earth could not furnish—  
Help for thee, Willie, my child!

O, wert thou forsaken  
In all that dark struggle—  
From earth and from heaven exiled,  
Alone with the monster  
Didst grapple thou singly,  
Say, tell me, O Willie, my child!

Or did the bright cherubs,  
A convoy from glory,  
Bend earthward, and over thee smile,  
And in accents of love,  
Sweetly call thee above—  
Tell, tell me, O Willie, my child!

No answer thou givest  
Thy sad mother, dearest,  
The day of life's gloom to beguile;  
The darkness grows deeper,  
And silence grows stiller:  
Thou'rt gone from me, Willie, my child!

No voice—not a sound  
From that hallowed ground,  
Though nature so sweetly doth smile,  
Where, amid bloom and beauty,  
My lost are repose—  
Where sleepeth dear Willie, my child.

Hark! an echo—a tone—  
Like the wind's low moan!  
It murmurs so softly and mild,  
"From out the bright throng,

At the foot of the throne,  
I'll tell thee," O Willie, my child!  
  
Gone, now and for ever!  
My spirit grows weary.  
O, shall I again greet his smile?  
Mid the angelic host,  
With the loved, and the lost,  
I'll meet thee, O Willie, my child!

LINEs

INSCRIBED TO MRS. JENNINGS, ON THE DEATH OF HER  
TWO LITTLE DAUGHTERS.

BY CATHERINE.

I SAW two little cherubs bright,  
New clad in robes of living light:  
I asked them of their place and name;  
They answered, "'Twas from earth we came:  
Our father's there, and mother too;  
But we have bid earth's scenes adieu."  
"Why wander o'er these plains alone,  
Away from friends—away from home?  
Is not your mother's heart in pain?  
O come, return to her again."  
They smiled, and turned away from earth,  
The land of pain, that gave them birth.  
I saw them plume each glittering wing;  
And, as they soared, began to sing:  
"Peace to our friends we left below,  
In that dark world of sin and woe!  
We go to join seraphic choirs,  
Which tune their harps and golden lyres,  
To Him who paid redemption's price,  
And oped the gates of paradise.  
In Eden's fair ambrosial bowers,  
We'll gather fruits and thornless flowers.  
O'er fields of bliss our feet shall roam:  
Our home is there—the angels' home."  
Afresh they plume each brilliant wing,  
And, as they soar away and sing,  
Angelic bands appear in sight.  
They spread their wings, renew their flight—  
The heavenly convoy leads them on;  
Whilst glories, beaming from the throne,  
Exclude the vision from my sight—  
Lost in the splendor of that light.  
But yet, methinks I hear them sing:  
"Salvation to our glorious King!  
We've 'scaped from earth—we weep no more;  
For all is peace on this blest shore!"  
Dear mother, raise thy tearful eye  
To those bright scenes o'er yonder sky;  
O haste to join that happy throng,  
And help thy babes to sing their song.  
Come father, too, thy children wait  
To ope for thee the pearly gate—  
To hail thy coronation day.

Then God shall wipe all tears away,  
When freed from earthly care and strife,  
Ye shall be crowned with endless life—  
Enjoy the bliss through Jesus given—  
All saved—a family in heaven.

SABBATH BELLS.

BY MISS M. E. WENTWORTH.

OVER the hill-top and over the plain,  
Far through the forest and far through the dell,  
Now chiming—now tolling, or merrily pealing,  
Falls on my hearing the sweet Sabbath bell,  
Calling to worship the proud and the poor:  
Crowd ye the gates of the lovely and fair;  
Drive away sin from the temple of holiness—  
Christ is in waiting to answer thy prayer.  
  
Not for the gaudy robe—not for the gold—  
Not for the peal of the organ sublime—  
Not to the church without lowliness pure,  
Calls you to worship the sweet Sabbath chime,  
Nor faithless, nor fearing, nor doubting His love,  
Cast all thy burdens on one who will share  
Sorrow and chastening, though heavily falling—  
Christ is in waiting: O haste ye to prayer.  
  
Mourner, in sable, with heart bowed and low,  
Shedding fast tears from thy grief-troubled eye,  
Up from thy sadness, nor comfortless be,  
Jesus of Nazareth is now passing by.  
Ah! how the warm drops are now bathing the words,  
Voiceless, but rich, which the promises bear:  
Up from thy sadness, nor comfortless be,  
Christ is in waiting to answer thy prayer.  
  
Sinner, thy angel is hovering near,  
Gently above thee to win thee away;  
Hark to the voice that now pleads in thy bosom!  
O, to thy Refuge escape thou to-day!  
Mercy forgiving will heal thy transgressions,  
And hope will chase away the dark night of despair;  
O, faithless and mourning! come, sinner, returning,  
Answer the Sabbath bell—hasten to prayer.

PRAISE TO THE SOVEREIGN RULER.

BY REV. T. HARRISON.

WITH voices harmonious, we'll sing to the Lord,  
For he is our refuge, our shield, and our sword:  
His goodness and glory we ever will praise:  
To him, and him only, our anthems we'll raise.  
  
His wisdom, and mercy, and might, are supreme;  
And all his perfections in harmony beam:  
He reigns in resplendence around and above:  
The universe teems with his glory and love.

## LADIES' REPOSITORY.

OCTOBER, 1846.

THE power of a single mind, in effecting great and lasting changes in society, has been often illustrated. History has furnished examples from all the departments of human life. The old Greek poet, Homer, by a single production, utterly changed the religion and worship, as well as, in great part, the literature and politics of nearly every nation of antiquity. Themistocles, the ablest statesman of ancient Athens, originated that line of policy by which his native city became, for a time, the mistress of the world. Julius Cæsar, the many-sided Roman, by his single genius, overturned the government of his country, and laid the foundation of an empire the most lasting that the world had seen. Belisarius, immortalized not more by his own deeds than by the gratitude of Justinian, was the great column of support to the Roman empire against the combined hostility of the barbarous world, and deserved the grateful title given him by his country—*gloria Romanorum*—for having saved it from an utter fall. The influence of Napoleon Bonaparte will be felt to the end of time. Modern history is full of examples of this kind. There may be a child now living, who, for weal or for woe, may cause such changes as shall go parallel with the history of man. It is possible that that child may be the gift of God to some one, whose eye shall glance upon these pages. We hardly know what control of the future divine Providence may have placed in our hands. The humblest female in the land may be now the mother of the man that shall work out the most wonderful revolution ever known. The moral is plain. Let all beware of the kind of influence they are thus to exercise on the fortunes of mankind.

SIR RICHARD ARKWRIGHT, the celebrated founder of the factory system of Great Britain, and, we may say, of the world, commenced life in Bolton, England, as a village barber. Though we can trace the art of weaving to the Egyptians, and have often read of the labors of Greek and Roman ladies with the distaff and shuttle, Richard Arkwright may, nevertheless, be styled the father of the loom. By him it has been made another thing. The power of gravitation and of steam has been substituted for the human hand. Its productions, multiplied to an astonishing extent, are the indications of its power. Prior to the times of Arkwright, Great Britain imported but five million pounds of cotton. In 1843 she imported no less than five hundred and thirty-one millions. This would produce one billion and a quarter of cotton cloth, enough to make, if it were all turned to calico prints, a neat dress for every lady on the globe. The ladies, therefore, will drink the health of Sir Richard in a glass of cold water—for water, and not steam, was the agent he first employed; and, I am certain, if all the barbers in the land will leave their business to confer such benefits upon the female race, the gentlemen will very willingly consent to shave themselves.

AN English statesman a few years ago remarked, that India was the largest and brightest jewel in the British crown; but he did not stop to state by what means that jewel was acquired. The history of this acquisition is one of the many melancholy proofs of the inhumanity

of man. It can be written down in a few lines. British India was acquired by the fraud and treachery of Lord Clive, who, under the stings of conscience, subsequently closed his wicked career by his own hand. It was established and greatly enlarged by Warren Hastings, whom Burke, Pitt, Sheridan, and Fox, men of all parties, and of unrivaled powers, denounced as the "devil in the form of man;" and it has been at last fixed in eternal bondage to the sea-girt Isle, by a war the most unprovoked, the most barbarous, and the most bloody, that ever stained the ground or grass of this green world. Well might an apostle say, that avarice, or the love of money, is the root of evil, and happy is he who permits not this canker to grow and revel at his heart. Well may the voice of our holy religion exhort us to humility and meekness; and blessed is the man who becomes not intoxicated by the love of power. All the wealth, and all the power we need, are found in Him who humbled himself that we might be exalted, and became voluntarily poor that he might make many rich.

THE usefulness of William Cowper, the sweetest of modern poets, after all that has been said of him, has scarcely yet been more than half appreciated. Cowper was the author of the Christian school of poetry. Milton, though a sublime and powerful genius, soared rather too high for the common mind; and, although his works are all on the side of the Christian religion, his influence with the great mass of readers has been less than that of Cowper. Cowper made religion his theme. There is not a line of his which does not breathe piety toward God, and good will to man. His style, also, forms an era in the poetry of the English tongue. Any lady who will read his Task, will rise from the perusal better and happier for the deed.

BERTHOLLET, the younger, exhibited in his death perhaps the highest enthusiasm ever manifested in the life of a scientific man. He voluntarily inclosed himself in an atmosphere destructive of human life, merely to be able to set down the successive sensations and feelings experienced in the act of dying in this way. He continued to write until the pen dropped from his lifeless hand. Sir Humphrey Davy, another great enthusiast in science, and also one of the greatest benefactors to the human race, made a similar experiment, by inhaling three full inspirations of hydro-carbonate gas. Fortunate for the world, he recovered, and subsequently invented the safety-lamp, an instrument by which, according to the best calculation, more than three thousand lives are annually saved in the various mining operations in the world.

THE life of the celebrated Charles James Fox, if it could be properly written, would make an invaluable book to be put into the hands of such parents as are spoiling their children by indulgence. It is reported of Lord Holland, the father of young Fox, that he actually broke to pieces a fine watch, merely because his son cried to see the inside work, and that he blew up a massive new wall, because he had promised Charles the privilege of seeing the old one quarried down and removed by gunpowder. Does any one wonder that Fox, with all his talents, lived a most miserable life, and died unhappily? Nothing less could have been the result of such training.

## NOTICES.

**THE LIFE OF THE RT. HON. GEORGE CANNING.**  
By Robert Bell. *New York: Harper & Brothers.* 1846.—This is a deeply interesting work; and the very brief notice we gave of it in our last number, would not do adequate justice to its merits.

George Canning, as a wit, a scholar, and a statesman, has had few superiors in any land. Perhaps his peculiar traits of character were never surpassed in any man. Unfortunate in early life, the son of a poor and second-rate actress on the stage, with the prejudices of English society to overcome, he rose, by his own energy, superior to every obstacle, and took his station among the greatest spirits of his age.

While Canning was at Eton school, he projected the *Microcosm*, a literary journal sustained by himself and his class-mates, which, contrary to the ordinary fate of such juvenile works, has been printed not only once, but many times, for the amusement and edification of the world. To this work Canning contributed most extensively. His articles were written in every variety of style, and on almost every topic popular in his day. He was as fluent in poetry as in prose, and some of his Latin verses are said to have abounded with merits of the highest order. Adopting Addison as his model in prose composition, he soon acquired a suavity of manner and an ease of expression, which rendered him, even in his youth, one of the first writers of his age.

At the age of twenty-three Mr. Canning entered Parliament, Sir Richard Worsley having retired expressly to give room for the young statesman. Pitt, at that time prime minister, himself a very young man, immediately availed himself of the wonderful talents of the new member; and Canning, in less than five days from his entrance into public life, stood second, only, in weight of influence, below the king. Such is the birthright of genius, in spite of youthfulness, low birth, and every other impediment, and that in the most aristocratic country in the world.

We have spoken of Mr. Canning as a wit. His life is full of overflowing with illustrations of this brilliant trait. For a specimen we know not what to choose. Perhaps his lines to Mrs. Legh, written on the spur of the moment, will give an idea of him in this respect. The lady had given to her young friend a pair of hunting breeches, and expected, as a return, something very witty and brilliant from the recipient's pen. He sat immediately down and produced the following, which was addressed to her on her wedding day:

"TO MRS. LEGH.

While all to this auspicious day  
Well pleased their heartfelt homage pay,  
And sweetly smile and softly say

A hundred civil speeches;  
My muse shall strike her tuneful strings,  
Nor scorn the gift her duty brings,  
Though humble be the theme she sings—  
A pair of shooting breeches.

Soon shall the tailor's subtil art  
Have made them tight, and spruce, and smart,  
And fastened well in every part

With twenty thousand stitches;  
Mark, then, the moral of my song,  
O, may your loves but prove as strong,  
And wear as well, and last as long,  
As these, my shooting breeches!

And when, to ease the load of life,  
Of private care, and public strife,

My lot shall give to me a wife,  
I ask not rank, or riches;  
For worth like thine alone I pray,  
Temper like thine, serene and gay,  
And formed like thee to give away,  
Not wear herself, the breeches."

Mr. Canning was also a scholar. His classical attainments were various and rich. His historical knowledge was extensive and profound. That he was remarkably acquainted with the laws of his country, and of the world, is sufficiently evinced by the position he honorably filled at so early an age.

But Mr. Canning was pre-eminently a statesman. He remained in Parliament till he reached the summit of power. His administration, though brief, was brilliant, able, and even triumphant, as a whole.

The brightest spot, however, in the character of Canning, is his love and kindness to his poor mother. In the height of his glory, he was in the habit of writing her one letter a week, to cheer and comfort her in the decline of life.

**THE KNICKERBOCKER, or New York Monthly Magazine.**—This work has gained the reputation of being the best of its kind in this country. We feel disposed to fall in with this opinion of its merits. The number for August contains fifteen articles, besides the Literary Notices and Editor's Table. The objection which lies against nearly all of the magazines of the age, might, perhaps, with some propriety, be made against this work. Its tone may be rather too light. The writers do not seem, in general, to have any serious end in view. Their great object is to please their readers, and this they most certainly do. But a man of sterling purpose, looking upon the evils of the age, will have a higher aim. We do not speak of seriousness in any religious way, for we know that the *Knickerböcker* is a literary journal; and perhaps, in our ardent desires to see literature everywhere co-operating with other agencies in the great work of human progress, we may not be prepared to do adequate justice to the lighter publications of the day. When Addison and Steele undertook to publish the *Spectator*, they had a definite and even a lofty end before them. They were resolved to improve not only the style of writing the English language, but also the morality and manners of their readers. The *Rambler* of Johnson, the *Microcosm* of young Canning, and even the *Almanac* of Schiller and Goethe, proposed a similar object. The *Prince of Machiavelli*, the *Telamachus* of Fenelon, the *Don Quixotte* of Cervantes, the *Gulliver* of Swift, and the *Utopia* of Sir Thomas More, though belonging to the class of works ordinarily styled works of the imagination, had, nevertheless, a distinct purpose in view. We might continue, and write down, as rapidly as pen could run, the titles of the greatest works of genius, from Petrarch to Charles Dickens, and we should find this sort of seriousness pervading the best of their classic pages. We would, therefore, judge of the fashionable publications of our times, not by any narrow standard of our own, which might be justly condemned by all concerned, but by the standard of the past, set up by the time-honored classics of the ancient and modern world. But, as we said before, we may lay too much stress on the direct process of doing good. That the *Knickerböcker* is the best work of its class, we are willing to repeat. With Washington Irving and William Cullen Bryant as chief contributors—the one the best prose writer in the English

language, and the other the prince of American poets, the Knickerbocker could hardly fail to be the leading magazine of the day, even if it did not enjoy the labors of a most able editor, and employ in its list of writers more than a hundred of the first men of the age.

**PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND.** *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—Number six of this work is on our table. It seems to be gaining credit as the publication of it advances. While we think that, for real use, the value of a standard history is not enhanced by pictorial embellishments of the character commonly employed, we are not disposed utterly to condemn them. The wood-cuts in these numbers, are certainly no addition to the intrinsic merits of the work. But this is a youthful age—"pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."

**LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.** *Waite, Pierce & Co.: Boston. July and August, 1846.*—This is a periodical compilation, the articles being taken from all the best publications of the day. It aims to give the cream of the literary world; and it certainly skims with a very skillful hand. The article in the July number, on the past and present condition of British poetry, is itself worth the price of a year's subscription. The paper on Sydney Smith we have laid aside for further use. We may, at some future time, show up old Sydney in another way. We have a sort of a literary grudge against him. His Peter Plimley letters, popular as they were, shall not shield the head of him who could abuse a whole nation for what it could not avoid. His Review of Methodism is too low and feeble even to be despised.

#### EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE have recently returned from a short trip into the upper country. The two days spent in Hillsborough, Ohio, are all that we now have time particularly to mention. Our visit happened during the examination and exhibition of the Ladies' Seminary in that town, under the management of Rev. Joseph M'D. Mathews. It will be totally impossible to record all the pleasant circumstances attending our brief stay. We can say, however, and that with unqualified emphasis, that our two days at Hillsborough are among the most pleasurable of our life. Everything went off in the highest order. The Seminary, certainly, is one of the very best in the world. The exercises were exceedingly interesting, and retained for three days the largest audience we ever beheld at a similar festival. It was really a festival—"a feast of reason and a flow of soul." A very large number of classes were publicly examined; and we take this opportunity to state, for the benefit of others, some of the leading features of the occasion.

In the first place, we were greatly pleased with the manner of the examination. The classes were called out by the Principal to take their position, standing on an elevation at one extremity of the house, and the teacher stood a little in the rear of the middle of the room. The teacher's voice was thus distinctly heard in every part, and the replies, so enunciated as to make the teacher hear them, were equally audible to every individual in the house. This arrangement gave fine effect to every thing asked and said.

The questions, furthermore, we took occasion to notice, were not sought out and framed expressly for present use. They were of that rapid, desultory, careless,

yet critical character, as satisfied every spectator that there was no collusion in the case. They also exhausted every topic undertaken to be discussed. When the teacher dismissed the class, it was evident that they had not only been over, but *through* the work. Thoroughness seemed to be the order of the day.

The arrangement of the classes, as they were brought forward from time to time, was admirable. The audience were not wearied with a monotony of subjects holding their attention from hour to hour. The various branches of science taught were so skillfully arranged, that we passed agreeably from one topic to another till all was done. Between each two classes, also, some young lady would give us a piece of music on the piano, which tended greatly to give cheer to all around.

If we were going to make any selection of classes, of those most eminent for the manner in which the pupils exhibited their knowledge, we should feel disposed to say, that, perhaps, the classes in Logic and Butler's Analogy were worthy of distinction. It is not too much to say of them, that we have never seen them excelled in our life.

The exercises in Calisthenics, on Wednesday morning, attracted and amused a large audience at an early hour.

But we perceive our interest in the occasion is betraying us into a longer notice than our limited space can afford. We dismiss it by repeating, that the Ladies' Seminary at Hillsborough it will be very hard for any school to beat; and, as to its Principal, he is as well qualified for this work, by intellectual character, literary acquirements, sweetness of temper, and unremitting assiduity in his profession, as any gentleman we have ever seen.

2. The Wesleyan Collegiate Institute of Cincinnati passed through its examination in our absence from the city. We deeply regret that we could not be here. The occasion is universally spoken of in the highest terms of praise. The Principal, the Rev. Perlee B. Wilber, our old friend and companion many years ago at school, is a gentleman perfectly qualified for his place. He has been long and successfully engaged in the business, and has acquired a reputation for learning, and every qualification for his high position, that has extended all over the land. His school is really a college for females, which affords a course of discipline perhaps more extensive than any other seminary in the west. We will not forget to state, that his excellent lady is an old school acquaintance of ours, and that, in early life, she was celebrated for her attainments in language, both ancient and modern, and for her uncommon energy in every thing she undertook. But, being forced now to close our remarks, we will take future occasion to speak of the Institute and of our old friend, more commensurate with their deserts.

3. We have received the Catalogue of the Ohio Wesleyan University for the past year; and though it does not come exactly within our range of topics to notice schools for young men, our readers will pardon us by reason of their interest in Dr. Thomson, the former able editor of this work. He is now the President of the University, and in his work. The Indiana Asbury University, at its late commencement, conferred on him the title of Doctor in Divinity, an honor of which he has been fully worthy for these many years. In all his labors, may the blessing of divine Providence go with him!







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*Meditation*

And should it not be shown } in her eye—another has fallen on her young face.

*Meditation*

THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

NOVEMBER, 1846.

MEDITATION.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

WELL, here she is—Meditation! I wonder what she meditates about! You see we consider her an individual, and not an ideality; for we cannot un-personify her, when here she is personified. That, indeed, were a curious *rationcination*, amounting to the positive sin of metaphysics, and nullifying even *that*, by its own rule. One of the most sensible modern improvements is the repudiation of this old-fashioned rhetorical figure of personification. And this reform has gradually and *naturally* taken place, without criticism or contest.

Is this a good delineation? No, it is *not* a good delineation. It is *imposing*, without being just—involving a sensible and a moral peccadillo at once. Remark the figure: it is as tall as the castle behind it. This might fairly be so given; for the castle may be diminished to any schedule of *distance*; but its *shades* should be also diminished to the same distance and obscurity, which here is *not* the case. Also, we see that the lady's cloak really intercepts part of the building, which is a tall building; for see how short the trees fall of it. We must place the picture very unpleasantly near to render this effect. Landseer *draws* well; but this is out of his line. In *animals* he has no superior.

This is a gentle face; yet its perception is of bitterness; and it is very sad. Pity that one so young should be so sad! This maiden has not been reared to religion, and religion is not paramount in her soul, throwing all merely human sentiments into subordination, sustaining under misfortune, and guarding all the avenues of excessive suffering. The young maiden of nineteen summers muses over a disappointed affection!

And what! are we about to write a "love story" for the Repository? No such thing is thought of—no such liberty taken. There shall be nothing either overt or covert to be objected to in what we present to our young ladies.

For why, do you not all intend to be married? And is not *marriage* the great *sacrament of life*? And should there not be a preliminary acquaintanceship to marriage? And should it not be shown

you that the other sex have almost all the advantage in this intercourse, commanding all the decisions of the same. True, it is said that the woman may give the negative; but is it not *man* that often pronounces the "veto?"

Do, then, my dear young ladies, in common discretion, whilst you abhor coquetry, keep your *affections* uncommitted until you are *assured* that you may repose them to the constancy of an unwavering suitor; and, of all things, let there not be the slightest indication of surrendering them *unasked*. The young believe that the ardency of the sentiment of love prescribes and claims to itself a particular code of conduct and constancy; but trust not so. Its tendency is just to the contrary. This sentiment, in common with every other aspiration of human affection, *vacillates* in exact accordance with the general fickleness of the character which entertains it. On such a one throw not away your regards, merging your whole character in an unworthy weakness. Feel yourself forbidden to do it, by all the promptings of dignity and truth, and by regard for your parents, implying a still higher authority.

It is only superior characters—characters of *consistent* integrity, rationality, and morality—in perfectly *well-balanced* characters, that *integrity of feeling* exists. Others may desire a good ardently, and pursue it properly and sedulously; but as soon as *assured* of obtaining it, it becomes lessened in their view—diminishes more and more to their *imagination*; and, decreasing in the same exaggerated ratio with its access, it finally ceases to be an object of desire, or of pursuit. In the sentiment of love more than in any other aspiration of the mind this is the case. Observe that where the epithet "fickle" is applied, it is almost invariably to this sentiment that it is pointed; and, as has been said, you will see that it runs through the *whole* of the character so stigmatized. Beware of *such*! Let your love, if it do not originally await your esteem, at least be regulated by it.

See, our young lady holds a rose—a *souvenir*—transient symbol, perhaps, of as fading a devotion! She meditates. She indulges in no tears, yet one rests in her eye—another has fallen on her young face.

## POETRY OF THE SAMARITANS.

BY STEPHEN M. VAIL, A. M.

## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

EVERY nation having a literature, has its poetry. The Samaritans, though so inconsiderable as a nation, are not an exception. In their literature we have yet remaining their Pentateuch and their version of it, written in the Samaritan dialect, the Samaritan chronicles, and the Samaritan songs. A short account of these songs we propose to give in the following paper, together with some extracts from them, showing their spirit and character. There are only twelve which have come down to us, and these are in part broken and fragmentary. We have a version of them in Arabic, which has assisted much in deciphering and translating them. In some instances we have preferred to adopt the Arabic instead of the Samaritan reading, as in I, 12.

## POETRY, OR SONGS OF THE SAMARITANS.

These songs, of which we are about to speak, have never been translated into English; nor, indeed, have they ever been printed and published till a few years since. Gesenius, that veteran orientalist of the University of Halle, in Germany, having obtained manuscripts of these songs from the library of the British Museum at London, after the labor of four years, published them to the world with a good Latin translation. It is with the aid of this translation we have made a version of them in English.

The external form of these songs or rhythm is different in different songs; yet follows the rhythmical laws of the Hebrews, Syrians, and Arabs. We say the rhythmical laws, not metrical, since the Samaritans, in the manner of the Hebrews, abstain from numbering and measuring their verses, and have adopted a certain rule of dividing them. In the London manuscripts, most of the songs are arranged according to the order of the letters of the alphabet; that is, each clause, consisting of two distiches, begins from that letter which the alphabetical order of the verse demands. Some of these songs are *qussarax*, that is, having the same ending, similar to those which are called by the Arabs *lamica*; the law of which is, that all the verses of the same song go out in the same letter.

These songs are mostly made up of hymns and psalms, composed for the use of the public worship of the Samaritans. And they seem to have obtained almost the same place among them that the Psalms have obtained among the Jews and Christians. The poetry is, for the most part, light, and like the Syriac. And almost all the authors write in nearly the same circle of thoughts and images. Yet there are specimens of ingenuity, and of beauty and elevation of sentiment.

## THE DOCTRINAL USE OF THESE SONGS.

These songs are exceedingly useful and important

for illustrating the doctrines of the Samaritans. From them we have a much more certain knowledge of the Samaritan doctrines, than from all other Samaritan monuments which, to this day, have been published. The Jewish Rabbis, on account of their national hatred toward the poor Samaritans, published about them all sorts of falsehoods, as, *e. g.*, that they were idolaters; that they denied the existence of angels, and the doctrine of the resurrection, etc. The accounts of them by the ancient fathers are very uncertain. But the authors of these songs do not stop to indicate strictly their rites, ceremonies, and other external forms; but in the manner of the sacred poets, as by the way and undesignedly they unlock the hidden recesses of their faith.

The principal things of Samaritan theology, as far as they are contained in these songs, we will now briefly recapitulate, quoting those passages of the songs where they occur; and, first, they teach that there is one God without any ally or partner, (II, 10, 12;) without human weakness, (I, 4, 6;) without the form of a human body, (II, 7;) known partly from reason and his works, (II, 5, 13,) but mostly from the book divinely inspired—his nature not understood by mortals, (II, 10, 14.) The world they make of two parts—the one open to the senses, the other the spiritual seat of angels. They teach that the world was created from nothing, (I, 4; III, 13.) Man was made from the dust of Mount Saffra, and in the image of angels, not of God, (XII, 18, 19.) Angels are the hidden powers of the world, and are called the divine hosts—present at the giving of the law, (III, 1; IV, 8, 11)—Moses the prophet of all times, the *terminus* of revelation, the friend and familiar servant of God, the vertex of the world—the sun, the crown; and after his ascent into heaven, he will dwell in the splendor of a god, (I, 11 *seq.*; XII, 25 *seq.*) The Samaritans reject all books as divine except the five books of Moses. Moses, therefore, was their only prophet; and hence they came to regard him with an extravagant veneration. The law they hold to be a part of the heavenly world, the first of all created things created on the six days—a spark of the divine garment, (I, 15; IV, 12 *seq.*) By the assiduous study and careful observation of it, men attain to eternal life, (I, 12, 18.) The Sabbath they piously regard. They constantly admonish men to be pious worshipers of God; and they promise to his worshipers distinguished rewards, (I, 8, 9, 19;) and at last there will be a great day of judgment, the remission of sins, and the resurrection of the good. False prophets, with their worshipers, shall be excluded from the resurrection, and burnt up with fire, (VII, 9 *seq.*) In one passage the Messiah is referred to, (III, 22.)

## THE AGE OF THESE SONGS.

Nothing can be determined with certainty in regard to the age of these songs. In this question the fifth song is of the greatest moment, which shows

that the Samaritans were agitated and oppressed by their enemies when these songs were written. Probably it was during the persecution under Justinian—it may have been under the Saracens, or Mohammedans. The latter opinion derives support from the names of the authors, which, for the most part, are of Arabic origin, as Abulphatach Ben Tusuf, Saphi al Merdeschan, etc. Other marks seem to indicate an earlier origin, as the ancient dialect, which, after the empire of the Saracens, seems to have died away.

These songs we have endeavored to translate *literally*, and as far as possible to preserve the Samaritan form and expression. The lines and verses, almost without exception, stand exactly as they do in the Samaritan order. The first four songs are translated entire, with only an occasional omission. That which is omitted in the subsequent songs is indicated in the proper places.

## SONG I.

This song was sung, according to the Arabic inscription, early on each Sabbath morning, and celebrates the dignity and sanctity of that holy day. It is also a hymn of praise to the Creator, especially on account of the work of creation and the giving of the law.

- 1 There is no God but one—  
The Creator of the world.  
Who can tell thy greatness?  
Magnificently didst thou make it,  
In the space of six days.
- 2 In thy law of majesty and truth,  
We read, and by it become wise.  
By the work of each of these days  
Thou art rendered glorious.
- 3 Thy great and matchless wisdom  
Announces thy excellence,  
And reveals thy divine authority,  
That thou mightest be still more glorious.
- 4 Without weariness thou didst make  
All thy excellent works:  
Thou didst bring them forth from nothing,  
In the space of six days.
- 5 Thou didst make them perfect:  
In them was no defect:  
Thou madest their perfection visible;  
For thou art the Lord of perfection.
- 6 Without fatigue thou didst rest  
On the seventh day:  
To the six days  
Thou madest it the crown.\*
- 7 Thou didst call it holy;  
Thou didst make it the head—  
The time of holy convocation,  
And the source of all sanctity.
- 8 Thou didst make it a covenant  
Between thee and thy worshippers;  
Thou didst teach the observance of it,  
And that thou wouldst keep him that kept it.
- 9 They are blessed who keep the Sabbath;  
For they are worthy of his [God's] blessing.

\* The Sabbath is called the crown of the six days, because it is their honor, ornament, and end.

He makes them to feel his sacred presence,  
While released from worldly care and weariness.

- 10 With his precious gifts  
Our Lord hath honored us;  
He hath given to us the Sabbath day,  
That we might rest in quiet.
- 11 All the magnificence of them, [i. e., God's gifts,]  
Hast thou revealed and delivered to Moses;  
Especially thy holy book  
Thou didst deliver to *thy friend*.
- 12 The tables of the law  
Thou didst give to the [Arab., servant] of thy house,  
That [the living] might be blessed of the Lord—  
The living in every [state of] life.
- 13 He, giving life to his creatures,  
From whom is whatsoever fills the world—  
He has spoken out of the fire, [saying,]  
"Thou shalt have no other gods before me."<sup>†</sup>
- 14 Prophecy,† as a crown, was placed upon him,  
From the days of the creation:  
The illumination of Moses  
Fell upon him who was worthy of it.
- 15 The aliment of our life  
Are the tables of the law—  
An aliment never failing  
For ever and for ever.
- 16 Where is there a god  
Like the God of our fathers?  
Where is there a true prophet  
Like the friend of God?
- 17 With the son [Arab., servant] of his house  
God hath spoken mouth to mouth;  
His wonders to him he hath revealed,  
Which he hath disclosed to none other.
- 18 The Creator, who has created the world,  
And whatsoever there is therein,  
By his law by Moses,  
Has given life [spiritual] to the living.
- 19 The reader who reads,  
"Thou shalt have no other gods before me,"  
Also reads, "Keep the Sabbath,  
To sanctify it."<sup>‡</sup>
- 20 Sublime and great is He,  
All of whose glory  
Magnifies the son of his house  
Before all the human race.
- 21 Glory unto glory  
Hath Jehovah added:  
Jehovah is the God of ages,  
And Moses is the prophet of all generations.

## SONG II.

This second song is a hymn of praise to God, showing forth his power, especially in creation, as effected by himself alone; and his mercy, munificence, eternity, and wisdom are praised.

- 1 Thou art one,  
Whose is the divine glory:

\* Exodus xx, 3.

† The sense of the poet is, that prophecy was created during the six days of the creation, and afterward it was communicated to this man, who, by this divine gift, was distinguished before other mortals.

‡ The sense is, the law of observing the Sabbath is, by Divine command, not less sacred than that of avoiding idolatry. The Jews and Samaritans compared the highest crimes to idolatry.

- Thou hast created magnificently,  
And all things were made by thy hand.
- 2 To the joy of thy creatures,  
Thou art known to be eternal:  
Thou makest it known to all  
That there is no other God besides thee.
- 3 Thou showest forth thy power,  
[That] it is altogether without bounds;  
Thy works reveal,  
That thou art alone in thy greatness.
- 4 Thou, who dost endure thy creatures  
With the gifts of thy wisdom,  
Thou doest this in marvelous ways,  
And thou makest thy praise acknowledged.
- 5 Thou, without any voice, dost announce  
That thou art the cause [of all things:]  
Like an autograph which is God's own,  
And clear to every one beholding.
- 6 These things [i. e., the visible world] with might have  
been made;  
They show forth only a part of thine excellence;  
And more than that which thou hast revealed  
To the eyes, is that which thou hast hidden.
- 7 Without words thou didst call,  
And the world appeared;  
Thy creatures hasten around,  
And they submit themselves to thy words.
- 8 Thou art the first,  
Whose beginning no one knows:  
Thou art the last,  
To whom there is neither end nor bound.
- 9 God holds the world,  
So great is its fear of him:  
God holds the world,  
And yet his hand touches it not.
- 10 Thou art alone; with thee is no companion;  
With thee is none other—no ally;  
Thou art the powerful, the eternal, the tremendous,  
The mighty one, the conqueror, the terrible.
- 11 Whatever may be like to thee,  
Thou art not like to it in the least;  
And whatsoever may be explored,  
Beyond its extent thou [dost exist.]
- 12 With no ally didst thou bring forth the world—  
With no other didst thou create it;  
Thou alone didst bring it forth,  
And on account of thy greatness thou art praised.
- 13 By reason we have known thee;  
[And] from thy works;  
From thy book  
We have known both ~~THEE~~ and thy works.\*
- 14 We praise thee for thy benefits,  
According to the measure of our strength;  
We have searched thee as thou art,  
Not according as we are, [i. e., we have searched thee  
conscious of our weakness rightly to know thee,  
the true God.]
- 15 We have desired thy grace;  
We have waited for thy benefits;  
We would not turn our face from thee,  
But unto thee would we ever look.
- 16 We stand as wayfaring men  
At the gate of thy mercy;

\* How much like this is the beautiful remark of Lord Bacon: "Thy creatures have been my books, but thy Scriptures much more. I have sought thee in the fields and gardens; but I have found thee in thy temples!"

- Let it be far from thee, that thou shouldst deny  
Any thing necessary to a wayfaring man.
- 17 Stretching forth our hands,  
We earnestly supplicate [thy] gifts,  
And stretching forth the hands of thy grace,  
O, refresh thou our weariness.
- 18 The soul stands in need of refreshing;  
We stand in need of thy grace:  
Give thy gifts [not] according to thy justice,  
But according to thy grace give.
- 19 Thou art inclined to mercy—  
Thou art slow to wrath;  
When the sinner forsakes his sin,  
Thou art ready to show thy mercy.
- 20 O Thou, who art most merciful,  
To whom there is no one like,  
Give unto us what no giver  
Gives only thou thyself.
- 21 O Thou, who hearest the cries [of thy children],  
Who art abundant in grace,  
O hear thou our humble  
And our needy prayers.

## SONG III.

The first three verses of this song are an ascription of praise to God. The next verse is remarkable for the view of faith which it presents. The following verses are ascriptions of praise to the Creator, on account of his wonderful works. The last verse is remarkable for the doctrine of the Messiah which it presents. He is called the Renovator, and is represented as quickly coming.

- 1 Eternal God,  
Who livest for ever—  
God above all power,  
Who remaineth the same for ever,
- 2 We confide in thy great strength;  
For thou art our Lord:  
By thy divine power thou didst bring forth  
The world at the beginning.
- 3 The noblest of all creatures  
Are but sparks of thy garment:  
The chiefs of all nations  
Thou hast chosen to be thy worshippers.
- 4 Where is faith,  
Holy faith, unless in thee?  
Faith in thee preserves life  
To him who is deserving.
- 5 Thy holy hosts\*  
Were drawn forth upon Mount Sinai:  
The hosts of thy kingdom,  
Who is able to number them.
- 6 Thy power was spent  
In exalting Israel:  
Happy is the house of Jacob,  
And whosoever is obedient to the Lord.
- 7 The sea and its waves  
Are subject to thy will;  
Thy right hand overshadows  
All thy works.
- 8 All things are obedient unto thee:  
At thy command they come:

\* *Thy holy hosts*, i. e., the angels by whom God was surrounded on Mount Sinai, and by whose ministrations the law was given, as stated by New Testament writers in Acts vii, 53; Gal. iii, 19; Heb. ii, 2.

Every thing testifies  
There is no God but one.

- 9 There is no divinity but thine,  
In the heights or in the depths;  
Besides to thy divinity  
We trust to none.
- 10 My future home  
Shall be thy dwelling-place:  
The sea cannot contain thee, nor the deep,  
Nor yet heaven itself.
- 11 Thou showest forth thy wisdom:  
The world arose at thy command.  
O thou most wise,  
How excellent is thy name!
- 12 Thy divine wonders  
Show forth thy power;  
With excellent food  
We are nourished, through thy mercy.
- 13 Thou hast created the world—  
Thou hadst no helper—  
Thou didst cause to go forth from the midst of it  
Creatures where nothing was.
- 14 Thou didst open the dust,  
And from the midst of it thou didst bring forth neces-  
sary things:  
By thy right hand thou didst bring forth  
Creatures from it where nothing was.
- 15 He who was formed from the dust,  
All things for him were made:  
Whatsoever things were necessary for man,  
To him were they subject.
- 16 Upon thy divine name  
We all do call:  
Thou shalt live for ever:  
Thou wast before all things.
- 17 Thou art the beginning of all,  
And the end of every thing.  
[God,] merciful and kind,  
Has looked upon us, and will judge us.
- 18 Thy name fills every thing with good:  
Thou dost nourish every one who is worthy [with thy  
grace:]  
We laud and magnify thy power:  
There is no God besides thee.
- 19 To the penitent thou wilt give,  
Yea, unto them thou wilt give the world.  
Messiah, the renovator, he quickly comes,  
And he will give according to thy mercy:  
Thou art able.

SONG IV,

By the renowned Dr. Safi, of Merdschan, a Syriac town near Damascus. See Burckhardt's *Travels in Syria*. London: 1822-4, p. 119. This song is in celebration of the law, and the giving of the law. And this history of the law is presented, ornamented with myths and poetic images of the later Jews; whence it appears that the Samaritans, as is commonly believed, did by no means reject all the traditions of a later age.

- 1 O, thou eternal God,  
Who wast before the world,  
Thou didst begin the world,  
And thou didst finish it!
- 2 In his lofty dwelling-place  
God shall dwell for ever:  
In his holy habitation  
Is the place which he hath chosen.

3 Thy hidden power  
Is above all [other] power;

- \* \* \* \* \*
- 6 Woe unto him who will not have faith  
In God's great strength!  
Woe unto him who will not believe  
That God is only one!
  - 7 When [God] declared his name, [i. e., in giving the law.]  
The earth trembled,\*  
When he proclaimed and said,  
"Thou shalt have no other gods before me."
  - 8 Angels and men  
Then gathered together:  
The great God, to whom no one is equal,  
There came down to reveal himself.
  - 9 Mount Sinai was crowned  
With clouds and lightnings:  
The mountain trembled greatly;  
For mighty was its fear.
  - 10 Great was the congregation,  
Such as never was seen before,  
When our holy law  
Went forth from the fire.
  - 11 All the hidden powers of the world  
Came forth to the light,  
When God proclaimed,  
"I am Jehovah, thy God!"
  - 12 Upon the two tables  
He wrote the ten commands;  
For food he gave them, [i. e., his laws,]  
For life to future ages.
  - 13 God showed unto them  
The two tables,  
Perfect, and inscribed  
With the finger of burning fire.
  - 14 They were refulgent  
Like the shining of flame:  
He who is terrible wrote upon them  
With his own finger.†
  - 15 A long time were they concealed  
In the midst of the fire—  
A long time did Moses pray  
Before he received them.
  - 16 Time gives a glorious life  
To him who drinks from hence:  
This time brings to him  
Eternal life.‡
  - 17 A spark [only] of the unseen world  
Are these tables—  
A spark showing forth wisdom  
To all future ages.
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 20 There were they trembling,  
The living and the dead,

\* In Exodus xix, 16, the people who were in the camps are said to have trembled; but the poet, after the example of the later Jews, would exhibit the giving of the law in greater splendor. The giving of the law is ornamented with fables and poetic images, in both the Targum of Jerusalem and in that of Pseudojonathan.

† According to Pseudojonathan on Exodus xxxi, 18, these tables were made of sapphire, furnished and prepared of God, of forty pounds weight.

‡ The sense of this verse is obscure. Probably it means the time one spends in reading the Mosaic law, as if drinking it, renders him a partaker of a glorious and eternal life.



When thou wouldst proclaim in order  
The words\* which are written upon them.

The fifth song is attributed to the learned and celebrated Abulphatach, the son of the polished Joseph. This song contains five complaints against enemies of the Samaritans, with supplications for help. The poet complains of persecutions, of cruel and powerful enemies—of their lives being in danger, especially of their teachers and presidents, and particularly of one enemy, who was their king—and prays for their destruction. This song is more easy and flowing in its style than either of the preceding, and it contains some beautiful, pathetic, and elevated passages. But being much of the same nature with the preceding songs, we have thought it unnecessary to translate it.

The sixth song is not entire. The last eight verses are alphabetic. The subject is the giving of the law, but much more bold in its imagery than the fourth, which is mostly on the same subject. It exhibits traces of the artificial and allegorical interpretation of the sacred books. The nineteenth verse only will we quote:

Thunders, and lightning, and rain,  
The voice of the trumpet, and clouds, and light,  
Upon the mountain top await their Lord.

The seventh song treats of the praise of Moses, and of the later prophets, in the last judgment and resurrection. It is very important, on account of the doctrines of *eternal life*, and of the *resurrection*, because the preceding songs touch only lightly upon these doctrines. This song vindicates the Samaritans against the fathers of the Church, who represent them as only admitting the immortality of angels. Epiphani. Hæres, 9, 13; Leontius de Sectis, cap. 8; Gregory the Great in Job, chap. 15. Some of the more important verses we will translate.

Moses, the true prophet,  
The friend of the divine house,  
Who is there like him among men?  
Who has ever attained to his dignity?  
His mockers mock him saying,  
"He is not equal to a soothsaying prophet."  
But every one of them is shameless, and a liar,  
And all their words are malicious;  
And in the great day of the resurrection,  
A great redemption shall be declared.  
But to them there shall be no resurrection:  
Only a fire shall burn in their heart;  
And each one of them shall curse his works,  
And all of them shall stand  
Like blocks of stone.  
And the word shall come to them,  
"There is no release for you,

\* Pseudojonathan, on Exodus xx, 2, says, the first precept which came forth from the sacred mouth [of God,] was like to whirlwinds, lightnings, and flames of fire. A flame of fire was upon his right hand and a flame of fire was upon his left hand. And it flew through the air of heaven, and returned and showed itself to the camp of Israel, and returned, and was engraved upon the tables of the covenant, which were put into the hands of Moses, and the tables were turned in them from side to side. Then he cried and said, "O my people Israel, I am the Lord your God!"

Though now ye be turned to your God;  
Ye shall be burned in the fire,  
For this that ye have done  
To my people, and to my chosen;  
For light was in their hand,  
And ye walked in darkness."  
A voice shall come to the shameless ones,  
From the hidden world it shall come,  
"Woe unto you! woe unto you!  
To you there is no release:  
Ye have profaned my prophet;  
Ye have transgressed the divine precepts;  
Ye have forgotten my house;  
Ye have overturned the holy sanctuary;  
Ye have destroyed my people, my first-born.  
Your feet have run to heresy;  
Ye have taught your own will;  
Ye have covered up the revelation [of God;]  
Therefore, there is no release for you,  
Neither solace, nor hope.  
But, my people, grace shall dwell upon it,  
And it shall dwell by the fountains in the paradise [of God.]"  
Happy art thou, O Israel, among the nations  
In this world and in the next!  
Let Moses, thy prophet, be glorious,  
And pray for salvation upon him,  
And say, "The salvation of Jehovah be upon him!  
With the honor of a prophet,  
The salvation of Jehovah be upon him!  
To whom belongs eternal life:  
The salvation of Jehovah be upon him!  
Thus will we ever say."

Songs eight, nine, and ten are omitted by Gesenius. Of the eleventh we have only an extract on the *spiritual nature of God filling the world*.

There is nothing like God:  
He is neither *shadow* nor *substance*;  
No one knows who he is, only himself.  
There is no creator of him, neither any companion  
with him:  
He fills the whole world:  
He appears in every place;  
[And yet] no place comprehends him.  
He is hidden, and at the same time manifest;  
He sees and knows every hidden thing;  
There was nothing before him, there shall be nothing  
after him.

In another verse of this psalm, or song, man is represented as a *microcosm*.

Thou art a little world,  
And on account of thee is the great world about thee.

The twelfth and last song is historical in its character, reaching from the creation to Moses. A few passages from it must suffice.

He [God] hath exalted the heaven of heavens,  
And he hath made the stars and the sun,  
And he hath hung out the earth upon nothing;  
And upon these he hath made the herbage and the corn  
to grow.  
Man was the crown of his works,  
Who was made from the dust of Mount Sefra.  
God made him in the image and likeness of his children,  
And placed him in the Garden of Eden,  
That he might cultivate and keep it.

The song closes with a hymn in praise of Moses, as the great prophet of God, and the sun and light

of the world. The Samaritans reject all other books as divine save the five books of Moses. Therefore, Moses is elevated above all other men in their theology.

## DOING GOOD.

BY REV. R. W. ALLEN.

"Who went about doing good."

Our last closed by noticing, that to perform the greatest amount of good, we must possess the spirit of our Master. We here continue the subject by urging two other considerations.

2. *We should study to place ourselves in those circumstances in life the most advantageous to the accomplishment of the greatest amount of good.* Many of our circumstances are of our own appointment. As free moral agents, we have chosen them; and we have done so, not so much, perhaps, in view of our usefulness, as for worldly advantages. Having, by our choice, placed ourselves in circumstances most detrimental to usefulness, we find ourselves greatly hindered in doing good—possibly during life. Some circumstances we cannot avoid: Heaven has selected them for us. Others we have selected, and for their influence upon us and upon our usefulness, we are principally responsible. Hence, in selecting our calling, occupation, and location in life, we should choose in view of doing the greatest amount of good. Some employments and locations may be more advantageous for the acquisition of wealth and fame than others. But the great question to be settled is, what business or calling shall I pursue, or where shall I locate myself, in order to accomplish the most good to mankind? This being satisfactorily settled, the way is prepared for selecting our calling. In doing it, it is true, we may err—"to err is human;" but, seeking heavenly guidance in the choice, we shall be most likely to make a wise selection. To illustrate. Perhaps we cannot better do it than by referring to a dialogue rehearsed by the much lamented Wilbur Fisk, in which he undoubtedly alludes to himself.

## DIALOGUE.

*Christ.* Go preach my Gospel.

*Answer.* But, Lord, I have other engagements.

*C.* You are not your own; you are bought with a price.

*A.* But, Lord, I have been preparing myself for another profession. I have been struggling for an education. I have high prospects before, &c.

*C.* What have you that you have not received?

*A.* Lord, I have strong domestic feelings, and I hope one day to have a family and home of my own.

*C.* He that loveth houses or lands, wife or children more than me, is not worthy of me.

*A.* Lord, I have aged parents, and I am an only son. Filial love and duty require that I should look after them.

*C.* He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me.

*A.* Lord, is there no excuse? May not another answer?

*C.* The gifts and callings of God are without repentance.

*A.* At least, let me first stop and bury my father and mother.

*C.* Let the dead bury their dead.

*A.* At any rate, I must wait awhile, and acquire some property, &c.

*C.* He that putteth his hand to the plough, and looketh back, is not fit for the kingdom of heaven.

*A.* Lord, I cannot go.

*C.* Woe unto you, if you preach not the Gospel.

*A.* But, Lord, wilt thou not pity a poor, helpless wretch, who begs an excuse as one would plead for his life?

*C.* Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, for our sakes he became poor, that ye, through his poverty, might be made rich.

Here, as he related the circumstance in Baltimore, the dialogue ended. The young man covered his face with his hands, and bursting into tears, cried,

"Nay, but I yield, I yield."

Thus did young Fisk consecrate all his energies to the service of the Church. The struggle was great; for he had thought of another calling, and to change his purposes was not an easy matter; but duty called—the voice of his Master was heard—he yielded—obeyed. The ministry now became his calling for life; and in choosing this vocation, as one to him of the greatest usefulness, his subsequent history most clearly demonstrates that he was not mistaken. All are not thus called to the ministry; but all are called upon to consecrate their energies to doing good. God has given each talents for improvement; and an important question arises, in what calling in life can we best improve them, or make them the most available for the public weal? Having carefully and prayerfully decided the point, we should be as prompt in yielding to the convictions of duty as was the sainted Fisk. No difficulties, however severe, should deter us from this course. Many have regretted, when too late, their choice in their vocation. It may have been honorable and lucrative; but it was not the calling Providence had designated for them, and in prosecuting it, they did not pursue the path of duty. In some other employment, perhaps less gainful, they might have accomplished far more good to mankind.

3. *A rigid and thorough examination of ourselves in reference to the past, at suitable times, will prove very advantageous to our accomplishing the greatest amount of good.* This examination may, perhaps, be

done profitably at the close of each day. This has been practiced by some of the best men of every age. And how suitable and proper to call ourselves to a strict account when the labors of each day have been performed! Questions then of serious import naturally suggest themselves to the mind. Take the following as an example: What have I done the past day? Have my labors been beneficial, in any degree, to those around me? Will the world be any better in consequence of them? Should this day close my labors on earth, can I review them with pleasure at the final settlement? and have they been such as will call forth the approbation of the Judge? These, and other questions, which will be suggested at such times, are calculated to keep the mind awake to the subject of doing good. The mind often becomes drowsy and inattentive to this, as it frequently does to other subjects. It needs this examination often, to keep it awake and attentive. All its energies should be constantly aroused, and assiduously applied to the good of man.

This examination will further prove beneficial, in leading to discoveries of past deficiencies, and to resolutions of amendment. How often has it made disclosures of past neglects, not easily forgotten? Perhaps, during the past day, we have neglected some important duty, such as visiting the sick, administering to the necessities of the poor, instructing the ignorant, or leading some inquiring mind to the Savior of sinners. This examination will detect these neglects. We shall thereby be led to see them clearly and forcibly. By them the mind will be deeply impressed, and solemnly disposed to a different course of action. Having been fully awakened to the subject, and its deficiencies clearly marked, the mind is now prepared to resolve on amendment. Resolutions thus made, will be most likely to have a salutary influence upon our hearts, and the happiest effect on our efforts and labors in doing good to the world.

It should always be recollected that God holds us responsible, not only for all the good we do, but for all the good we *can* do, to the full extent of our abilities. Solemn responsibility! Yet how often strangely forgotten! Proper examination, not only reminds us of it, but keeps it fresh in our recollection. Let the exhortation of the apostle, then, be properly heeded: "Examine yourselves; prove your own selves."

THE word *fascination* is derived from the Latin *fascinare*, which, in its turn, comes from a Greek word which signifies to kill with a look; and it is never more correctly used, than when applied to those enchanting smiles of holy love, which destroy all malice in the beholder's heart, and from our sharpest moods "steal away their sharpness ere we are aware."

## THE RESTORATION OF ISRAEL.

BY AN EDITOR.

I once asked a missionary, then recently from Palestine, if, during his residence, he had found any expectation among the resident Jews of a final restoration of their scattered brethren to the land of their fathers. His reply was so prompt and animated, as to set fire to my imagination, and I sat down, as soon as we had parted, and sketched out his answer in the following lines.

Do they expect it, sir? O, yes!

Such hope hath long existed. Holy Writ,  
In thousand glowing strains of lofty verse,  
And many passages of simplest prose,  
Hath fanned the flame first lit by oral speech.  
What prophets spake, and heaven-taught priests be-  
lieved,

And great apostles sanctioned by their word,  
And all the people held in every age,  
And He, who cannot err, did oft confirm  
By frequent parable of obvious aim,  
Is cherished yet by all the zealous sires  
And prayerful sons of Israel's num'rous tribes.

How oft have I, within the fleeting years  
Of my sojourn, conversed with pious Jews,  
And caught the rapture of their tearful eyes,  
As this bright prospect dazzled in their face!

Upon the Mount, where Omar's towering fane  
Doth desecrate the sacred praise of God,  
With throbbing hearts I've seen the matrons weep,  
And make such prayers, by looks and solemn signs,  
As Turkish rule would not allow in words!

The gray-beard sages teach the listening youth  
To watch the fortunes of the waning Porte,  
Whose trembling seat, beside the narrow keys  
Of rival hemispheres, predicts and marks  
The quick release of half the prostrate world  
From wrongs which ancient seers foretold.

Besides,  
From every land and clime, in frequent bands,  
The sons of Abraham are speeding home.  
The concert powers that rule the peopled east,  
Do emulate, in many a worthy deed,  
Their recent zeal for Judah's sighing cause.  
The mighty hand of Providence yet guides  
The complex destiny of this vast world;  
Nor can one jot or tittle of that word,  
That rolled in triumph from great David's harp,  
Or burned like fire within the prophet's bones,  
E'er fail, while God omnipotent doth reign!

'Tis cheering to reflect, amid the world's  
Vicissitudes and woes, that God's rich grace  
Is all-sufficient to sustain the mind  
And cheer the heart; and that, in every trial,  
His hand will make a way for our escape.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

—  
BY A GRAY-HAIRED MAN.  
—

I AM not, dear reader, the old gentleman who discoursed to you in a late number of the Repository about fault-finding. He may have a few gray hairs; but, if so, they must have come prematurely. I, however, am not only gray-haired, but I have a right so to be, having really passed the anticlinal ridge of life, and being fast on my way to the foot of the great plain, which we must all at last reach.

Gray hairs, however, are not always the children of age alone. They are often the offspring of disease, and more frequently of sorrow. For myself, few of mine are the legitimate fruits of age. They have come thick and fast upon me in seasons of anxiety, of mental depression, and of bereavement.

I should perhaps offer you an apology, reader, for the liberty I take in addressing you. Well, you shall have it. My brother, the old gentleman before referred to, whose business it is to provide for your entertainment, is sick, and has sent to me for help in furnishing his table. This is the apology I have for appearing before you, in the dress of a gray-haired man.

I propose to give you some of my personal recollections. I suppose I could discourse to you on general matters of history, and philosophy, and science, and literature, and morals, and religion. But the printer is waiting for copy, and I must write right on, as fast as thoughts can flow from my brain to my finger's end. The brain is surely the manufactory of thought. By what machinery are they conveyed from it to the hand, and thence to the pen and paper? Have they a locomotive power, or are they conducted like electricity or magnetism? How do they clothe themselves in words? These are curious questions. Who will answer them?

But I promised you some of my recollections, and here I am blundering over metaphysics. Well, it is an old man's right to be talkative. I will begin with a few recollections of my childhood.

I confess, dear reader, that I had not the good fortune to be born in the west. I was going to say that few have; but that would be a sad mistake; for any one may perceive, from the legions of merry children about him, that the west is becoming quite a common birthright. I may, however, truly say, that few of my age have the pleasure of claiming the great and glorious west as their childhood's home.

I have to own for the place of my birth a spot known in the neighborhood as *Barren Hill*. Rather an unprepossessing name surely. I here enter my protest against the practice of bestowing such villainous names on places and persons. There are places, and beautiful places too, where I would not live, solely on account of the horrid names attached to them. I would not, under any consideration, be

obliged to speak or write such names. Often it happens that a beautiful place has an outlandish name billeted on it for ever by some hypochondriac in a fit of spleen. While names are so plenty, and so cheap, and so easily manufactured, and so readily imported without custom-house duties, it is a pity there is not more taste displayed in choosing them. *Barren Hill*, however, is not so bad after all, at least not to me. It is true that corn obstinately refused to grow upon it, and that grass seemed uneasy and desirous of changing its latitude or longitude, it mattered not which. But it produced rocks in abundance. They were venerable looking, primitive rocks. They seemed natives of the place, not strangers and intruders, like those we find occasionally in the west. They were useful in many ways. A stranger, once passing by the hill, and seeing a flock of sheep upon it, cropping what little grass grew there, said that the shepherd should have a blacksmith shop near by, so as to have the noses of the sheep occasionally new laid, as they might soon get worn blunt. But this stranger was evidently "green." The sheep had only to sharpen their noses on some granite whetstone, to keep them sufficiently pointed for cropping the tufts of grass in the crevices of the ledge.

These old gray rocks abounded in well-fashioned minerals. The tourmalin, and the beryl, and the amethyst, and the garnet, and the andalusite dwelt here in their native homes. It was curious to find these beautiful specimens of nature's handicraft, more finished in shape than any human artificer could form, in solid masses of granite. How came these delicate, beautiful, and fragile gems, in these rough old rocks? One man, whom I once met in a geological expedition, thought the Indians must have happened along, and thrust the minerals in, while the rocks were soft. But when were the rocks soft, and how came they soft? These are geological questions, and we cannot stop to answer them now, though, if you please to listen again to the gray-haired old gentleman, he may give you, at some future time, his opinion about the whole matter.

Not all the surface of *Barren Hill* was covered with rocks. There were little patches of thin soil, on which grew clusters of pines. The pine, the most beautiful of forest trees, scorns to grow in our western soil, charged as it is with decayed animal and vegetable substances; but it loves the neat, clean, sandy surface of such soils as *Barren Hill*. Here the pine feels at home. The pine is a noble tree. It grew on *Barren Hill* in thick clusters, towering up, with its straight stem and conical top, high toward heaven. And what music it made! It answered the gentle zephyr in strains sweet as the *Æolian harp*. But when the storm wind blew, the pine answered in tones deep as the pealing organ. One cluster, on the very crest of the hill, formed a conspicuous object, last seen by the adventurous

seaman, as he rounded the cape that bears the name of England's maiden queen, and sped away on the billowy deep. No daring axe has yet touched those noble trees. There they stand yet, projecting their well-proportioned forms against the sky, from whatever point you approach the hill. Long may they stand! Palsied be the hand that would cut them down! He that would destroy such noble trees, adding such beauty to the landscape, and connecting the present with the past, would hardly scruple to break his grandfather's neck.

On the hill-side was a lone old apple tree. How it came there I know not. Its age, genealogy, and history were involved in oblivious obscurity, deep as that which has gathered over the temples and pyramids of Egypt. It held the right of possession to the place it occupied, by a tenure so ancient, that the "memory of man ran not to the contrary." It was the common benefactor of the neighborhood. Its shade and its fruit were free for all. The traveler oft stopped to rest him beneath its branches, the school-boy spent his noontide recess about it, and the youth went there at twilight to dream of love. I know not but the old tree is there yet. If so, it must be, like myself, getting far advanced in life. I have a filial affection for it; and if it were not, as is usually the case with aged trees, as well as aged people, so strongly attached to its native place, I would invite it to come and spend its last days here, by the side of my old beech.

Bubbling up from the gravelly soil on the hill-side was a pure spring of clear, cold water. It was none of your intermittent springs, such as flow by fits and starts—very profuse in their supply of water in a wet time, when you do not need it, and totally drying up, when you do need it, thus constantly reminding you of the friendship of the selfish—but a perennial fountain, flowing the more profusely as the season advanced, and water became scarce. In summer its waters grew cold, and in winter they grew warm, thus exhibiting marked independence of character, scorning to be influenced by the ever-varying temperature of the air and the earth. How refreshing, on a hot summer day—a day so hot as to cause the pitch actually to fry in the pine trees—to kneel at the spring and drink the clear, cold, sparkling waters, as they gushed up from the pure bosom of earth, into a basin of clean white sand. It really makes me want to drink now to think of it.

On the north side of the hill was the blueberry patch. Alas! my western friends know not what a blueberry is. Like the pine, it grows only in a thin, poor, sandy soil. It is the finest of all wild fruits. But the greatest thing about the blueberries is the pleasure of picking them. In blueberry time the hill was no longer barren, at least of visitors. Matrons and maids, and boys and girls, and little children of all sorts and sizes, were there with their buckets and baskets. Merry and joyous were the

blueberry days. I remember them well. Could I take another blueberry excursion, I should feel young again. At the southern base of the hill was the cranberry meadow. This is a modest little fruit, that loves to hide its blushing beauties beneath the vines and grass. It comes, too, at a time when all the other fruits fail—peeping up through the ice of winter, and disappearing only when the last snows of spring melt away. It grew in copious abundance about Barren Hill. Beyond the cranberry meadow was the bog, as the natives called it, for want of taste, I suppose, to select a better name. The bog, however, despite its unattractive name, was a beautiful feature in the landscape. It was covered with a dense growth of the finest evergreens in the world. They were principally fir. Few of my western readers have seen the fir tree in its native glory. You have seen small specimens in the gardens and yards of the city. But he who would judge of the appearance of a forest of firs in their native swamps, by the single specimens he sees in our gardens, would be about as wise as the man who carried about a single brick, exhibiting it as a specimen of his house. The straight trunk, regular branches, and deep green of the fir, render it decidedly the handsomest tree that ever grew this side of Eden. The bog was rendered more beautiful in summer by the intermixture of juniper with the fir. This tree has a variety of names, such as juniper, hackmatac, tamarac, and larch. It belongs to the pine family, but is not an evergreen. It forms, however, a beautiful forest. West of the hill, just over the river, was the city. A fine city it is too. A promontory makes out into the sea, terminating in a highland headland. The promontory is some three or four miles long, and about one mile broad, and forms what is called a horseback ridge, inclining gently on each side to the sea. On this ridge the city is built. Every part of it is distinctly visible from Barren Hill. Its numerous spires, its noble Exchange, its lofty Observatory, and its forest of masts from the shipping in the harbor, afford a most enchanting spectacle to the dwellers on Barren Hill. Its bells, too, whether ringing merrily for nine at night, or chiming sweetly the call to church, or pealing sadly the knell of death, redouble their music by the echoes of the hill.

At the eastern base of the hill was the ocean—the old Atlantic, the deep, dark, dashing ocean. How wild its waves beat on the beach! How they dashed against the cliffs! How they bellowed in the dark caverns! When the weather was fair, the whole expanse seemed sometimes whitened with sails, and the waves seemed to sport and play on the beach. But when the storm came, the waters foamed, and dashed, and roared with incessant thunder. There is something peculiar in the sound of waters. Did you ever listen to it? The little brook that babbles by your father's door makes music such as is not soon forgot. The cascade, as some rapid stream

tumbles over a projecting rock, makes a still deeper impression. Niagara produces a sound which you will not forget for ages. But the ocean has a voice of its own. It speaks in deep, solemn tones. They move the very soul, and stir up the deep hidden feelings of nature.

On the whole, Barren Hill was not so mean a place. I begin to think better of it as I write. Indeed, I have seen a great many places, in whose favor I could not say half so much. And, indeed, I have not told all yet. I have said nothing of the herrings in the weirs, nor the clams and oysters on the flats, nor the shad in the river, nor the mackerel and the codfish a little distance out on the ocean. Verily, I would like to make the old hill a visit. I think I should know it, though I much doubt whether it would know me, so changed am I since my foot last trod its rocky soil. I was then a little, roguish, curly-headed boy, some six years old. I am now a grave old gentleman, wearing spectacles, and walking with a cane, retaining hardly a vestige of what I once was.

But, reader, you must have enough of the old man's recollections for this time. He, however, has scarcely made a beginning. He has told you only of the physical scenery of his birth-place. He has seen many other places, and become acquainted with many people, and passed through many various scenes, all which he recollects, and he intended to recount them to you at this sitting, but it wont do. You may hear from the old man again, and you may not. It depends on yourself. He speaks only to willing listeners. You may deem the old gentleman too boyish in his recollections. Censure him not, however. This is the common fault of age. Though he has in this talk recounted only light and cheerful recollections, yet there are serious and sad ones in his heart.

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Your children, you say, will take the world whilst young. Very well; so they will, naturally; yet *ground them in religion*—give them the habit of its observances—instill into them a respect and reverence for its spirit and its institutions—and never fear—*doubt not* that, after awhile, having run the course of life, that their affections will return and seek and fill this well-laid fabric of truth and repose. After they shall have tried the world, experienced its sweets and its bitters, its hopes and its fallacies—have trusted and been deceived, there will still be left to them a cognizable resource—a conscious and positive point whereto they may turn, and hope, and confide, and repose their affections, and garner their heart; and, instead of drooping in despondency, they may still *live* a life upon earth, attaining and progressing meanwhile toward *that* life which shall be *above* the world, secured for ever from its conflicts and its changes—the *reality* endeavored after.

## MISCELLANEOUS SKETCHES.

BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.

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We parted last month, on the sandy beach of a lone island, at the head waters of the Penobscot. I might offer an apology to the fair reader, for leaving her so long in such an out of the way place; but if she has slept as soundly during the month as our party did during the night that succeeded our ramble on the beach, no apology may be necessary, as she cannot be conscious of the time that has passed. We know nothing of the lapse of time, be it long or short, in sleep. How will it be in the grave? Seems the moonless, starless night of the tomb long to the sleeper, or passes it like a summer night of earth? Does the sweet child, that sleeps beneath the bed of flowers, close by my seat as I write, pine for the dawn of morning, the resurrection morning, or does she rest as once she did for an hour in her cradle bed?

## ASCENT OF THE MOUNTAIN.

As soon as morning dawned, we arose from our bed of boughs, and made preparation for our excursion to the mountain. Concealing from the bears and wolves such baggage and provisions as we did not wish to take with us, we left the island, and glided over the smooth waters of the lake to the eastern shore. Here we drew up our light skiffs, and hid them among the wild shrubbery on the bank. The mathematical instruments, and the provisions, and equipage indispensable on our journey, were distributed among the company. From an eminence near by we took the bearing to the foot of an immense slide from the mountain, apparently about ten miles distant. We then, with baggage and utensil, plunged into the woods in Indian file. We soon, in the depth of the forest, lost all view of the mountain, and had to depend wholly on our compass. Our route led over the strangest variety of scenery. For some miles we passed over gentle hills with intervening valleys. From these the original forest had wholly disappeared. Some careless lumberman had, some years before, kindled a fire in the dry season, in the pine forest; and when a fire once gets started in summer among the trees of a New England forest, it sweeps every living thing before it. All, therefore, of the noble forest trees of this region had perished and fallen. There had sprung up thickets of white birch, patches of gigantic ferns, and immense fields of blueberry bushes, loaded with the finest fruit I ever saw. In one part of our journey we fell into a cedar swamp. This was nearly impassable. The limbs of the cedar grew but a few feet from the ground, and the branching tops were so entwined as to render the direction of Dr. Franklin, "Stoop as you go through the world," of indispensable importance to us. Passing this cedar forest, we came to a clear cold mountain stream, the

finest water I ever saw. It poured down from the mountain in many a beautiful cascade, and went roaring, and ripping, and tearing away, laughing outright, as it rushed on toward the river. Its bed was strewn with huge bowlders of rock, having evidently tumbled down from the mountain. I had the curiosity to measure one of these granite blocks. Its circumference was seventy-nine, and its height fifteen feet. Borne down the stream by the rushing waters, it had struck another rock, which had arrested its progress.

The sun was near setting, when we reached the base of the mountain, at the foot of the path left by the great slide. From this point there seemed, to one looking up, a broad, straight, and tolerably smooth road to the very top of the mountain peak. The hand of man, however, has had no part in forming this great highway. It is the pathway of the avalanche. It is a groove in the mountain side, varying from two to ten feet deep, and five hundred feet wide. At some unknown period, a mass of earth, with all its trees and shrubs, was swept down the mountain, far into the plain below, leaving its pathway marked for ages to come. Up this pathway we began our ascent. The inclination was at first but gentle, and the way strewn with pebbly sand and gravel. As we advanced, the ascent became steeper, and the road rougher. Near the top we had to climb up over rocks piled on rocks. Ruin had driven her ploughshare over every inch, and turned up prodigious furrows all along the way.

Night came upon us, and we rested, forming the best shelter we could. Morning dawned, and we made a scanty breakfast, and prepared to climb on. We had reached a little area of table land, commanding a splendid view. Below us and around us the atmosphere was clear. We stopped to look on the magnificent prospect. Toward the south the clear waters of the Penobscot, as they sped away toward the ocean, gleamed like a thread of silver. Toward the west there lay spread out a succession of lakes, beautiful, bright, and innumerable. Some of them we knew to be many leagues distant, yet, from the elevation on which we stood, one might seem able to throw a stone upon their glassy surface. To the east appeared an illimitable forest plain, unbroken, silent, and desolate. On the north, far as the eye could reach,

"Hills peeped o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arose,"  
rugged, savage, and drear.

But while the lower strata of atmosphere was clear, affording unobstructed view of earth, heaven was shut out from view. Clouds high in air were rapidly sailing over forest, and mountain, and lake. One, blacker than its companions, had stooped from its airy flight, and was resting on the mountain peak before us. It seemed impenetrable; yet we had to climb on into its very embraces. Our way became more difficult. Rocks of every fantastic shape lay

along the path, many of them so poised, that a false step, or the slightest accident, might start them from their resting-places, and send them thundering down, carrying ruin on such of our party as happened to be behind. Some of our companions got frightened at the scene, and made their escape, while their bones were sound, to a place of safety.

At last, with many a weary step, and many a hair-breadth escape, we reached the cloud-capped summit. Cloud-capped indeed it was, and the cap drawn tightly down. The cloud, which, from below, appeared resting so quiet on its mountain perch, was all in a whirl. The wind blew so violently, that one of the company, with comic gravity, inquired how many men it might take to hold one's hair on. Nor was wind and cloud all. The snow came thick and fast, and the cold was so intense, that out of ten men, protected by overcoats and mittens, not one could unscrew the tube of the barometer, so benumbed were our fingers.

An Indian of the Penobscots, who was one of the party, averred that Pimola, the mythological demon of the mountain, had sent this terrible storm upon us, in punishment of our impiety in visiting his dominions. Pimola is the genius of Katahdin, of Herculean strength, occupying a throne of granite, and reigning sole despot over those lofty peaks and dark ravines. No mortal eye has ever seen him; but his voice, as the Indians affirm, is often heard, and especially in the storm. The Penobscots have the fear of him continually before their eyes, and it is with difficulty that you can urge them to approach the mountain.

After much difficulty, we succeeded in taking the barometrical observations, and obtaining such geological information as the circumstances allowed; and then, finding that longer delay might be dangerous, on account of the intensity of the cold, and the violence of the storm, we started on our return. Starting off in the direction in which I supposed we had come up, I had proceeded but a short distance, when I was arrested by the warning voice of our Indian attendant, and informed that I was on the wrong track. I could hardly believe I was not in the same path by which we had ascended, but returning to the spot from which I had started, he soon convinced me that he was right, and that the way I had been going would have led off among crags, and cliffs, and precipices, and ravines, no one knows where. The sagacity of the Indian had induced him, on going up the mountain, to mark the path, after we left the slide, by setting up stones—a prudent expedient, that never occurred to the rest of us. By this instinctive foresight of a half wild Indian, our whole company was saved from untold sufferings, and even death. The path by which we had come up is the only known way of access to the mountain; and had we attempted the descent by any other route, we must have become inextricably

confused, and bewildered, and we might have perished in the storm.

As we were passing down along the brink of one of the ravines, which I had not noticed on our ascent, owing to the dense mist surrounding us, I looked down the dizzy abyss. How wide it was I know not, as I could not in the storm see across; but it was at least a thousand feet deep, and walled up by perpendicular precipices. The scene was intensely sublime. The emotion was indeed overwhelming. On one side was the naked mountain peak, drear and desolate, its rocks rived by the frosts of six thousand winters; on the other was the deep, dark chasm, whose recesses, formed by jutting crags and overhanging cliffs, no adventurous foot had ever trod; above us, and around us, and below us, was the storm, the wintry winds whirling the fast falling snow into many a fantastic drift. The scene made the blood run chill, and the teeth chatter.

#### A PERILOUS SITUATION.

About noon we safely arrived at the place which we had left in the morning. Here we found our companions, who, being frightened at the falling rocks, starting from their precarious poise in our ascent, had gone back, leaving to us the danger and the glory of accomplishing the ascent to the summit. They had provided as well as they could for their comfort and for ours. But our situation was by no means desirable. We had but one tent, having left the others on the island. It was entirely too small to afford protection from the storm for all of us. We were drenched with snow and rain; for the cloud which capped the mountain top with snow, poured down torrents of rain on the sides. We had no change of raiment. Little or no fire could be raised, for we were yet too high up the mountain to find much wood, and what little we did find was too wet to burn, and only furnished volumes of smoke to be whirled into our faces and eyes by the wind. In addition to this, we were nearly out of provision, having scarcely sufficient for half our company. Our island camp, where we had left our clothing and provisions, was nine miles distant, through a tangled, pathless forest. It was deemed impossible to reach it that night. Such, however, were the inconveniences of our position, that I proposed to be one of any number, who would proceed to the island, running the risk of reaching it before night, thus leaving more room and provision for those who might remain in the mountain camp. Two of the boatmen volunteered. Each of us took our share of the luggage, and marking our course by the compass, we started, in a straight line, through bogs and brooks, and over rocks and ravines, and by hills, and valleys, and swamps, for the island. Burdened with a part of the mathematical instruments, and with my overcoat, which had absorbed too much water for convenience, wearied with the morning's excursion on the mountain, and enfeebled by unremitting

pain in my shoulder, which, on account of repeated dislocations, had become acutely sensible to fatigue, I yet, for six miles, successfully measured speed with the athletic boatmen. We had now reached the river; but our camp was still three miles below, and night was fast coming on us. My strength began to fail, and one of the boatmen took my share of the luggage, and we pressed on. Shortly my overcoat became too burdensome, and the other boatmen took that. But in divesting myself of my overcoat I unfortunately dislocated my shoulder. By the aid of my companions I soon reduced the joint, as I had by experience learned how to do it; but the pain and exhaustion produced by the accident used up what little strength I had.

I requested my companions to leave me, and go on to the camp, and build a fire, and get some supper, and, as soon as I could recover, I would come on, as fast as I could. I then sat down on a rock to rest. Soon I became excessively chilled, and found that if I sat there much longer I never should rise from my seat again. I arose to go on, but every locomotive muscle seemed chilled and trembling. I, however, nerved myself up, and attempted to proceed along the river's brink. But the way was encumbered by fallen trees, and I had not strength to lift my wearied limbs over them. I therefore passed down the bank, and walked along the beach. I soon came to a place where the water approached so near the bank as to leave no passage between. Attempting to climb up, but failing in strength to accomplish it, I waded on through the water, until the bank receding left another strip of beach. After a time I found my strength fast exhausting, and myself strongly inclined to sleep. Feeble, however, as had become the powers of body, the mind yet retained its usual presence. I stood on the river shore, casting about me for some rock, under whose shelter I might lie down. But I knew that if I should lie down, wet and cold, to sleep in the storm, I might never wake again. And there were, far away, now clustering around the blazing fire on my cottage hearth, those for whom I would yet live. I therefore rallied all my physical forces for another effort, but found that, though I had yet strength enough to stand, I was utterly unable to proceed.

#### PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCE.

I was standing on the river shore, partly in the water. Around me was the howling storm, before me was the rushing river, and above me, and fast gathering over me, was the dense darkness of a moonless night. There was not a human home for nearly a hundred miles. A part of my company was some six miles up the mountain, and the rest some three miles down the river. So desolate was the place, that I never could dream of a living soul in the neighborhood. Nevertheless, I thought I could but call for help. I called, and I was answered.



A voice came back distinctly heard above the blast. I stood surprised. Is it an echo? May it be an illusion of my own bewildered brain, like the bell of death which we sometimes hear ringing in the ear, or like the call of my loved and lost child, that sometimes thrills my soul, and vibrates my nerves, as I wander at twilight among the bowers where she used to play? No, no, it is a real, living, human voice. And there surely is, approaching the bank on the other side of the river, a man. And just beyond are the camp fires of the party to which he belongs—a party of lumbermen, on their way to the distant lakes above. Well, there is a Providence, I know there is, and to him will I look for protection, though waves of sorrow roll over my head, and rush through my heart.

#### A SABBATH IN THE WILDERNESS.

The stranger, whom Providence sent to my rescue, crossed the river in his canoe, and safely conveyed me to my own camp, where my companions had prepared a roaring fire, and a bountiful supper. On my arrival I was so chilled I could not speak; but a change of clothes, a blazing fire, and a substantial supper soon restored me. I then wrapped myself in my blanket, and raising my eyes and my heart in devout gratitude to heaven for my protection through the fatigues and dangers of the day, I lay down on my bed of cedar boughs, and soon fell asleep. I was, however, too much fatigued to sleep undisturbed. The image of Katahdin, with its precipices and ravines, and its snow storm, of the pathless wilderness, and the conception of desperate struggles to extricate myself from impending danger, haunted me in my slumbers.

In the morning I awoke just as the sun peeped in through the trees. All was bright and beautiful. Not a cloud obscured the sky. The winds were lulled to rest. The voice of the tempest was hushed. All was deep, placid repose. It was like the repose that gathers over the fair features of childhood when the stormy struggle of disease and dissolution is passed, and

"Before decay's effacing fingers  
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers."

It was the holy day of rest—the Sabbath. It was, too, the Sabbath of the year. The equinoctial storm was passed, and mellow autumn, with her variant train, had come over the plains, while winter was sitting crowned with its wreath of snow on the mountain. And soon his breath will fall like a blight on the plains, and he will spread his white winding sheet over the beauty and the bloom of earth.

It was the sweet Sabbath day, and I was left to enjoy it alone; for my companions went to meet the lingering members of the party with provisions. I love sometimes to be alone. I love a solitary ramble in the forest, or by the sequestered lake, or the unfrequented stream. There are times when I love to hear no sounds but those of nature, and to see no

sights but the green grass, and the waving trees, and the bright waters, and the blue sky. Such seasons are to me the Sabbath of the soul—a Sabbath, not the busiest day of the week, devoted, from early morn till late at night, to active exercises, and on which, having to do or to hear so much *talking*, there is no time to *think*, but a Sabbath of rest, of quiet retreat, of holy meditation. Such a Sabbath was that which I spent on that lone isle of beauty, far away in the Penobscot waters. It was one of the happiest and the most profitable I ever spent.

The next morning we made ready for our return home. Fair faces, cheerful hearts, sweet smiles, and merry voices, would greet me on my return to my distant home; but yet I could not without regret leave my little island. It seemed like the home of my childhood. While preparations were making for our departure, I wandered over it, marking each remembered spot, where I had passed the twilight hour, or the Sabbath rest. And when all was ready, and I had stepped into my canoe, I went back to a lovely bower, and said, instinctively, "Good-by!"

Thus it is that the heart clings to every object associated with its joys and its sorrows. Many a year has passed since I saw that lonely isle. And I have seen many a beautiful and many a lovely spot. Yet I still love, and sometimes pine for my lonely little island.

"Still my fancy can discover  
Sunny spots where friends may dwell;  
Darker shadows round me hover,  
Isle of beauty, fare thee well!  
Through the mist that floats above me,  
Faintly sounds the evening bell,  
Like a voice from those that love me,  
Breathing fondly, fare thee well!  
What would I not give to wander  
Where my old companions dwell?  
Absence makes the heart grow warmer:  
Isle of beauty, fare thee well!"

If "an undevout astronomer is mad," no less so is the successful *machinist*, if he do not, by observing the progress of his work, *perceive* that its perfection, all its efficient power, is contingent and essential with its *due proportions*. If one power be allowed to encroach upon and oppress another, that other cannot work, and, by concatenation, hinders, also, its neighbors from working. And the effort is an abortion—nullified for want of the presiding idea of *harmony of parts*—the *well balancing of its character*!

Young persons should always recollect, that wisdom is the inheritance of age; and old men ought equally to remember, that weakness and folly are not the invariable birthright of the young. Alexander the Great was the conqueror of the world at thirty-three, and William Pitt was the prime minister of England at twenty-five.

## BOOKS.

## THEIR INFLUENCE AND PLEASURES.

BY REV. A. STEVENS.

THE family library is one of the peculiarities of our modern civilization. A high-sounding assertion is this, no doubt; but do not blink it; for it is as full of significance as of sound. We boast a good deal of this thing, or congeries of things, called "modern civilization," and very justly, doubtless. We point to the compass, the quadrant, the steam engine, and even the cotton gin—to the habeas corpus, the jury, and the representative assembly. Grand facts, indeed; but what are the compass, the quadrant, the steam engine compared with the art of printing—the art preservative and diffusive of all arts? or what the habeas corpus, the trial by jury, or popular representation compared with the great intellectual provision of modern times, THE PRINTED BOOK, which has come forth in these ages as light did amidst the chaos of the creation—flashing intelligence down into the abysses of the world's mind, and spreading truth, civilization, and joy over its vast fields of ignorance and delusion—multiplying illimitably all great truths and noble thoughts, and bringing home to the hearth of the lowliest cottage the converse of the loftiest minds?

Could men have found the art of printing earlier, they would have had the steam engine and the habeas corpus earlier. Men's minds have the faculties necessary to discover truth, if there is but light reflected from it; but the eye cannot see without light. The art of printing came forth like the fiat of God, "Let there be light: and there was light."

A few hundred years ago a book was an estate. Sages and noblemen preserved a volume in their families, or committed it to public institutions, by solemn mention in their last testaments. The price of a Bible required much of the labor of a peasant's life. Now that greatest of all books (intellectually as well as morally) is the commonest and cheapest of all—it can be had for a few coppers, pennies, or even "without money and without price." Then the more sterling productions of mind were to be found only in public libraries, or, perchance, occasionally in the closet of the nobleman, or the patronized man of study. Now the productions of Moses and Paul, Homer and Virgil, Plato and Cicero, Milton and Shakespeare, Bacon and Locke, can be procured, through a few weeks' economy, by a common mechanic; and on the unplanned shelves of many a western log cabin lie more intellectual treasures than enriched most of the palaces of royalty before the invention of printing. Then the ability to read was a rare skill, almost confined to priests and philosophers; and princes frequently could not write their names. Now the masses of our population can read and write; and there is

more *real* truth taught to the frolicsome urchins in our "district schools" than was known by the great Stagyrte, or the founder of the Academy. Then the idea of the *intellectual life* was unknown, except among the sequestered few of the schools, and in them it was mostly dreary dreaming. Now the taste for books has become almost as common as a natural appetite—the richest fruitage of knowledge drops about us as in an orchard in autumn, and the book market is as determinate an affair as that of corn or clothing.

Printing—the *printed book*, is the symbol and the chief cause of this marvelous improvement. How many influences, what dear delights flow from books! And yet, wonderful as have been their agency in our civilization, we have scarcely begun to apply this agency aright. In our institutions expressly for study we may do so; and the *littérateur*, and occasionally the professional man, may give it a daily and a *definite* regard; but almost everywhere else, and even in professional life, to a great extent, the mental life is but occasional and flickering, an episode, now and then, from the dogged routine of physical existence and pecuniary pursuits. Will not the time come when, by the multiplication of mechanical agencies, men will be so far relieved from physical labor, and have such abundant facilities for subsistence, that a large portion, perhaps the largest portion of their time, can be spared to their moral, intellectual, and social life? That day, if it come at all, may be far distant; but there can be no question that, even now, with all the eager bustle of our lives, we can give a larger place to their intellectual wants and pleasures, and this not only in the more favored spheres of wealth or education, but in the cottage, the log cabin, and the habitation of the toiling mechanic. The domestic library, though it be on a small scale, may be there, and the leisure interval, the winter evening, or the Sabbath rest may be refreshed from it. We may gather our little ones about the crackling hearth, and invite Bunyan to sit down in the circle, and entertain the tranquil hour with his vision of wondrous beauty, or the blind bard of "Paradise" to unvail Eden, hell, and heaven, or the troubadour of the "Fairy Queen" to sing the marvels of knightly adventure, or the bard of Avon (albeit, with courteous restraint) to laugh, weep, or shiver as he describes motley character'd man. The great minds whose thoughts have quickened nations, will obey our invitation, and share with us there, without embarrassing our diffidence, their sublimest conceptions. Travelers will sit down with us, and make the marvels of all lands to pass before us. Historians will unroll to us the records of time, and the sublime scenes of the past, the conflicts of armies and navies, the pageants of courts, the developments of society will unfold like the scenery of a magnificent theatre around our humble hearths. Biographers will tell us of the good and the brave,

who have struggled and suffered for the right, till our hearts gather strength from their deeds, or our eyes overflow at their wrongs. Prophets and apostles will converse with us of heaven and the way thither; and even He that spoke as man never spoke will enter the circle, and utter his beatitudes and divine lessons.

This is not idle poetry. Many an elevated mind finds its chief earthly consolation in this converse of great intellects—many a destitute garret has thus been made, to suffering genius, a sanctuary of intellectual communion, where the old bard of Chios has sung again his undying ballads, Shakespeare unveiled the world, Newton the spheres, Milton the heavens, and Paul has discoursed of "immortality and eternal life"—many a victim of incurable disease has relieved his languishing days with the dear friendship of books, and walked down into the valley and shadow of death surrounded and strengthened by the companionship of the great and the good, who, "though dead, yet live" in their works.

Our first sentence spoke of the *family library*. Assuredly the agency of good books in the domestic circle, as a source both of pleasure and profit, is no unworthy theme for the best pen. With the indulgence of the reader we may refer to it in another number.

#### MINIATURE SKETCHES.

—  
BY W. NIXON.  
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##### LAUREL HILL CEMETERY, PHILADELPHIA.

SURELY death, in a place like this—in so "sweet" a "home"—is deprived of half its external horrors. Beautiful seclusion! How inviting to the weary pilgrim are those guardian trees! How lovely to shelter beneath their shade, and to rest among the verdant grass and blooming flowers! How sweet, too, in life, is the reflection, that, in death, our surviving friends will not be repelled from our place of repose, but may even take pleasure in still partaking, in imagination, of our present society! Christ himself—his "sorrows" over, and his mission closed—was laid in a garden. And whatever different opinions may be entertained about the ease of a Christian's condition, while alive, there can be but one in relation to his remains when his spirit has departed. Why, then, endeavor to increase the gloom of the grave? Why should we supply the funeral, and furnish the charnel-house with all the forbidding and repulsive appendages ingenuity can contrive, or imagination can conceive? or what benefit can arise from aggravating the sorrows of surviving friends? Ought we not, rather, to inquire, how may the living be most pleasingly invited to hold communion with the dead?—be reminded of the termination of their own probation on earth, and, in spirit, continue

that sweet society which shall be perfected only in heaven? The shortest and most impressive reply to this would be to point to the cemetery of Laurel Hill, a minute description of which, however, would require too much space for my present sketch.

Passing the interesting and appropriate group, in sculpture, of Old Mortality, by Thom, and which is placed in a suitable recess within a handsome architectural entrance, the road branches up an easy ascent, in several directions, leading to numerous inclosures among groves of trees, and along the flowery ridge of the Schuylkill. These, from ten to fifty feet square, are surrounded by fancy railings—are laid out with evergreen shrubs, flowering borders, and rustic walks, and are supplied with light and graceful garden chairs, from which, under the solemn shadow of lofty trees, the friends of the departed may view a lovely country along the banks of the river, and meditate upon their former friendships and their future home.

In the centre of the grounds is a neat Gothic chapel, where the service is performed in stormy weather, and scattered over the area, are many beautifully executed monuments, exhibiting the most poetical and Scriptural illusions. It is to be hoped, however, that these may not become too numerous and crowded—one of the great advantages that this place possesses over the celebrated *Pere la Chaise* being, that while the former is a charming rural retirement, the latter is a magnificent church-yard. As a rural retirement—a delightful seclusion—a place of rest from the labors and cares of the world for both the living and the dead, let it continue; and may its cheering, its happy example be universally followed!

#### BLESSED BE THY NAME FOR EVER.

—  
BY REV. T. HARRISON.  
—

"His kingdom ruleth over all."—PSALMS.

—  
God of all created wonder;  
God of countless orbs of light;  
God of rain, and wind, and thunder;  
God of morning, noon, and night;  
Thy great system faileth never,  
All thy works in truth remain;  
Blessed be thy name for ever;  
Blessed be thy glorious reign!

God of valley, plain, and mountain;  
God of garden, field, and wood;  
God of river, stream, and fountain;  
God of all created good;  
Thy great system faileth never,  
All thy works in truth remain;  
Blessed be thy name for ever;  
Blessed be thy glorious reign!

## LITERARY SKETCHES.

BY THE EDITOR.

## THE KNOWING DOCTOR; OR, THE ELOQUENT LITTLE SHADOW OF THE CHIMNEY CORNER.

ON a beautiful evening of midsummer, after the sun had gone so far down, as to render the shade of a few trees refreshing, and just as the soft south-west was breezing up and cooling off every thing, earth, air, and water, a small company of us, four or five in number, issued from the heated inclosures of a country cottage, and walked out into a little grove on the south side of the dwelling. After wandering listlessly about, enjoying the luxury of coolness, and, for the mere lack of employment, plucking off young leaves from the trees and picking them to pieces as we loitered, some one set the precedent of reclining upon the green grass, under cover of a wide-spreading beech, and all soon followed the tempting example.

Never, since the classic days of Tityrus and Melibœus, whose pastoral gossip has been so immortalized by Virgil, was a more idle group gathered to enjoy the freshness of a summer evening. The tyrant of the day had ruled us, as with a rod of red-hot iron. Released from our mid-day tasks, and having nothing in the world to do, or to think of, but how we might best regale our minds and bodies, every thing was abandoned to the course dictated by each one's convenience or pleasure.

In a few moments, one of the company was sound asleep, with his head resting upon a soft tuft of grass for a cushion. Another, remembering how the royal Dane came to his death, sought a more secure way of reposing, and half ensconced himself between two big seams or spurs of a giant tree, with his head reclining against the trunk. The rest of us, who, like the lean Cassius, never have any drowsy hours, sat ruminating on the scenery around us.

The cattle were coming out from their coverts, and following each other down the hill-sides. Flocks of sheep were bleating in the valleys. The birds had ventured from the thickets, and were serenading the fiery old monarch of the heavens, as if to secure his clemency for the morrow. The hum of innumerable insects was wafting nearer and nearer, as the light breeze spread the coolness of the hour from the neighboring forests. Scarcely a word was spoken by any one of us. The wakeful were no doubt busy with their thoughts, but had hardly life enough to reveal them. The sleepers had their dreams; and, as every person seemed to be employed in his own idle business, I, in my turn, was as idly running over in my mind that pastoral of the bard of Mantua, where the two swains recount life's fortunes and misfortunes, reclining at their ease as we were—

*"Sub tegmine fagi."*

"What crash was that?" said the two sleepers  
VOL. VI.—43

with one voice, as they both started from their slumbers.

It was nothing but the downward rush of a mighty tree, which some wood-cutter had been felling.

But we were all now thoroughly roused from our dreams and reveries. Gradually we fell into a brisk conversation. The talk turned chiefly on topics suggested by the noise which had so unceremoniously disturbed us. Another proud giant of the wilderness had fallen! It was emblematic of the work going on in every quarter. The forest is, on all sides, giving way before the advancing footsteps of American industry. Where an eternal shade has brooded since the creation, the light of civilization is now dawning, and the star of our empire is continually moving westward.

"But these were not my thoughts," said one of the sleepers, "roused as I was by the sudden concussion."

"Pray, what were they, Professor, "for we make no doubt you were interrupted in the midst of some very classical dreaming."

"Not exactly so," replied the professional grindstone to other people's genius; "and yet they had some connection, after all, with dreaming."

"Let us hear—let us hear," repeated several voices; "you seldom tell tales out of school; but when you do, they are worth hearing."

The Professor excused himself on the score of fatigue and dullness; and he modestly added, that the train of thoughts suggested was really too lengthy for the occasion: no one would have patience to listen. But the terms between the parties were soon concluded. A treaty of patience was speedily ratified, on condition that the Professor should reserve nothing of what he had been thinking.

"Well then," began the oracle of language, "I was thinking how unmercifully I was once tormented by the daily visitations of a knowing doctor. The falling of that tree reminded me of the circumstances of his story.

"In a small town, in one of the southwestern states, stood, many years ago, a literary institution. I was at that time officiating there as Latin and Greek professor. At a late hour one evening, having just returned, almost exhausted, from a ramble in the country, I was drinking a cup of young hyson in my back parlor. Just as retiring hunger and advancing sleepiness had fully prepared me for a good sound nap—for you see I am fond of napping—I looked up, and lo! there sat a stranger at my fire-side, whose entrance I had not noticed. He sat so motionless, I could hardly tell whether he were a spectre of my sleepy imagination, or a man in reality.

"How do you, Professor," said the phantasm, perceiving himself to be the object of my attention.

"How do you do, sir," replied I, still regarding him with much earnestness.

"There was now a pause, long enough to render his person, and his probable business, the subject of some notice and reflection.

"As the light of a few straggling faggots cast a doubtful glimmer through the room, the stranger, sitting almost directly between me and the fire, became a sort of dark shadow, with its sides partially illuminated, thrown in strong relief against the back of the large fire-place. The outlines of the figure were very visible; but I could discern nothing farther. 'If he is really a man,' thought I, 'he is of small stature; but then small men are generally nervous, and full of motion. Why does not the image move? Perhaps it is the projection of myself, thrown down by some light behind me.' But, no; up to that time my shadow had never addressed me; and, besides, there was really no luminous object in the background. I began to get nervous. I would have given something to see it move, or hear it pronounce another sentence. Like young Hamlet, when he saw his father's ghost, I could not endure the silence; and had almost broken it at random.

"'You are probably not acquainted with me, Professor.'

"'No, sir,' replied I, 'you have the advantage of me in that matter.'

"'I reside a few miles in the country. I am a physician by profession. My name is Scuti, or, as I sometimes spell it, SCUTICUS. Learning that you were professor of the dead languages in the college here, I have come up to hold a little conversation with you on a very particular subject.'

"Whether I nodded assent, or said, 'Well, sir,' or made a more civil answer, I am now uncertain; but one thing is clear, from the moment his first word was uttered, till past twelve o'clock at night, I sat and listened to one of the most wonderful harangues ever made for the bane or benefit of mortals. I have read works of witchcraft and necromancy—have studied astrology, and books on the black art; and when a boy, I had devoured all the tales of oriental magic, and Arabian fiction, and Spanish chivalry; but, in all my life, I was never more completely puzzled.

"The stranger began by gently hinting at the discouraging aspect of the world around us; and, at a stroke, exhibited a wide acquaintance with man and his various achievements. His knowledge of history, both profane and sacred, was remarkable. He passed through science after science, as if he had made each of them his profession. 'Philosophy,' he said, 'is nothing; it is but a mere "*nominis umbra*"—the shadow of a word. It is destined to be something hereafter; but it has now not the first elements of existence. The seven wise men were only dreamers. Socrates was a good example of morality; but he never uttered a syllable of what Plato and Xenophon have ascribed to him. And even if he had, what were those pretenders, and all others like them!

Plato, and Aristotle, and Pythagoras had been abandoned in turn by the moderns; and yet nothing had been substituted in the place of their vagaries. We were now disputing about the elements of psychology, when we ought to have become complete masters of the sublime science of reason.

"'Plato makes the universe a great animal, possessed of a living soul, which his Latin followers denominated the *anima mundi*. Each globe, also, has its soul. The soul of man existed before his appearance in this world; and when we die, we go to make our habitation in the stars. Each of us, after death, is to have his own star as an eternal residence, which the great *Anima Mundi*, or, as Plato sometimes styled him, the One Being, originally produced for this purpose. What a lonesome thought, Professor, what a lonesome thought is that!' ejaculated the Doctor in passing. 'It would be like living in a boundless prairie, with a space of hundreds of millions of miles between yourself and your nearest neighbor!

"'As to Aristotle, he was nothing but a downright infidel. He traces all philosophy to matter, and there leaves it. He says death is the greatest of calamities, because we know of nothing beyond it.

"'Old Pythagoras was a mere visionary. True, to his "exoterie," or outside pupils, he taught arithmetic and geometry; but to those called "esoteric," or inside, nothing but nonsense. His doctrine of the transmigration of human souls, through the different orders of the animal world, is fit only for a poet's brain. And then all his followers have been skeptics. Resolving the whole universe into particles of matter, and giving to those particles nothing but the four qualities of figure, place, magnitude, and motion, no possible chance is left for a belief in spiritual things. God and the soul are mere phantoms; and religion is the pleasure derived from self-gratification. Man is nothing but an animal, having his origin and end in this world; for, as Epicurus, the principal follower of Pythagoras, has remarked, "*When death is, we are not!*"

"'But this is not all,' said the Doctor. 'All philosophy is a tree sprung from these three roots. Bacon, and Locke, and the Scottish philosophers, or rather, miserable sophists, and the entire Anglo-Saxon school, are the representatives of the skeptical Aristotle. The more rational of the Germans, and French, and the greater part of continental Europe, derive better notions and nutriment from Plato. The infidels of every country, such as Sanchet, Huet, Bayle, Bolingbroke, Hume, Gibbon, Voltaire, and D'Alembert, get their sap from Pythagoras. Now, what can the tree be, nourished and supported from these sources! What manner of fruit can it bear for the gratification or growth of human reason! The very apples of Sodom, fair to look at, but full of ashes, were infinitely better.'

"These last words were pronounced with an emphasis not to be mistaken.

"'But, turning from philosophy,' said the eloquent little shadow, 'what more can be said of the natural sciences? Clouded by the superstition of Romanism for more than twelve hundred years, they have just begun to emerge from midnight darkness. Nor Egypt, nor the Cimmerian valley, was ever darker, than was natural science at the opening of the Reformation. And what has since been accomplished? Much is said of Bacon, and Kepler, and Copernicus, and Boyle, and Galileo, and Kenelm Digby, and, last of all, of the illustrious Sir Isaac Newton. But Newton, with as much truth as modesty, has given us the upshot of all their labors, where he represents himself as having spent his life in picking up pebbles from the ocean.

"'For sixty centuries the world has been at work on these topics, and the first principles of science have not been determined. We are yet ignorant of the constituent elements of both mind and matter. The very pebble picked up by Newton was a mystery beyond his comprehension. His admirers have lauded him to the skies for having settled some general principles in reference to the solar system. And yet, what part or particle of that system is not a subject of dispute among these knowing philosophers! The very life and centre of it, the all-glorious sun, is either a ball of fire fed by comets, or a dark world like our own, surrounded by a luminous atmosphere, or something else, the Lord knows what!

"'Light, which reveals every thing, is itself a wonder unrevealed. It may be a particle of fire thrown off by the sun, or an impulse given to an ethereal fluid, which fills all space. Whether electricity and galvanism are material, or only the properties of matter, the learned world has yet to agree upon; and every storm that rises from any point of the heavens, is roused by an impulse, of which the great ones cannot affirm *whence it comes, or whither it goeth*.

"'But there is Christianity. I trust I shall not trench upon your predilections in speaking of that also, Professor.'

"Silence, whether from acquiescence or amazement, gives consent; and the wonderful apparition proceeded.

"'My faith is firm in the Lord Jesus. His Gospel, as we find it in the Scriptures, is pure and blessed. It is the sun of the moral world, from which all light and life is derived to us. But, then, that sun has been obscured by the mists of ignorance and superstition.

"'In the early days of the Church, many of the learned doctors of Pagan philosophy were converted and added to its communion. They brought with them their philosophical speculations. Sofoeism from the east, Gnosticism from the south and west, and the Grecian and Roman philosophies from every quarter, passed into the Church and corrupted it.

The Bible, the great book of God, was overwhelmed with the innovations of human reason. Christianity, the tree of life, was successively stript of its leaves and branches; and into the mutilated trunk was afterward ingrafted the fatal scions of error and superstition, on whose death-giving fruit the world has since been feeding!

"'I say the world, Professor, because so little of it has as yet received the better doctrines of the Reformation; and yet such is the downward tendency, the natural proclivity of our race, in every thing good and gracious, that at this time the Reformation itself needs reforming.

"'Should I speak of any thing I may dislike in your own denomination, you might regard me as too personal. The world has said evil enough of you, nine-tenths of which I know to be as ungenerous as it is unfair. Nor do I undertake to compliment you; your works must be the sole monument of your renown. That monument may stand, long after your traducers are forgotten in their graves.

"'But what, as a whole, is the condition of the Protestant world? Are you not, if not quarreling, at least contending with yourselves? And are not the creeds and confessions of many of the existing sects full to the brim of the dogmatical nonsense of the middle ages? Take the doctrine of decrees for an illustration. Calvin derived it from the *civitas Dei* of old Augustine. Augustine borrowed it from the Roman philosophers. The philosophers found it in the foolish though classical legend about the Three Sisters, who, with wheel and distaff, were said to have spun out the threads of destiny to both gods and men.

"'Look where you will, examine what you will, and the most gloomy and discouraging aspect surrounds you on every side. There is left but a single ray of hope to this sinful and benighted world. That ray proceeds from God by revelation; and it is the duty and eternal interest of every man, to open his heart and let it in. Should this be the case, my confidence in the ultimate regeneration and glory of mankind would be strong; and, with some reason and propriety might we adopt, in advance, the hopeful presentiment, "*Great is truth, and it shall prevail!*"'

"'Here, at about ten of the clock, the mysterious spectre made a pause in his oration. When he began it, I looked upon him from mere curiosity. Curiosity soon changed to wonder; and from that time on, my mind had been vibrating between admiration and amazement. But I ought to remark, gentlemen," continued the Professor, as he was narrating the story, "that I have given you the most meagre outline of the eloquence displayed on that occasion. It would be impossible to reduce to the space of a few minutes, as I am attempting to do, the volumes of history, philosophy, science, literature, and, I may say, revelation, which fell from the lips of my

strange visitor. He seemed to be a perfect reservoir of knowledge, and it poured from his mouth as if it had been water. His voice was low and musical, very much like the gentle flute-stop in an organ; but occasionally, when some bold conception required more power of utterance, it would swell out to a full diapason. For three whole hours I had been sitting, without motion, completely enraptured with his eloquence, at least when my flesh did not crawl under the apprehension that I might be actually conversing with a spirit. 'If he is a man,' said I to myself, more than twenty times, 'he is the most learned and wonderful man living.'

"Who could have thought otherwise?" said the second sleeper, as the first paused a moment to get himself into an easier position.

"Had you never heard of him before?" said the friend next to me, who had scarcely closed his mouth from the beginning.

"Never," said the Professor; "he came as suddenly upon me, as if he had dropped from a passing comet."

"Was his language entirely American, or did his speech betray him a foreigner of great parts and education?" This question was put by the only fat, sleek-haired Anthony in our company.

"All I can now say of his language is, that it seemed to be the refined essence of all language. So far as I could tell, with such astonishing fluency did he speak, he might have been the author of half the dialects on earth. I never was so perfectly enchanted. When he made his first pause, I thought my elbows had grown fast to the table.

"But, gentlemen," added the Professor, "the evening is growing late, and I think we would do well to adjourn the remainder of this narrative."

"The treaty, the treaty!" ejaculated four voices at a stroke. "You were to reserve nothing; and if you keep back a syllable, you will have an alliance of four powers to battle with."

"Besides," said Sir Anthony, "I have been striving in every way to divine what possible connection all this can have with the falling of that oak, or poplar."

"You are a better critic, Sir Anthony," replied the linguist, "than your classical namesake, but not so prudent. You will gain nothing by pressing this particular criticism. Bubbles will not bear touching."

"Let them break, then," said the fat gentleman. "It is a great part of my business to break bubbles and boiled puddings."

"Perhaps you can break this one without my assistance. Who do you think was this personage?"

"There can be no great risk in supposing, in a general way, that he might be some European refugee, some lord or scholar, who, finding no peace at home, had sought an asylum in the Hesperia of

modern times. I should think him a man of great genius," added Sir Anthony.

All nodded assent to the sagacious observation of their corpulent brother.

"Well, gentlemen," remarked the man of words and sentences, and sometimes of a little fun also, "I am sorry to do any thing to make you proud of your penetration. But I have promised to reserve nothing. I have been telling you the story of a ranting maniac, who, several years ago, traversed the western wilderness, dealing out his delusions through every part of the country."

"Was not that bell for supper?" said the critic, inquiringly.

"Very likely," rejoined the Professor, "but you recollect the treaty. Besides, gentlemen, you must not feel too proud of your sagacity, not enough to render you in the slightest degree uneasy. The fact is, you have not been half so much deceived as I was. And a word or two more will finish my little story.

"This Scuti, this philosopher, this magical know-all, was nothing but a little dried up country doctor, who, in the want of practice, had taken to reading works of every possible description. His mind, having been once deranged by the delirium of a western fever, had never recovered its natural balance. His memory, as is that of most insane persons, was really astonishing. His eyes projected, almost to disfiguration, from their sockets, evincing the most wonderful powers of language; and in this respect he was the most remarkable man, I have always thought, either dead or living. He could skim the surface of as much learning in a three hours' talk, as would have amazed a senate, or a sanhedrim. His mania consisted in a firm persuasion, which had grown up gradually from a very small beginning, that he was to be a great restorer of the past, and a revealer of the future. He steadily maintained, that he was a Jew by descent, his family having been originally among the tribes settled in western Scythia; and to this circumstance, he said, he was indebted for his cognomen. More than that, he was of the house royal; and he made a great parade of historical knowledge, in tracing back his lineage to the ancient kings of Judea.

"For this latter fact he quoted the authority of his father, who, in the absence of his eldest son, had communicated the darling secret to a sister. The proof of it was a flesh-mark of a great lion on his body; and it was by this same figure of a lion that the genealogy was followed back to the days of the captivity, and even farther.

"But his own experience, he said, furnished a still stronger testimony. This consisted of numerous dreams and visions. At one time he was walking across a large forest. The trees bowed to him as he passed; and then fell prostrate to the earth, in all the wildness of sad and sudden ruin. At the farther

side of the forest stood a temple, gorgeous, and something after the pattern of King Solomon's. On reaching it, the gates and doors flew open without assistance. Wherever he roamed through the long galleries and chambers, secret doors, apparently never before opened, would fly back against the wall, as if pressed by some sudden impulse. In one large room, fitted up like a library, were seven immense folio books lying upon a long table. Each book was sealed with seven powerful seals. As he approached, the seals snapped, the books opened, and seven voices from the seven books spake to him of things which he was not now allowed to utter. As he was about to retire, the books closed again; and a strong voice, from a cherub carved or embossed on the wall, commanded him to take the books home with him, and power should be given him to open their seven seals. On attempting to raise the first book, he found his strength insufficient; and then the cherub came down from the wall, and handed him the seven books, whereupon they became as light in his hand as so many feathers.

"On returning through the place of the forest, he was commanded by a voice, as from the first seal of the first book, to plant a small twig in the centre of the field. The twig instantly became a tree, and grew up to such extraordinary dimensions, that it seemed to cover with its branches the whole world.

"You will see, then, Sir Anthony, the connection between my story and the falling of that mighty tree, which just resounded over hill and valley. But to repeat all his visions, his dreams, his ecstasies, his inspirations, his flights and ascensions, his airy travels through the trackless paths of imagination and fancy, would rouse the old mystics from their graveyard slumbers, and eclipse the Arabian prophet himself of his glory. I have read the works of Pinel, and Worcester, and Bichot, and Dr. Upham, on mania; but not one of these great writers has given account of a more extraordinary case of monomania, than that of the eloquent little shadow of the chimney corner.

"But I had almost forgotten to tell you the singular termination of my acquaintance with this gentleman. One evening, a little before twelve, and just as he was winding himself up for another two hours' run, he again alluded, perhaps for the thirtieth time, to the miraculous evidences of his mission. Having studied him pretty thoroughly, and learned all I expected to of his malady, with much sincerity I told him, that, on one condition, I was ready to become his disciple, and we would turn the world after us, and rout the Mormons from Nauvoo. All I desired was, that he would engage to bring me a few of those big books, which the cherub gave him in the temple; and, as an immediate demonstration of his calling, I would be glad to see the mark of the big lion on his body. The first would be particularly

gratifying to my antiquarian notions, and the second would keep my faith warm till his return.

"'It is getting late,' said the spectre, as he glided toward the doorway; and from the moment he bade me a good evening—though the evening was entirely gone—I never saw him more. But no character is better known in the west; and the smile of recollection would play upon many a countenance, could his picture be hung up in all the public places through our extensive valley."

Such was the story of the worthy Professor. We all presented him our thanks for the instruction and entertainment it had afforded us. He assured us all that it contained not a particle of fiction. We saw in it, therefore, the condition to which one erroneous conception may reduce its possessor. One of the company passionately affirmed, that it was more or less the condition of all narrow men; and that he would spurn to be the devotee of any one idea, if it were as big as Mount Taurus. The mind evidently needs the exercise of various action; and the most wide and liberal expansion of our mental faculties, is the surest safeguard to its sanity.

But a very different moral was drawn by Sir Anthony, who, as we were returning to the cottage, and as if to make amends for his late discomfiture, very sagely remarked, that, in the flippant, gaudy, superficial learning of modern times, he had himself seen more than one KNOWING DOCTOR.

## LABOR CONQUERS ALL THINGS.

SIR WILLIAM JONES, by patient study, became the greatest linguist of his times. He could read twenty-eight languages; and some of them were among the most difficult in the world. Unlike the "learned blacksmith" of our day, he could not only read these languages, but, in several of them, his proficiency was unrivaled by the most learned of those who spoke them as their vernacular tongues. The following is the list of languages with which he was familiar, left us in his own hand: English, Latin, French, Italian, Greek, Arabic, Persian, Sanscrit, Spanish, Portuguese, German, Runic, Hebrew, Bengali, Hindi, Turkish, Tibetan, Pali, Deri, Pahlia, Russian, Syriac, Ethiopic, Coptic, Welsh, Swedish, Dutch, and Chinese. It should be remembered, too, that, during the greater part of his life, he was principal justice of one of the largest provinces of the British empire, to whom more than fifty millions of beings were daily looking for a faithful administration of the laws. How truly was it said, that labor conquers all things!

It is a fine saying of Lord Coke, that every man who is successful in his profession is under an obligation to benefit society. If this precept were faithfully observed, what a world we should soon have!



## THE EARTH—AS A PLANET.

BY PROFESSOR WATERMAN.

MR. EDITOR,—The heat of the summer months, and absence for a time from the scene of my regular duties, must be my apology to the fair readers of the Repository, for the irregularity of appearance of the late numbers of this series. These obstacles no longer existing, I trust to be more punctual hereafter. Before, however, entering upon the main subject of the present number, permit me to correct an error in the number for July—an error the result of frequent interruptions while writing. It is found near the top of the second column, page 214, in the illustration drawn from a person riding. The sentence reads thus: "If a person riding along a road, should select any object close by, to which he should make reference, all objects around it would appear in motion, those *beyond* moving in a direction *opposite* to his own," &c. The matter of fact is, that the objects *beyond* would appear moving in the *same* direction, and not in a *contrary* one. The error, though one of fact, does not materially vitiate the illustration in the case applied. It is best, however, to correct it, even if it be late. We now proceed.

THE EARTH, and every thing connected with it, is peculiarly interesting to us; because it is our *home*. We may speculate and investigate as much as we please in regard to other worlds. But they are still intangible. We may be convinced that they are composed of matter—obedient to the same general laws which govern the same species of created existence here. We may measure and weigh them. We may ascertain the altitude of their mountains, and the brilliancy of their noon-day—the length of their twilight, and the variety of their seasons; yet, after all, the mind feels not that *confidence* in all these results that it does in those which are reached more strictly by the senses. It is different when we speak of the Earth. With its rocks, its rivers, its oceans, its mountains, we are familiar by direct contact. If any fact is alledged in regard to their existence, sight and touch stand ready in an instant to verify, or prove it false. And yet there is danger of our falling into very great errors in regard to the Earth itself: not so much, perhaps, when viewed alone, as when viewed in its relations to other worlds. Our earliest ideas concerning it relate to its *stability*. We see the sun arise and set. The glorious sisterhood of the midnight sky follow his example. In summer the sun marches boldly toward the zenith, and sends forth his rays with a giant's strength. In winter he keeps near the horizon, as if his courage had forsaken him; and his sickly beams make but little impression upon the glittering palace of the Frost King. Such are our first and strongest impressions. And it takes long and weary hours of abstraction before we can unsettle these ideas of

sense, and *feel* that we have been deceived; that that which we regarded as ever at rest, giving forth its orders to the innumerable yet obedient coursers of the sky, was in reality wheeling like them in space, and as a servant obeying the orders of that sun which we deemed a subordinate to itself! Such ideas, it is true, are taught us at the outset of our geographical studies. But all subsequent research seems to contradict these unwelcome truths. And even if we do receive them intellectually, sense and reason ever afterward maintain an unequal conflict in regard to their right to a habitation in the mind. To so great an extent is this true, that even when the assent of the understanding is reluctantly obtained, the thoughts seem still to centre upon previously received error. In what remains, I must ask my fair readers to endeavor, at least for the time being, to *feel* that the Earth is no longer what the senses have always taught them it was—stationary; but, *unsustained* by foundation or pillars, it is really floating in empty space, like a bubble in the air.

The ancients held some very singular and curious ideas in relation to the Earth. They supposed that its surface was a vast plain, longer in one direction than it was in the other. Hence the early geographers applied the term longitude, or *length*, to the east and west direction, and latitude, or *width*, to the north and south—the distance east and west being supposed greater than that north and south. The theory of Cosmas Indicopleustes was based upon this general idea, which his own imagination embellished at pleasure. The following outline of it I extract from a recent writer on astronomy: "This theorist maintained that the Earth was an immense plain, surrounded by an impassable ocean. A conical mountain was supposed to be situated toward the north, and the sun and stars to perform their diurnal revolutions round it, the sun having an oblique motion. By this wild conjecture he explained the unequal length of day and night, and the variation of the seasons; and accounted for the motions of the heavenly bodies, by the assertion that they are carried round in their courses by celestial spirits."

The theory of Ptolemy was perhaps more philosophical, but much more intricate and difficult of comprehension, and as far removed from truth. This theory, which, from the name of its principal expounder, was called the Ptolemaic theory, is at once so singular and so unwieldy, and withal such a perfect curiosity, that I shall be pardoned for introducing the following somewhat lengthy account of it from the pen of the philosopher and astronomer, Dr. Dick. Says he: "Most of the ancient astronomers supposed that the Earth was a quiescent body in the centre of the universe, and that the planets revolved around it in so many different heavens, which were nearly concentric, and raised one above another in a certain order. The first or lowest sphere was the *moon*, then *Mercury*, and next in order, *Venus*, the

sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and then the sphere of the fixed stars. They found it no easy matter to reconcile the daily motion, which carries the stars from east to west, with another peculiar and slow motion, which carries them round the poles of the ecliptic, and from west to east, in the period of 25,000 years; and, at the same time, with a third motion, which carries them along from east to west in a year, around the poles of the ecliptic. They were no less at a loss how to reconcile the *annual* and *daily* motions of the sun, which are directly contrary to each other. An additional difficulty was found in the particular course pursued by each individual planet. It required no little ingenuity to invent celestial machinery to account for all the variety of motions which appeared among the heavenly orbs. After the first *mobiles*, or powers of motion, they placed some very large heavens of solid crystal, which, by rolling one over another, and by a mutual and violent clashing, communicated to each other the universal motion received from the *primum mobile*, or first mover; while, by a contrary motion, they resisted this general impression, and, by degrees, carried away, each after its own manner, the planet for the service of which it was designed. These heavens were conceived to be *solid*; otherwise, the upper ones could have had no influence on the lower to make them perform their daily motion; and they behoved to be of the *finest crystal*, because the light of the stars could not otherwise penetrate the thickness of these arches applied one over another, nor reach our eyes. Above the sphere of the fixed stars were placed the first and second crystalline heavens, and above these the *primum mobile*, which carried round all the subordinate spheres. They imagined that the *primum mobile* was circumscribed by the empyreal heaven, of a cubic form, which they supposed to be the blessed abode of departed souls. Some astronomers were contented with seven or eight different spheres; while others imagined no less than seventy of them wrapped up one within another, and all in separate motions. They no sooner discovered some new motion or effect, formerly unknown, than they immediately set to work and patched up a new sphere, giving it such motions and directions as were deemed requisite. Cycles, epicycles, deferents, centric and eccentric circles, solid spheres, and other celestial machinery, were all employed to solve the intricate motions of the heavens, which seemed to baffle all the efforts of human ingenuity. \* \* It would be no easy task to describe how their epicycles could be made to move through the thick crusts of crystal of which their spheres were made. They, however, found some means or other to extricate themselves from every difficulty, as they always had recourse to geometrical lines, which never found any obstacle to their passage on paper. To make all the pieces of their machinery move with as much smoothness and

as little inconsistency as possible, they were forced to delineate certain furrows, or to notch on the arches certain grooves, in which they jointed and made the tenons and mortises of their epicycles to slide."\*

Such was the complicated and absurd system which, with little variation, held the world spell-bound till the days of Copernicus. He first broached the idea that the Earth was itself a sphere, and the sun the fixed centre around which it revolved. The apparent revolution of the stars led him to the former conclusion—a conclusion which the varying elevation of the poles in different latitudes, and the circumnavigation of the Earth fully confirm. The facts stated in a former number, in relation to the sun and planets, confirmed his mind in the latter conclusion.

Considered as a planet, the Earth revolves around the sun in an elliptic orbit, at a mean distance from the sun of 95,000,000 miles. The eccentricity amounts to 1,618,000 miles; consequently, the Earth is twice that distance, or 3,236,000 miles nearer the sun in one part of its orbit than at its opposite point. One singular fact meets us here. This eccentricity is continually diminishing, or, in other words, the Earth's orbit is becoming more and more nearly circular! Why is this? and what will be the ultimate result? These are extremely interesting questions. But the pages of the Repository are unsuited to investigations, such as would be necessary to their solution. *Results* are all we can offer. It has been ascertained, then, that the eccentricity will go on diminishing until it is reduced to nothing, when the orbit will become perfectly circular. A reverse movement will then commence, and progress until the eccentricity reaches its maximum point, whence it will again return to zero. Thus a slow but constant oscillation is going on. And the sun is either approaching or receding from the centre of the orbit continually. Vast periods of time are required to complete a single oscillation. For this great discovery the world is indebted to the immortal La Place—a man whose giant mind seemed perfectly familiar with the mechanism of the heavens. By the aid of analysis he discovered that such *must be* the fact, if the theory of gravitation proposed by Newton were true.

The Earth's mean rate in its orbit is about 68,000 miles per hour. Its velocity, however, varies in different parts of the orbit. In January it amounts to 69,600 miles per hour; while in July it is only 66,400. The reason of this is to be found in the fact, that at the former time, the Earth is at its perihelion, or nearest approach to the sun; and, consequently, the sun's attractive influence being greater, causes an acceleration of motion. A very simple experiment will illustrate the operation of this cause. If you attach a button to the end of a piece of thread, and then swing it in the air, permitting the thread

\* *Scenery of the Heavens*, pages 45, 46.

to wind around the fore-finger, the circular velocity of the button will rapidly increase as the cord shortens, and this without any additional motion of the finger. In July the Earth, being in its aphelion, or greatest remove from the sun, feels less of the sun's influence; and that influence being exerted to counteract the impetus acquired while approaching him, causes a general retardation of the Earth's velocity.

The Earth's orbit, which, in linear extent, is about 596,000,000 miles, is divided into twelve parts, called signs, or in the poetic language of the ancients, "houses of the sun." It was more generally called by them *the zodiac*—a name which it still, to some extent, retains. Their method of ascertaining the points of division is interesting. They employed two large vessels, one situated above the other, and furnished with a conducting pipe connecting it with the lower. The upper vessel was filled with water. Immediately upon the appearance of a certain star above the horizon, the conducting pipe was opened, and the water permitted to escape from the upper to the lower vessel. This was continued until the same star again appeared above the horizon, when the pipe was closed. The water of the under vessel was then accurately measured, and poured back into the upper one, and two smaller vessels prepared, each capable of containing one-twelfth of the whole. When the star again appeared, the conducting pipe was opened, and the water permitted to escape into the smaller one. When filled, the other was substituted, and the star *then* in the horizon accurately noticed. This process was continued till six of the signs were marked out and named. For the remaining six they were obliged to wait until a different season of the year brought the opposite part of the nocturnal heavens into view.

The size and form of the Earth has been ascertained by actual measurement. Its form is nearly globular, being somewhat flattened at the poles. The curious reader may ask *how* this has been ascertained. There are two principal methods which will be here explained. The Earth revolves on its axis once in twenty-four hours. Its circumference being about 25,000 miles, the equatorial parts must move at the rate of little more than a thousand miles per hour. By this rapid motion a force is generated, called the centrifugal, or *centre-flying* force, which, to a certain extent, opposes the force of gravity, or that power which causes all bodies to tend to the centre of the Earth. If the Earth were in a perfectly fluid state, the influence of this centrifugal power would be to cause a protuberant band or ring of matter in the equatorial regions, which must be supplied from the polar. This would cause a flattening of those parts, and consequently bring them by so much nearer to the centre of the Earth. Now, although the Earth is not fluid, yet the same force operating upon a solid, would produce a similar

effect, varying only in degree. Herschel, Newton, Huygens, and other eminent philosophers, not only discovered that such *must* be the fact, but even went so far as to calculate the amount of protuberance at the equator and oblateness at the poles. Their calculations were based upon the known laws of matter, acted upon by such forces as above-named. It was evident, that if the difference which they alledged existed between the equatorial and polar diameters really did exist, that it must affect the length of a degree on the Earth's surface at different parts. To ascertain the facts in the case, different nations have, at different times, caused accurate measurement to be made of the length of a degree within their confines. And, although it may savor rather too much of the school-room, or the astronomer's study, for parlor reading, I must beg leave to introduce the following table of results of these various measurements, as compiled by Professor Airy, of the Royal Observatory, London. The countries, latitudes, and length of a degree in feet, are here given:

Sweden, . . . . .	66° 20' 10"	365,789
Rumia, . . . . .	58° 17' 37"	365,368
England, . . . . .	53° 35' 45"	364,971
France, . . . . .	46° 52' 2"	364,535
Rome, . . . . .	42° 59'	364,262
United States, . . . . .	39° 15'	363,786
India, . . . . .	16° 8' 25"	363,044
India, . . . . .	12° 32' 21"	363,013
Peru, . . . . .	1° 31'	362,808

Here, it will be seen, as we recede from the equator, the length of a degree sensibly decreases. This could not be the case unless the Earth was *flattened*, to some extent, toward the polar regions. By calculations based upon the above, the equatorial diameter was found to be 7,925,648 miles, while the polar was only 7,899,170, making a difference between the two of 26,478 miles. I have stated these things thus minutely, because they are beyond the reach of many, not being found in our ordinary text-books on astronomy, save in the form of results. It may here be proper to state, that the results above obtained coincide *very nearly* with what Herschel and others previously determined by simple calculation based upon the known laws of revolving bodies.

Another and most beautiful method of confirming their calculations, was called forth by the following incident: A Frenchman by the name of Richer, traveling in the vicinity of the equator, found his clock no longer kept accurate time, but was continually losing. In order to remedy this, while on the island of Cayenne, he was obliged to shorten his pendulum. Some years afterward two French gentlemen, Messrs. Deshayes and Varin, were sent out by their government to make astronomical observations near the equator. Among other important results of their appointment, was the discovery that the pendulum at Cayenne made 148 vibrations less in a day than it did at Paris, and that, as a consequence, their clock lost two minutes and twenty-eight seconds in the twenty-four hours. They were obliged to shorten their pendulum about one-fourth

of an inch to remedy this difficulty. A word of explanation may here be necessary. The oscillations of the pendulum are performed under the influence of gravitation. With a given length of pendulum, the nearer the centre of the Earth the more rapid the oscillations, and vice versa. But at any given place, the time of a vibration depends upon the length of the pendulum. If, for instance, there be three pendulums whose length are as one, four, and nine respectively, the oscillations of the second will require twice the time of the first, and the third three times. When, therefore, these gentlemen found it necessary to shorten their pendulum, the irresistible conclusion was, that they were further removed from the centre of gravity at Cayenne than at Paris, or, in other words, that the Earth was *thicker* in one part than in another. A new series of experiments were instituted in order to ascertain the amount of variation. In the "Memoirs of the Royal Astronomical Society," are found the results of observations in seventy-nine different latitudes. These most strikingly coincide, in the general truth elicited, with the results of the measurement of degrees given above, and most conclusively prove that the Earth is an oblate spheroid, protuberant at the equator, and flattened at the poles. There is one other very singular fact connected with this part of the subject which I cannot omit, as it shows how often truth is discovered, as it were, by accident. By the table of measurements given above, the polar diameter of the Earth is to the equatorial nearly as 299 to 300. The fact to which I allude is thus stated by Gummere: "A homogeneous fluid of the same mean density with the Earth, and revolving on its axis in the same time that the Earth does, would be in equilibrium, if it had the figure of an oblate spheroid, of which the axis was to the equatorial diameter as 229 to 230. If the fluid mass, supposed to revolve on its axis, be not homogeneous, but be composed of strata that increase in density toward the centre, the solid of equilibrium will still be an elliptic spheroid, but of less oblateness than if it were homogeneous. Hence, as the ellipticity of the Earth is less than 1-230, being about 1-300, it is evident, that if the Earth is a spheroid of equilibrium, it is denser toward the interior."

Here was a new field for observation and experiment. The conclusion reached from investigation instituted is, that the mean density of mountains on the surface, is, to the mean density of the Earth, as 5 is to 9. Here, then, we are, as if by accident, introduced to the fact that the density of the Earth increases toward the centre—a fact which a variety of subsequent experiments and observations fully corroborate.

It was my intention to have alluded to some of the astronomical phenomena connected with the seasons. But the length already of this article forbids a further encroachment upon the reader's patience. I will, therefore, conclude by simply remarking how

VOL. VI.—44

much of the wisdom of the Infinite Mind do all these nice adjustings of antagonistic powers display. Well may the proud, ambitious spirit of man be humbled into the very dust, as he beholds these wondrous exhibitions of wisdom and power. If the discovery of them afford so much real enjoyment in this life, what must be the *intellectual* happiness of that mind which is permitted to spend an eternity in discoveries of the greatness, wisdom, and goodness of the almighty Architect, as displayed in every department of the physical universe! Nothing short of ETERNITY will suffice to reveal the whole. Who, then, would not be a Christian!

## MIND AND SCIENCE.

—  
BY PROFESSOR E. W. MERRILL.  
—

FROM the days the blind old man of Chios' rocky isle tuned the lyre of war, and embodied in his immortal verse the history, philosophy, and literature of his time, the march of the human mind, in science and knowledge, has been onward. It has developed new and untried resources for the display of its energies and capabilities. True, there was a period when its splendor seemed to grow dim, and its waning glory to have well nigh departed. Though the murky clouds of a thousand years settled down upon the intellectual grandeur of the human mind, there was power enough left to clear its horizon, and succeed the darkness that had enveloped it with a greater degree of light and glory. Since that period, its progress, though unsteady—occasionally flashing forth like the blaze of a comet—has been rapidly advancing. The heavens and the earth have contributed to its wealth; the sea has not kept back its stores to increase the funds and enrich the treasures of the human mind.

And such is its nature that it has no resting-place. Its powers are ever expanding, developing new beauties and excellences, and increasing in splendor, like the rising sun, whose dawning rays but faintly illumine the outlines of the globe, advancing in its course till it pours its meridian beams, not only upon every hill top, but into every valley; or, it is like that same mighty luminary in its downward course, receding from its noonday glory, till its golden effulgence is gradually swallowed up in the shades of night. The development of intellect is a matter of individual as well as national interest. The laws and the means by which the powers of the human mind are revealed and brought to bear in their influence upon society, is a subject of interest to every lover of science and literature.

As he is the only being endowed with both soul and a material body, man may be considered the central point where unite the world of mind and the world of matter; and hence it is that his education

is two-fold—that of an intellectual and that of a physical being, united in the same mysterious organization. But inasmuch as the mind lives when the body ceases to exist, ay, infinite in its duration, it follows, as a matter of course, that the development of its powers, or, in a word, its education is of vastly more importance than that of the body. We might stop to inquire, what is the human mind? but we are baffled in the investigation. It fails to explain itself; philosophy is unable to fathom its mysteries, and we can give only the vague and unsatisfactory answer, that it is a thinking, reasoning, immaterial, and immortal principle. Though comparatively impotent and ignorant as we are for the investigation of mind, we know enough of its nature and duration to convince us that its cultivation and improvement—the disclosing its innate energies—are paramount to every other pursuit that can engage the attention of man: doubly so, if its discipline, commenced here, is to progress through the ceaseless ages of eternity.

As words are the signs of ideas, we may consider them the elements or instruments in the hands of the man of letters by which, in their immensely varied forms, he presents us the grand conceptions of an investigating mind. These words, as they stand arrayed in the dictionary of the most profound genius, are as dull and lifeless as the cold marble in the room of the sculptor; but as he takes them from his lexicon, and transfers them to his paper, arranged into sentences, what importance does he attach to their meaning! They then speak an intelligible language, breathing an inspiration into the soul of others. They indeed represent “thoughts that breathe,” and become “words that burn.” At one time they reveal the sublime laws of nature, the profound mysteries of philosophy, unravel the intricacies of science, or portray the poet’s fairest imagery. In skillful hands they take us to the centre of the earth, and explain the laws of attraction, and then away to the interior of the sun, and mark out our course around that mighty luminary. Again, they cause the smoldering ruins of antiquity to rise up in mournful grandeur before us. Now the elements are at war, the ocean heaves and swells, its mountain waves dash in terrific majesty upon its rock-bound coast. Again, they paint the beautiful hues of the lily, the fine tints of the rainbow, and the gilding of the landscape by the golden rays of the setting sun. They speak in every tone, “from the thunderings of the warlike muse to the melting accents of the lyre.”

When we speak of the human mind in regard to its development and progress, it should not be abstractly considered, but as the grand rallying point of science, without which it would be as impotent as an Alexander or Cæsar to make conquests without armies. Science, then, with the mind for its commander, has rendered the very elements subservient

to the use of man. It has penetrated into every secret nook of the great laboratory of Nature, culling her treasures, and disposing them at its will—reigning triumphantly as Nature’s lawful sovereign mistress. It has disposed every vegetable in regular order, from the spire of grass that we tread beneath our feet to the gigantic banian of India. The mineral kingdom, too, it has arranged in beautiful regularity, from the gem that sparkles in the socket of the lady’s ring to those rock-ribbed piles whose cloud-capped summits are lost to the naked eye.

The whole animal creation, from the animalcule that constitutes one of the thousand inhabitants of a drop of water to the huge mammoth that once roamed over the desert, has bowed to the mild sceptre of Science, and acknowledged her conqueror. Superstition and ignorance, magnified by mystery, like the sun in the fogs of the morning, once viewed the volcano either as a vast expiatory altar sending up its spiral incense to imperial Jove, or an immensely blazing furnace, at which the outcast, limping Vulcan was doomed to manufacture those thunderbolts by which mankind were taught their accountability to a red-hot agency. Modern science has explained those sublime phenomena of nature, and shown that they are the safety-valves of this mundane sphere, through which are discharged those internal vapors that might otherwise find vent in regions more fearfully exposed. Indeed, science ranges through all nature, and having traced through nature up to nature’s God, there stands its votary by the eternal throne, and sends out his enraptured gaze over a conquered universe. He glows as he contemplates; and while his soul grows big with emotion, from his trembling lips bursts forth the hallowed exclamation, “Thou, O God, hast created all; thy wisdom planned, and thy goodness perfected!”

Romulus Silvius, of classic story, was wise enough to order his soldiers to strike their spears upon their shields, to produce an imitation of the thunder of Olympius; but of the phenomena of the real thunder and lightning of the heavens he knew as little as a Choctaw of a printing press. What floods of light and glory has modern science thrown upon that grand artillery of the skies! Why does the rude savage spend his life in wandering over the desert with his bow and tomahawk? He stands on the mountain’s brow and glances his eagle eye over his wide-spread hunting grounds—views the beauty and loveliness of nature beneath and around him—listens to the babbling rivulet, or the cataract’s roar: the sweet notes of the feathered choir fall upon his ear, while the gentle zephyr regales him with the perfumes of the forest; but, alas! poor unlettered man, there he stands with stoical indifference—no emotions of the sublime fire his soul and elevate his thoughts—he admires not, and is not led to adore. Why such insensibility to the beauty, grandeur, and

goodness of omnipotent Wisdom? Pope has answered in a single line:

"His soul proud science never taught to stray."

Though science is unfolding its sublime realities, pouring its radiant glory upon the human mind, and opening its rainbow beauties to our mental vision, it should not supersede moral and religious truth. Knowledge should be the shrine of morality and religion, hallowed and sanctified by their divine influence. They prepare the mind for the reception of natural truth. Let, then, the heart be cultivated, and the mind increase in goodness, as it gains in knowledge and influence.

Let I weary the reader, some reflections upon literature and mental cultivation shall be reserved for another number.

#### RANDOM THOUGHTS.

To me this world has been a world of sorrow and much disappointment. From my earliest recollections I have felt the keen pangs of disappointed hopes; and none but those who have endured almost continual sorrow, with only here and there a glorious respite, can tell the blighting power it has upon the young and ardent soul. Scarcely a score of summers and winters, with their usual breathings, have passed over me, yet I feel old and sad, and it is only when the power of religion sweeps over my heart, and leaves its immortal impress there, that my sadness entirely departs, and holy joys spring up within me. O, dark as our world is, and terrible as its trials may be, there is, in the religion of Jesus, "a balm for every wound, and a cordial for every fear."

Never shall I forget the hour in which my Savior calmed the troubled waves of my soul's Galilee. For many a long, weary month had the Spirit of God striven with a rebellious heart—a heart that sought not the mild control of a Savior's love—ere it yielded. So wicked had I become, that a fearful dread of the soul-ruining wrath of almighty God, and the impression that the Spirit was making its last struggles with my heart, were almost the sole cause that brought me to the altar of prayer. The memory of the week during which, night after night, I was at the "mourners' bench," still rests upon my mind with a horrible distinctness. Verily, the "pains of hell" had gotten hold upon me. No rest visited me by day, and at night terrible dreams tortured my poor heart. After the severest struggle, and untold agony, I gave up all as lost, and dark despair began to shroud my poor soul in its deepest gloom. I saw, as I supposed, my sun of hope set for ever; but just as I was lanching upon the ocean of remorse, and had felt its first awful billow roll over me, hope's ever burning star threw a pale, trembling light athwart the troubled deep, and *I sank not*. A minister of God (whose name my heart shall ever cherish) took me by

the hand, and led me from the place where I was sitting, to a group of my young companions, who had just been made free, and were rejoicing in their first love. Among them I knelt—their arms pressed my neck. A goodly number of the Church, who had tarried to rejoice with the newly-converted, (for the congregation had been dismissed,) gathered around me. One old, sanctified servant of God, who lived upon the very confines of heaven, knelt at my back. The minister kneeled upon the altar bench before me, placed his hands upon my head, saying, "Let us *all once more* PRAY." Around me, then, were gathered God's people, male and female. The minister began. My heart was callous; but as that man led with a prayer, which, it is said, its like, for power, pathos, and mighty faith, never was heard in that church, it softened. I called aloud in that atmosphere of faith, for pardon upon a lost wretch. That call was seconded by more than a score of faithful souls. I began to feel. I saw no one—heard no one but myself, save now and then my name by the minister. Hope whispered "now," the Church said "now," the Spirit said "now," Jesus said "now," Faith cried "now;" and borne up by outward and inward faith, I made the mighty effort through grace. Unbelief gave way—heaven opened—light, peace, joy, glory, all burst into my soul. I sprang up—I leaped—I rejoiced aloud—I smiled as I never smiled before—I was happy. Glory! glory! glory! I was a new creature in Christ Jesus. I felt no sorrow—no *disappointment*.

O, how sweet is religion! how holy are its joys! how heavenly its contemplation! Those who seek its consolations are never disappointed. It is the grand panacea of all moral evil, and blunts the edge of those physical ones that necessarily come upon us. It tells us that no burden shall prove too great for our strength, no trial too severe for our faith, and no hour so dark but that the clear sunlight of heaven shall beam upon our pathway. To me it has proven an exhaustless fount, from which my thirsty soul has oftentimes felt streams of glory come. It has never disappointed me—it never will. All else may forsake us, friends may fail us, foes may unite against us, our health may decay and leave us upon the tomb's crumbling verge; but, if faithful, the religion of Jesus shall grow sweeter; and the nearer we approach the stream of Jordan the mightier shall be its power; and as the cold waters bathe our naked feet, it tells us visions of eternal glory shall flash upon our eyes, and the roaring of death's dark surges shall be drowned by the loud bursts of heavenly music that shall float to our ravished ear; and as, with a glad shout, we gain the other shore, it speaks of a God-built temple, that stands upon the bank of the river of life, in which our happy spirit shall for ever dwell in the "presence of God."

It comes alike to the poor and the rich. It knows no earthly distinctions, but to the believing penitent

it brings the joys of heaven. To the king in his palace, and the beggar in his hovel, it opens the gates of paradise. To the inhabitants of the frozen north, and the son of the burning south, it comes with equal joy. In whatever portion of our stricken world a degenerate child of Adam pines in sin, there is found the Spirit of God ready to do its happy work.

That one who enjoys this religion possesses a priceless blessing. This world has no equal joy; for pure religion affords comfort and consolation, even to the sorrowing and distressed in their deepest anguish.

"Earth hath no sorrows it cannot cure;"  
and the language of every heart should be,  
"Give me Jesus, and you may have all this world;"

for the true Christian, in prosperity or adversity, in sunshine or in storm, feels the Spirit of God sweetly playing around his heart, while, in the darkest hour, faith's strong vision pierces the intervening clouds, and sings with rapturous joy,

"Yonder's my house and portion fair,  
My treasure and my heart are there,  
And my abiding home."

J.

#### CANDOR OF INFIDELITY.

As a general rule, infidel writers display much unfairness and bitterness of spirit in their attacks on the Christian system. What they consider its defects, are held up with the severest ridicule; and even the good they allow it possesses, is represented as being borrowed from Pagan philosophy. Nothing can be more strongly evincive of the depravity of their hearts, than this inveterate hatred to that which, in itself, is so pure, so elevating, and so divine. "They love the darkness rather than the light, because their deeds are evil." Occasionally, however, a superior spirit is seen soaring above the low regions of hate and moral gloom, and exhibiting its glorious and attractive candor. Rousseau, the celebrated French infidel, has uttered a eulogy on the excellency of the sacred Scriptures and the moral grandeur of the Savior, that has never been surpassed, for truth of sentiment, force of expression, and beauty of style, by any other writer, Christian or moral. In introducing it to the reader, we would simply ask, what must be the intrinsic worth of the Christian system, when some of its very enemies are overpowered with admiration at its essential principles?

"I will confess to you that the majesty of the Scriptures strikes me with admiration, as the purity of the Gospel has its influence on my heart. Peruse the works of our philosophers, with all their pomp of diction: how mean, how contemptible are they, compared with the Scriptures! Is it possible that a book, at once so simple and sublime, should be merely

the work of man? Is it possible that the sacred personage, whose history it contains, should be himself a mere man? Do we find that he assumed the tone of an enthusiast or ambitious sectary? What sweetness, what purity in his manners! What an affecting gracefulness in his delivery! What sublimity in his maxims! What profound wisdom in his discourses! What presence of mind in his replies! How great the command over his passions! Where is the man—where the philosopher, who could so live and so die, without weakness and without ostentation? When Plato described his imaginary good man, with all the shame of guilt, yet meriting the highest rewards of virtue, he described exactly the character of Jesus Christ: the resemblance was so striking that all the Christian fathers perceived it.

"What prepossession, what blindness must it be, to compare the son of Sophroniscus [Socrates] to the Son of Mary! What an infinite disproportion is there between them! Socrates dying without pain or ignominy, easily supported his character to the last: and if his death, however easy, had not crowned his life, it might have been doubted whether Socrates, with all his wisdom, was any thing more than a vain sophist. He invented, it is said, the theory of morals. Others, however, had before put them in practice: he had only to say, therefore, what they had done, and to reduce their examples to precept. But where could Jesus learn among his competitors that pure and sublime morality, of which he only has given us both precept and example! The death of Socrates, peaceably philosophizing with his friends, appears the most agreeable that could be wished for; that of Jesus, expiring in the midst of agonizing pains, abused, insulted, and accused by a whole nation, is the most horrible that could be feared. Socrates, in receiving the cup of poison, blessed the weeping executioner who administered it; but Jesus, in the midst of excruciating tortures, prayed for his merciless tormentors. Yes! if the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus were those of a God. Shall we suppose the evangelic history a mere fiction! Indeed, my friend, it bears not the marks of fiction; on the contrary, the history of Socrates, which nobody presumes to doubt, is not so well attested as that of Jesus Christ. Such a supposition, in fact, only shifts the difficulty, without obviating it; it is more inconceivable, that a number of persons should agree to write such a history, than that one only should furnish the subject of it. The Jewish authors were incapable of the diction, and strangers to the morality contained in the Gospel, the marks of whose truth are so striking and inimitable, that the inventor would be a more astonishing man than the hero."

LOVELINESS is always the most interesting when perfectly natural and unassumed.

## TO THE LOST PLEIAD.

BY OTWAY CURRY, ESQ.

MILLIONS of ages gone  
Found thee and left, in thy enthroned place,  
Amidst the assemblies of the starry race,  
Still shining on—and on.

But thy far-flowing light,  
By time's mysterious shadows overcast,  
Strangely and dimly faded, at the last,  
Into a nameless night.

Along the expanse serene  
Of clustery arch or constellated zone,  
With orb'd sands of tremulous gold o'erstrawn,  
No more canst thou be seen.

Say, whither wanderest thou?  
Do unseen heavens thy distant path illumine?  
Or, press the shades of everlasting gloom  
Darkly upon thee now?

Around thee, far away,  
The hazy ranks of multitudinous spheres  
Perchance are gathering, to prolong the years  
Of thy unwilling stay.

Sadly our thoughts rehearse  
The story of thy wild and wondrous flight,  
Through the deep deserts of the ancient night,  
And far-off universe.

We call—we call thee back.  
Come, and the flash of many a deathless light  
Shall meet thee from afar, and lead thee right  
On thy returning track.

Up from the hoary deep  
We call thee, to the bright sidereal fold;  
We long to greet thee in thy home of old,  
On the Pleiadian steep.

## THE CHRISTIAN'S RESTING-PLACE.

BY MISS DE FOREST.

WHEN far the light of day hath fled,  
And wearied nature bows her head—  
When Heaven looks down as though it blessed  
Our wayward world, and watched its rest,  
Then, Christian, seek thy *resting-place*:  
Away unto the throne of grace—  
Away to Calvary's dear retreat,  
And lowly bend at Jesus' feet.  
Yes, bend thee low, and utter there  
The humble, earnest, contrite prayer;  
And surely thou shalt hear him say,  
"I am the Truth, the Life, the Way."  
Is there a sickness in thy soul—

There's none but Christ can make thee whole:  
The cleansing virtue from his side  
Flows freely forth in purple tide.  
Should storms of grief thy fears alarm,  
He bids thee lean upon his arm;  
While Faith before thy wond'ring eye  
Shall clear the tempest from the sky.  
Should heavy anguish bear thee down—  
When sinks thy soul 'neath Sinai's frown—  
He'll gently take thee to his breast,  
And bid thee sweetly there to rest.  
Then cling unto his bleeding cross,  
And count all other things but loss,  
If so his grace thou mayst but win  
To cleanse thee evermore from sin.  
Let senseless brutes and careless souls  
Yield up to Nature's calm control;  
Yet sleep *thou* not on earthly ground,  
Till thy true *resting-place* be found.

## SONG OF THE FOUNTAIN.

OR, THE VOICE OF TRUE RELIGION.

BY AN EDITOR.

The writer of the following lines was once walking with a friend through a portion of the great state of New York. We had been traversing, one day, a high and arid region, without finding water for many hours. My friend was ardently seeking religion, and I had been trying to show him the freeness of salvation as offered in the Gospel. While I was in the act of impressing this great truth upon his heart, happening to cast my eyes a little before me on the road, I saw a fountain with its upright column or penstock, from which a jet of transparent water spouted up several feet above it, then curled as gracefully as a rainbow, and fell into a granite reservoir or basin. We both eagerly pressed forward to the fountain, I as eagerly telling him that religion was as free as that water. But imagine my delight when I read a sweet inscription on the penstock, written in a plain hand, and protected by a glass cover, as if the genius of the mountain rivulet, and that rivulet coming from the throne of God, had penned and posted it. Though many years have since passed, and the words have nearly faded from my mind, I have endeavored not only to recall them, but also to finish the beautiful conception by added verses. But the reader will wish to know how they affected my young friend. They impressed him most profoundly; and he was soon a converted and happy man.

COME, traveler, slake thy parching thirst,  
And drive away dull care;  
Thou needest not broach thy little purse,  
For I am free as air;  
My source is on the mountain side,  
My course is to the sea;  
Then drink till thou art satisfied,  
Yea, drink, for I am free.

If thou dost spurn my cooling stream,  
And heedless spend the day,  
No other spring or fount shall rise  
O'er all thy desert way:



Then drink of me, wayfaring man,  
Nor let the draught be small;  
If thou refuse, in vain for help,  
On God or angels call.

Ten thousand souls, at other times,  
Have quaffed my gushing store,  
Nor ever one, for meaner draughts,  
Has pined or thirsted more:  
Then bow thy head, O mortal man,  
And bend the knee to me,  
No purer streams thou'lt ever find,  
Or freer fountain see.

## CHORUS.

My source is on the mountain side,  
My course is to the sea;  
Then drink till thou art satisfied,  
Yea, drink, for I am free.

## EMMA'S GRAVE.

BY WILLIAM L. CALLENDER.

"I have planted the daisy forget-me-not on the grave of your little Emma. I have also planted your tulip bulbs, two on each side of the grave."—*Letter of a kind relative from the writer's former residence.*

DEAR EMMA'S GRAVE! Our hearts retain  
A vivid image of that spot;  
It needeth not the daisy's bloom,  
To say to us, "Forget me not."

Dear, sainted child! Our faithful thoughts  
Recall thy gentle, infant charms;  
Thy memory nestles in our hearts,  
As erst thou nestledst in our arms.

As if some chiseled Grecian stone  
Had with the blood of life grown warm,  
So shone the faultless symmetry  
Of thy dear, fragile, tender form.

Those tulip bulbs imbedded there—  
Fit emblems of the form below—  
Though moldering now, when spring returns,  
With more than regal grace shall glow.

So Emma's form—though crumbling now—  
And "dust to dust" fast moldering—  
Shall, when time's chilly winter's past,  
Bloom in a never-fading spring.

Yet sad for us who stay to mourn,  
And Nature claims her tribute—tears.  
O, of what joys our fancy wove  
The tissue of her coming years!

Alas! Death feasts on infant forms;  
The world scarce heeds the savage wild:  
How little think the busy crowd,  
What hopes are buried with a child!

We humbly yield, and bless the Power  
That did our first-born's breath resume;  
But spare, O, spare our second-born,  
To cheer our pathway toward the tomb.

## TO A BRIDE.

BY MRS. L. C. LAWSON.

I HAVE seen thy bright smile, maiden—  
I have seen thy glance so high;  
When a dream of love was in thy heart,  
And a beam of love in thine eye.

Thou hast stood by the altar, maiden—  
Thou hast pledged thy pure heart's truth—  
Thou hast sworn to love, ay, for ever,  
Yon gallant and generous youth.

Now, in thine own bark, lady,  
Thou'rt gaining an open sea;  
May softest winds your sails swell—  
Blow gently life's breezes for thee.

But contrary winds may await thee,  
And suddenly darken thy skies—  
The whirlwind, too, may o'ertake thee,  
Ay, tempests and storms may arise.

Then how for thy bark, fair lady?  
Shall it quietly ride at ease?  
Or, wildly rolling and reeling,  
Go down with the stormy seas?

O, now, in the morn of thy voyage,  
Have ballast and sail all right;  
And round your own family altar  
Fall humbly, both morning and night.

Invoke the great God, our Maker,  
Thy helmsman and pilot to be;  
So shall you outride the storms of  
Life's troubled and changing sea.

And when this dream shall be over,  
And life's dark voyage be done,  
Thou shalt rejoice for ever  
With the ransomed before the throne—

Rejoice that thou reared an altar,  
And awhile upon time's dark sea  
Invoked the great God our Maker,  
Thy helmsman and pilot to be.

## CONTEMPLATION.

HAPPY the man whose comprehensive eye  
Can look on God's sublime and mighty system,  
And see his hand at work in all things for  
The good of those that bear his own bright image:  
He feels like angels, and, like them, adores.

## LADIES' REPOSITORY.

NOVEMBER, 1846.

DR. JENNER, who discovered the effect of vaccination upon the system in the prevention of the small-pox, for many years made the subject so much his hobby, and spoke of it so often, that the two medical societies to which he belonged passed an ordinance, forbidding the further introduction of it at their meetings. Now, the 14th day of May is celebrated as a festival all over the continent of Europe, because on that day he made the wonderful discovery. O, Success, thou art such a goddess!

It is well known that George the Third, during the latter years of his life, was frequently insane, and that all religious distinctions in Ireland, and throughout the British empire, would have been destroyed, had it not been for this malady of the king. Both Pitt, the greatest of English statesmen, and Canning, inferior to few, had this great enterprise at heart; but every time it was named to King George, he would fly into a paroxysm of rage, and pass rapidly down the scale, until his reason was quite gone. In a monarchical government, how much frequently depends upon the wisdom or folly, the health or madness, of a single man! The liberties of our country are greatly indebted to this providential malady of George the Third.

THE late Sydney Smith, who, during his singular life, rendered himself famous for his Peter Plimley letters, his caustic reviews in several of the European quarterlies, and in this country by his numerous ill-natured letters on American credit and repudiation, has not only been charged with plagiarism of the grossest character, but the fraud has been nailed to his door by proof the most positive and clear. The nail not only has a good head that will not pull through, but it is also clenched on the other side. His wit he has borrowed from a variety of sources, and all his sermons from Dr. Barrow!

IN the market-place at Rouen, France, there is a statue of Joan of Arc, the famous female warrior, on which, under her coat of arms, is the following Latin inscription:

*"Regia virginis defenditur ense corona,  
Lilia virginis tuta sub ense nitent."*

This is a singular eulogy upon the character of a lady, so singular that my readers shall see it in their own language:

"The maiden's sword protects the royal crown,  
Beneath the maiden's sword the lilies safely bloom."

THE greatness of Wesley consisted, to no small extent, in his simplicity. Yet this very simplicity he had to cultivate. When he first began his ministry, his style was so lofty that several of his hearers complained they could not understand him. Learning this, he resolved to change his course; and, to the individual who informed him of the complaints he observed, "I will make them understand me." How far he succeeded, may be seen from the following circumstance. In June, 1790, the year before he died, he preached at Lincoln, taking for his text, Luke x, 42: "One thing is needful." As the congregation was dispersing, a lady

remarked, in a tone of great surprise, to a friend that accompanied her, "Is this the great Mr. Wesley, of whom we hear so much in the present day? Why, the poorest might have understood him." Her friend replied, "In this, madam, he displays his greatness; that while the poorest can understand him, the most learned are edified, and cannot be offended."

THE greatest benefactors of mankind have been the greatest objects of scorn and persecution, at least for a time. When the inventor of printing took an edition of the Bible to the city of Paris, he was cast into prison, by order of the public authorities, for having connection with the devil. Up to that period, the literary world had multiplied its books by the slow and laborious process of writing. The Parisians, enlightened though they were, could not conceive it possible to produce a thousand copies of one book all formed exactly alike, without supernatural agency. In one respect, they committed, what appears to us of the nineteenth century, a glaring error—in attributing the work to an evil agency. We should suppose they would rather have attributed it to an agency divine; for a greater boon, save revelation itself, the Deity never bestowed on man, than the art of printing.

THE influence of woman, in giving sweetness and purity to the character of the other sex, is acknowledged by most candid infidel writers, as well as by all Christians. Lord Byron, whose principles and habits were far below the proper standard, once remarked, that when in the society of a virtuous and intelligent female, he invariably felt a desire to be a better man. If such be the power of woman, it becomes her well to reflect on her responsible station, and to aim most sacredly at the preservation of her own uprightness and dignity.

THE present is generally styled, the age of reform. This, we do not feel disposed to controvert. It cannot, however, be denied, that mankind are woefully deficient in the greatest of all reforms—individual reform. Societies for the reformation of others are multiplied almost *ad infinitum*; but efforts for personal reformation are much neglected. Editors universally complain of the corrupt state of the press, and yet most of them aid in the perpetuation of that corruption. Infidels, as well as Christians, mourn, or profess to mourn, over the evils of society; while those evils are augmented by their own wrong doings. Reformers must take an entirely different course—first reform themselves, and then their influence will be felt with a hundred-fold more force on others.

"Man know thyself: all wisdom centres there."

So said the profound though poetical writer, Young. And until this wisdom is acquired, and likewise exhibited in the life, no thorough reform can take place in the world.

RELIGION and science are more powerfully at work at present than in any former period of time, in removing the physical and moral evils of the world, and in elevating man to his highest state of earthly existence. In some periods, the work has been scarcely perceptible, but now it is visible to the most ordinary observer. Changes are taking place, and improvements are being effected, which are the wonder of all minds. Glorious will be the consummation!

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

**EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.**—Our exchange newspapers are all teeming with accounts of the World's Convention for the promotion of Christian union. We will give our readers a brief sketch of the proceedings.

It commenced its sessions in London on the 19th of August, and adjourned on the 2d of September.

"It was a sublime spectacle," says a spectator, "to behold thus associated, representatives from all nations: the European, the Asiatic, the African, the American, the Jewish, and the Polynesian; of all orders and ranks of men, the nobleman and the plebeian; the duke, the earl, and the baron, the philosopher, the statesman, the merchant, the mechanic; the justice of the Queen's bench, the physician, and the officers of the army and the navy; men who offered the Lord's Prayer in English, Irish, Welch, French, German, Dutch, and many other languages; more than twenty branches of the Christian family; the Church of England with every kind of unconformity and dissent; the established Presbyterian Church of Scotland, with all the varieties of secession; the Wesleyan, the Baptist, the Independent, the French Reformed, the Calvinist, the Lutheran, the Moravian, and the converted son of Abraham; the representatives of Cambridge and of Oxford, of the colleges and theological seminaries of Dissenters, of the Church Missionary Society, of the London Missionary Society, of the Baptist Missionary Society; in short, a gathering of Christian disciples from all the prominent nations under heaven, and representing all the interests of learning, of religion, of mankind."

There were enrolled in all, two thousand and five hundred members. The Wesleyan representation was the most numerous, and the Free Church of Scotland the next. Of the Church of England, two hundred and fifty gave in their adherence. The delegates from the United States numbered about sixty; and many were present from France, Germany, and Switzerland.

Sir Culling Eardly Smith, Bart., was unanimously elected chairman. In his address, he said he hoped they might so discharge the responsibilities resting upon them, that the nineteenth of August, 1846, would long be remembered by coming generations.

Dr. Bickersteth was nominated by Dr. Bunting to preside over the devotional exercises. He gave out the hymn commencing,

"All people that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,"

which was sung. He then read that beautiful Psalm, the first verse of which is, "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." He also read the seventeenth chapter of the Gospel according to John. The Rev. J. A. James, of Birmingham, and Rev. Dr. Cox, of America, then engaged in prayer. These devotional exercises are described as being intensely interesting.

The first day was taken up with preliminary arrangements, and the reading of a historical sketch of the Alliance by D. King.

On the second day, the great resolution to form a confederation under the name of the Evangelical Alliance was moved by Dr. Buchanan. Several felicitous addresses were delivered in favor of it, and, by a rising vote, it was passed unanimously. This is said to have been an impressive scene. The venerable Bickersteth was so wrought upon that he exclaimed, "Thanks be to God that I lived to see this day." "In less than half

a minute," says one present, "the whole audience were shaking hands, with an earnestness and cordiality, seldom if ever witnessed." Dr. Bunting, in shaking hands with those around him, said, "Brethren, I cannot shake hands with each one of you, but I shake hands with you all in my heart." And Dr. Raffles, with an overflowing heart, broke out, "Praise God, brethren. If we ever had reason to praise him, we have now;" and repeated the verse commencing,

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,"

which was sung to the tune of Old Hundred, with unusual emphasis and sweetness.

The convention then proceeded to its business. After some discussion, the following was adopted as the doctrinal basis:

1. The Divine inspiration, authority, and sufficiency of the holy Scriptures.
  2. The right and duty of private judgment in the interpretation of the holy Scriptures.
  3. The unity of the Godhead, and the Trinity of Persons therein.
  4. The utter depravity of human nature in consequence of the fall.
  5. The incarnation of the Son of God, his work of atonement for sinners of mankind, and his mediatorial intercession and reign.
  6. The justification of the sinner by faith alone.
  7. The work of the Holy Spirit in the conversion and sanctification of the sinner.
  8. The immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the body, the judgment of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ, with the eternal blessedness of the righteous, and the eternal punishment of the wicked.
  9. The Divine institution of the Christian ministry, and the obligation and perpetuity of the ordinances of baptism and the Lord's supper.
- This basis is not to be understood in any formal or ecclesiastical sense, as a creed, nor as an absolute definition of Christian brotherhood. Each member was also considered as acting individually.
- A resolution was adopted, which, if faithfully carried out, will reflect the highest honor on the Christian world: it is, "that orthodox Christians of all sects should exercise Christian charity toward each other, pledging themselves in their controversies to avoid all rash or groundless insinuations, and to maintain the meekness and gentleness of Christians by speaking the truth only in love."

Various other matters were attended to.

The beneficial influence of this convention, we hope, will be extensive and lasting. All Christian females ought certainly to feel deeply interested in the movement. Amongst them, the spirit of Christian union has been much more genuine than amongst the other sex. In theological disputes and contentions they have taken little or no part, not from a want of ability, but from a want of disposition: to the interests of practical Christianity, however, they have ever been nobly devoted. Love—love is the glorious element of their being, both socially and religiously; and we are, therefore, confident that efforts for Christian union will meet with their full sanction and support.

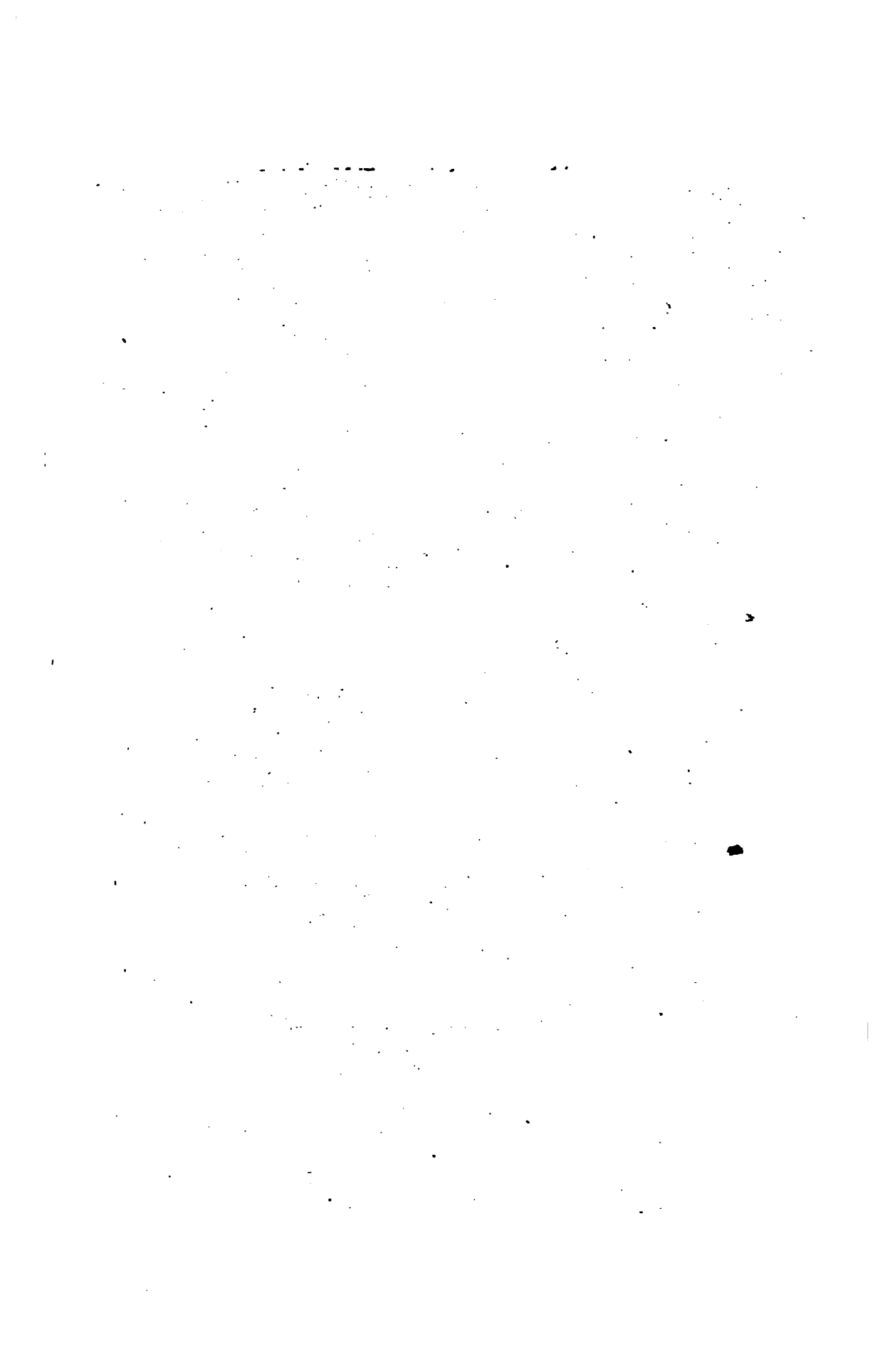
**THE REPOSITORY.**—The present number has been prepared in the absence of the editor, he being seriously sick in Indiana. The last accounts, however, say, that he is improving, and expects soon to be at his post.





THE LITTLE VICTORIAN

cousins, or at least fond acquaintances, who caress and gaze? The child is clearly overwhelmed with strange things. He is in a new place. His uplifted means his health of body, and with still greater assiduity his purity of mind. Then, if he die early, he may be in the better land before you.



THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

DECEMBER, 1846.

THE LITTLE VISITOR.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

CHILDHOOD! What a world of meaning in that word! Childhood is the opening scene in life's eventful drama, and that is a scene of beauty. The first act begins in helpless purity; the last closes with the swelling buds of promise. Nature has produced nothing more wonderful than man; and man is never more interesting than when first a child.

Pure, bright, beautiful childhood! How calm, and sweet, and cheerful is the little innocent! Thought, deep, busy, corroding thought, has worn no wrinkles on its placid brow. The world's care has sent no pangs to its young, buoyant heart. All confiding to friend or stranger, it trusts itself, after the slightest introductory acquaintance, to any one without fear of treachery. And safely may it do so, for, wonderful to tell—wonderful in the lot of any thing pertaining to humanity—the child has no enemy.

Joyous childhood! How fresh and fair is the great world it sees and wonders at! The eye drinks in the pure light, and the ear is filled with harmony. All the organs of sense are rapt into an ecstasy of pleasure. If there is any thing hurtful or dangerous in nature, that same nature has supplied childhood with a friend, who watches it with tireless fidelity. If there is any thing gratifying within the reach of the tenderest affection, childhood lacks nothing that could increase its happiness.

But childhood gives as much pleasure as it receives. Who does not love a child? Those who are not accustomed to caress them, nevertheless love them; and love is the fountain of our peace and joy. Each child is a little fountain of happiness to all around it. How benignant, then, was our Creator, in so arranging the great plan of nature, as to counteract the numerous ills of life, by opening up within the inclosure of almost every family so many little springs of comfort.

Look you, for an example, gentle reader, at the pretty scene on the preceding page. Which is most happy, the little visitor, or the party of aunts, or cousins, or at least fond acquaintances, who caress and gaze? The child is clearly overwhelmed with strange things. He is in a new place. His uplifted

hand and bright eyes equally indicate the emotions of his blessed heart. He now cares no more for his rattle, than if it were a straw.

Were I to speak of dress, I should say his cap is a little out of taste. The cap he plays with at home would look quite as well in it as himself. Children, in fact, should not wear caps. Besides making them appear, whichever be their sex, like little grandmothers dressed merely for the fun, they are an injury to the head, and mar very much the beauty of the child. Could I make that lady on the carpet hear me, I would request her, with all politeness, to take the cap off, and let me see the little fellow's head and hair. She could easily do it, for I see it is not tied.

The mother is in another room. She is holding high converse with some delighted friend, whom she has come to see. How refreshing to the soul are these friendly greetings! but, my dear sister, do not forget your charge. A slight act of negligence may occasion him much harm. Besides, madam, it is very cold weather. The snow is falling fast, and the wind is whistling clear and cold. When his evening is spent, give him a nice snug place to sleep in, and when yours is over, "cuddle" him to your breast till morning.

There may be more in that little visitor than we imagine. The mind is wonderfully expansive. Newton was once a child, and this child may be a Newton. But it is better to be good than great. The name of Howard will last as long as that of Franklin, and yet Franklin was one of the wisest and most fortunate men of his age.

Long life and joy to the little visitor! May his days be many and his troubles few!

But his days may be as few as his troubles. Tender little being that he is, he may wither and fall in an hour. He may be laid low on the couch of death, and these very friends, who are now so happy in giving him their greetings, may be soon called to weep around his little bier. Guard him, fond mother, guard him from every harm. Preserve by every means his health of body, and with still greater assiduity his purity of mind. Then, if he die early, he may be in the better land before you.



## LITERARY SKETCHES.

BY THE EDITOR.

## CHARACTER OF ASPASIA.

THE name of this celebrated woman has survived the mutations of more than two thousand years. It will probably go down to the end of time. That there must have been something extraordinary in her character, is certain from the duration of her fame. History has given us the elements of that character, and displayed the causes of her vast elevation above the ordinary level of her sex.

In her personal appearance, Aspasia was the loveliest of women. Indeed, thus much her name imports, and in her age names were given with a meaning. The historians of that period have not left us any minute description of her person; but when they tell us that her beauty charmed all Athens, any one's historical recollections will soon settle every other question. Who, in this age of pictures, has not at least a faint conception of a Grecian beauty? Who that has examined the Italian copies of the Greek artists, or that has seen only the imitations imported to this country, and suspended in our museums and athenæums, has not even a vivid idea of a belle of Athens? Indeed, we have only to read one or two of the popular authors of that day, and the Grecian female stands before us in full life and action.

The belle of Athens offered to the eye a figure very different from that of a modern belle of Paris, New York, or Boston. The one sought health, and the natural bloom of health, and a full development of her person. The other seeks at least the pallor of disease, depending on the brush for the proper tints, and miserably distorting her natural figure in the most vital parts. In the Grecian beauty, nature was all predominant; in the European and American, art universally prevails; and the art, such as it is, is devoted to purposes the most destructive to human health and happiness. It is annually diminishing the vigor and longevity of the race. Besides, a modern city belle is a caricature on woman.

When first I saw the *Venus de Medicis* of the celebrated Canova, it seemed to me that the human form could never have been so perfect. The artist, I thought, must have drawn too largely on his imagination, and given us a specimen of what the race ought to be, rather than what it is. But on seeing, several years afterward, a German girl of about seventeen years of age, then recently from the fatherland, in all the fair and full proportions of untortured nature, and in all the beauty and bloom of untrammelled health, the truthfulness of the immortal sculptor became a settled conviction in my mind.

But Germany cannot be compared with Greece. The manners of the Germans, from the days of Tacitus till now, have been too coarse, and the

female has been too roughly handled, to produce the most perfect models of natural beauty. Their habits of out-door exercise are highly conducive to the full development of the female form; but German field labor does nothing toward heightening the personal charms of woman.

Aspasia was born on the shores of the *Ægean* Sea, the most beautiful country, and that blessed with the most delicate climate in the world. The customs of the country were exactly adapted to the full expansion of her physical being. It was the land, also, of philosophy, poetry, and song. Thales, the father of the Socratic school, and Homer, the master poet of the past, and Apelles, the most graceful painter of his age, and Parrhasius, the unrivaled delineator of life and manners, and many more whose names I have not space to mention, were all the countrymen of this celebrated woman. She lived, from infancy, in the midst of scenes and society sufficient to call out and perfect every female charm. The bland airs from the Euxine, after having breathed a thousand tender strains through the groves and gardens covering the flowery banks of the Propontis, wafted health and fragrance along the green shores of the *Ægean*. It is easy to imagine Aspasia, engaged in some of those domestic arts in which the Grecian ladies excelled, sitting under the long corridor on the shaded side of her father's mansion in Miletus, inhaling the sweet breezes as they come, at the same time profoundly meditating some of those splendid philosophical theories, in which she afterward became the teacher of philosophers themselves.

It is not difficult to discover the taste of a nation, or of an individual, especially of a female, by their dress. Beginning with the savage, who delights in high contrasts and gaudy colors, in spotted robes and silver bands, in every thing showy and striking to the sense, we gradually ascend till we reach the truly cultivated and refined, whose apparel may be beautiful but not ostentatious, rich but not gay, neat without being finical, and striking only for its fitness, propriety, and taste. The uncultivated mind desires to make a show; the refined sees nothing so beautiful as modesty; and this modesty, both of apparel and appearance, is, after all, the ruling charm of woman's loveliness, and the real talisman of all her success.

It is easy, then, to conceive what kind of an appearance the lovely Aspasia must have made. With her perfectly developed form, her neat and tasteful dress, her round full head, her black flashing eyes, her light olive cheek, dimpled by the fullness of health, with every facial curve expressly turned, as it would seem, by the hand divine, and all lighted up by the fire of an intellect created to instruct her age, she must have been regarded as a superior being in whatever sphere she moved. If our eyes had ever beheld the original creations of the chisel of

Praxitiles, or of the magic pencil of Zeuxis, we could form a clearer conception of that wonderful beauty, and of those refined and elegant graces, which at home charmed her friends and countrymen, and afterward dazzled and bewildered the metropolis of the civilized world.

But Aspasia was not merely a belle. Personal beauty was not her highest charm. The enchantment of her being dwelt in much higher state—in the power and brilliancy of her mind. From early youth she had devoted herself to philosophy and eloquence, and her progress soon became the astonishment of her friends. While yet a girl, she had no rival in her native city, and as she advanced in knowledge, in age, and in confidence, her conversational powers gradually unfolded, until, before she left Miletus, her gift of speech excited no less wonder, than the beauty of her person, or the strength and vivacity of her intellectual powers. The very words employed by other people, when formed by her organs of speech, and uttered by her voice, seemed to be another language; and Greeks themselves, daily accustomed to the most sweet, and sonorous, and musical flow of speech ever heard or produced by man, while listening to her rich tones and wonderful fluency, would lose themselves in admiration, and retire from her presence with a sort of spell lingering upon their minds.

Many of my readers have had similar experience in their native tongue. As a people, we are not very particular to express our thoughts correctly, to say nothing of good style. Nearly all of us speak our language as we eat our victuals, in so careless or hurried a manner, that it would be almost miraculous if we uttered five sentences consecutively, with any great propriety or beauty. The styles of pronunciation are about as numerous, as the individuals professing to speak the language. It is so common to hear the language spoken ungrammatically, that a person speaking it with correctness is everywhere, and I had almost said justly, regarded as a sort of literary wonder. So wearied are all persons of good taste, with our own ordinary modes of speech, with our coarse tones of voice, with our bad pronunciation, and with every thing that renders our fine language so grating even to our own ears, that it has become one of the richest of intellectual treats occasionally to listen to a person—some public speaker for example, whose voice and manner of speaking have been cultivated to any considerable degree. Such a speaker is always popular. No matter what he says, if he talk nonsense, not only the people, but the grave and the learned will flock after him, as if he were the messenger of a new revelation. They will sit for hours together, and hang upon his lips perfectly enchanted, because he has learned to call forth the latent beauties of their language, and utter them in tones at once appropriate and pleasing. I have myself listened to an orator, whose words

were so beautifully and clearly spoken, that I could easily fancy myself hearing the address of a superior being. The most common words, those most familiar to myself and to every one, seemed to be almost regenerated, and were really elevated and ennobled, so strangely beautiful, and rich, and forcible had they become under the transforming magic of his voice and manner. And such, only vastly more, was the charming Aspasia, before she left the house of her father, and the shores of the *Ægean*.

But the time has now come, when that house and those shores are abandoned for ever. The fame of Aspasia leaves her no more quiet. Her beauty, her knowledge, her depth, power, and brilliancy of mind, and then her eloquence more wonderful than all, have filled the world with the splendor of her name. It is impossible that she should longer remain in a distant colonial city. Athens itself must see and hear her. Nor does Athens want Aspasia more than Aspasia wants Athens. Athenian life is to be elevated by her precepts and example, and her great mind is to be still farther expanded, by the reaction of Athenian life and civilization.

When Aspasia entered Athens, that city was the presiding power in Greece, and Greece was the mistress of the world. Athens itself was governed by the assembly of the people, and that assembly was swayed at will, just as the soul within us moves and animates our limbs, by the great talents and powerful eloquence of a single man. That man, therefore, was virtually the monarch of mankind; and PERICLES, the personage referred to, had the penetration to realize his position, and appreciate his power. His word alone could rouse the flames of war from Athens to the most distant climes, put fleets and armies in rapid motion, and set the nations of the earth to butchering one another, with all the ferocity of savages or beasts. His word alone could reach those contending nations, hush the wild uproar of battle, silence the conflict of warring navies, and spread the white flag of glorious peace over the raging world.

At the period of which I am speaking, there was another individual at Athens, who has ultimately surpassed even Pericles in the exercise of power. I refer to the great moral philosopher, SOCRATES, whose daily conversations with the people acquired him so great an influence, that, at a subsequent and more dissolute period, the state was considered, by his enemies, to be in danger, so long as he had a day to live. But, in truth, the uprightness of his heart was equaled only by his remarkable diligence in doing good. While Pericles was living, the great moralist was second in influence to no other person; and wherever he appeared, both the aged and the young rose to their feet, and all voices were hushed to listen to the wisdom that ever dropped from his lips.

This, too, was the Augustan period in the history of Greece. Every department of civilization was

then carried to the highest point. Eloquence was in high repute, and there never had been a time when the Greek language was spoken with greater propriety, beauty, fluency, and power. Philosophy, handed down from Thales to Anaxagoras, and from Anaxagoras to Socrates, had just lifted the curtain that envelops the universe, and discovered much of the depth and breadth of creation, revealing in a great degree the Creator to the creature, and the creature to himself, by the light thus let in from the works of nature upon the human mind. With the new life opened to the soul by philosophy, the arts began a career closed up only by the universal admiration of mankind. Poetry led the way, and adorned the earth, air, and waters, with imperishable beauty. Painting, snatching her pencil in high emulation of her sister art, almost surpassed her in the pursuit of fame, by taking down these gorgeous pictures of the imagination, and rendering them visible to the common eye. But sculpture, raging with ambition, and resolved to outdo both, tore the very rocks from their everlasting beds, seized her chisel in a perfect ecstasy of genius, and, dashing off the redundant mass of earth and rock, brought out the forms of glorious beauty, that had for ages slept within. The loftiest creations of fancy she reduced to tangible and undecaying forms, and, as if vying with the workmanship of nature, gave us a finished model of our kind—a marble man.

With all these grand achievements before them; well might the fanciful Athenians imagine, that Minerva had begun in her chosen city a golden reign, which had already adorned all the public places with the noblest works of art; and well might that pretending stranger tremble, who, with the purpose of making any figure, should come to the great metropolis of philosophy, literature, and taste.

But, in coming into Athens, Aspasia did not tremble. She had learned the strength of her own faculties, and felt a noble reliance upon herself. She knew, it is true, that the administration of Pericles had filled Athens with the learned and ingenious of all lands. She immediately saw the commanding influence of the great Socrates, and that, too, in almost the very department of knowledge to which she had devoted her own powers. She beheld the sophists, and their vast sway in the city, and she might have reasonably quailed before such an array. But she quailed not, and great was the reward of her resolution.

I shall beg of the reader to pass over all of the incipient labors of Aspasia, immediately after her arrival. Whether she gave public lectures, and was thronged with an audience of statesmen, orators, philosophers, literati, and artists, and astonished her hearers by the depth and grandeur of her genius, and by her amazing beauty, and the elegance of her speech; or whether, by virtue of the fame that had preceded her, public assemblies were likely to be too

promiscuous and crowded to suit her purposes and convenience, it is not necessary at this time to inquire. But, to close my hasty sketch, I will present the reader with a little scene, which, as we may imagine from the historians of that period, was for years very frequently repeated.

In a retired section of the city stands a structure, moderate in size, but correct and elegant in its proportions, fitted up for the residence of such as might desire retirement and study. The long hall, passing through the centre of the building, opens, at the farther extremity, into a side room, ample in its dimensions, tastefully furnished, and lighted by lamps of dazzling beauty. Paintings, executed by the greatest masters, representing the glorious deeds of Pericles and of Athens, and displaying the splendor of the republic under his able and patriotic administration, are skillfully arranged against the high walls; while marble statues of the great and good, of naval officers and military commanders, of scholars, orators, and philosophers, the greater part of whom had been or were then the ornaments of the Periclean government, occupy the various niches formed by the peculiarly magnificent architecture of the age. Two statues I must not forget. They are of the whitest marble, and the work of the first artist of the day. They stand in near companionship, in two conspicuous recesses, on the same side of that highly ornamented room. They are the marble representatives of the two most distinguished friends of the occupant of this house.

That occupant, a lady of such transcendent beauty, that she might easily be mistaken for a Venus, with a modesty and grace of carriage, however, unknown to the Cyprian goddess, and with intellect beaming from every feature of her expressive face, sits between the two marble figures, discoursing with great ease and fluency with two persons, who seem to have come in, not so much for mutual conversation, as to spend their leisure in mutely listening to what their hostess may please to offer them.

Directing her conversation to the one, she speaks of the government of cities, of the proper management of revenues and disbursements, of trade and commerce, of the settlement and maintenance of colonies, of armies, of fleets, of walled towns and forts, of every thing, in fine, pertaining to the proper order and prosperity of a republic, either in peace or war. When Athens is named, her whole soul is set on fire. She deems it the centre, and thinks it might be made the head, of civilized nations. With great ardor she proposes a plan for the attainment of this end. Her eloquence now surpasses all bounds. The fire of her genius flashes like lightning from her eyes. Her principal auditor is impressed. Her words have taken hold of his soul. His ambition, his patriotism, his resolution, are roused to their highest point, and when her last

sentence dies away like the voice of an enchantress on his ear, he has declared a thousand times in his throbbing heart, that Athens shall be the mistress and glory of the world.

Turning, now, her attention to the other of her guests, she changes entirely the current of her remarks. With slow and measured sentences she introduces the sublime speculations of philosophy. She begins by placing man at once in the centre of the universe. Of that universe he is the living sensorium. Every thing above and around concentrates in himself. He was made for all things, and all things for him. His lower senses—his taste, touch, and smell, are abundantly gratified by a variety of objects in the world around him. His hearing is addressed by thousands of sweet sounds, by the universal minstrelsy of rejoicing nature, by that glorious pean that rolls downward, and rises upward, and flows in full harmony around us, from every created object, from every thing that has breath and life. His sight takes in the landscape, travels far and wide upon the wastes of ocean, and, from some beetling Olympian summit, surveys vast prospects of the great world about him. But, standing at the centre of the mighty sphere of creation, he looks still farther into the scenery of nature. He sends his vision, and with it his busy thought, to those far-off bodies that shine so resplendently in the heavens. Suns and systems roll and blaze in awful majesty above him. Ten thousand stars send down their softening influences upon him. All things address him as the only creature endowed with a capacity to understand their language, and his own correlative nature stands confessed, in the power he has of returning a fitting answer: for all the light and loveliness they lend him, he is capable of giving back again in tenfold splendor.

But, in a still higher strain of eloquence, she represents the mind of man as the intellectual centre of creation. All things having been created by an intelligent Being, there is nothing in nature that does not bear an intellectual impress. The wisdom, power, and goodness of the Creator, are beaming out from every thing above, around, and beneath us. The imagination—the faculty first developed and the leading power in our education, dwells upon the outward aspects of creation, and feeds upon the beautiful and sublime in the works of God. Beauty, like the dazzling light, comes pouring down upon it from above, and, trembling on every leaf and blushing on every flower, it impresses the imagination with a world of delightful pictures, thus imparting to the soul agreeable anticipations, and preparing it with a relish for enjoyments higher up in the scale of mind.

Truth, too, coming like a flood of radiance rushing to a centre, rouses up reason, and thought, and genius, which, with a combined reaction, send back upon the universe a glory not its own.

But nature is also to be regarded, not as merely

benevolently designed, but as a master-piece of benevolence, a perfect Plan of goodness, long revolved in the world's great Mind. That benevolence, so conspicuous both in the sum and details of creation, meeting us at every step, arresting the attention at every point, touches upon the holier element of our being, and gives heart and morality to man.

Look you, now, continues the eloquent lady, upon this glorious creation as a whole. Your physical senses perceive nothing but the properties of that which you call matter. But, tell me, what is matter? What is the interior essence, to which all these perceptible properties belong? You are silent. You await an answer. My answer is, that the essence of all matter is spirit. Subtract from any body its physical qualities, and spirit is the remainder. So, going out with this inquiry into the universe as one vast body, should you imagine all material properties to be removed or annihilated at a stroke, you have the one Great Spirit left. It is this Spirit that informs, infills, sustains, and upholds the physical universe. Let that all-pervading, self-existing, eternal, and almighty Spirit withdraw his presence, but for one moment, from the mightiest globe that rolls in the heavens, and that globe vanishes from existence in an instant. The universe, then, is this Spirit clothed by its own agency with perceptible properties—*perceptible*, for we know not how many qualities may pertain to his glorious nature, unperceived and *im*perceptible to man. The universe, I may rather say, is a revelation, perhaps only a very partial revelation, of the almighty Spirit; nor can we know that there may not be other modes of revealing, by which vastly more light shall be thrown upon the mind, held in reserve for a happier age.

Man, as we have seen, was made for the universe, and the universe for man. The one just fits the other, as well as any garment fits the person for whom it was designed. The universe, indeed, is the natural raiment, with which man is to invest his being; and naked are they all who neglect to put this glorious attire on. But he who, by profound study and meditation, inwraps himself in this beautifully flowered and starry mantle, will find it more than the fabled magic cloak, and, thus arrayed, will meet with a ready welcome to the very presence of the all-pervading *ONZ*.

Man is, also, a microcosm, a world in miniature, his present existence, like the universe around him, being evinced by physical properties. But, take the properties from him, remove his bodily organization, and you have his spirit left. Man is, therefore, in his interior essence, a spiritual being. Besides, just as the Great Spirit is the only real substance of the universe, all else being but assumed properties, the spirit within man is the man himself, his body being only the material part put on for temporary convenience. Death takes off the

physical, and gives the spiritual another and a higher state. There is, then, another life. Death is not an eternal steep. As there is a natural so there is a spiritual world; and when the spirit is made free from matter, it goes upward into that higher sphere, where it may range through the vast fields of knowledge, without this material veil between itself and truth. The grave is the resting-place of the body, but the spirit lives a pure and unsullied life above. From the nature of spirit, we know it will, in that higher state, be capable of visiting every portion of the universe; from its expansibility we see the vast improvement it will make in truth; from its immortality we learn to form conceptions, however below the fact, of the vast results included in the ultimate destiny of undying man.

As these last words were uttered, the second of the two listeners rose up, more abruptly than was his custom, and paced the ample room in a perfect transport of admiration, as if he could hardly hold the flood of new light let in upon his mind.

And here both the conversation and the scene must close. Here, also, I will conclude my hasty sketch. The reader, I know well, has seen through my little artifice all the way. The eloquent lady could be no other than Aspasia herself; and the two mute auditors were men, who kept silence nowhere, but when sitting within the charmed circle filled and ruled by her superior genius. One was Pericles, the first man in Athens, and the man to whom princes looked for clemency or favor. The other man was Socrates, whose presence was always the acknowledged sign for silence, to all within the sound of his instructive voice. But Aspasia, by their own confession—a confession confirmed by history—not only instructed them in their favorite pursuits, but held an ascendancy over their minds and conduct, both at that time and in after years. History records that the greatest of the schemes of the noble and patriotic Pericles were planned and pressed by his instructress; and, that Plato ever conceived the sentiments attributed to Socrates, his master, is sufficient evidence that the Athenian sage must have been faithfully disciplined, by one who could properly represent the doctrines of Thales, the great philosopher of Miletus. Aspasia was that happy person; and her influence will be felt while philosophy has a name among the studious and thoughtful of mankind.

Her fame is beyond all praise. From a humble station, in a distant colonial city, she rose by the force of her own genius, till, by swaying the two leading intellects of her age, she became the virtual though invisible governess of the world.

But the name of Aspasia has been maligned. The faction opposed to Pericles sought to injure him by aspersing her reputation; and the sophists, who were the avowed enemies of Socrates, scrupled not to sacrifice the fair fame of a noble lady, the benefactress of the world, could they but avenge themselves on

her pupil, who was rapidly casting both them and their influence to the ground.

But, worst of all, men of this age, professing to be scholars—men who have written many books for the instruction of the rising young, have not had the sense to make this simple discrimination between vituperation and truth. Let their folly and their books perish, before the good name of one such being should receive a taint at their hands! Was there ever a person of exalted talents—talents lifting him above his kind, that has not been the mark for every missile that envy and malignity could invent? Besides, it is truly surprising, that the scandal of jealous partisans, and the hired billingsgate of the low comedians, such as Aristophanes and Cratinus, should have had greater weight with our professed scholars and book-makers, than the unanswerable testimony of Plutarch and Plato!

I confess I have written these last words with the more warmth, because the victim was a lady. Whenever woman is traduced, learning itself deserves no mercy. It matters not who the individual may be. Woman's nature is too angelic, too gentle, too confiding, to be treated roughly. The man who is capable of an attempt to set a blot on the reputation of a female, is also capable of any other crime, even of robbery and murder. And what greater robbery can there be, what more heinous murder, than to despoil a lady of her character, and to destroy her credit with mankind?

Long live the memory of Aspasia! Let her name and fame be handed down to the latest generation! Let her virtues, her industry, her perseverance, and her success, be a pattern to every fair lady in the land!

LORD BYRON, at the age of thirty-six, had lost all affection for the human race, but thought the change was in the world, and not in him. Like a genuine misanthrope, which his follies and his excesses of every kind had made him, he had no relish for the ordinary enjoyments of the social state, but fled from society, as if it had been his great enemy. He always maintained, that long life was not desirable, and endeavored to cover up his misanthropy by a show of argument. He said age did not assuage our passions; it only changed them. Suspicion took the place of credulity, and avarice that of love. "No," said the disappointed libertine, "no, let me not live to be old; give me youth, which is the fever of reason, and not age, which is the palsy. I remember my youth, when my heart overflowed with affection toward all who showed any symptom of liking toward me; and now, at thirty-six, no very advanced period of life, I can scarcely, by raking up the dying embers of affection in that same heart, excite even a temporary flame to warm my chilled feelings." Let virtue take warning from this confession, and vice see the end of its fatal windings.

## SATURDAY PENCILINGS.

BY MISS M. E. WENTWORTH.

SATURDAY! thrice welcome, cheerful Saturday! How many grateful associations thrill into being at the mention of this best day—next to the Sabbath—of the whole week! Happy holyday of my childhood! no lessons, no fear of ferules, or rods, or dog-eared books, unless compelled on this day to retrieve idleness of the school days. I cared little for the amusement of my sisters, and usually passed the day with a book, under a huge elm that shaded my father's door, alternately reading and watching the country people coming to market with their earth-attracted plough-horses and high-backed wagons, which contrasted strangely enough with the flaunting vehicles of my town neighbors. O, the yards of yellow ribbons and calicoes that came down weekly from Gotham—the square-toed boots and yellow brass buttons of the Voluntown gentry. I have not quite lost this penchant for the study of customs and dress, but have learned to look beyond the apparel for the graces of the mind, and the honest but unpolished gem of a noble heart.

Saturday! This was our composition day at the academy, and woe to the luckless Miss who fulfilled not the letter and spirit of the law. Saturday! Glorious day for my native village—dear Bean Hill. A spell be on those fashionables who would change thy tasteful name to any of the copper currency in names and titles that fill this mundane sphere! Crisper grows thy pork, and sweeter thy beans, the more thy legendary name is treasured in the hearts of thy inhabitants. Thou hast sent out sons and daughters innumerable, and the good city of Cincinnati smiles in prosperity on many to whom the dish of beans, crisped and hot from the oven, would come like the breath of elysian flowers on travelers in a dreary waste. Do you know, stranger readers of this delightful magazine, do you know our legend? No. Let me tell you. Seventy-one years ago, a place that lay hid in a copse of green and gold, in the glorious month of June, was alarmed by the yell of savages, and the tramp of a hundred feet that approached through thicket and glade stealthily, but surely, to bring terror and death to its inhabitants. With fearless hearts the men arranged their affairs, prepared the women and children, and noiselessly stole from the colony to their fort, a mile below, and so near to the church that the holy altars threw the defense of their God upon the garrison of a persecuted people. When night came on, they were found supperless, and many were weary and faint with the labor of the day. Mrs. Eliab Hyde, one of the company, generously proposed that if any one would go back to her house, they should bring from her oven, hot and sweet, a kettle of beans and pork, and two loaves of rye and Indian bread. Two

intrepid youths undertook the task, and stealing silently through the forest, achieved their desire, and with their treasure returned to the fort. At midnight, when the savages rushed from thicket and glade, their hideous yell startled only the night owl in his prowling, and rung on nothing but the summer air; for safe within the shelter of the fort, and beneath the shadow of the holy of holies, the inhabitants of the colony were entering upon the duties of the Sabbath. That place was named Bean Hill from this event; and peace to the apostate who would change its antiquated title!

Saturday to-day! How gorgeously the mellow sunlight falls upon this breeze! Now a clouds flits over it, and hides for a moment its beauty. Far away to the southeast stretches that paragon of watering-places—that delightful refectory of black fish and lobsters, Watch Hill. Its white buildings, and the spire of its light-house loom up in the distance like an arisen ghost in the sepulchre of the dead. Here gleams the bright Atlantic enshrining the subdued splendors of an autumn sun—a sheet of silver in a mine of burnished gold. Here and there a white sail flutters in the breeze, and a sturdy keel parts the waves, leaving their white crest broken and ruffled as the wings of a dove stricken by the fowler.

Fast by the window of my room stands, or rather totters on its crumbling base, a time-ruined and dust-descending sanctuary—for twenty years the meeting-house of owls and bats—the terror of superstition, and the target of mischief. Its galleries are torn away, and its aisles filled with the decaying dust of its falling desk and pulpit. The altar has moldered from the holy place, and mingles its dust with mother earth. Hallowed memento of other days, "Peace was in all thy gates, and prosperity within thy walls!" Here was diffused a religion that sanctifies us to Christ, and makes us fit temples for the indwelling of his Spirit. Public sentiment had not yet made fashionable apparel an inseparable adjunct from public worship, and the lowly in heart trod reverently thy uncarpeted floors. Days of uncushioned seats, when people came early to church, and slept not in luxuriant ease, when staid and solemn music responded to the melodies of Watts and Wesley from the tremulous voices of the fathers and mothers in Israel—days of primitive purity and piety, where have ye fled affrighted at the pomp and vain-glory of this worldly generation? Alas! alas! for modern munificence! We worship in gorgeous temples, and the swelling organ mutters its deep base, or humors its teachable keys. The eloquence of preaching and the sublimity of prayer fill our temples; but alas! that so few from the millions who come up to "the city of our God," come with hosannas on lowly lips to the Son of David. But molder on, old church. The angel of the covenant has recorded many fervent prayers breathed at your desecrated altar. Many who led your devotions in these

down-trodden seats have joined the innumerable band—the bounding pulse of youth, the vigor of manhood, and the faltering form of age. Ye who, Sabbath after Sabbath, came up to this city of Zion, who presented here your children for an ordinance which time and God's word have sanctified in your household worship, who knelt at this altar in penitence for sin, who ate of *that* body and drank of that blood, where are ye? and echo answers, where? "your fathers, where are they, and the prophets, do they live for ever?"

O, one by one those gray-haired men  
Have dared the strife of death,  
The parting pains, the changing pulse,  
The last convulsive breath;  
But still from trembling lips there came  
Soft notes of peace and love,  
And broken songs of victory  
Swelled on the air above.  
And blessings on the fearless few  
Who, strong in ardent prayer,  
Preserved the faith their fathers loved,  
Through error, sin, and care.

Ye who doubted and feared, were you not led by still waters? Ye who saw no light in the dark valley, dawned not the Sun of righteousness upon the coming shadows of the tomb?

Saturday! sweet prelude to a day of rest in the temple of God! While the shades of night gather about the loveliness of this day, send up, my heart, your devout prayers to almighty God, "confessing your manifold sins and wickedness, that on the morrow ye may enter his gates with thanksgiving, and his courts with praise."

#### BEREAVEMENT.

BY MRS. E. L. B. COWDERY.

I HAD a sister. Kind and gentle she was, and, O, so loving. Together for eighteen summers, we were permitted to pluck some of the fair flowers which border on life's pathway. Hope's sun shone brightly on the distant future, as we thought, and one clear ray was pointed out, as beaming forth our happiness unsullied. A cloud—a deep, black cloud arose in our sky. We prayed that its darkness might not overshadow us, or if it did, for grace to bear its solemn reality. Sadly and anxiously we watched the rapid movement with which it seemed to advance toward us. On, still on, it came, and at last hovered over us, then broke.

'Twas a dreadful hour for spirits twined as closely as ours had been; it snapped the brittle cord which bound us as earthly sisters; and while one was winging her flight to the bright, upper world, the other was sinking in heart-rending grief. But yet, O, even then, we could rejoice in that Jesus was with her in the sundering hour, and I for the blessed assurance she gave of her victory over death.

I know that my sister's frail form is lying in a cold, damp grave; her dark eye is closed, and raven tress composed for ever; that I have pressed my lips to her pale, icy forehead for the last time; and that now her flesh is moldering away in corruption; yet amid all this, I do not, have not dared to murmur. "His ways are above our ways;" and although I fain would have had her to linger with me, that I might profit by her counsel, and keep warm my heart in the sunshine of her affection, yet it was doubtless in mercy that she was taken, while her heart was pure and warm, and her soul rich in intellectual beauty, and moved by the religion of the blessed Savior.

O, my heavenly Father, grant that when the summons comes to me, to leave this sorrowing world, that I, too, may die in triumph. And if there is a ministering spirit sent to cheer me, while crossing the cold, boisterous waves of death, I would that it might be that self-same sister, Jesus, to steer the helm of my frail bark, to sustain and comfort me in the desolate passage, and her notes of melody to echo my welcome to the world where glorified spirits dwell.

#### NATURE OF QUININE.

BY A QUACK.

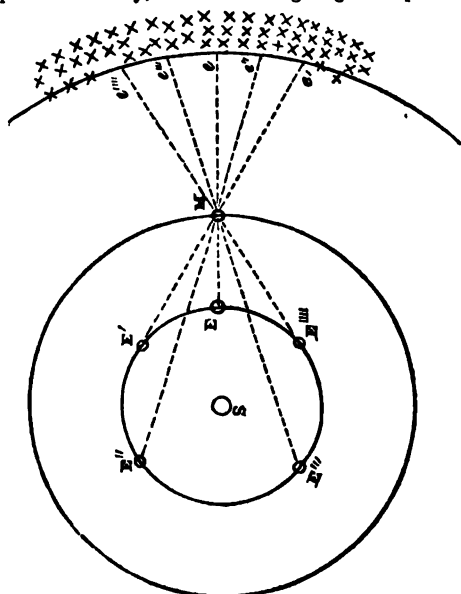
QUININE, as almost everybody knows, is an extract from Peruvian bark. There are only about forty ounces of the alkali quinine, or quinia, in one hundred pounds of the bark, even after its combination with sulphuric acid. The sulphate of quinia, or what is universally called quinine, was once almost wholly imported from France, because the acid was in that country very cheap. Now it is manufactured at home, as well as in many other countries. Its peculiar property is, that it is anti-periodic. It is beginning to be administered to many kinds of periodical diseases, besides the ague and intermittent fevers. An eastern physician has recently asserted, and given many instances in proof, that it is perfectly at war with any thing in the shape of periodical irregularity in the human system. We will only add, that the word, quinine, is almost universally mispronounced, not only here, but in other countries. From its origin, the Latin quinia, the letter *i* in both syllables is short. The French, following their own idiom, make the first one short and the second like *i* in machine, placing the accent, however, on the first. In this country the *i* in both syllables is generally made long, as in the word time. The true pronunciation is, to make both syllables short, pronouncing the word as if it were spelt quin-in. For this statement we have the authority of the original word, and the almost infallible sanction of Noah Webster.

## MARS—ASTEROIDS.

BY PROFESSOR WATERMAN.

HAVING described those parts of the solar system which are within the Earth's orbit, we now come to those that lie beyond. From the fact of their orbits being wholly exterior to the Earth's, these planets have been denominated *superior* planets, to distinguish them from those which revolve interiorly, and are hence called *inferior*. The change of relative position in the object observed, from being within the Earth's orbit to beyond it, occasions considerable change in the apparent phenomena. If my fair readers will recollect what was said, in the article on Mercury, in reference to the inferior planets generally, they will find no difficulty in readily appreciating the cause of the apparent differences which will now be stated.

The inferior planets never depart far from the sun. The superior ones are found at all distances from him. The inferior planets assume all the phases of the moon. The superior ones never. (A slight variation in the case of Mars will be noticed in its place.) The inferior planets frequently transit the sun's disc. The superior ones cannot. The inferior planets appear to oscillate about the sun. The motions of the superior ones, though at times apparently retrogressive, are, upon the whole, progressive; so that, in time, they accomplish the entire circuit of the heavens. These, and other changes which might be mentioned, are all occasioned by the difference of position in the objects observed with reference to the Earth and sun. To illustrate this latter point more fully, let the following diagram represent



the Earth's orbit, with the sun in the centre, the orbit of one of the superior planets, and a portion of  
VOL. VI.—46

the sphere of the fixed stars. Let us suppose, for the moment, that the planet remains stationary at M, and that E, E', E'', &c., are different positions of the Earth in its orbit. When the Earth is at E, M will be seen among the stars at  $e$ . When the Earth is at E', M will be seen at  $e'$ , having appeared to move among the stars from  $e$  to  $e'$ . This motion is retrograde. But as the Earth moves round from E' to E''', M appears advancing, till it is found at  $e'''$ . From this point it will again appear to retrograde while the Earth is passing through that portion of its orbit contained between E''' and E'. As, however, this is much less than the remaining portion, M will appear advancing for a longer time than is occupied in retrogression. In this we have supposed M to be stationary, which is not the case. But inasmuch as the superior planets move with less velocity than the Earth, and in the same direction, we may take the difference of their velocities, and attribute that to the Earth. The result will be the same as if the Earth moved with that velocity, and the planet really remained at rest.

## MARS.

The first of the superior planets is Mars. It may readily be distinguished from others by its ruddy appearance. The probable cause of this appearance will be noticed hereafter. Mars, when viewed through a good telescope, does not always present a round disc like Jupiter; but sometimes resembles the moon a day or two before or after the full. In other words, it is slightly gibbous. The cause of this is found in the fact that the angle formed by joining the Earth, Mars, and the sun, is sometimes quite considerable. And since the illuminated hemisphere is always turned toward the sun, we sometimes have something of a *side view*, or *semi profile*, of the planet. The dark part not being visible, the outline presented to us is somewhat of an oval form. The invisible part, however, is never very great. More than seven-eighths of the breadth of the planet is always seen.

Mars presents very great variation in its apparent size, as seen from the Earth. Being about 145,000,000 of miles distant from the sun, he is at times only 50,000,000 from us. At other times he is no less than 240,000,000. The consequence is, that at one time he appears twenty-five times larger than at the other! When nearest us his brilliancy is about equal to that of Jupiter. When most distant he is scarcely perceptible. These successive changes are periodical. The time occupied in passing from one to the other is about a year; so that, in the space of two years, he passes from brilliancy to indistinctness, and back through all the gradations of increasing splendor till he outshines the most brilliant of the fixed stars!

The orbit of Mars is 901,064,000 miles in extent; time of a revolution, one year three hundred and twenty-two days; mean rate in its orbit, 54,649 miles per hour; rotation on its axis, twenty-four



hours, thirty-nine minutes, twenty-one seconds; inclination to the ecliptic,  $1^{\circ} 51' 6''$ ; eccentricity, about 1-21 of the transverse axis; or, Mars is 26,926,000 miles nearer the sun at one time than at another.

In reference to the physical constitution of Mars, but little is known with any thing like certainty. When viewed through the telescope, he presents the appearance of large spots on his surface. These vary in their color. Those near the poles are very much brighter than the other parts. Its axis being much more inclined than that of the Earth, its seasons must be much more marked than ours. And the fact, that in the polar regions there are but two seasons in its year, each of nearly twelve months' duration, led Herschell to a somewhat singular conjecture in regard to the polar spots just mentioned, and which he supposes to arise from *snow*. Says this distinguished observer, "In the year 1781 the south polar spot was extremely large, which we might well expect, as that pole had but lately been involved in a whole twelve months' darkness and absence from the sun; but in 1783 I found it considerably smaller than before, and it decreased continually from the 20th of May till about the middle of September, when it seemed at a stand. During this last period, the south pole had already been about eight months enjoying the benefit of summer, and still continued to receive the sunbeams, though, toward the latter end, in such an oblique direction as to be but little benefited by them. On the other hand, in the year 1781, the north polar spot, which had then been its twelve months in the sunshine, and was but lately returning into darkness, appeared small, though increasing in size." From these observations he concludes, "that the bright polar spots are owing to the vivid reflection of light from frozen regions; and the reduction of those spots is to be ascribed to their being exposed to the sun."

Has Mars an atmosphere? This is a question which has been warmly discussed on both sides. Herschell has given his opinion quite summarily. Says he, "It has been surmised to have a very extensive atmosphere; but on no sufficient or plausible ground." Dick, on the other hand, and many with him, have urged very strong reasons in favor of a very extensive and very dense atmosphere surrounding this planet. The latter is most probably the correct theory. And to this fact, perhaps, is owing the ruddy appearance of Mars' light. All have observed that our heavens, near the horizon, especially during the twilight, frequently exhibit a dead, reddish appearance. This is caused by the refracting influence of the Earth's atmosphere. A pencil of light entering the Earth's atmosphere horizontally with reference to the position of the observer, will be separated into its primary rays. As the direction of the pencil is in a line tangent to the Earth's surface at the point of observation, or nearly so, if a

part of the rays composing the pencil be much deflected, they will strike the Earth, and a portion of them be absorbed by it. The consequence is, that those rays only which are least deflected will reach the eye of the observer. The violet ray being the most refrangible, and the red the least, it follows that more of the violet rays will be absorbed and reflected than of the red; or, in other words, that the red tinge will predominate. This coincides exactly with observation. Let us apply this to the subject before us. A pencil of light from the sun falls upon Mars obliquely. On entering his very dense atmosphere it becomes separated into the primary rays. A portion of these is absorbed, and the remainder reflected. But from a known principle in optics, that the angles of incidence and reflection are equal, it would follow that, in a given pencil of light, the reflection of the different rays composing it would take place at very different angles. Moreover, after the separation, some of the most refrangible rays would strike the body and be reflected by it in another direction, while the least refrangible might not touch the body at all, and only have their direction changed by passing from a rarer to a denser medium. Should these latter, which are the red rays, reach the eye of a terrestrial observer, having been separated from their violet companions, they would cause every thing to appear of a ruddy hue, or, more correctly speaking, their light would be of that tinge. Supposing both of these circumstances combined, and we have no difficulty in accounting for the "ruby light" of this celestial companion of the Earth. The conjecture of Herschell, endorsed though it be by Nichol, that the body of Mars is composed of some substance similar to *red sandstone*, which gives it the fiery appearance observed, appears so unphilosophical, when in contrast with the theory of refracted light, that we feel disposed to dismiss it without further notice.

In reference to Mars, I need only state further, that diligent investigation has been made to discover whether he is attended by a secondary body like our moon. No such body has as yet been discovered. The body of the planet, like that of the Earth, is an oblate spheroid, whose equatorial and polar diameters are to each other as 16 to 15, the equatorial being about 4,200 miles in length, and the polar 263 miles shorter. The density of Mars is about 3 2-7 times greater than water. One pound of matter at the Earth's surface, if transported to Mars, would weigh only five ounces six drams. About one-third or one-fourth of its surface is probably covered with water, the relative quantities of land and water there being the reverse of what we find on the Earth. Some have endeavored to explain Mars' ruddy appearance from this circumstance. As the sea appears *green*, the land would take the complimentary colors of the spectrum; and being greater in extent, the reddish hue would be the dominant one. This, however, is by

no means a satisfactory explanation of the phenomenon.

#### ASTEROIDS.

No one who has ever made the divine works a subject of study, can avoid the conclusion that *order* everywhere rules. This instructive lesson has been so deeply impressed upon the minds of some, as to lead, in cases where an apparent want of order to any extent was visible, to investigations in relation to the cause. And in more instances than one, have such investigations been rewarded with the richest discoveries. One of the most striking illustrations of this we find in the case of the celebrated German astronomer, BODE. The distance between the orbits of Venus and the Earth is about 27,000,000 miles; between that of the Earth and Mars about 50,000,000, or nearly double the preceding; between Mars and Jupiter 350,000,000; between Jupiter and Saturn 411,000,000; and between Saturn and Uranus 894,000,000. This illustrious astronomer was struck with the fact, that, with the exception of the interval between Mars and Jupiter, *the interval between the orbits of any two planets is about twice as great as the inferior interval, and only half the superior one.* This regularity led to the supposition that the order was not really broken; but that between Mars and Jupiter an undiscovered planet was circulating. This suggestion set the astronomical world to observing, when, lo! instead of one, *four* new planets were found revolving within this space, and all very contiguous to each other. The mean distance of the four from the sun being about 250,000,000 of miles, the law of planetary distances, as just announced, became verified. Here we have a stupendous result following the close observations of a discriminating mind. But for some such a one, these four diminutive sisters might now be wandering unheeded through their untracked course in space!

The discovery of these four planets, to which the name of *asteroids* has been applied, belongs to the present century. *Ceres*, the first of the four, was discovered by Piazzi, at Palermo, on the first day of January, 1801; *Pallas*, the second, by Dr. Olbers, of Bremen, 28th of March, 1802; *Juno*, the third, by Harding, near Bremen, September 1, 1804; and *Vesta*, the last, by Dr. Olbers, 29th March, 1807. No others have since been observed, although it is very probable that others exist. Those discovered are all very small, the diameter of the largest being only about 1,600 miles, while that of the smallest, if we may trust some eminent observers, is only about 270. Mercury, the smallest of the old planets, contains about 17,000,000,000 cubic miles, while the sum of the asteroids amounts only to about 5,000,000,000.

From the diminutive size of these *little sisters*, and their great distance from us, but little is known, with certainty, of their physical constitution. They

present, however, some remarkable peculiarities, which we shall notice.

1. Their orbits are more inclined to the ecliptic than any of the other planets. The inclination of Mercury's orbit is little more than seven degrees ( $7^{\circ} 0' 9''$ .) The next in point of magnitude is Venus, which amounts to three degrees and twenty minutes, while that of Uranus is only forty-six minutes. But in the asteroids the angle of inclination, in some cases, is as great as thirty-four degrees.

2. Their orbits are much more eccentric. While the orbits of the older planets differ but little from circles, these present the phenomena of elongated ellipses. In one instance, that of Pallas, the eccentricity amounts to no less than 64,516,000 miles, or about one-eighth of the whole transverse axis!

3. Two of these exhibit the singular phenomenon of intersecting orbits. The mean distance of each from the sun is the same, being about 263,000,000 of miles. But as the eccentricity of one is very much greater than the other, the lesser axis of the latter is consequently greater than that of the former. This causes the two orbits mutually to intersect each other.

4. All the asteroids revolve at nearly the same mean distance from the sun. Vesta's mean distance is about 225,000,000 of miles, Juno's 254,000,000, Ceres' 263,000,000, and Pallas' also 263,000,000.

5. The periodic time of their revolutions around the sun is nearly the same. The difference of times between Ceres and Pallas is but a single day; that of the former being four years, seven months, and ten days, and the latter four years, seven months, and eleven days.

6. They are all *very much smaller* than the old planets. As stated before, the smallest of the old planets contains more than three times the mass of all the asteroids put together. In fact, the largest of the four is not quite as large as our own moon.

7. They differ from all the older members of the planetary system, in the extent of their atmospheres. Ceres is surrounded by an exceedingly dense atmosphere, which extends to the distance of 675 miles from its surface. So dense is it that many eminent observers have thought it consisted of the same material as the body of the planet itself, only more diffusive, and that they had here detected nature in the very act of forming worlds. We shall have occasion to speak of this more at large in a subsequent number, when we come to review the theory of La Place respecting the formation of the universe.

From the various peculiarities above noticed, many eminent astronomers have supposed that these refractory sisters were the fragments of an older and larger planet which revolved in their immediate vicinity. Of the plausibility of this theory we shall take occasion to speak more at large on another occasion. Man may observe *facts*. He may, from those facts, deduce certain conclusions as probable truth.

But for complete assurance we must wait for the investigations of the spirit world. We cannot believe that any thing which bears the impress of infinite Wisdom will escape ultimate observation and correct understanding. Amid the infinite variety of God's works, the intellectual part of man's nature may find an eternal feast, while the emotions rising into rapturous adoration at each advance in true knowledge, will cause the tongue to break out in new strains of praise and glory throughout the ceaseless ages of a blissful eternity. Who would not be a child of God, and an heir of such an immortality?

"The hand of God

Has written legibly what man may know,  
THE GLORY OF THE MAKER. There it shines,  
Ineffable, unchangeable; and man,  
Bound to the surface of this pigmy globe,  
May know and ask no more. In other days,  
When death shall give th' encumbered spirit wings,  
Its range shall be extended; it shall roam,  
Perchance, among those vast, mysterious spheres—  
Shall pass from orb to orb, and dwell in each,  
Familiar with its children—learn their laws,  
And share their state, and study and adore  
The infinite varieties of bliss  
And beauty, by the hand of Power divine  
Lavished on all his works. Eternity  
Shall thus roll on with ever fresh delight;  
No pause of pleasure or improvement; world  
On world still opening to the instructed mind  
An unexhausted universe, and time  
But adding to its glories; while the soul,  
Advancing ever to the source of light  
And all perfection, lives, adores, and reigns  
In cloudless knowledge, purity, and bliss."

## PIETY WITH CHEERFULNESS.

BY REV. M. SMITH.

WHILE our thoughts are gently passing over the world, variegated scenes appear before the mind. There is contained, in the material universe, much that is lovely and interesting. But in the most distant islands of the sea, together with the greater lands, evidences of inconstancy and change are everywhere presented to view. All these give support to the truth of revelation, that sin has entered into the world.

Primeval life and glory commenced in Eden's lovely bower. Life's morning dawned. The rising king of day had kissed the tree of life, and bathed in golden glow the sweet groves of bliss. The innumerable songsters of heaven mingled in soft harmony; strange music stirred with life the air of Paradise, while they spread their wing to the breeze, lingering in ecstasy around the beautiful beings for whom was reserved the image of God—beings, of whom the poet has said,

"Of noble shape they were—erect and tall—  
Godlike erect, with native honor clad:  
For contemplation *he*, and valor formed—  
For softness *she*, and sweet attractive grace."

Hand in hand they stood rejoicing in the beneficence, wisdom, and infinite love of that Being, who had, from utter nothingness, spoken all things into existence. Soon all is changed. Sin entered, and, in transgression, struggled to silence the still voice of Heaven's mercy. Hope, restless, plumed its flight, and bade the world farewell. Despair spread its dark wing of death over their moral sky. Gloom, now augmenting, rolled its rayless cloud of night upon a thousand distant mountains. Doubtless, angels were there, surveying with deep regret the ruins of a fallen world. But happy deliverance came. And, after all, how humble and how thankful should we be at the remembrance that there is a door for our escape, which has opened up a living way to life without death, day without night, and joys fadeless and unending! The moral unadaptation of the soul for this heavenly life can now be changed through the merit of the Savior. *Piety*, true, living, and faithful, will soon bring its possessor to God and the pleasures of heaven.

The importance of a right state of heart, in order to secure moral impressions and religious truths, is clear and conclusive. True piety, in firm belief, comprehends just conceptions of the being, attributes, and providence of God, with suitable aspirations of mind to him, and, as far as possible, striving for assimilation to his moral perfections, with humble and continued obedience to his will. No one can, for a moment, doubt but that knowledge, veneration, love, and resignation are all essential to the character as a true Christian. And surely no effort should be abandoned which is calculated, under grace, to peacefully adorn the undying spirit with all those Christian attainments so requisite to its true happiness and dignity here, and the fadeless joys of a peaceful immortality. It is true religion that gently binds the heart and mind to the happy relationship which we sustain to God and future bliss. To approach the burning plain of *Deserta Libya interioris*, could not be more horrifying to the startled eye of the lone traveler, than the presence of religious associations and enjoyments to that soul destitute of a knowledge of the Savior.

True piety is so far removed from marring the enjoyments of private and social life, that it sweetly blends the milder traits of courtesy, affability, and the like duties, elevating the harmony of mutual dependence and unity of sentiment. Charity and forgiveness are truly amiable and useful duties of social beings. This heavenly principle teaches humility of feeling in the smaller circles, and in the more extended range—in humble associations, as well as the more hospitable alliance—the care of a friend and the amiable, disinterested duties we owe to the stranger and to our enemy. If the exercise of these harmonized principles, when moved with compassion, are beheld with approbation and delight, how lovely and transcendently glorious must those appear, which result from true philanthropy, when

calm and dispassionate! Truly this principle was originally designed, and is constitutionally bound in the common rights and connections of society; but it is reserved for religion alone to elevate it to impartiality, and make it efficient in embracing all mankind, regardless of sect, party, or nation. Notwithstanding all the opposition of the world, the Christian has the confidence of both the good and the vile, to a greater extent, than if he were identified with any other class. Under such reflections, how tranquil is the mind when stayed upon God! But how it rises with still more spirit-stirring energy at the remembrance that all sorrow will soon be for ever past!

True knowledge and desire are always advancing toward the future, while gathering up the diamond treasures of brilliant hope, which are cast around us as lights from eternity. It tends to elevate, expand, and give efficiency and power to the development of intellect. Contemplation is boundless. How wonderful the capacity of thought! The passage of a ray of light from the sun to us, in flight of time, is quite limited; but thought can pass to the sun, survey the dominions of old Olympus, range the field of Mars, step the casually explored zodiac, sweep over the trembling fires of the celestial concave, mount the chariot of ascending flight, drive to the throne of God, and lodge its onward ray upon the farthest revolving world, without calculation of either time or space. What cannot the soul, so incomprehensible in the power of its faculties, enjoy, if happy in God! Already it sends out its thoughts of future bliss, as faithful pioneers upon the long, interminable road before it. Experimental religion revealed in the heart can only constitute these powers free and happy for ever.

Another duty identified with piety is that of always possessing a *cheerful spirit*. Gloomy feelings, when oft indulged, end in indifference and ingratitude to God. Care upon this subject seems to be more lightly esteemed than upon almost any other Christian duty. Every exertion should be used to keep the mind cheerful and happy. When prayer is offered up to a throne of grace, it should be with sprightliness of feelings, but with solemn and humble gratitude to God. A gloomy and distrusting prayer does not seem to be either acceptable to the Lord or profitable to the soul. We should weep and mourn over our imperfections and crimes, but never indulge one impatient or unkind feeling toward our heavenly Father. We can always possess this kind of spirit, by constantly bearing in mind that our present condition might be far worse. Contemplate spirits lost in their gloomy, dark abodes in the eternal world, where justice long since would have fixed our suffering homes. Then turn with tearful eye to the cross: behold the sufferer there: hear the tones of mercy sweetly fall, with heavenly influence, on the soul; and let the heart melt with humble gratitude and love, while Jesus spreads light over the

variable spirit. O, happy privilege! who will not enjoy it? Rejoice in the Lord always—rejoice with thanksgiving. All sorrow, pain, and death will have an end. But the pious soul shall live on. Bursting its earthly confinement, it will soon assert its undying nature and eternal victory beyond the gloom of life and the still night of the grave.

#### THE CITY COQUET AND THE COUNTRY PASTOR.

BY MISS M. E. WENTWORTH.

FULL fifteen minutes the bell of the little church in Peacedale had announced its sweet invitation to the worshipers of God, and still the family of Mr. Harris were detained. What could it mean? Himself and family the most punctual attendants upon divine ordinances, Mr. Harris deemed tardiness at church one of the most heinous of little sins. He stood impatiently with his hand upon the door, and Mrs. Harris wondered what Ellen could be doing, and Mary Harris, whose simple but really elegant toilet had been long completed, hastened to the dressing-room of her friend to assist, if necessary, her preparations. Hair oil, cologne, tooth powders, and combs were scattered carelessly over the toilet, while a beautiful brush was lying on the floor with the wardrobe that had escaped in the greatest confusion from her traveling trunk.

"Ellen, dear, papa is waiting and is very impatient. He does so dislike being late at church."

"Well, Mary, I am almost ready, and, dear me! I am quite out of breath now. It is so unpleasant to get ready for church. I dread it. I have nothing in the world that looks fit to wear."

Mary cast her eyes over the profusion of dresses of various kinds that strewed the chairs, and were hung about the disordered room. She said nothing; but her quick eye detected that her friend was described in the few words, "The more she has, the more she is dissatisfied with her possessions."

Ellen Dale was soon ready, and the girls descended to the parlor. There was the greatest possible contrast in the appearance of the two. Mary Harris, with her book muslin, made in the most faultless fashion, but without ornament of bow or ribbon, and her happy face looking out from that most becoming of all female hats, a cottage gipsy, and Ellen Dale with a tournure of remarkable size, and a gaudy silk, and a flaunting hat, decorated, as one might say, to death, with laces, and bows, and flowers. She was just such a one as would attract attention in a country church; and her toilet had been made in especial reference to this purpose. Mortified at the lateness of the hour, Mr. Harris proceeded silently to church, and with the most noiseless manner escorted his ladies to the upper part of the house

to their seat. Ellen Dale swept up the aisle with a pride of step peculiar to herself, and in no degree lessened by the thought that many eyes might be upon her. But, contrary to her hopes, she had remained at home so long as to defeat the very purpose for which she had come. It was the first prayer. Every head was bowed. Thoughtless persons are not ashamed to bow before the Lord in his holy temple; and Mr. and Mrs. Harris and Mary knelt with peculiar reverence as they entered their own slip. But Ellen Dale, poor Ellen Dale sat alone, with her head firm through all the solemn invocation of those young and burning lips. A spark of the Spirit caught from the glory of the throne fell on that worshiping assembly as they followed their young and earnest pastor through his morning prayer; and truly it seemed that the lips of the choir had held blessed communion with the Father of lights as they sung that most beautiful of the sweet Wesley's hymns—

"Talk with us, Lord, thyself reveal,  
While here o'er earth we rove;  
Speak to our hearts, and let them feel  
The kindlings of thy love."

"Be not conformed to this world," said the deep-toned orator of that humble pulpit, and a sermon followed these words of the apostle, which, for holy zeal and plain earnestness, Ellen Dale thought she had never heard equaled. She returned home, if not a better person, resolved to look upon the course of her past life, and, by the grace of God, to improve the time to come more like a rational and accountable being. With such parents and such an education as Mary Harris had received, she would have been a self-denying Christian. But she was the only daughter of worldly and ambitious parents, and her whole life had been a chase after the fashions and amusements of the world. Educated at a fashionable boarding-school, and the belle of a populous town, it is not possible to conceive that serious impressions could long remain upon her mind unless removed from the influences which nurtured directly the reverse feelings. Vain Ellen Dale certainly was. Coquettish, why should she not be? The families of Messrs. Dale and Harris had been always intimate; and though the girls had been friends from their childhood, yet the disparity in their natures and pursuits had prevented that intimacy which might otherwise have existed. Ellen Dale made known her resolutions to her friend, and she gladly promised to assist her in finding that pearl of great price, "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." Doubly sacred their friendship became as their pursuits blended more and more in the same direction. Instead of wasting her mornings in bed, and her afternoons with novels or profitless conversation, Ellen Dale turned herself to put in order her abundant wardrobe, and to restore from chaotic confusion a toilet of the most profuse liberality. The pastor,

Mr. Grange, was a frequent caller at Mr. Harris'; and the quick eye of Ellen Dale detected that he was no unlover-like admirer of the graceful Mary, and that the young minister was by no means an intruder, let him come at what time he would. A blush and a smile always awaited him from Mary Harris. To Ellen Dale he was coldly polite. Perhaps he understood her character as a coquet, and had not sufficient charity for her professed reformation.

Time went on. The one week which Ellen Dale had allotted to her visit at Mr. Harris' had lengthened to a month, and a superficial observer would have admired the change that had been wrought in the vain and giddy girl in that brief period. No one could exceed her propriety in every word she uttered. Her attendance upon church was extremely strict, and a few drops of rain, which before would have been deemed an excuse to stay at home, now only made her the more eager to be present at church. Perhaps it was that the young minister was sure to escort her home, or perhaps (let us hope the best for human weakness) it was real piety. Mr. Grange was evidently paying the strictest attention to Mary Harris or Ellen Dale. All the parish said so. Which was it? Reader, he was an engaged man! But, alas for beauty! alas, that even devotion can be so blind to the merit of true modesty! There was a statue-like coldness about Mary Harris almost repulsive until you had learned to love her for the goodness that slept so quietly beneath. Ellen Dale was all soul—the most affectionate of impulsive beings. Was the lover false to the day-star of his dream, or did he wander, that poor Mary Harris sat alone in her room, while the young minister and Ellen Dale sat in the parlor below? He was sitting near her. His calm eyes, now lighted with the eloquence of love, bent upon her; and his thrilling voice asked, "Ellen, will you love me?"

"What a preposterous question, Mr. Grange! I thought you were engaged to Mary Harris, and here you are passionately making love to me as if you were Don Quixotte."

"I did think I loved Mary Harris; and if her heart was as susceptible—if if I thought my love was returned as impetuously as I love, Mary Harris, next to Ellen Dale, would be my choice. But, Ellen, you give me no answer. I have nothing to offer you but my heart. A name I mean to have; but for years to come my life must be humble. Can you be a country pastor's wife?"

"And make pinafores for the Sunday scholars, and sing psalms at prayer meeting? Really, it is an inviting prospect. Pardon me, Mr. Grange, if I have wounded your feelings," she added, seeing a blush of indignation upon his pale cheek. "I am serious now. You have mistaken me wholly. I am not suitable for your wife. Mary Harris is just such a little body as you need—pious and graceful enough to knead bread or entertain company."

"But," interposed Grange, "what have you meant by inviting my attention and preferring my society to the admirers that have fluttered about you since you have been here?"

"Precisely this: I perceive you are ignorant of the world. You were the most eligible of all the train for a beau; and, just to tease Mary, and see how much her piety was above her jealousy—you understand me?"

"Yes," answered Grange, with a shudder of disgust; "but this change of heart—"

"Nothing easier managed! But I am in nothing different than when I left home, except that I had a few pious wishes when I first came here; but they vanished as soon as I formed the idea of making a conquest of you!"

"But I really love you, Ellen, and I feel that much depends upon you for my future happiness."

"I am positively sorry for you, Mr. Grange. You were engaged to Mary Harris, and I must say you are rightly punished for being so easily led from your shrine by a giddy girl like me. Upon my word, I like you, and if you were any thing but a parson, you would do. But I am yawning, and must bid you good night. I return to the city to-morrow."

Mr. Grange was early at Mr. Harris' on the following morning; and Ellen Dale took her leave of him in such a manner as to excite his hopes. Like a charmed bird, he followed her to the city in a few weeks; to renew his hopeless suit; but alas for the folly of such an ill-assorted attachment! he was indignantly repulsed from the door as a stranger; and Ellen Dale, in the midst of the winter, sent a mocking letter to the parish of Peacedale, requesting her publishment to be read in the church. This rejection, together with the ill-concealed indignation of the parish at the conduct of their hitherto dear pastor, operating upon a most sensitive nature, prostrated the victim of gossip and coquetry to a lingering and stubborn illness, in which he was removed from his inconvenient and noisy boarding-house, (the hotel,) to the quiet and commodious residence of Mr. Harris. Mary Harris had borne to the last the triumph and unconcealed joy of Ellen Dale over her mortification; but when she told her that Grange confessed he thought he loved her, but she was cold and passionless, the whole of woman's nature was aroused, and she inwardly resolved that she would blot out for ever from her memory an attachment which was likely to be the cause of everlasting unhappiness to her. When did woman ever succeed in such an attempt? There may have been deceit, unrequited affection, and even the most painful fickleness of attachment; but if the woman loved constantly at first, it is a principle that no after affection can uproot.

Mr. Grange rapidly recovered. Perhaps his convalescence was accelerated by the consciousness of who his assiduous nurse was. Mary Harris forgot

all resentment in the deep penitence of her lover, and his humiliating confession. They were eventually married; and though the love of Mary Harris was like the quiet light of a constant star, it was a light that shone more and more unto the perfect day; and as Mr. Grange became a great and good man, year after year, he blessed God for the calm, holy, and beautiful influence which his passionless wife shed over the happiest of households and the most peaceful of all parishes.

## SCENERIES OF AN EVENING.

BY J. W. ROBERTS.

THERE are some particular events, actions, circumstances, and scenes through which we pass, that peculiarly attract our attention, and engage our feelings, and upon which the mind dwells with unusual interest, and to which we refer with pain, pleasure, wonder, or admiration, accordingly as the subject is calculated to inspire our nature. It is a scene of this kind—one which made a deep impression on my mind, and on which my thoughts are wont to dwell with uncommon feeling—that I now endeavor to portray. And perhaps this mixed effusion of fancy and reality may meet a response in some kindred spirit.

It was a beautiful evening, and I walked out to gaze on the loveliness of the scenery. Nature seemed in one of her happiest moods. The sun had just fallen back "behind the western hills." His parting beams, like golden spires, shot up and played along the hesperian sky, and penciled in most gorgeous hues the bright blue canvas of the vault of heaven; and all the bright and glowing tints above were mirrored on the glassy bosom of calm, unruffled waters. I cast a look over the surrounding landscape. There all was beautiful. The verdant plant spread out its tiny folds or ample leaves to catch the evening breeze that gently o'er it played. The flower raised its drooping head to be refreshed by drinking in the soft distilling dews. A zephyr breeze played round its fragile form and trembling leaves, and, laden with its odors sweet, passed onward with a gentle sigh, just whispering as it fled away. For sometime I gazed upon this scene with unmingled pleasure; and when the evening shades grew dim, I cast a look upward to the arch of heaven. There the tiny star, "not seeming larger than the diamond in a lady's ring," twinkled like a little spark hung out by some kind hand to light and cheer the nightly path of man. Larger and still larger it grew, while myriads more around it shone as darker grew the shades of night.

What a scene for reflection this! Those heavenly orbs, were they the handiwork of God? and are they, too, with beings filled like earth? or trod by those of

finer mold? or yet the blissful home of saints, who from our world have soared in happy flight? That they are God's own works, no reasoning being can for a moment doubt. The design manifested, the order of their arrangement, and the exactness of their movements, prove this beyond controversy. None but a God could design and create thus. Are they inhabited? This point must remain in uncertainty: on it we can only arrive to probable conjecture. But that they exist for some wise purpose is beyond all doubt, as the all-wise Being who created them could only create them for such an end.

With thoughts like these my eye and mind still wandered through the realms of space; and bold imagination up through trackless ether's regions sped. From star to star, and world to world freely my fancy fled on, until, at last, mid worlds unnumbered, and through "sunlit systems" vast, it pierced the universe, and on the topmost world of light flitted round the eternal throne, where reigns the great almighty Power that spans creation's whole. I paused, and looked, and saw, centred in his hand, the reins of the empire of the universe. O what a potent one is he! At his nod all systems forward move, and at his word the moving worlds stand still. With one expansive glance, he looks on all, in all, and through all. All time, all space, all thought, and all eternity are at once present with him who sits upon the throne.

Lost in the mazes of this wondrous scene, and filled with awe sublime at contemplating such unbounded majesty, my thoughts on speedy wing their backward flight commenced, and having joined with sight, when near the earth, dwelt on a scene familiar. A dark cloud had gathered in the west. Its towering head rose dark, vested with a gentle fringe of white. Its jetting points, like mountain crags, hung darkly o'er its sides, and, in streams of glaring fire, beneath their shade, the vivid lightning blazed. Hoarse muttering thunders, too, broke on the listening ear. I observed the coming storm, watched all its movements, and noted its approach; and when it came near, I returned to my room and seated myself by my window, to watch its further progress. The cloud continued to expand and widen, until the whole heavens were shrouded in a pall of black mantling darkness. The scene became majestic, then terrible. Flash followed flash in quick succession, until at length the liquid fire blazed forth in streams unceasing. Louder and still louder, the bold thunder, peal on peal, rent through the air. Then came the wind, on whose light wings Jehovah's footsteps fell, and his "pavilion roundabout" was waters dark. Thick clouds his chariot was. His coursers were the "swift-winged lightnings" bright, which, guided by his hand, sped the dark heavens across. The storm at length broke forth. The wind swept fearless by: the rain in torrents fell: the thunder deeply rolled: the forest bent beneath the tempest's might:

the giant oak fell prostrate with a crash, or sent his branches forth in winged flight upon the mighty blast. For one full hour the storm in fury howled, then spent its wrath, and ceased.

The clouds fled fast away, and, soon, their darkening shadows ceased to hang around; and, as they rolled in hurried flight toward the east, the full-orbed moon burst forth. Her gentle rays fell softly on the earth. The verdant plants beamed in her light, while radiant drops, that hung from every tree, and bush, and shrub, and flower, shone like some sparkling gems bending from a leafy stem. Her silvery mantle "all things clad," and painted all the view in loveliness. A calm, the sweetest, rested now upon the face of heaven, which smiled as though no storm had ever traced its silent paths. The scene was so enchanting I walked out to enjoy it. I paused to look for the storm. The clouds were laying along the eastern horizon—the lightning still playing with its wonted brilliancy—the thunder still muttering in surly tones. I gazed on the loveliness and beauty of the scenery around me. My thoughts in meditation rose to Him in adoration, who had so visibly manifested himself in his works. And in communion with nature's God I drank sweet draughts of contemplation, which were as "the dew upon Mount Hermon," and delightful beverages to the soul.

#### LAND OF BEAUTY! LAND OF LIGHT!

BY REV. T. HARRISON.

THERE's a glorious land on high,  
Far beyond the star-lit sky:  
All things there are fair and bright:  
Land of beauty! land of light!

Living splendor beameth there;  
Holy fragrance fills the air;  
All is rich with spotless white:  
Land of beauty! land of light!

There no angry tempest blows;  
No red bolt the thunder throws;  
No dread gloom is spread by night:  
Land of beauty! land of light!

There the holy mountains are,  
And sweet valleys, stretched afar:  
There are rivers, pure and bright:  
Land of beauty! land of light!

Radiant verdure decks the ground:  
Lovely flowers rejoice around:  
All is glorious to the sight:  
Land of beauty! land of light!

TRUTH, like its glorious Author, is the same  
Amid the world's ten thousand changeful scenes.

## FRIENDSHIP.

BY REV. R. W. ALLEN.

"List how mournfully the breeze  
Sighs amid yon leafless trees;  
Gently now—now rising high,  
It sweeps along the darken'd sky.  
See those branches, rude and bare,  
That in summer look'd so fair,  
And their yellow leaves are found  
Strewed upon the frosty ground.  
Methinks the hollow murmuring blast  
Tells me that the summer's past—  
Tells me that the winter's nigh—  
Tells me all that live must die.  
Is there naught can pleasure give?  
Is there naught that will outlive  
The raving storm and chilly blast,  
And shine more bright when winter's past?  
Yes, friendship is the social flower,  
That will outlive the wintry power:  
It droops not when the heat of June  
Beats down intense at pitch of noon;  
It fades not when the summer's past;  
It dies not in the wintry blast;  
The frosts of age it does not fear,  
But blooms alike throughout the year.  
So, when misfortunes on us crowd,  
And wintry storms our prospects shroud,  
A social friend imparts a joy  
That ruthless time can ne'er destroy:  
The bond of friendship lasts for ever,  
Nor time, nor age that bond can sever."

FRIENDSHIP consists in mutual affection, and proceeds from intimate acquaintance, and a reciprocity of kind offices, or from a favorable opinion of the amiable and respectable qualities of mind. But it always exists in connection with virtue. This gives it its excellence. Says Sallust, "There can be no friendship without virtue; for that intimacy, which among good men is called friendship, becomes faction, when it subsists among the unprincipled." Friendship is one of the essential elements of real felicity in social life. It holds a conspicuous place among the social virtues, and furnishes one of the richest ornaments to human character.

How little of true friendship we find in the world! How few are prepared for its possession and enjoyment! In some an inveterate selfishness predominates: in others the sordid love of gain. Some are ardent enough in their affections; but they are unstable, constantly attracted by new objects, displeased without offense, and "alienated without enmity." Others are flexible in their character, easily influenced by reports, and ready to listen to every suspicion which envy or flattery may present. Some despise the advice of friends, and are more willing to do wrong following their own judgment, than to follow that of others and do right. Others are concealed in all their plans and purposes, and you know nothing of them but in their execution. Some are

communicative, always ready to divulge their own secrets and those of others without proper caution—"ready to accuse without malice, and to betray without treachery." Says a distinguished writer, "He cannot properly be chosen for a friend whose kindness is exhaled by its own warmth, or frozen by the first blast of slander; nor can he be a useful counselor who will hear no opinion but his own. That man will not much invite confidence whose principal maxim is to suspect; nor can his candor and frankness be much esteemed who makes every man without distinction a denizen of his bosom." "But to live in friendship," says a heathen writer, "is to have the same desires and the same aversions." There must be a congeniality of disposition, having a love for all that is good and a hatred to all that is evil. The tender emotions and benevolent feelings of the soul must be possessed and cultivated, while an aversion should be cherished to every contrary principle and influence. Heart must meet heart in closest union—in sweetest fellowship. Individuals thus united, having their sympathies and associations cemented, can tell each other of their imperfections without rudeness, and of their excellences without flattery—can feel for each other's woes—participate in each other's joys, and can mutually make sacrifices for each other's comfort. They cement their regards in Christian communion, mingle in their devotions, and are cheered by the same glorious hopes. Such was the friendship of David and Jonathan. It was sincere, affectionate, intimate, religious, firm, and permanent. "It expressed itself by their companionship, their kind conversations, their entire confidence, their tears, benedictions, and prayers. When, in the course of divine providence, they were called to separate, still friendly affection lived and flourished in their hearts; and when the one was cut off by an untimely death, the survivor wept in tender regret, composed a just panegyric on departed worth, and assiduously inquired whether there were any of his relations toward whom he might express that benevolent feeling which he entertained for his deceased friend. We call this the delicacy, the polish, the refinement, the sentimentalism of friendship, and we pity those rough-cast spirits, and frigid bosoms, which are total strangers to its gentle and generous exercises." Such is the friendship we recommend; and were it generally possessed, the earth would become a paradise—a place resembling the celestial abode.

To render friendship permanent and undecaying, requires constant study and exertion. We should not expect too much of our friends. They may often fail us in our expectations, and disappoint us in our hopes. Impeccability is not theirs—"to err is human." We should make suitable allowances for their short-comings, errors, and imperfections, and exercise toward them the "charity that thinketh no evil."



Among friends differences of opinion will frequently be experienced. But these should be considered rather the result of our present condition and circumstances, than the evidence of a want of proper affection, or of intentional wrong. Indeed, we cannot reasonably expect otherwise, considering the different habits, modes of thought, and constitutional peculiarities of men. These differences may innocently, and, perhaps, profitably exist; but we should never attach that importance to them, that will lead to alienation of affection, or that will in the slightest degree mar our friendship.

Evil reports will often be circulated against our friends; and these will frequently obtain currency among those we respect and love. We need, therefore, great caution, and to be in constant watchfulness, lest they be suffered so far to influence our minds as to weaken or destroy the ties of friendship. Before giving judgment, as to their truth or falsity, they should be thoroughly examined, and in the examination great care is necessary, lest we be swayed by prejudice or false testimony. Solomon says, "The words of a tale-bearer are as wounds." When believed, they will often sever every cord of affection among friends.

In our intercourse with friends we should always be open, frank, and honest. Nothing should be done with the appearance of concealment, or in a way to awaken suspicions of the purity or sincerity of our motives. Fairness and candor should stamp all our actions. Disingenuousness is the bane of friendship. Civility of manners, gentleness, an even and affable deportment should be prominent in our social intercourse. These tend to strengthen the bonds of friendship, and make more lasting the cords that bind us in harmony and love.

We must not desert our friends in seasons of danger and distress. Then they need sympathies, kindnesses, and help the most. It is then they have a strong claim on the attentions of friendship. It is perhaps a sad, afflictive, and unfortunate hour. The dark clouds of adversity hover around: danger threatens: the hearts warm with friendship appear, and every assistance is afforded within their power. Perchance misfortune comes and overwhelms the soul with grief. Nature is almost ready to yield under the heavy strokes of anguish. Now a friend appears "that sticketh closer than a brother." Friendship pours from its gushing fountain the oil of consolation and gladness into the sorrow-stricken heart, and it finds relief. How welcome friendship now!—far more refreshing to the wounded spirit, than are the cooling waters to the traveler, amid the sultry wanderings of the arid desert.

But we had designed to speak more particularly of the advantages of friendship, but having already noticed or anticipated some of them, it only now remains for us to glance at a few thoughts on this part of our subject, and close our remarks.

Counsel and advice may be regarded as among the privileges of friendship. How often are these needed amid the labors, duties, and trials of life! Without them, life would often appear dreary—its labors burdensome. "Wee to him that is alone," is the language of the wise man; and it is full of import in the experience of him that is friendless. The same authority also assures us that as "ointment and perfume rejoice the heart, so does the sweetness of a friend by hearty counsel."

Reproof, too, is shared in friendship. This we often need amid our neglects and departures. Our hearts are prone to stray from good. How strong are the tendencies of our unsanctified natures to follow after evil! The voice of reproof comes to quicken our sensibilities, restrain our waywardness, and check our wanderings. How peculiarly adapted is friendship for administering necessary reproof! "Faithful are the wounds of a friend." "Let the righteous smite me; it shall be as kindness: and let him reprove me; it shall be as excellent oil, which shall not break my head."

But friendship is always at hand, ever ready to administer to our necessities. Impartial and untiring, it visits the palace and the cottage alike—for it knows neither rank nor condition—and is unwearied in its efforts. It is always ready to lighten the burdens of life, and to shed a light, pure and unsullied, on our pathway. It lifts up the sinking spirit, and animates hope amid the most discouraging prospects of time. Its perennial hand is always ready. Godlike, indeed!

Much of the terror of the grave is destroyed, if we can but "fall asleep" in the arms of friendship. Friends cannot hold us to earth, but they can administer the richest consolations in the hour of dying. And when the spirit is fled, "devout men will carry us to our burial;" and should they not "make great lamentations over us," they may drop a tear at our resting-place.

Friends may part on earth, but friendship lives. Its richest blessings can only be fully enjoyed in the regions of light. It is destined to flourish in a richer soil—to live in a purer atmosphere. Commenced on earth, but perfected in heaven, there it will pour forth its richest treasures upon the "ransomed hosts." Let friendship, then, be ours—ours in time—ours for ever!

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A SIMPLE belief in the existence of a God is not sufficient for the full realization of divine bliss. It is necessary that there should, likewise, be an adoration of his nature and attributes, and a love—supreme love to him as Father and Friend. Dr. Young beautifully says:

"A Deity believed is joy begun:  
A Deity adored is joy advanced:  
A Deity beloved is joy matured."

## THE DOMESTIC LIBRARY.

BY REV. A. STEVENS.

## ITS POSITION.

WE have referred, in a former article, to the pleasures of books and the importance of the domestic library. Let us indulge a few more thoughts on the latter subject. *What should be the position of the domestic library? What its composition? How should it be used? And what, on right conditions in these respects, would be its advantages?*

We can best answer these questions by a brief sketch. Our friend, Mr. B., was an intelligent and thriving merchant of Philadelphia. No man ever enjoyed domestic life more than he. His children formed his chief earthly felicity, and, it might be said, also, his chief anxiety. To save them from the perilous influences of the city, he procured a substantial homestead on the neighboring shores of the Schuylkill, whither he could daily retreat, by a ready access, after the turmoil of business. A long and inclined greensward, relieved by arbors and fruit trees, extended in the rear of his mansion to that romantic stream. Its front was adorned with shady walks. The building itself was of ornamental architecture, and furnished with liberal taste. But these *materiale* comforts were secondary to higher enjoyments.

My friend B. loved a large family. He was a genuine admirer of the domestic life of the patriarchal times. "Solitude," he would say, "may befit the sepulchre, but never the family. There is music in household voices; and then what can be more dreary than a solitary table? The best sauce to my meals is the good appetite and good humor of a large group of hearty young eaters." You will not be appalled then, courteous reader, if I tell you that, at one time, (though not so early as the period included in our sketch,) my good friend's family comprised full thirteen children, as buxom and joyous a clan as ever made a house ring with juvenile racket. It was a sight worthy the pencil of Wilkie, when the happy father, (escaped from 'Change and counting-room,) led on the romping group, after dinner, through the walks of his garden, or, if the weather was inclement, through the ample apartments of the homestead.

Such a father could not but think often of the future fate of his children. They were healthy and happy; they exhibited good moral traits, and their religious training had not been neglected; for my friend B. and his excellent lady were good Presbyterians, and scrupulous in their Christian duties; but their children, with a singular uniformity, disliked the labor of study—their education advanced slowly and painfully. There were nine of them at the time to which we refer, the oldest a young man nearly eighteen years of age, of good capabilities apparently,

but to whom, alike with all the others, a book seemed the most intolerable drudgery.

I have said Mr. B. was intelligent. His observation as well as his reason had taught him that the intelligent man is generally the successful and the secure man; that, *ceteris paribus*, the man of enlarged mind will be more generally prosperous in business, steady in morals, and sound in religion, than the ignoramus. The intellectual improvement of his children was, therefore, a matter of profound interest to him. He had explained to them its importance, and often urged them to cultivate a love of books; but his homilies on the subject were all vain, and the very urgency with which he pressed them counteracted his purpose, by giving to it the air of an imposed task.

It is the unhappy manner in which we often address counsels to our children, that renders them uninteresting, if not abhorrent; and the habit of counseling, even in the best style, is not often desirable. There is something homiletic and irksome in it, and, still worse, something in our own perverse natures, even in childhood, that places us at once in an attitude of self-defense to rebut all admonitory appeals. We must lead children by attractive enticements, not lecture them into well-doing; and there is scarcely a duty, however repugnant in its ordinary form, that might not be rendered a species of recreation to the buoyant spirits of childhood by a skillful teacher or parent.

This idea struck Mr. B. as he walked one day his garden paths in solitary and troubled meditation. "I have entreated and enjoined my children," thought he, "to love books, until the very word has become synonymous with task to them; but what have I done to render reading attractive to them? I have provided them abundantly with the means of physical comfort; but there is a higher than physical life—there is an intellectual life, next only in purity and felicity to the spiritual life of religion. Yet how little do we parents provide for it in our families! We store our barns, our cellars, our larders, and all this for a mode of existence which we have in common with brutes; but what provision do we make for the minds of our households? We send our children, indeed, to schools, but this is only for a few years, while they are unfit for any thing else, and then the whole example of our lives teaches them that the rest of their years is to be engrossed in providing for and in enjoying a sensual existence. How few are there who have ever apprehended the true idea of the intellectual life! Scarcely any except recluses and professional scholars; and yet is not every man endowed with the capacity for it, and are not the means of intellectual life and even luxuries among the cheapest commodities of civilized lands? Is there a man who can provide comfortably for the table of his family, that cannot provide books for them? Surely, though ages may be necessary

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

### EDITOR'S TABLE.

**OUR NEXT VOLUME.**—The volume for 1847 begins with the next number. The one now closing up has been edited under peculiar circumstances. The first half of it was conducted by our predecessor, Dr. Thomson, when his thoughts and feelings must have frequently wandered away to the new and important work, which he had promised to undertake in another quarter. During the latter part of Dr. Thomson's term, his engagements at Delaware demanded of him occasional visits to the University, at which times he was compelled to trust many things to the discretion of the printer.

For more than a month after the present editor's period of service began, he was confined to a distant field of labor, which was sufficiently arduous to occupy completely as many hours per day, as most men devote to literary labors. But, by a little pushing and crowding, the August and September numbers were brought out at the ordinary seasons. During the preparation of the October issue, the editor was at his post, and for that number he has no apology to offer. The Repository for November, together with the present number, has suffered more embarrassments than either of their predecessors. Though much of the matter for both had been provided for, and all the editorials for the first had been handed to the printer before the editor left the city on his way to the northern conferences, yet his long absence, and above all his protracted sickness, presented insurmountable obstacles to the attainment of desirable success.

From the above causes, the Repository for this year has not been, on every page, so perfect as it would otherwise have been.

But, after all, our work has continually received the highest encomiums from the literary world. The editors of many of our best journals and newspapers have frequently indulged their kind-heartedness, in speaking of it in terms of almost unmeasured praise. We thank them all most sincerely for their friendliness, and hope in future to merit still better their good opinions. We have, also, received numerous private testimonials, to the good character of the Repository, while in our hands, and that, too, from quarters least expected, enough to cheer us on amidst all the embarrassments we have suffered. Both the east and the west have given us a welcome to our new field of labor, and a steady encouragement to our endeavors, which we had never dreamed of meriting or receiving.

Such is a brief outline of the past. The future lies before us.

Although the present editor, after his appointment, had conceived some changes in the general character of the work, in order to give it a still greater adaptedness to the wants and wishes of its readers, he did not think it best to introduce them into the middle of a volume. This obstacle will now no longer exist; and the next volume may be expected by our readers to be in some respects different from those already in their hands. The typographical execution will be the same, because it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to make it any better; but the reading matter, both as to style and subjects, undoubtedly admits of improvement.

We have spared no pains in endeavoring to enlist the best of our writers to contribute to the pages of the Repository. From our extensive personal acquaintance, both in the east and west, with our literary gentlemen and ladies, we may have an advantage over both of our

distinguished predecessors. We shall strive to make the most of this advantage for the character and success of our work.

Our readers may also expect a decided improvement in the embellishments of the Repository. Although those of the present and preceding volumes were as good as could be conveniently obtained, and equal to those found in the majority of our most popular monthlies, we have made great exertions to obtain better ones, and have been successful in our efforts.

In a word, we expect, if it be possible, to make the Ladies' Repository, not only a better work than it has been, but the best work of its kind extant. We would render it so interesting, that the public will seek for it, and not wait for the customary solicitations to become subscribers and readers. It is our object to present such an array of useful and instructive matter, that those of our people who neglect to read it, will find the loss to be their own more than ours. But, at the same time, and for the same reason, we hope our friends will increase, rather than diminish their efforts, to place the Repository in the hands of all our ladies through the land.

Finally, we present our combined endeavors as an object of prayer. Our success is the widow's hope and the orphan's joy. Many, who, in their days of health and happiness, neglect this work of love, may be accumulating a fearful weight of misery, for those they may soon leave widowed and alone. Pray, then, and labor for our continued prosperity; and so, as the fruit of our united exertions, the light literature of at least a large portion of our country may find a happy redemption, and a thousand hearts, now sad and desolate, may be made to sing.

With many thanks to the public for its past indulgence, we look now to the future with a strong reliance upon its continued kindness.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—We have many thanks to present to our friends, who have sent contributions to the Repository. Their articles, upon the whole, have been of a high order of merit. Many of them, in fact, if we are a judge, would compare well with the writings of our best English authors; and we have occasionally met with passages, some of them considerably lengthy, which would lose nothing by the severest criticism. The only improvement which could be made by our best contributors would be, to write their entire articles in a uniform style—in a style equal to their best passages. But, as it is, we think they have furnished us as good matter, as can be found in the most popular periodicals in the country. There have been pieces, both of prose and poetry, which will be read in after years, as specimens of good style. Nor need our contributors fear, that, by the exercise of their highest literary powers, they will soar too high for our readers. It is not the design of this work to descend to the low degrees of the world around us, but to bring the world up to the true standard of good sense, sound knowledge, correct taste, and pure religion.

**TO OUR READERS.**—At the close of this volume, we send out to our numerous readers our heartiest greetings. We trust that they have been amused, interested, and improved by the monthly visits of our periodical. We hope, also, that they will not only continue to receive and read the work, but be prepared to give our new contributors an approving welcome.

included the dramas of Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith, Hannah More, and (better than all) those of Joanna Bailie, whom Walter Scott would place by the side of Shakespeare.

2. Few "fictions" were admitted, though the venerable pastor was frank to acknowledge that he did not fully share the scruples of most of his ministerial brethren respecting them, but occasionally relaxed his more serious studies by indulging in a well written tale by a master mind. "We must be exceedingly cautious, however," said he, "on this ground. Your children, you say, do not love books; we must, then, put attractive bait on the hook; but let us look well that it be not poisonous. Next to dramas, fictions are the most fascinating reading to young minds. Here is exactly their advantage and their danger: let us seize the one and avoid the other. Our Lord used parabolic fictions to interest and instruct his disciples. Let us try to imitate without abusing his example. Put down, then, first, as the best fiction of its size in any language, Robinson Crusoe."

The old pastor, it will be observed, concurred with Dr. Adam Clarke, who recommends, in his biography, this famous work as one of the best illustrations of the doctrine of divine providence which can be presented to children. A few others followed, among which we may mention, as specimens of all, Defoe's History of the Plague of London, scarcely less interesting than his Crusoe, Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield, Johnson's Rasselas, Scott's Tales of a Grandfather, and (never to be omitted among the books of children) Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. "There," said the pastor, on looking over the list, "I will sacrifice my pipe for life if your children do not love books after reading these few volumes." To the list of the pastor might now be added the works of Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austin, Miss Sedgwick, Miss Martineau, and, above all, those of Mary Howitt, the Quakeress. It may seem barbarous to omit the Waverly series; but there is one fault in them, if none other—they are too charming. The young mind that plunges into that abyss of fascination will scarcely again be fitted for more serious reading. We have a specific object, and would provide for that to the exclusion of all peril.

3. Next to the select fictions of the list came works of poetry. "Put down Paradise Lost first," said the pastor; "its second book is the sublimest effort ever put forth by the human mind on our planet, and the whole of it is fitted to be recited by Gabriel to the hosts of heaven. Put down, also, the Fairy Queen of Spencer, rather tedious, but beautiful and charming to young minds; and then Young, Thompson, Goldsmith, Cowper, (the oftener read the better,) Montgomery, Crabbe, Southey, Scott, Wordsworth, Campbell, Kirke White, Rogers, Hemans. These will do for our object at present. Of the other (especially the elder) poets, you can get

enough in some of the 'specimen' compilations, when you have made good use of these." To the catalogue of the pastor should now be added the American poets, who have chiefly appeared since his day, particularly Bryant, Halleck, Longfellow, Whittier, Sprague, and Willis.

4. After the lighter departments of the list came the graver but scarcely less interesting department of biography. This was subdivided into, first, religious memoirs, including lives of Luther, Melancthon, Calvin, Wesley, Schwartz, Baxter, Henry Martyn, &c.; second, literary and scientific memoirs. "Put down first among these," said the pastor, "Boswell's Life of Johnson, and if any of your boys can give up the book before he gets through it, put him down as an irrecoverable blockhead." Teignmouth's Life of Sir William Jones followed, and Prior's Lives of Goldsmith and Burke, Johnson's Lives of the Poets, Fenelon's Ancient Philosophers, Isaac Walton's Lives, Brewster's Life of Newton, that of Sir Humphrey Davy by his brother, and Cunningham's Lives of the Painters; third, the Memoirs of Statesmen and Military Characters, including Plutarch's Lives, (Langham's, of course,) Marshall's Life of Washington, Franklin's Autobiography, Memoirs of the Duke of Sully, (so highly commended by Blair,) British Statesmen, by Sir J. Mackintosh, Wirt's Life of Patrick Henry, &c. To these should be added at this day the numerous works of American biography which have since been issued. Mr. Sparks' various memoirs, Wheaton's Life of Pinckney, Life of Alexander Hamilton, Jay's Life by his son, the biographical publications of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, &c.

5. The historical works in the catalogue were chosen equally with reference to their adaptation as a domestic collection. Tytler's Universal History was chosen as the best general outline to be had at that time; and it still occupies the same rank. Rollin followed as a good survey of antiquity, and then came Turner's Sacred History, Josephus' Works, Prideaux's Connections of Sacred and Profane History, Goldsmith's Greece and Rome, Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, Hallem's Middle Ages, Robertson's Charles V, Blunt's History of the Reformation, James' History of Chivalry, Hume's History of England, Neal's History of the Puritans, Irving's Columbus, Botta's History of America, &c. To these should now be added Grahame's History of the United States, Bancroft's do., Prescott's History of Ferdinand and Isabella, and his Conquest of Mexico, Irving's Conquest of Grenada, and, instead of Blunt's, D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation should be in every Christian family.

6. Travels and voyages made an important item in the catalogue. Few books are better adapted to excite a love of reading in youthful minds. "I was whipped," said the pastor, "three times in one week

for having spent as many entire nights in reading a book of travels. That work was Anson's Voyage. Put it down first in the catalogue. Captain Cook should come next; and then there are Ross' Voyages, Lord Amherst's Embassy to China, by Ellis, Bruce's Travels in Africa, Bartholemie's Anacharsis, Lewis and Clark's Travels, Humboldt's Narrative, &c." This department of the catalogue might be much enlarged at the present day. The following should be added to it: Dana's Two Years Before the Mast, Journal of the Landers in Search of the Mouth of the Niger, Stephens' Incidents of Travel in the East and Europe, together with his Central America and Yucatan, Durbin's Travels, both in the East and Europe, Barrow's Bible in Spain, and particularly the records of missionary travels, many of which are peculiarly rich in instruction and interest, such as Moffat's Labors and Scenes in South Africa, Williams' Missionary Enterprises, Southgate's Tour, Smith and Dwight's Researches in Armenia, Grant's Nestorians, Heber's India, &c.

7. A department of belles-lettres followed. It included the British Essayists, (Chalmer's uniform editions,) the Spectator, Tatler, Rambler, Idler, Guardian, &c. "But," remarked the good pastor, "these must be used cautiously. You must select yourself the articles to be read. There is infinite interest and great beauty of style in these works, but snakes creep among the flowers." Goldsmith's Essays were put down with Foster's Essays, Basil Montagu's Selections from Taylor, Hooker, Barrow, &c. Some excellent old books, favorites of the pastor, were also selected, though rare and expensive. Among them were Izaak Walton's Angler, Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, Selden's Table Talk, Herbert's Country Parson, Milton's Prose Works, Sir Matthew Hale's Contemplations.

8. The department of theology was rich in such works as the taste and perhaps the prejudices of the pastor preferred; yet were they selected with a judicious reference to their real merits. "Bunyan's Progress," said he, "ought to be placed first here, after the Bible; but we have him down elsewhere. He will do, however, for both places." Then followed Harris' Natural History of the Bible, Burder's Oriental Customs, Doddridge's Rise and Progress, Paley's Evidences, Paley's Natural Theology, Pearson on the Creed, Howe's Works, Leighton's, Jeremy Taylor's, Baxter's, Barrow's, Wilberforce's Practical View, Hannah More's Religious Essays, Chalmers' Sermons, Dwight's Theology, &c. "A large list," exclaimed the old divine, "and many not suited exactly to young minds; but your children are to grow old, sir; and then you must think of yourself a little, also. Many works named in other classes are rich gold; but these are gold dug from the pavement of heaven: lay in a good store of it." Had we the revision of the pastor's list, we might make it very different; but not so much by omission as by

addition. The rich variety of Wesleyan works should contribute liberally to it, and the productions of Robert Hall, of Isaac Taylor, Robert Phillips, the American Abbots, and many others familiar to our readers should not be forgotten.

9. A department of scientific books concluded the list; but these have increased and varied so much within a few years, that the ones entered on Mr. B.'s list would scarcely be specimens at present; and any parent can make his own selection by the aid of an ordinary bookseller.

"Mr. B.'s collection is no model for common families," exclaims the reader, no doubt. True, in some respects. Still most of these works can be commanded in any of our larger cities. They can be had, too, at an expense within the reach of families of the "middling class," by a small annual appropriation; and who can describe the pleasure and profit of such a provision in the domestic circle. The usual custom of purchasing books for home reading, without reference to system, and with little if any reference to progressive instruction, is as uneconomical as unprofitable. *Have a plan* in this, as in all other important matters, if you would render it substantially valuable to your family.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### AN EXCURSION TO THE LAKE COUNTRY.

BY A DOMESTIC MAN.

READER, for once in my life, I must break away from my inveterate habit of staying constantly at home, and must be off to the north. It is so long since I have had occasion to leave my cottage home, even for a brief season, that a journey of a few hundred miles seems like an expedition to California. It must seem, too, very lonely to travel alone. Gentle reader, suppose you accompany me? It is a bright, beautiful morning of early autumn. The sunlight falls soft and mellow on the face of earth. The gentle southwest scarce ruffles with its light breath the leaf of the aspen. All is quiet, serene, and sober. The busy hum of summer insects is hushed. The flowers have gone to sleep—to their last, long sleep, all except the aster and the golden rod. The forest trees are assuming their variant robes of yellow, and orange, and violet. It is the pleasant season for travel. Let us go. We may get a new set of ideas as we journey along.

#### THE CORDUROY RAILROAD.

Corduroy, is that the way to spell the word? But no matter about the word, here is the thing itself; and no one, who has seen it once, will ever fail to recognize it, if he come across it again. Here we go, bounce, bounce, bounce; now up, now down; now forward, now backward; now on this side, and now on that. It is sad times for hats and bonnets.

I would have worn a cap; but I refrained out of respect for the feelings of some good man, who might deem me a nonconformist. Blessed be the man who invented steel springs.

#### THE PRAIRIES.

Here we are in the prairies. How beautiful these highly cultivated plains! Look away on the south and the east. What magnificent fields of corn! The fine clusters of trees scattered in detached portions over the landscape, add greatly to the loveliness of the scene. But let us ascend this singular, queer-looking hill, this conical mound as it would seem, and look away to the west. Here the view has no limits but the horizon. Not a tree appears. Here we see the open, wild, unfenced prairie. It is like looking on the ocean, the vast, illimitable ocean. It is an ocean of verdure, of tall, wild, waving grass, where a thousand herds might find abundant pasture. Seldom have I looked upon a more magnificent scene. It is beautiful, it is grand, it is sublime. And see, on the distant horizon appears a dark cloud highly charged with lightning and with rain. The vivid streaks already appear, darting athwart and downward, and the muttering thunders rumble. Let us hasten, or the shower will be upon us. The big drops of rain are already falling. We must find a shelter until the storm be past. How changed the appearance of the sky! A short hour ago, the sun shone bright and beautiful, and nature smiled in loveliness. Now the heavens are black, and the storm wind is howling about us, while earth is shrouded in gloom. And thus is human life. Alas, alas, I remember but too well how soon the deep darkness of the grave gathered over a bright and beautiful being, whose smile used to throw a radiance along my path. But I must not think of her now, no, not now; for I would not transfuse into your heart the sadness that hangs so heavy on mine.

#### THE WABASH.

The rain is over, the winds are hushed, and the sky is again clear. The leaves on the trees are dripping, and the grass looks greener. And here we are on the brow of a green hill. Before us is the vale, where winds the Wabash. The Wabash is a most beautiful stream, flowing gently on its way through as fertile a region as was ever warmed by the rays of the sun, or wet by the dews of heaven. Not the valley of the Nile in days of old, when it supplied the world with bread, ever exceeded in fertility the intervals and prairies of the Wabash. Just at our feet appears a thriving city, spread out over a beautiful plain, and extending to the base of the hills on the south, while there is yet room for it to extend up and down the river to any desirable distance. It is a busy mart—the depot of immense quantities of wheat and corn. The busy hum of its active population sounds merrily to us, after having endured so long the silence and quiet of the prairie. I love occasionally to visit a city. The excitement

stirs one's blood, and the busy bustle makes him move quicker. But did you never observe that a city always appears much the best at a distance? It is thus with all material things:

"Distance lends enchantment to the view."

#### THE BATTLE-FIELD.

How quiet appears now this far-famed spot. The old oaks raise their lofty heads to the sky, as if their rind had never been pierced by whizzing ball, and the grass looks as green as if it grew not above blood and moldered bones. Yet here is the battle-field. On this woody point were gathered men in hostile array, and from behind these trees flew many a fatal ball. And here in these pits were buried the unhappy ones who fell on that fatal day. And such is human glory. The poor soldiers fought for glory. And here they fell all bloody and bespattered with gore, and into these pits were they tumbled, unshrouded, and uncoffined, and their very names are forgotten among men. Alas for them. And alas for the childless mothers, and brotherless sisters, and fatherless children, made such on that fatal day. Ah, war is a fine thing to talk about, and write about, and declaim about. It affords a fine theme for the orator and the poet. But it is quite another thing in practice. And yet even Christian men do sustain it. But we will not discuss this matter now. We must pass on, observing the beauties of the region as we pass. Yonder on the south appears the Wabash, and just before us is the Tippecanoe, which has given its name to this battle-field. The country all along this beautiful stream, from the Wabash to the lakes, but late belonged to the poor Indian. No wonder he would fight for so fine a country—a country of orchard-like groves—of prairies, and of lakes. He once lived here; but where is he now? Alas, he is gone, melted away, like the snows of winter when the warm breezes of the south blow over them.

#### THE KANKAKEE.

How do you spell this droll word? Is it Indian or Dutch? Never mind, the place is queerer than the name. They say that the Kankakee was designed for a river; but surely no one would take it as such at first view. It seems to be matter of doubt about here whether it flows up hill or down hill, or stands still. A man once threw a chip into the water, and waited half a day to see which way the water ran, but could not discover. And yet, if it be a river, it would seem quite respectable, both in width and depth. But what a load of marshes it has to carry along. If they could only carry this river about for a show, they would make more money than by any caravan of wild animals, or other strange sights in the country.

#### THE LAKE.

And here is the noble Michigan, finest of inland waters. How it spreads its broad bosom to receive the first rays of the rising sun. Its pine-covered

shores remind me of my native home on the Atlantic. My native home! how many associations spring up at thought of home. But we must not tarry longer here, looking at the waters, and thinking of home; for the sun is set, and the darkness is coming from the east.

### MINIATURE SKETCHES.

BY W. NIXON.

#### FRANKLIN SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA.

EVERY city and village of any age or celebrity in the world, (excepting perhaps one,) has been careful to provide for the health and recreation of its people, by public squares and promenades. These "lungs of the city" are of advantage to all classes, but particularly to the younger ones, and to those whose limited means, or unremitting employments, prevent their driving beyond the precincts of the suburbs, and enjoying the health-giving air of the country.

Toward the latter part of the afternoon of a pleasant day in spring, as I strolled about the tasteful city of Philadelphia, I happened to enter the square which is appropriately called after him whose wisdom was ever employed to benefit the social condition of his fellow-beings. A lofty palisading surrounds the spacious area of Franklin Square; and the inclosure is beautifully diversified with rural grass plots and curving walks, and shaded by large and thickly-tufted trees. Along the paths are interspersed lamps for gaslights, which, at night, glistening through the sombre foliage, resemble a flight of gigantic fireflies. The new-mown hay had just been gathered into heaps, and the country, thus introduced into the heart of the city, was well calculated to soften and delight the feelings.

At a distance I perceived several hundreds of children. "What," I thought, "are they about? Is it a procession?—a gala?—a festival?—a vanity fair?" No. As I approached I found it was none of these. It was their unpremeditated, their unceremonious, their everyday pastime that brought them together. Gliding and chasing each other along the walks, mingling in unostentatious gayety, skipping the rope, and engaged in a hundred other exhilarating amusements, adapted to their ages, and calculated to heighten the ruddy glow of health upon their cheek, did their happy moments pass away. Who could refrain from sympathizing in the joy they seemed to feel?

In the centre of the square was an inner inclosure of three or four hundred feet in circumference. Within this was a fountain, which, from upward of a score of jets, cast the sparkling water, like liquid silver, in graceful and mazy curves among the spreading maple, the flowery catalpa, and ailanthus, and the lofty weeping-willow, whose drooping

branches were, as it seemed, emulated by the falling showers of the fountain.

Around this magic and refreshing circle did the unsophisticated children pursue their gambols, in the presence of those who could be happy in the happiness of others, and thankful for the blessings of a beneficent Creator: I looked on the pure and happy groups, and my heart overflowed like the gushing fountain before me. I tried to reflect—to moralize, but the scene had overpowered me; and all that I could utter, as I turned from the spot, was, "May God bless them!"

ERRATUM.—In page 336, November number, Laurel Hill Cemetery, for "Scriptural illusions" read Scriptural allusions.

### HIDDEN BEAUTY OF THE BIBLE.

THOUGH all that is essential for us to know, and believe, and practice, is perfectly revealed, and all who read are at once impressed with the clearness of Bible principles, yet there is much to learn beyond the mere surface of the text. There are beauties and sublimities in the Bible, that can only be discovered by those who "search" as for hidden treasures. The Psalmist made the law of the Lord his constant study; and hence he was enabled to say, "O, how I love thy law!" Its real worth and importance will only appear to those who devote to it that study which its importance requires. "Wonderous things" are beheld in the Bible by the diligent student of its mysteries; and although they are so deep and hidden that "angels desire to look into them," and doubtless find delight in their contemplation, yet mortals may look, and read, and learn, and, as they look, may see the light and glory of the heavenly world flash out from the sacred page, and feel its enlightening and quickening power in their hearts. If the unregenerate can see no beauty in the Bible, it is not because it is not there, but because the vail of spiritual darkness is on their eyes, and the shades of death have settled on their hearts. The Abbe Winkelman, perhaps one of the greatest classical scholars of his age, in discoursing to his pupils on the perfection of sculpture exhibited in the Apollo Belvidere, said, "Young gentlemen, if upon your first visit you see nothing to admire, go again. If still you discover no beauty in it to captivate you, go again and again, for be assured it is there." That great specimen of the fine arts required study; and those only who gave it that attention were enabled to appreciate its beauty. So it is of every thing that is beautiful or sublime: it must be studied to be appreciated and enjoyed. To those who can see no beauty in the Bible, though they may have occasionally read it, let me entreat them to go again and search for its hidden beauties, for be assured they are there.

THE CANDLE;  
OR, THE COTTAGER'S EVENING.

—  
BY AN EDITOR.  
—

THE toils of wintry day are done;  
Through fog and foul the laboring sun  
Has slowly worn his weary way,  
And closed in gloom the gates of day.

How brightly burns that silver flame!  
My heart, how cheerful is its frame!  
What heavenly peace around me reigns!  
How free from care and anxious pains!  
That light dispels the darkest shade  
Which sable nightfall ever made!

Along the woods the winds may sigh,  
Dense clouds may gather o'er the sky,  
The shivering rains may beat and fall,  
And nature wear her blackest pall;  
Let storm-beat ocean lash the shore,  
And fright pale mothers by its roar;  
Let tempests scour both land and sea,  
And waste their wrath with ruthless glee;  
Yet, here, how quiet is the hour!  
No storm-winds pierce this happy bower.  
My cottage walls have marked a place  
Within the boundless world of space,  
Where peace and comfort nightly flow  
From this bright luminary's glow.

At early eve, when spreads the board,  
Which manly industry has stored  
With all the fruits the seasons bring  
From autumn back to budding spring,  
How welcome is the bounteous light,  
That banishes the shades of night:  
It sheds such radiance o'er the scene,  
As heaven's resplendent, beauteous Queen,  
Or great Apollo, god of fire,  
Whose golden arrows all admire,  
Can ne'er impart to night or day,  
By beams direct, or borrowed ray—  
Nor could the glorious stars above  
Illume so well this feast of love.

No vapor, fog, or gloomy cloud  
Doth ever rise this orb to shroud;  
It sheds a lustre bright and clear,  
Through all the changes of the year.  
Nor must we long to see it rise  
To dawn upon our wakeful eyes;  
A single spark, or living coal,  
Will set on fire its very soul,  
To meet our wishes, bless our sight,  
And fill the atmosphere with light.

The cloth removed, the banquet o'er,  
The fire retouched, and brushed the floor,  
The wife and mother brings the chair,  
That rocks the Sire, whose hoary hair

VOL. VI.—48

In locks is parted round his ear,  
That age may thus the better hear.

The little ones, in neat attire,  
Are sweetly grouped about the fire,  
With apples toasting in the heat  
That burns beside their tiny feet.  
And if forgetfulness doth break  
The proper silence each should make,  
The careful wife (for this she lives)  
The needful caution gently gives;  
While Laura, fairest of the fair,  
With brilliant step and buoyant air,  
Brings out the light-stand to its place,  
With cloth as clean as nature's face.

Neat volumes, beautifully bound,  
Are ranged with careless order round;  
Bright annals of many hues,  
Hebdomedals of latest news,  
And monthlies, fresh from printer's hand,  
Which rouse the genius of the land,  
With books in printed covers, lie,  
To lure the mind and fill the eye.

Amidst them all, the evening's pride,  
With polished snuffers by its side,  
The lordly candle rears its form,  
Dispels the darkness, cheers the storm,  
Diffusing sweet domestic joy,  
And chaste delights that never cloy.

The father, guardian of the place,  
Whose soul is beaming from his face,  
With thoughts of good and prudent care,  
Selects a page as chaste as fair,  
And through the live-long evening hours  
The feast of literature devours.

He tracks the light of science far—  
From earth to heaven—from star to star;  
Or rambles nature o'er and o'er,  
And treasures up the useful lore,  
Which sage philosophy reveals,  
Beneath stern Reason's seven seals.  
Or, charmed by Fancy's airy wing,  
He notes her humors, hears her sing,  
Pursues her as she upward towers  
To fairy lands and fairy bowers.

And if to real life she turns,  
His heart expands, emotion burns,  
His soul, enraptured or oppressed,  
Imparts its passion to the rest,  
Till nodding age intently hears,  
And all alike are lost in tears.

Now, demons of the night-storm, howl!  
Now, dark clouds of the tempest, scowl!  
Frown, all ye furies of the blast!  
Spend, now, your venom to the last!  
Let forests bend, let ocean's roll,  
Let darkness spread from pole to pole!  
O'er all the happy social group,  
On which the night-hags dare not stoop,



This bright enchantress, lustrous power,  
Pours light and joy in ceaseless shower,  
Turns night to day, protracts short life,  
Expels the elemental strife,  
Illumes for youth instruction's page,  
Relieves the leaden hours of age,  
And draws a halo round sweet home,  
Enchanting us if we would roam.

Ye faithless husbands, truant sires,  
Who waste your nights by stranger fires,  
Who never taste, or seldom know,  
The joys that round your hearth-stones flow;  
Whose base desires, or habits vile,  
Will lure you many a weary mile,  
The better part of life to spend  
In vulgar gossip without end,  
Repent, return, remember now,  
Your once dear homes, your early vow.  
Come! bless that circle God has given,  
Designed the counterpart of heaven;  
Relume those eyes that dimly burn;  
All foreign pleasures nobly spurn;  
Or, when those pleasures cease to roll,  
Imprint this maxim on your soul:  
The palest light at home that glows,  
Is brighter than the wanderer knows.  
If home is wretched, life's a hell  
More terrible than words can tell;  
If happy, then let worldlings call,  
The rich let revel, rise and fall,  
Ye have more happiness than all.

#### TO MY MOTHER.

Come, mother, rest thy aged head  
Upon this loving breast;  
And let me soothe thy troubled heart,  
By sorrow's hand oppressed.  
Though manhood's care is on my brow,  
Yet I can ne'er forget  
When first I lisped thy cherished name:  
Thou art my mother yet.  
I know full many a gloomy hour  
Hath brought deep woes to thee,  
And many a cherished hope been wrecked  
Upon life's troubled sea;  
And few the friends who now remain  
To cheer thy humble cot;  
Yet, mother, thou art dear to me,  
And dear this hallowed spot.  
Now let me gaze upon this brow,  
Where Time his frost hath flung:  
O, mother, I remember now  
When thou wert fair and young;  
And oft in dreams I see that face,  
My youthful mother still:  
Thy calm blue eye, that holy look,  
Thy sweet and quiet smile.

Dear mother, oft thy wandering son  
Hath smiling faces met;  
And gentle tones have soothed my fears,  
And bid me grief forget;  
But there's no heart which beats as thine,  
Nor voice whose holy spell  
Can wake such memories in my soul,  
Or its wild tumults quell.

Then gently lean upon this breast,  
My own, my mother dear;  
And if thou passest to thy rest  
Ere time recall me here,  
I'll seek thy cold and silent bed,  
And think again of thee,  
And bless the Hand which spared so long  
That mother dear to me. LAMBDA.

#### MY FATHER'S GRAVE.

BY JOHN M. JULIAN.

MR. EDITOR.—The following lines are the production of a young man of great promise, who died twelve years ago last summer. They were composed a short time before his death, on visiting the tomb of his father. May I hope that this slight effusion of one, who gave promise of lending fresh lustre to the galaxy of western genius, will not be thought altogether inappropriate to your pages. I. J.

I SAT beside my father's grave,  
And thought upon that hour  
When in the dust I saw him laid,  
To share his love no more.

And though long years have o'er me pass'd  
Since that lamented day,  
The sad remembrance in my breast  
Time cannot wear away;

For oft, amidst the mirthful throng,  
My joys have been o'ercast  
By recollection that would turn  
My thoughts upon the past,

And point me to those happy days,  
Of childhood's sunny morn,  
Before the father of my love  
By death from me was torn—

When I was emulous to gain  
A father's look of praise:  
'Twas all that I desired to win  
In those my boyish days.

And when he smiling looked on me,  
What rapture did it give!  
Such pleasures as I then did see,  
O, why should I outlive!

He's gone, and I am left to mourn  
My solitary fate;  
But never, while life's sand shall run,  
Will I his name forget.

## LADIES' REPOSITORY.

DECEMBER, 1846.

SEVERAL years ago, a gentleman went to dine with the celebrated writer, Jeremy Bentham. Observing the singular combination of wisdom and simplicity, of learning and childlike gayety, in the character of Mr. Bentham, the guest remarked to the philosopher, that it gave him great pleasure to see, that his many years had not impaired his cheerfulness. The reply is a lesson for all the world. "Sir," said the sage, "I cultivate cheerfulness as a habit. Besides, I have the consciousness of having for sixty years devoted my mind to the promotion of the happiness of my fellow-men, and with this consciousness, why should I be otherwise than cheerful?"

FROM very rigid calculations, it has been shown, that Sir Walter Scott must have written, with his own hand, an average of sixteen closely printed pages a day, besides attending to the business of his office; and yet, Washington Irving, who was once Sir Walter's guest for a number of days, informs us, that he seemed to lead a life of almost perfect idleness. He was always glad to see company, and was always ready for any kind of an excursion. While building his great mansion, he would sit for hours conversing with his workmen; and through life, whenever he went out into the country, which was almost a daily habit with him, he would stop and chat with every intelligent countryman that desired to talk with him. When, or how, he found time for his vast researches, and for the astonishing amount of literary labor which he performed, has long been a mystery to the world. Goethe, the German poet and philosopher, conjectures, that he probably only sketched out the plans of his numerous works, and then filled them up by inferior hands. But Miss Martineau, in her popular review of Scott's genius and characteristics, clearly proves, that every line was undoubtedly written by himself. His example, in this respect, has probably no parallel in the history of literary men.

POETRY has had various definitions. Lord Bacon says, "It is something divine, because it raises the mind, and hurries it into sublimity, by conforming the shows of things to the desires of the soul, instead of subjecting the soul to external things, as reason and history do." But the definition of Ebenezer Elliott, the corn-law rhymist, a humble name in comparison with Bacon's, suits us better. "What is poetry," says Elliott, "but impassioned truth?" Nothing—nothing else will reach it. Poetry is truth set on fire by the imagination.

WHEN Napoleon Bonaparte was at Dresden, during one period of the French Revolution, he rose one morning before the break of day, to superintend the erection of an important breast-work and bridge. While standing near his men, a large shell from the enemy's camp fell and exploded so near him, as to hurl a piece of timber to his very feet. The men were thunder-struck by the narrow escape of the great commander; but Napoleon, facing round and turning over the fragment of timber, coolly observed, "that a few inches more and it would have done its business."

CONTEMPT of death is not a natural feeling. In every instance, it is the result of thought and discipline.

Seneca gives rules by which it may be attained by a philosopher. A military education imposes it upon the pupil by a long continued effort; but, at last, the soldier's greatest support is, that it is his profession to kill, and his trade to die. But the Christian dies in triumph, because he sees life and immortality before him.

PERFUMES for the sick-room, wherever there is a close attention to the comfort of the patient, will be always in demand; but in many parts of the country, even in many large settlements and towns, they are not always to be obtained. But, by taking a little pains, every family can very easily supply itself, and that, too, at a very moderate cost. Let any lady take the petals of the common garden rose, and drop them into a bottle. Let her then pour in some pure spirits of wine, and cork up the bottle for future use. This makes a splendid perfume, but little inferior to what is styled otto of roses, and may be kept for years. A few drops of it will send a delightful odor through the largest room. Such gentle labors are also very fitting the character of a lady, and, like her own lovely example, leave behind them a sweet and a long perfume.

HOGARTH, the celebrated comic painter, was one of the best men of his age. He was a perfect reformer in his profession. Most comedians live only to make people laugh; but it was Hogarth's glory, that, while his pictures produced the most immoderate and irrepressible laughter, men laughed only at what was vicious, immoral or absurd. Such painters are very useful men, real coadjutors in the work of reforming and educating the moral sense of mankind.

THE old classic, Epictetus, delivers this caution to those in the habit of telling their dreams: "Never tell thy dream, for though thou thyself mayst take a pleasure in telling thy dream, another will take no pleasure in hearing it." This caution is very good, but the supposition on which it is based is not always correct. The celebrated dream of Pereskius, the friend of Gassendi, has always been interesting, even to philosophers. Pereskius was engaged in the study of ancient coins, weights, and measures. One night he dreamed he met a goldsmith at a certain place, who offered him a coin of the age of Julius Cæsar for four *carduces*. The next day the coin was *actually* offered to him precisely as he had imagined during sleep. Similar examples are very numerous. Let the reader decide what we are to think of such things.

AN old writer, whose book has now become very moldy and dusty, but whose superstition would pass as a fresh specimen with the Romanists of the present day, makes out the following catalogue of the wonderful things seen by himself in St. Mark's church, at Venice, Italy: "Divers heads of saints, encased in gold; a small ampulla, or glass, with our Savior's blood; a great morsel of the real cross; one of the nails; a thorn; a fragment of the column to which our Lord was bound when scourged; a piece of St. Luke's arm; a rib of St. Stephen; and a finger of Mary Magdalen!" Should it be thought by any one that Romanism has improved in this respect in modern times, let it be remembered that it is but a year or two since the Catholics in Europe professed to exhibit the *identical coat*, worn by our Savior during his sojourn in this world!

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

### EDITOR'S TABLE.

**OUR NEXT VOLUME.**—The volume for 1847 begins with the next number. The one now closing up has been edited under peculiar circumstances. The first half of it was conducted by our predecessor, Dr. Thomson, when his thoughts and feelings must have frequently wandered away to the new and important work, which he had promised to undertake in another quarter. During the latter part of Dr. Thomson's term, his engagements at Delaware demanded of him occasional visits to the University, at which times he was compelled to trust many things to the discretion of the printer.

For more than a month after the present editor's period of service began, he was confined to a distant field of labor, which was sufficiently arduous to occupy completely as many hours per day, as most men devote to literary labors. But, by a little pushing and crowding, the August and September numbers were brought out at the ordinary seasons. During the preparation of the October issue, the editor was at his post, and for that number he has no apology to offer. The Repository for November, together with the present number, has suffered more embarrassments than either of their predecessors. Though much of the matter for both had been provided for, and all the editorials for the first had been handed to the printer before the editor left the city on his way to the northern conferences, yet his long absence, and above all his protracted sickness, presented insurmountable obstacles to the attainment of desirable success.

From the above causes, the Repository for this year has not been, on every page, so perfect as it would otherwise have been.

But, after all, our work has continually received the highest encomiums from the literary world. The editors of many of our best journals and newspapers have frequently indulged their kind-heartedness, in speaking of it in terms of almost unmeasured praise. We thank them all most sincerely for their friendliness, and hope in future to merit still better their good opinions. We have, also, received numerous private testimonials, to the good character of the Repository, while in our hands, and that, too, from quarters least expected, enough to cheer us on amidst all the embarrassments we have suffered. Both the east and the west have given us a welcome to our new field of labor, and a steady encouragement to our endeavors, which we had never dreamed of meriting or receiving.

Such is a brief outline of the past. The future lies before us.

Although the present editor, after his appointment, had conceived some changes in the general character of the work, in order to give it a still greater adaptedness to the wants and wishes of its readers, he did not think it best to introduce them into the middle of a volume. This obstacle will now no longer exist; and the next volume may be expected by our readers to be in some respects different from those already in their hands. The typographical execution will be the same, because it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to make it any better; but the reading matter, both as to style and subjects, undoubtedly admits of improvement.

We have spared no pains in endeavoring to enlist the best of our writers to contribute to the pages of the Repository. From our extensive personal acquaintance, both in the east and west, with our literary gentlemen and ladies, we may have an advantage over both of our

distinguished predecessors. We shall strive to make the most of this advantage for the character and success of our work.

Our readers may also expect a decided improvement in the embellishments of the Repository. Although those of the present and preceding volumes were as good as could be conveniently obtained, and equal to those found in the majority of our most popular monthlies, we have made great exertions to obtain better ones, and have been successful in our efforts.

In a word, we expect, if it be possible, to make the Ladies' Repository, not only a better work than it has been, but the best work of its kind extant. We would render it so interesting, that the public will seek for it, and not wait for the customary solicitations to become subscribers and readers. It is our object to present such an array of useful and instructive matter, that those of our people who neglect to read it, will find the loss to be their own more than ours. But, at the same time, and for the same reason, we hope our friends will increase, rather than diminish their efforts, to place the Repository in the hands of all our ladies through the land.

Finally, we present our combined endeavors as an object of prayer. Our success is the widow's hope and the orphan's joy. Many, who, in their days of health and happiness, neglect this work of love, may be accumulating a fearful weight of misery, for those they may soon leave widowed and alone. Pray, then, and labor for our continued prosperity; and so, as the fruit of our united exertions, the light literature of at least a large portion of our country may find a happy redemption, and a thousand hearts, now sad and desolate, may be made to sing.

With many thanks to the public for its past indulgence, we look now to the future with a strong reliance upon its continued kindness.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—We have many thanks to present to our friends, who have sent contributions to the Repository. Their articles, upon the whole, have been of a high order of merit. Many of them, in fact, if we are a judge, would compare well with the writings of our best English authors; and we have occasionally met with passages, some of them considerably lengthy, which would lose nothing by the severest criticism. The only improvement which could be made by our best contributors would be, to write their entire articles in a uniform style—in a style equal to their best passages. But, as it is, we think they have furnished us as good matter, as can be found in the most popular periodicals in the country. There have been pieces, both of prose and poetry, which will be read in after years, as specimens of good style. Nor need our contributors fear, that, by the exercise of their highest literary powers, they will soar too high for our readers. It is not the design of this work to descend to the low degrees of the world around us, but to bring the world up to the true standard of good sense, sound knowledge, correct taste, and pure religion.

**TO OUR READERS.**—At the close of this volume, we send out to our numerous readers our heartiest greetings. We trust that they have been amused, interested, and improved by the monthly visits of our periodical. We hope, also, that they will not only continue to receive and read the work, but be prepared to give our new contributors an approving welcome.







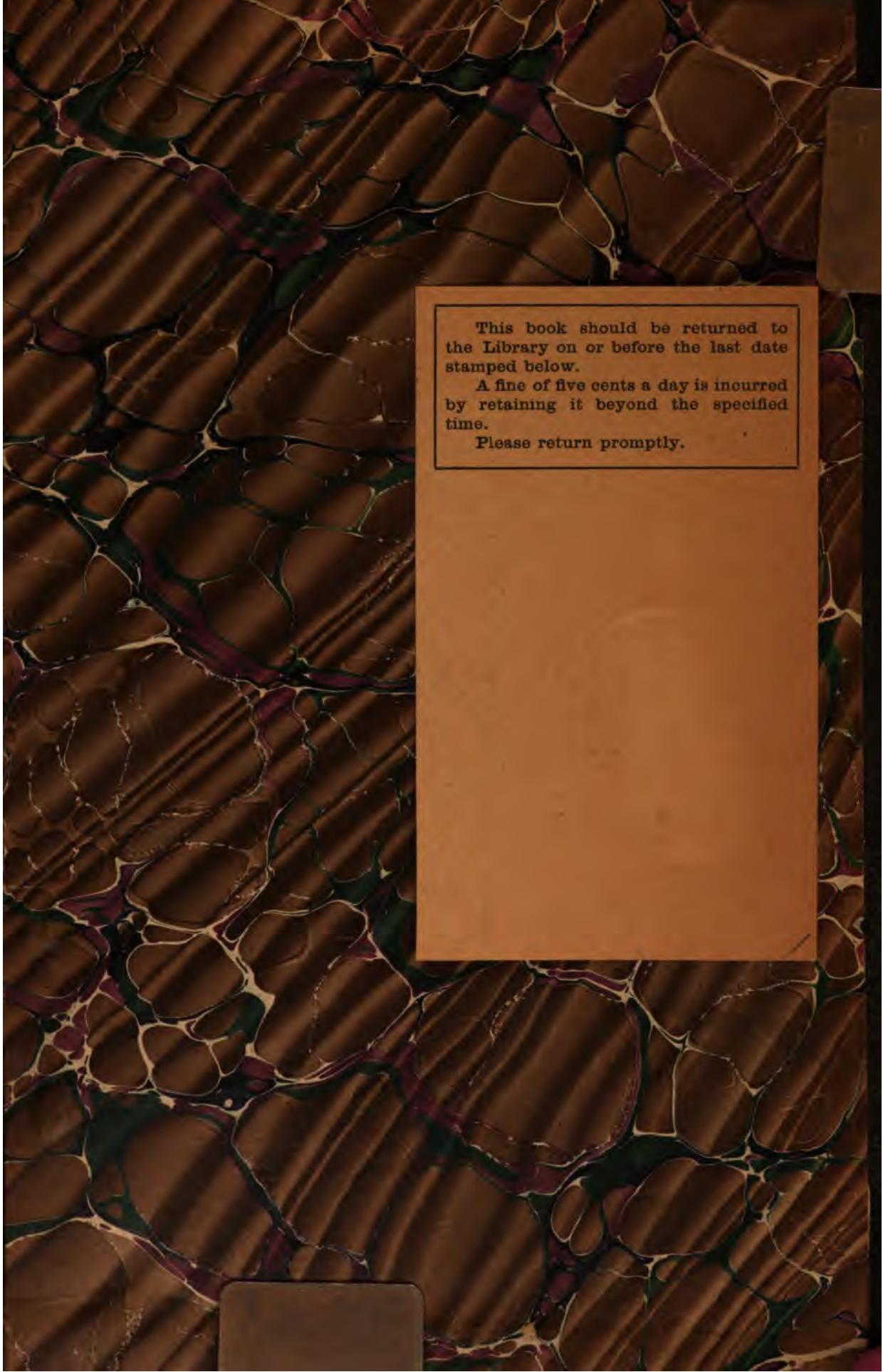










The background of the image is a marbled paper pattern, likely used for book covers. It features large, irregular, dark brown or black shapes separated by thin, light-colored veins, creating a cellular or stone-like texture. Overlaid on the right side of this pattern is a solid brown rectangular label. Inside this label, there is a smaller rectangular area with a thin black border containing three lines of text.

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